GOOD WORDS

1896

EDITED BY THE VERY REV.

DONALD MACLEOD D.D.

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS

"Good Words are worth much and cost little"
HERBERT

LONDON
ISBISTER AND COMPANY
LIMITED
15 AND 16 TAVISTOCK STREET COVENT GARDEN

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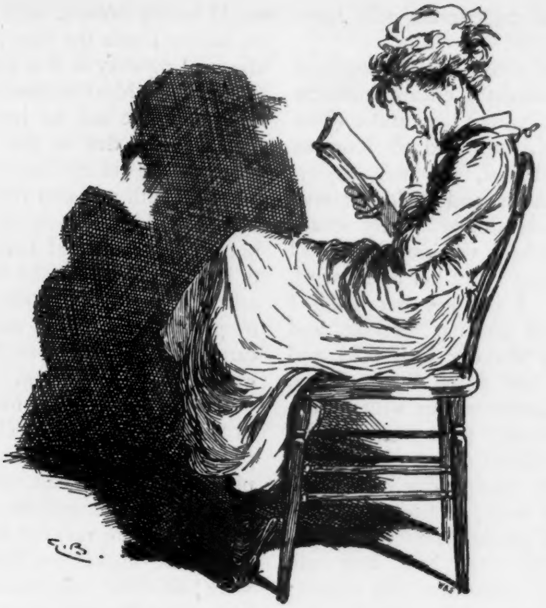

" The little maid, sitting up in her bare garret, gloated over them "

FALSE COIN OR TRUE?*

BY F. MONTRÉSOR, AUTHOR OF "INTO THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

LINDA (she did not possess a surname) was born in a workhouse. When she had attained fourteen years she was sent as "general," which means maid-of-all-work, to Mrs. Swainson, who kept a second-rate lodging-house in a back street in Bristol. Linda was undersized for her age, and rather childish, and Mrs. Swainson pronounced her a simpleton.

Her small thin face acquired a very hunted look after a month's service; and she was overworked and underfed to a degree that no other "general" had ever stood. Mrs. Swainson averred that she kept the child out of charity; but, possibly, economy had also something to say in the matter.

It never occurred to Linda to complain, or to try to get a better place. On the contrary, she was terribly afraid of being given notice to quit, and was sure that no one else would ever take her. She had no spirit of adventure or independence; her undeveloped virtues were all of the submissive kind. She was meant to be gentle and affectionate; she *was* low-spirited and timid.

From morning till night Linda lived in an atmosphere of hurry and dirt and scolding; and, she supposed, if she ever consciously reflected on the subject, that life must be "like that" for girls who had no father to speak of, and "who hadn't ought to have been born at all."

Nevertheless she had her own consolations. Dame Nature, at least, is no stepmother; she manages to provide all her children with toys somehow: clean ones if she can; if she can't, why then, whatever she can find. She has been vilified by some for this very practice; she has been called very odd names; but she is too strong for us; we get little by abusing her. By the time we have learnt all her lessons perhaps the millennium will have come.

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Whenever Linda could scrape together a few coppers she bought a cheap novelette and a candle. She lighted her candle when the other lights were out, and so long as it, and the story lasted, she was happy. The novels were trashy and melodramatic, mainly about transcendently lovely countesses, and exceedingly villainous villains! The little maid, sitting up in her bare garret, gloated over them. I can see her while I write, with her eyes growing brighter, and her thin shoulders shaking with cold and excitement, while her flame burns lower. Her knob of hair is screwed up with a hairpin, which she presently pulls out, in order to poke the candle up to a last effort. She will suffer for her dissipations. She will come down to her work, at five o'clock to-morrow, with blue patches under her eyes, and a bad headache. She is a very silly little girl, but then—what can you expect? She was born with a taste for sugar, like the rest of us, and the only form she can get it in is cheap and nasty.

Of course there were weeks when she could by no possibility afford either light or literature; and then she missed the excitement, much as her more fortunate sisters miss balls when the London season is over. It was during one of these times of dearth that Monsieur Morèze visited Bristol.

Monsieur Morèze was a public character. His placards, in huge red type, wound in serpentine coils up the lamp posts, and blazed in the shop windows at least three days before he arrived.

"The Great Wizard is coming!"

"The Mighty Magician of the West is expected! Secure your seats at once, lest you be too late!" There was actually an evangelical flavour about the wording of the last advertisement. It reminded Linda of a religious tract that had once been given to her in the street.

Mrs. Swainson's lodgers were uninteresting as a rule; but life became decidedly more exciting when the conjuror took the first-floor rooms. Linda could not hope to admire him in his glory at the Town Hall. I doubt whether, during her sixteen years, it had ever struck any one that she could want a treat; but, at least, she might see him off the boards. A conjuror at home would hardly cause a thrill to the majority of us, but to Linda the best parlour became an abode of mystery at this time.

Monsieur Morèze reached Bristol in the afternoon; he had an hour or two to spare before he was due at the hall. In spite of his magic, he did not guess that he was being observed with awe and reverence through the keyhole. Linda knelt on the landing with her forehead pressed hard against the door of his room. I fear she was not in the least ashamed of her position! Mrs. Swainson frequently made use of that convenient aperture, and Linda did not consider that there was any harm in spying.

The conjuror sat in front of the coke fire in the one comfortable chair that the house possessed. He was a spare, olive-complexioned Frenchman, no longer in his first youth. His hair and moustache were black; his eyelids were very full and drooped slightly, giving the impression that his watchful eyes were half-shut. He was lithe and deft in all his movements and very restless. His stillness, like that of a cat before it springs, seemed to denote concentration of energy rather than repose.

He took up some letters that had awaited his arrival, and glanced through them carelessly till he came to the last, which he read with evident anger and surprise. The man was dramatic even when he supposed himself to be alone.

"Sacré! Cannot do without you! *I* cannot do without you? But it makes me laugh, this impertinence," he muttered. "Absolutely refuse to appear, unless adequately remunerated! Ah! but you never spelt those long words yourself, my angel. Good, good! You shall be paid what you deserve for this, but yes, to the last farthing!"

He crumpled the letter viciously in his slender brown fingers, and tossed it into the fire. The diamond ring on his hand glittered.

Not all the jewellers' shops in the High Street had impressed Linda so much. She could not understand what he said, for he spoke in his own language. She did not even wish to understand; she had no vulgar curiosity as to why he was so angry. She was attracted by mystery pure and simple. The glamour of the supernatural fascinated her, as it does most women; as, no doubt, it fascinated Mother Eve in the garden long ago.

Monsieur Moreze sprang to his feet, and walked up and down, still giving vent to angry ejaculations. "The mean trick! To disappoint the public! And she is advertised for the day after to-morrow. There is not time to get another. She thinks she can force me to give way to her. But no! Not for a night! not even for a minute. We will see who can stand alone best, my dear. You shall have leisure to repent in."

"Linda! Linda! Wherever has that girl got to? What are you about up there? Oh you bad, idle, little good-for-nothing! Peeping through the gentleman's keyhole, and me working my legs off. You sly workhouse brat! You——"

The angry voice, which had burst out suddenly on the landing, died away in the distance, to the sound of hurrying footsteps. The conjuror opened the door, and looked down the passage; then picked up the key and put it in the lock, with a short laugh. "Evidently one must beware of this Mademoiselle Linda," he said.

His anger cooled after this interruption, and, presently, he put on his dress clothes, and sent for his supper. He had seldom seen a more draggled and untidy lodging-house slave than the girl who brought it to him.

At eight o'clock he left the house for the Town Hall, and Linda was sent up again to clear away. Mrs. Swainson had gone to the conjuring—Monsieur Moreze having presented her with tickets—and the "general" was left single-handed. She was anxious to get through arrears of work, and to wipe out the remembrance of her late delinquencies. She piled up the plates and dishes and beer-jug on the tray, topped them with the candle, and made a valiant, if somewhat rash, effort to lift everything at once. The tray was too heavy for her. She might, however, have carried it as far as the landing had she not unluckily trodden on a bit of orange-peel. Her foot slipped and, in the instinctive effort to save herself, her grasp relaxed, the tray went down with a crash, knocking over the insecure little lodging-house table in its fall.

Linda stood aghast in the middle of broken crockery, and a mingled stream of beer, coffee, and gravy. She was absolutely overcome with horror at the amount of mischief she had done. She pinched herself, in the futile hope that this *might* turn out to be a bad dream; then shivered and sobbed helplessly; suffering far more from dread of the disclosure that must be made on the morrow at latest, than she had ever suffered from any scolding in course of administration. She had never before broken so much as a cup or a plate; but that only made matters worse, for it left the consequences entirely dependent on her over vivid imagination.

What would her mistress do? If she were sent away where could she possibly go? How terrible it would be to wander about starving and lost all day and all night! She would never dare to go back to the "House." The Committee had found a place for her, had given her good advice, and had done with her. She could not face it again. The very porter would "look so" at her; besides, she never could ring the high bell. She sat down on the floor and cried. Her head had been aching all day and she had a sharp pain between her shoulders and through her chest. Perhaps it was partly ill-health that made her so helpless and forlorn. It is so very much easier to be brave when one has habitually enough to eat.

Linda sobbed till the clock, striking nine, roused her. Then she got up slowly, and gathering the broken china together, carried it upstairs, and hid it under her bed. The evidences of her mishap thus disposed of, she went about the rest of her work with as deep a feeling of guilt and depression as if she had committed a murder, and had concealed the victim's body.

It was ten o'clock before she had finished all the "washing up" that had to be got through; but she could not sleep even when she, at last, lay down. She was hot and restless, and she became possessed with a feverish desire to go and look at the scene of her misfortune. Had she picked up that overturned table? She could not remember doing so. What would happen if the conjuror came back to find all his possessions on the floor? He would ring for Mrs. Swainson, and Mrs. Swainson would call "Linda." It would all come out! Oh, she could not bear to be sent away to-night! She must put that table straight at once. She got up, dressed quickly, and went down again. It was later than she thought, and lessons perhaps the millennium will have come.

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Monsieur Morèze had had a success that evening. He was elated and triumphant. The audience had been spell-bound, and the hall had been crammed. "Hélène" would see that he could do very well without her! He smiled when he thought of her. His passion had evaporated, though not his malice. He paused when he reached the door of his room; his quick ear caught the sound of some one moving stealthily. He entered without noise, and stood unseen in the room, which was in darkness, save for the glimpses of light from Linda's candle—watching.

Linda had picked up the overturned table, and, with shaking hands, was replacing the things that had fallen.

Monsieur Morèze's narrow black eyes—eyes that noticed a good deal from between their half-closed lids—saw that the girl had been crying, and that she was trembling and white.

A loosely tied parcel lay on the floor; the string that held it gave way when Linda took hold of it. The glittering contents of the paper fell out in a golden shower! The little drudge stood transfixed with surprise. Sovereigns! Sovereigns by the hundred! The conjuror, standing in his corner, laughed under his breath (a better man might have sighed) when he saw her slip a coin into her pocket after a moment's evident hesitation.

Of course, they were sham sovereigns—palpably sham! — with a portrait of the magician stamped on one side! Monsieur Morèze had intended to distribute them among the children at the Town Hall, but had left them behind by accident.

They were not worth so much as a penny, much less a stain on the girl's conscience.

Linda silenced that inconvenient monitor with the plea, which was true enough, that she would not have stolen from a poor man. Monsieur Morèze had so many pounds to spare; Monsieur Morèze could coin gold out of blank space. Was there not a picture of him doing so? So surely he would not grudge her this one little bit out of all his wealth, even were he to know that she had taken it.

It meant so much to her, so easy a way out of the terrors that beset her. To him it could not matter at all.

She could buy a new pie-dish and beer-jug before the breakage should be discovered, and——

She felt a hand on her shoulder, turned suddenly with a gasp of fright, and saw Monsieur Morèze close at her elbow!

There was a mocking smile on his lips, and his curious eyes were looking through and through her. All the little fallacies about the innocence of stealing from a rich man melted. Linda tried to speak, and could not. The room seemed to be spinning round and round, the floor gave way under her, and she fell at the conjuror's feet in a dead faint.

It is not too much to say that for once Monsieur Morèze was considerably dismayed at his success. He had meant to startle the child; he had felt amused at the situation, while he stood an unsuspected spectator of her temptation and defeat, but he had not meant the shock to be so serious as all this! He had had no idea that she would actually swoon with fear; he had even some feeling of compunction.

He carried the girl to the window, and flung up the sash.

When Linda came to herself the cool night wind was blowing through the room, making her candle gutter wildly; and her face and hands were wet with the water the conjuror had dashed over her.

"Mon Dieu! but you were a little imbecile," said he. "See now, I do not eat girls. Not even when dey steal my properties and peep trou my keyhole. Get up! You are quite well now, without doubt, and you had better go quickly to your bed, where you ought to have been dese many hours ago. Come, we will not remember what has happened. Ah, c'est ca, c'est très bièn," giving her his hand.

Linda stood up, looking rather dazed still. Never before in her life had she fainted, so that she was not quite sure what had occurred to her.

"You are not in de least e'll now, hein?" said the Frenchman, with cheerful decision. "Run up quick before ainy one else catches you!"

And she obeyed him.

Monsieur Morèze watched her mount the stairs safely; then turned back to his room with an expressive shrug of his shoulders.

"That child will end in the river," he said to himself. "She is just the kind that despairs. She would make a good medium. It is a pity I startled her so."

And then his mind reverted to more interesting affairs, and he thought no more of that episode.

But Linda shivered and burnt by turns in her attic, and whenever she shut her eyes, she felt as if some one were standing close by her; and when she crept down to her work in the morning, she looked so ill that even Mrs. Swainson was anxious, and began to wonder whether she had not better get rid of the girl before she was "laid up on her hands."

Of course the broken china was discovered during the day, and I think—though Linda was far too simple to guess it—that a hacking cough and white cheeks had quite as much to do with Mrs. Swainson's moral indignation as anything else. Linda made no attempt to defend herself, and when her mistress further accused her of having "been up to no good last evening," she looked so terribly guilty that the woman's suspicions were really aroused. It had been quite a chance shot, but it had evidently hit the mark! Mrs. Swainson never rested till she had first got a confession out of Linda and then put her own construction on it.

Her own construction was startling. Linda had had no idea how wicked she had been!

The girl was absolutely crushed, and what self-respect she possessed was torn to shreds. She did not venture to remonstrate when she was told to pack out of the house at once. She just rolled her few clothes into a bundle and made ready to go—anywhere.

Monsieur Morèze, who was putting his things into his portmanteau, heard the landlady storming, and, albeit he was not particularly soft-hearted, was rather sorry for the victim. He was just about to ring for his bill and depart when he heard some one touch the handle of his door.

"Enter, enter," he cried impatiently. An uncertain or "fidgetty" movement always irritated him. He flung the door wide open with a jerk. The maid-of-all-work was standing outside. She did not start this time. Her big soft eyes met his with a tragic look in them. The reflection that the fast fading sunset threw on her face was the only colour she had. She stretched out her palm with the sovereign on it without a word.

"Ah! you haf found it will not pass, eh!" he said, with a laugh, but she did not understand him, and the moment he had spoken he saw she did not. "I do not want it! It ees worth not half a farthing, and I have bags full. Why did you bring it back?"

"Sir," she stammered, "you knew I took it last night, but you did not tell, and the money doesn't matter no more; it wouldn't keep me long anyhow, and I sha'n't get another place with no character, and I shan't try. I don't care what becomes of me."

The despair in the high young voice was the despair of a child rather than of a woman.

The man wondered for a moment whether she had the faintest idea of what in all probability she *would* become. It was not his affair but yet——"Have you any money in your pocket?" he asked, sharply.

Linda shook her head.

"Why for does Madame turn you out? Hein?" But she made no answer.

"Where will you go now—for dis night?"

"I don't know," said Linda, "and it doesn't matter to no one." She turned away, and left him without another word. It did not occur to her to ask his help; there was even a touch of childish dignity in her last words. His sharp curiosity had made her draw back.

Monsieur Morèze considered for a second, then he followed the girl to the end of the passage and checked her.

"Stop," he said. "Leesen a minute to me. Look now, you are not clever enough to make it pay to be bad. You would alwayes sell your soul for sham coin, I tink. But" (interrupting himself) "she does not know in the least what I mean. Mon Dieu! how greatly ees Monsieur le Diable in debt to de respectable Christian who sends such children into de streets! See! you do not know where to go. I will tell you. Come with me to London; we will try eef you do not make a vary good medium. Ah, you comprehend not what dat will mean? N'importe. It ees I who haf to understand. For you, I will pay you—Mais non! I will see what you are worth first, and afterwards I will tink what I will pay. In any case I will not starve you; and you will sleep to-night under a roof. Ees it yes or no? Vite! Dere ees no more time to lose. My train does not wait. Come I am not so bad a master. It ees yes?"

His rapid speech and quick gestures bewildered Linda. She was silent for a minute. Then she looked straight at him with candid eyes that had still the innocence of childhood in them.

"Had I better say 'Yes'?" she said. "If you think I had better, then I will, sir. There ain't nobody else to advise me. I'll go by what you say. Had I better?"

The conjuror pulled his moustache thoughtfully; his eager flow of words ceased. "Eh bien," he said at last, "But *yes*. Upon my soul, mon enfant, I do tink you had better."

He went downstairs, and Linda followed him. Mrs. Swainson stood in the hall flushed and belligerent, for Monsieur Moreze had not yet paid his bill, and she foresaw a fight over it. It was a preposterous bill, but, as she volubly explained, she respected the "Lord's day," and a lodger who smoked and slept all the Sabbath morning, and who insisted on a hot supper (which kept her from chapel) must expect to pay for such "goings-on." It was a matter of conscience. "She couldn't feel it right not to charge extra for Sunday service."

Monsieur Moreze smiled politely and shrugged his shoulders up to his ears, "Ah, pour cela—when we do get to conscience, den you are beyond me."

He turned and looked at the little general, who was close at his heels, and again at the landlady, "You see, Madame, I do mean to take dis girl with me; go on, get into de cab, Linda."

The girl did as she was bid at once. Obedience came naturally to her. Mrs. Swainson drew herself up, and sniffed contemptuously.

"How old is she?" he asked.

"I'm a respectable woman, sir," cried the landlady, "and always 'ave been. I don't wish to demean myself by conversation about such as her. Nor to 'ave it said as *I* countenanced your doings."

"A—ah. You do know very leetle about me, except dat I am a foreigner and do not keep de Sabbath, and de child ees vary simple and you haf a conscience, hein? You feel responsible for her? Dere ees yet time. You may haf her back eef you will? You will take care of her and let her rest for a few days. She wants feeding and——"

"Responsible! I ain't responsible. She's nothing to me. I took her out of charity," cried the woman. "I don't want to hear nothing about it—but as to that extra 'alf crown sir—seeing I was kept from chapel and——"

"I will gif you a shilling," said the conjuror. "I do tink dat your conscience charges too high! For de chapel—I haf a leetle superstition left. It seems perhaps safer outside. Le bon Dieu may be alive—after all. You do call Him de father for de fatherless, n'est-ce-pas? Ah, and suppose He leestens and de roof falls? So you'll let de girl go, hein?"

The woman stared blankly at him. She saw no connection whatever between "chapel services" and the child she had cast off, but she had a vague idea that the Frenchman was blaspheming.

"As bad a man as ever I saw," she said afterwards. "He made my flesh creep with his wickedness. Like to like! It shows what that sly baggage really was, that she should 'ave took up with 'im. Fancy now, his being afeard to go inside a chapel. Depend on it, he's done something awful!"

And she talked over her lodger's possible iniquities till bedtime—when she slept the sleep of the just.

CHAPTER II

It was seven o'clock when Monsieur Moreze reached London. There was little time to spare. He had made up his mind while the train dashed along; he would play to win, and he would play boldly. He got into a hansom at Charing Cross. Linda sat by his side, speechless and very pale.

It is difficult to say of what she had been thinking during that unpremeditated journey; for, like a child, she felt rather than consciously reflected, and could not have translated her sensations into words.

They stopped at the entrance to a narrow street, connecting two thoroughfares. There was barely room to drive along this alley—for it was little more—so the conjuror took the girl's hand in his, and walked.

The tall houses, with their uncurtained

windows, towered on each side of the way, grimed with the smoke of years, full, from garret to cellar. The gas jets flared cheerfully over piles of second-hand furniture, and dog-eared prints, and beflowered crockery, all massed together, in a manner tempting to the seeker of second-hand bargains, who hopes always to find a pearl of price in the oyster heap. Those queer old shops drove a fast trade, and Aaron Schonenwetter, at whose door Monsieur Morèze paused, had handed ready money over the counter for many a fine lady's diamonds.

To Aaron's house one had to descend two steps from the footway, and a tall man would have had to stoop in order to pass through the doorway; once inside, however, a stranger would be surprised at the size of the shop, which took in the whole depth of the house.

A huge old fashioned chandelier, dusty and unused, hung from the ceiling, but the room was lighted by a flaring gas jet.

Suits of large armour stood in the corners. Wigs, flaxen and black, were suspended in a row. A screen, with a woodland glade painted on one side, and a prison with barred window on the other, stood at one end of the room. Brocades and tinsels, sceptres and masks, second-hand satin slippers (pathetic enough these), and a whole set of sober fathers of the church, who certainly found themselves in strange company, lay together on an old-fashioned mahogany sideboard.

Heaven knows what stories all these properties had played their part in!

The conjuror half pushed his companion before him through the door. "Quick, mon ami, we are late, and in a grand haste" he said.

Aaron Schonenwetter hurried forward from behind the screen, smiling and rubbing his hands. He nodded familiarly to the Frenchman, but his eyes rested on the girl, who was clasping her fingers together nervously under a threadbare shawl, and who looked as if she hardly knew whether she was awake or dreaming.

Aaron was a German Jew, stout and florid; a big man with a suave manner. His fingers had been in many pies, and had seldom been withdrawn empty. His small blue eyes, penetrating as gimlets, were surrounded by a network of fine lines; his nose betrayed his race; his rather coarse mouth was partly hidden by his fair moustache. He had lived for many years in Armour Street, plundering the Gentiles and taking care of the old mother, to whom (though his victims never found much mercy in him) he was a most patient and devoted son.

"I have discovered a new medium. Behold her!" said Monsieur Morèze, rapidly, in French. "Tell me now, how shall we dress her? The child has it in her to look charming! Bring out her beauty! and if she be a success you shall profit over and above the price of the clothes."

"And Mademoiselle Hélène?" asked the Jew.

Monsieur Morèze, shrugged his shoulders and smiled, not altogether pleasantly. "I have yet to reckon with her," he said.

Aaron turned up the gas, and put one finger under Linda's chin to lift her downcast face to the light. She shrank back, blushing crimson, and he laughed.

"Come, you look the better for a little colour, my dear," he said. "What will you have to wear? You are a lucky young woman. My whole assortment is at your disposal. Shall we try virgin white, and diamond stars? No; that is too common, and the idea don't even make you smile. Yet a star in your hair would look pretty, too. Aren't you longing to try the effect?"

He stooped down and untied the strings of her bonnet with quick, deft fingers while he spoke. Linda stood passive and amazed.

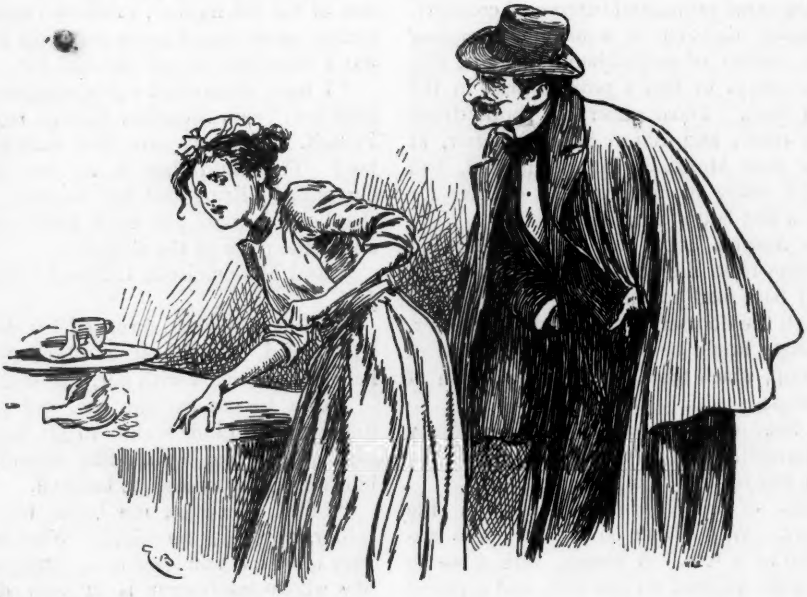
The girl's hair was fair, in strong contrast to her black eyebrows and dark eyes; it was screwed into an untidy knot at the back of her head, but it was fine and soft, as Aaron's practised eyes told him at once.

"How about a black velvet? You are young enough for an old style to make you more effective. What do you say, eh? I always find the ladies know best themselves what suits them!"

"I don't know nothing about it," said Linda, in a low voice.

The Jew looked at her and then at the conjuror with increased curiosity; then retreated to the back of the shop and presently returned with a little old woman trotting after him.

Mrs. Schonenwetter was old and brown and wrinkled, but she had been a beauty in her day, and in her old age she still was a



"Turned suddenly with a gasp of fright"

distinct personality, a woman to be deferred to and listened to. She was sharp as a needle, and every line that experience had traced added to the shrewdness of her countenance. She professed to read fortunes "by the cards," but, possibly, in her seventy years she had learnt to read them "by the faces" as well. She looked like a gipsy, but talked with a villainous accent, that was half German and half cockney. She wore a crimson and yellow handkerchief on her head, and wore it with the dignity of an Eastern queen.

Monsieur Morèze lifted his eyebrows inquiringly, as if to ask what the new comer thought of his protégé. The look was a compliment, for "Monsieur" seldom depended on any one's opinion.

"A—ah—I'll see to her," said the old woman. "I've dressed beauties before now! You come along with me, my pretty, and you shall startle 'em all."

As some man-fearing creature will turn to man for protection in the presence of an unfamiliar danger, so Linda turned to the Frenchman by her side, who, in this extraordinary place, alone had some connection with the life she had left behind.

"You ain't going to go away, and leave me?" she said, with the sharp accent of terror in her high, childish voice.

"Mon Dieu, no! Ees it likely dat I should bring you up to London and den leave you?" cried Monsieur Morèze impatiently. "Was dere evair before a girl who was not in a hurry to put on fine clothes? Go and dress, I wait for you here;" and Linda followed her conductress behind the pasteboard walls.

The two men left alone together talked and laughed with greater freedom. Aaron threw out hints that he should like to know how and where this new medium had been picked up; Monsieur Morèze parried his inquiries skilfully, whistling softly to himself, while he ran his fingers through the holes in the little black shawl that Linda had dropped. It was an untidy, threadbare shawl; he would give the child a warmer one if she should be a success!

On the other side of the screen Mrs. Schonenwetter pinned, and adjusted, and brushed, and powdered, making her own comments the while. Linda's hands were roughened with work, and her arms much too thin for beauty, but her neck was white as milk (at least after a little soap and water had been applied), and there was a pathetic charm about the girlish figure in the heavy velvet dress that made the old woman nod approvingly.

She crimped the fair hair till it stood like an aureole round Linda's brow; she touched the pale lips with red (the long black lashes needed no artistic improving); she put the faintest possible soupçon of pink on the cheeks. The shape of the downcast head and oval face was distinctly good. The hanging sleeves could be arranged to cover the tell-tale hand.

"Monsieur is no fool!" said Mrs. Schonenwetter. "I should think you'd have dimples if you were to smile, my dear. Can't you manage to be a bit more cheerful?"

But the girl's frightened face looked at that moment as though she would never smile again.

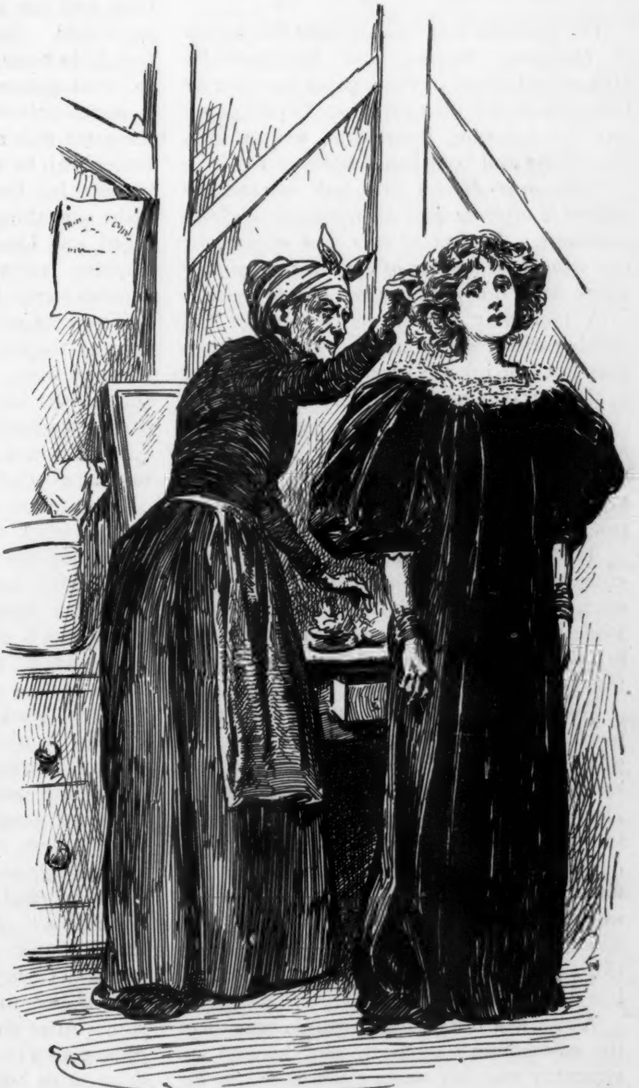
Monsieur Morèze threw up his hands and bowed low, half mockingly, when they returned to the shop.

The transformation surpassed his hopes! It was like the realisation of the old fairy story—with a difference.

Alas, there had never been a fairy godmother to protect this maid! and it was no vision of girlish pleasure that was making her heart beat fast.

"She will do!" said the conjuror. "Lend me a cloak, please, to cover the finery. We have just time to reach the hall!"

"Good luck to you, Miss," said Aaron, affably. He waved his hand to them and watched them drive off; then returned to



"Monsieur is no fool!"

the shop door, where Mrs. Schonenwetter was still standing.

"Why, she's not more than a child," he said, "and she is as green as green peas!"

"She won't be that long if Monsieur has the charge of her," said the old woman.

Aaron glanced up at the clock. He was very curious, and it was hardly likely that he would have many more customers that night. "I must see that black velvet on the boards," he said.

* * * *

The placards that usually bore the names of Monsieur Moreze and Mademoiselle Hélène had sheets of white paper pasted over their yellow and blue surfaces. On the paper was the following inscription, written in a flourishing and bold handwriting in red ink:

"*Monsieur Moreze has been unexpectedly obliged to dispense with Mademoiselle Hélène's assistance. He has at once and at immense cost secured the services of a distinguished lady whose name it is not permitted him to reveal.*"

A faultlessly attired gentleman, in full evening dress, was pointing out this advertisement (the ink was barely dry) to the crowd at the entrance of the hall.

"Pit full already!" he whispered exultantly when Aaron passed him with a nod and went in at the stage door; "Pit full and Mademoiselle Hélène kicking up a row!"

The first part of the programme (which consisted of sleight-of-hand only) was nearly over. Aaron, filled with the liveliest curiosity, made his way behind the scenes. Cowering in a corner, her face buried in her hands, was the "distinguished lady!"

Pacing up and down, flushed with rage, pouring forth a torrent of indignant invective, was Mademoiselle Hélène. . . . . The Jew looked at Hélène with unfeigned pleasure. Her gestures were superb, her fine figure showed to advantage when, turning to the new-comer, she pointed dramatically and in very truth "the finger of scorn" at her unwilling rival. It was a pity that her accent was vulgar and her voice harsh. She looked like a tragedy queen, but, alas! she scolded like a costermonger.

Aaron had the poorest possible opinion of the ex-medium's intellect, and he had no sympathy with her anger; but then, in his estimation, moral or mental qualities in a woman counted for little. Hélène seemed to him worth a dozen such half-starved waifs as Linda.

Hélène was barely twenty, but had attained already the full ripeness of her beauty.

Her heavy mass of black hair, her flashing dark eyes and full lips had a suggestion of the Oriental about them. When she laughed or when she was angry she looked her best. At such times other women seemed pale and colourless beside her. When her face was in repose the mouth took somewhat sullen lines and her expression was stolid, not to say stupid. She had plenty of passion, and very little mind. A combination that is apt to be dangerous.

Aaron Schonenwetter stood looking on at the game with some amusement. He knew better than to attempt to interfere. An affair became his business only when he could make something for himself out of it. Hélène raged, and Linda sobbed on, till a burst of clapping surprised both, and Monsieur Moreze stepped behind the scenes.

The conjuror was apparently in excellent spirits; the sound of applause refreshed him like new wine. A gleam of vindictive triumph shot across his face when he saw Hélène. "Ah, congratulate me, Hélène!" he cried; "It ees a vary good audience to-night. De best I haf yet."

The woman looked at him with an expression in which anger and fear, and perhaps something else, were contending.

"I don't know what you mean by bringing that little idiot here!" she cried. "You can't ever be thinking as she'll go down when the people's expecting me! You can't——" then her voice faltered. "There's been a mistake."

"Haf you made one? I condole with you, Mademoiselle," said the conjuror. "Dey are awkward dese mistakes! One takes no time to make dem! One can scratch dem off in a moment, and, pouf! —away fly the fine dress, the employ, the pleasure! and to get them back, it ees impossible! Ah! do you hear de stamp and de clap? But it ees an audience to be proud of! See here"—turning to Linda—"I haf just to say one leetle speech about you. After dat I ring a bell—so—and say 'She comes!' and you do walk through that door on de left, and stand for one moment *comme ça*. You see? One arm up, holding back de curtain. Den I lead you forward, *voila tout!* I will do all de rest." He nodded reassuringly and passed on to the stage.

Hélène stamped her foot with an inarticulate little cry. Linda grew perceptibly whiter. Aaron congratulated himself that his business in no way depended on the whims of women.

The three listened attentively, They heard the sound of the Frenchman's voice; then the sharp note of a hand-bell. Linda stood upright. There was another burst of clapping. The bell was struck once more. The girl sat down again; she was shaking from head to foot.

"I can't go! I can't, I can't!" she cried.

Hélène's face brightened.

"Now I hope Monsieur will see!" she exclaimed. "A pretty trick to play him! I wouldn't be in your shoes to-morrow, my lady!"

"They'll hiss in another minute," said Aaron. But almost as the words passed his lips, Monsieur Morèze stood again by their side. He glanced round him, taking in the situation in a second. A crisis always sharpened this man's perceptions, and increased his self-reliance.

"Go! both of you, please. Leave de child to me," he said. "But go, go!" stamping his foot impatiently when Hélène would have lingered. When they were both gone he turned to Linda.

"Dere ees not in de least of a hurry," he remarked quietly. "You can finish your cry ef you want to. We will let dem make a noise till we are quite ready."

He poured some water into a tumbler and made her drink it. "At present, shall we wait for any more tears?" he asked, smiling. "No? Come den, and look not at any one but me." And, taking her hand in his, he led her on to the stage.

There was a murmur of half-pitying admiration. The little maid-of-all-work was curiously delicate and fair in her velvet robes, with tears still wet on her eyelashes. A man in the pit hissed, because he felt convinced that that foreign brute ill-treated her, but the majority clapped.

Monsieur Morèze had never had a more sensitive subject. He made the séance longer than usual, and tried experiments on the spur of the moment. The girl was pliable as clay in the hands of the potter.

The Jew and Hélène went round to the front and found seats amongst the audience.

Hélène sat rocking herself to and fro, her face growing darker as the performance went on, her eyes fixed steadily on the stage.

"She is not in the least beautiful," she cried. "Folks won't pay to see her twice. He'll soon find out his mistake;" but, nevertheless, despair was settling heavily on her.

"You have quarrelled with our friend there," said Aaron, presently. "Now, might I ask how was it, my dear?"

"Oh, you may ask," said Hélène, suddenly, when he had repeated his question twice, and touched her round, white arm to attract attention.

"Five pounds," said Aaron, softly, "for costumes worn on different occasions; shoes and diamonds included; ten pounds last June to meet some passing necessity; six more put down on account. Oh, you need not colour. I don't say I want my money this moment; I shall get it in time. I'm very patient."

"You've had enough from me. I should think you might afford to wait," said his companion; but even while she spoke a sick sensation came over her, like that which possesses a sailor when he sees the rats departing from the ship. Aaron had always flattered her before. "Look here!" she cried suddenly; "I've never been one to save and scrape; and I can't work, I hate it! I wasn't made to. Some folks are born ugly and respectable, and some ain't. That's all about it. I've never had any call to slave, for I know one thing, I'm ten times handsomer than——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the Jew. "But how *was* it?"

This time he got an answer; he had shown his claws to some purpose.

"I wrote and gave him a bit of my mind," Hélène explained. "I just said what every one knows. I just told him that his performances wouldn't be worth 'alf, no! nor a quarter as much without me. It wasn't no good talking; he comes round me, if I talk to him; so I waited till he was touring, and then I sent my letter at the last and said I wasn't coming to-night unless he made the terms what they should be. He didn't answer, so—so——"

"So you exercised your charming sex's privilege and came?"

Hélène smiled and, bending forward, laid both her hands on the Jew's arm. "Come, dear Mr. Schonenwetter, you'll help me," she said, "I've got into a tight place, but you'll help me." She leant towards him, her face almost touching his. There was admiration in Aaron's glance. The crimson flowers that rested against her white skin (and whose heavy scent he breathed) were not more luxuriant in their beauty than was she. He hesitated for a moment.. He hesitated, and then drew back with a laugh, and shook his head. "No, no, it won't do!" he said; "and, besides, a beauty like you can surely make her own terms with any of our sex!"

And Hélène, knowing that he found her chances not worth assisting, rose suddenly and swept out of the theatre.

"It has been a success!" cried the conjuror. He was driving home through the wet, gas-lit streets, and he was filled with triumph. Monsieur Morèze was a true artist in his way. His intellectual grasp of art was certainly not high, but he loved his craft for its own sake. He liked money, without doubt, but he liked a "good effect" better. He was born to a vocation, and he followed it with all his heart. Already he was pondering how he could improve on the programme of to-night.

Aaron sat opposite to him, with a fat, good-tempered Italian by his side. The latter filled the cab with an atmosphere of bad tobacco and garlic. Linda, squeezed into a corner, was nearly choked by the smoke from their pipes, and was quite overwhelmed by the force of new impressions.

All the men talked in a tongue that was unknown to her. They all gesticulated. The very inflexions of their voices were un-English and strange. Monsieur Morèze hardly noticed the girl, he was so busy planning what he would do with the medium. Genius has its drawbacks, which chiefly affect its neighbour and its kindred. The drive was over at last, and Monsieur Morèze led the way to his sitting-room. The men drank to his good luck, with side glances at Linda, who stood by their host's chair; an incongruous little figure, with star-spangled hair, and bare neck, and terrified eyes.

Monsieur Morèze drank nothing. Too much depended on the steadiness of his hand for him to venture to indulge himself. He insisted, however, that "de leetle girl" should swallow some brandy and water, which he had warmed over a spirit-lamp. It brought a shade more colour to her cheek, and he smiled, noting, with a sense of proprietorship, how much prettier she looked in consequence.

Aaron noticed it too, and ventured on a coarse joke about her. "Monsieur" was no Puritan, a fact which was very well known, but the remark angered him. He sprang to his feet suddenly and drummed on the tables for silence; then took Linda's cold hand in his. "Listen!" he said, "dis lady is my—my—(ah, but how do you say it when one is in the stead of a father?) N'importe! what I mean ees dat no one shall fling dirt while she ees under my roof. I do mean to be careful of de child, as eef *mais oui* Monsieur, as eef she were my *daughter*."

The fat Italian clapped his hands and shouted, "Bravo! bravo!" He was sentimental, and easily affected. Aaron smiled in his sleeve. Linda, though she had not in the least understood what had passed, was overcome by an instinctive sense of shame. She longed to hide from all these eyes, but she was also afraid of offending the conjuror.

Monsieur Morèze considered for a moment, and then walked to the door and shouted "Nanette, Nanette."

A Frenchwoman answered the call—a sallow-faced, broad-shouldered dame, who looked as if she might have stepped out of some Brittany cottage, but who was curiously "unexpected" in this London street. Her cap, such a cap as Linda had never seen before, was of starched linen, like a nun's; it almost covered her grey hair, and Nanette would have felt immodest without it! Her apron was ampler than aprons of English make, and white as new fallen snow. She had sharp little black eyes, but there were both kindliness and capability in the expression of her mouth. Her knitting was in her hands. She knitted even while she talked, and she talked with the musical, rather drawling sing-song of the "Auray" peasant.

Linda could not have translated a word that Nanette said, but she understood quickly enough that the Frenchwoman was angry and disapproving.

It seemed to the poor child that disapproval was the usual attitude of the world in regard to herself. She had been disapproved from her very earliest recollections. If they sent her away what should she do? She felt terribly ill, so ill that she wondered vaguely whether she were going to die. She might have managed to creep into the country, and have starved peacefully under a hedge, if she had not been brought to London. But in this huge town there was no end to the streets and the people. They would always be pushing and jostling and hustling her on. She fancied that she said something to that effect when Nanette made a step towards her, but in reality the words died on her lips.

Nanette paused in the middle of a sentence. "But this is a child," she cried. "What was her mother doing?"

Monsieur Morèze shrugged his shoulders. "It is a little late in the day to inquire into that," he said in French. "If you won't find room for her, my friend, I will take her to some lodging-house, or——"

"La—la," said Nanette, "some lodging-house? and she no more fit to be alone in London than a white rabbit! Come, then, for to-night. Will you be so good as to come, mademoiselle?"

The last words were spoken in English, but it did not occur to Linda that the "mademoiselle" applied to herself, and she made no movement.

"She thinks every one will eat her," cried the conjuror. "Go with Nanette, *mon enfant*." And Linda followed her conductress obediently.

They went upstairs to a room—half bedroom, half sitting-room—where the boards were washed and polished and the window-sill was full of scarlet geraniums. A gaily coloured picture of the Madonna hung on the wall, and beneath it was a crucifix, and a shelf holding a blue glass full of flowers. A bed, covered with a bright patchwork quilt, stood in one corner.

The place was exquisitely clean and smelt of soap and water, but there was a curiously foreign air about it.

"This is mine room," said Nanette, "and for now, because I think you are not very old or wise, I will keep you to sleep in it. But to have his mediums to live here with me is what I will not. It is but for to-night. Where is your luggage?"

"I haven't got none," said Linda.

"None?" said the Frenchwoman, horrified. "*Mon Dieu!* Do you drop from the clouds? Where from do you come? Where is your home?"

"I didn't never have one," said Linda. She sank on to a chair, and leant her head wearily against the wooden bedpost. The black velvet robe was very heavy, and she could stand no more.

"Are you ill?" asked Nanette, uneasily.

Linda lifted her head with an effort. "Oh, no, ma'am," she said, "I ain't ill. To-morrow I'll be quite well. I ain't generally like this. I can do a deal of work. I'm stronger than you'd think for." But her forehead dropped on to the post again, and the heavy lids fell half over her eyes.

"Monsieur has no business to play his tricks with such a child," cried Nanette angrily, and she put her hand on Linda's shoulder.

"Chut—chut. *La pauvrette*, how tired she is! Come, *mon chou*, it's time you were to bed."

A quiver crossed Linda's face at the kindly tone.

"Oh," she said, under her breath, "I won't be ill if I can help it; but if I am, shall you turn me out?"

And then, as Nanette, throwing prudence to the winds, held out her arms with an irrepressible motherly gesture, the little maid-of-all-work suddenly clung to her, hiding her face on the Frenchwoman's shoulder. "Oh, I was so frightened; but you'll keep me, won't you?" she cried.

A SCHOOL OF MACKEREL

By EDWARD STEP, Author of "By Vocal Woods and Waters," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. T. JANE

THE START AT DAWN

"SWISH!"

What was that? The noise had aroused me from peaceful slumbers, and I sat up in the semi-darkness of the early dawn (3 A.M.) listening.

"Swish! Rattle!" came again as a handful of gravel struck the window and fell back upon the iron roof of the verandah; then there followed a subdued but distinct cry of "Hubba! hub—ba-a!"

That was enough. In an instant I knew why I was called, and was out of bed in the twinkling of an eye, making signs at the window that I would be down on the shore in a few minutes. To every man and woman in the village that one word "hubba" has great significance. Freely translated it means "fish," and its utterance stirs up our enthusiasm, as the word "rats!" appeals to the aggressive instincts of the well-bred terrier.

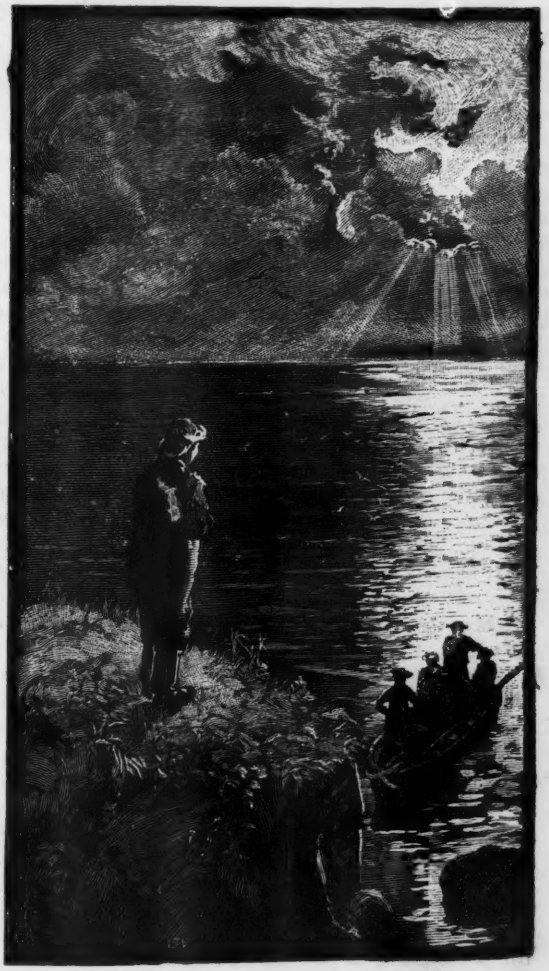
The gravel-throwers pass on to call others, and almost as soon as they can regain the lugger I have completed a very hasty toilet and am with them. Going down to the porth, we embark in the boat that carries the "stop-net" and row out to the sean-boat at her moorings in "the pit." There are ten of us, of whom seven are put aboard the sean-boat, three remaining to work the stop-net. I am one of the sean-boat's crew; and we immediately set to work, fixing tholes, hauling the gribble, and seeing that everything else is in place. Then six of us bending to the huge oars, the big boat is soon under way, and having shot across our little bay, we round Pednvadden Point and bring up in a big "drang" or cleft in the rocks.

Making the boat fast and leaving one of the crew in charge, we all scramble up the rocks to the summit of the point, where we sit on the turf—now bright with vernal squill and sea-pink—and eagerly scan the sea all round. The whole of Gerrans Bay is open to our view, from the majestic Nare Head and its apparent outpost, the Gull Rock, around by wild Penreda Cove, with its colonies of jackdaws, ravens, and shags; Carne, with its round-barrow beacon, and Pendowa's extensive sweep of sand and beach, to the picturesquely situated, white-fronted houses of Portscatho running half-way around its own little inner bay and ending only where the rocks of the Cabe slope down into the sea. It is a glorious prospect when there is full daylight, but as yet the sun has not risen over the Nare, whose backbone is clothed in white mists. These mists have brought on a wind that ruffles the surface of the water in a manner we do not like, for it makes it less easy to see the fish rising. But the old hands tell us the sun when he rises will eat up the mists, and the schools of mackerel will then "play up" in order to warm their noses. We can see individual fish rising all around and leaping slightly out of the water, and between us and the Gull Rock they are rising in great numbers within a restricted area, over which the herring-gulls are ever wheeling and settling, uttering their cat-like cries. Our leader advises a move in that direction, and in an instant we are all rushing over the edge and leaping and jumping down the sharp and precipitous rocks to the boats.

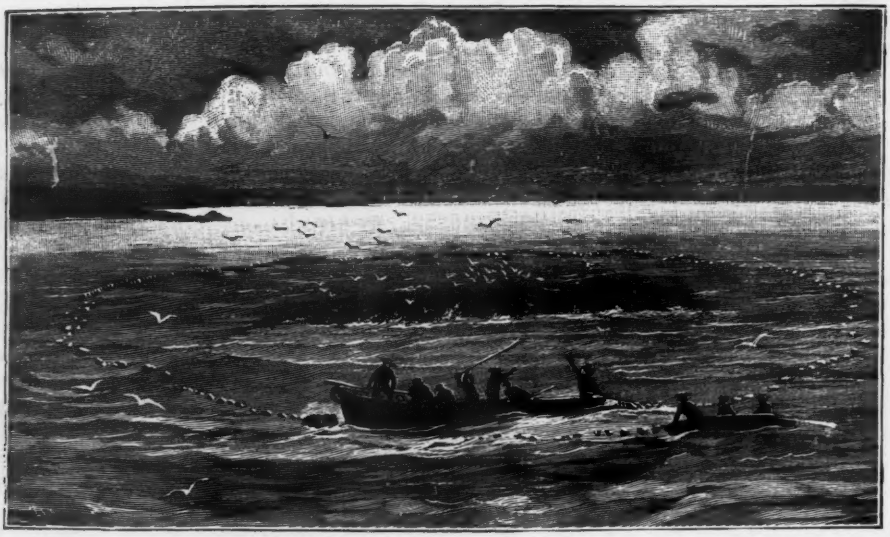
To let the boats go clear of the rocks and set all the oars working rhythmically is the work of seconds only. The command "Head boat" is given; the sun peeps over Penreda, and we make straight along the golden pathway he throws down upon the sea. The fish are leaping all around us, but, so far, it is only the irresponsible gambolling of individuals; the schools are lying low like Br'er Rabbit. We pull in the oars and lay to, all eyes straining to catch sight of the familiar black patch heaving above the surface, and all ears listening for the rattle of the fish as they rush in hundreds through the deep.

"There they go! Look, look!" "Oh, the beauties! Play up, play up!"

Ah, but they are too far out, in water too deep for our sean—eleven fathoms deep—to secure them; but they are heading towards Penreda, and they may soon be in water shallow enough and clear enough of rocks to warrant us in shooting the sean. We are all standing on the thwarts watching; all seeking to repress our excitement; but the school soon disappears. We wait and watch patiently, eagerly catching at any sign that has the least promise in it—the movement of the gulls, the colour of the water, the leaping of the fish. But all to no purpose:



WATCHING



ENTRAPPED

the mists again blot out the sun and roll down over Carne and the Nare Head, until these and the Gull Rock are but dimly seen as dark masses through the heavy vapour. The tide too has turned, and is now well on the ebb. Our chances for this morning are gone. However, mackerel seaners do not readily give up the ghost of a chance. We wait around for awhile, sitting on our oars whilst the old hands retell the old, old yarns of former catches, marvellous catches some of them, with thrilling incidents connected.

At length, with general consent, the order is given " Home ! " and the sean-boat turns her head to Portscatho whilst the stop-net boat tows at the stern.

The weather clears at mid-day. The sun eats up the mists, the wind shifts to the east, but does not gain in strength. Schools of fish are seen from the lugger " playing up " grandly near the Gull Rock. Towards evening a look-out is posted on Pednvadden, " The hubba is out," and all is got ready for another start. I am at my desk, but with an eye cast occasionally out to the porth. There is a tap at my low, study windows, and a lad inquires if I am ready, as the rest of the crew are in the boat waiting to put off. Throwing down my pen and seizing my cap, I am soon over the rocks and stepping to my place in the sean-boat. " Give way, lads ! " and we give way and make for Round House, an eminence on the cliffs farther up the bay. Here the boats lay to among the rocks whilst we watch from the heights above. We have not long to wait, for soon a fine school appears "within the range of practical politics."

It would be awkward for any quiet, nervous person that might be upon the rocks below when we become convinced of the imminence of a catch. We are all on fire, and fly down steep and dangerous places at a break-neck pace to reach the boats. Every one quickly slips into his place, the boat is backed out of the drang, her head turned, and then she shoots forward. Not too hurriedly, quickly but carefully we move up to the black, bubbling mass, nearly a boat's depth out of the water, coming on with a loud rustle and rattle. There is no question this time as to our chances. Look, there are two schools, or two heads to one school; and there away on the starboard quarter is another school. For which shall we go?

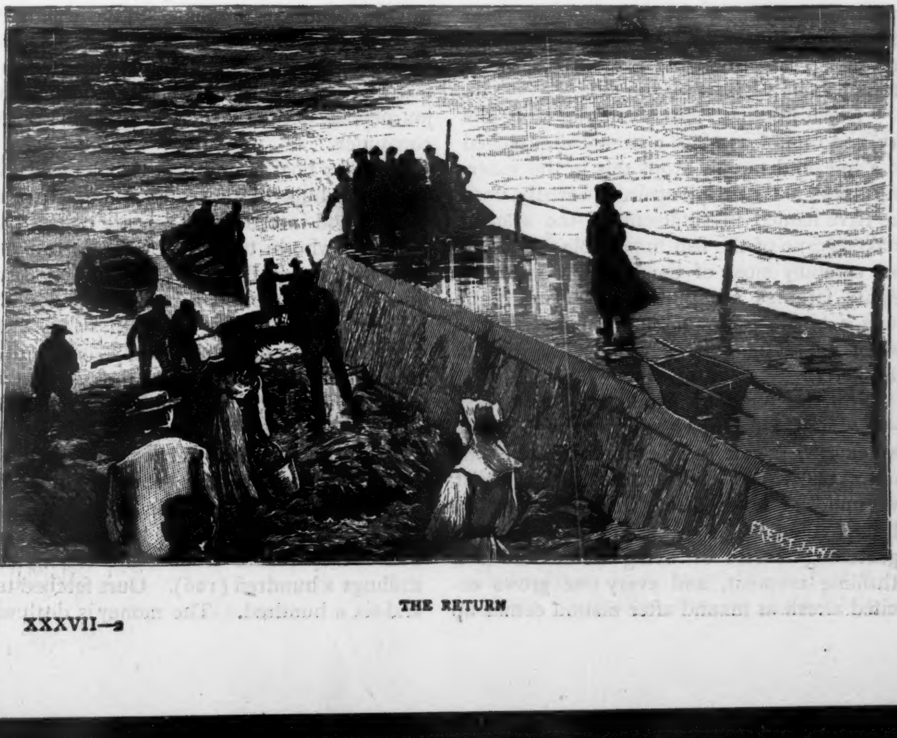
We decide upon the one nearest at hand, though we know it is over the rocks; and rocks are far from being the best places upon which to shoot. There is danger of the "foots," or bottom rope of the sean being caught, and so preventing proper "warping;" or of the net being torn and the fish thus allowed to escape. However, we determine to take all risks, and the sean is shot. It had lain a huge brown heap in its proper "room" or compartment of the boat, all ready for shooting, with the keg-buoy on top.

The sean measures a hundred and eighty fathoms in length by eleven fathoms deep. As soon as we come close to the school of fish the keg is thrown overboard and the sean is rapidly paid out, whilst the boat is rowed with all speed round the now excited body of fish. We are no less excited, and urge each other on to greater efforts.

As soon as the keg is thrown over and the sean-boat moving in one direction from it the stop-net is attached and shot in the opposite direction. In two or three minutes the circle is completed, and then each one gives vent to his feelings, and yells advice and orders to his fellows. At the same time each is occupied in "keeping up the heads," *i.e.*, holding up the head-ropes where, from the pull of the tide or the pressure of the fish, there is danger of them going under water; or in splashing the water with the edge of his oar to frighten the fish into the "cod" or centre of the sean, and prevent their rushing to the side where the ends overlap.

What a Babel! Oh, the din and confusion of tongues! Everybody plainly tells the others they are a parcel of fools and know nothing of the business. "Pull in the foots!" "Skim up the twine!" "Look sharp, you idiot, do you want to lose them all?" "Not so fast; we must warp her." "We can't warp her here; she'll go to pieces!" "Take that punt round and hold up the head!" "No, you stop here and beat; if you touch those heads I'll heave this tiller at *your* head!" "Yah, there's a crab-pot!" "Row in with that punt carefully and lift the wretched thing out!"

All these things and many others are said simultaneously, and though they may help the picturesqueness of the scene they scarcely can be held to conduce to success. The punt rows carefully over the heads, splashing the while to keep the fish away; seizes the crab-pot and hauls it up, smelling horribly by reason of the extremely high bait it contains. The punt is then rowed carefully out again and the crab-pot dropped out of the way. All this time the fish may be seen rushing hither and thither across the space enclosed



THE RETURN

by the sean, though the great body of them remains concentrated in a black surging mass near the cod.

Now the most laborious and tedious part of the business commences. A thick rope is attached to the sean, and the big boat is rowed straight to shore, leaving the stop-net-boat on guard, and to keep the fish in the middle of the sean. We pay out rope as we go, and when we reach land the gribble is taken out, and fixed ashore where it will be able to withstand our united strain upon it. The use of a square-holed plate of iron inserted in the centre thwart now becomes apparent; so also is the presence of some other things explained. A long iron bar is stood up in this hole, its foot fixing in a corresponding hole in the bottom boards. Then a capstan head is fitted upon this point, and two long wooden bars are thrust through holes in the capstan, projecting half way on either side. The rope attached to the sean is given three turns round the capstan, and then we seize the wooden bars, and turn it as rapidly as we can, winding in the rope slowly but surely, and so "warping" the sean and its contents nearer the shore. After upwards of an hour of this work, which has long since become a labour, the sean is drawn close alongside the sean-boat, and the stop-net-boat is beyond the sean. We reach over the side and pick up the head-ropes, the "foots" are also seized near the stern of our boat, and the end of the sean thus dragged on board, and stowed in its "room."

"Down minnies! down minnies!" is the cry, and one of us seizes a stone-ball attached to a line, and rapidly drops this in the water, withdraws and drops it again repeatedly, until we have hauled in sufficient of the sean to make escape of the fish impossible. Quickly but carefully most of the one hundred and eighty fathoms are pulled on board, until only a small circle of net remains in the water enclosing a large number of excited mackerel.

Now the "tucking-maund" is in request—a somewhat shallow basket, through which water may readily escape, but mackerel cannot. Our friend in the stop-net-boat, whilst we uphold the heads, dips in the maund, and brings it out filled with leaping, wriggling, glistening masses of living silver. It is a thrilling moment, and every one grows excited afresh as maund after maund comes up full, and is emptied into the stop-net-boat. Cheers, expressions of delight with the beauty of the sight, and exclamations of satisfaction at the size and apparent numbers of the fish break forth from all, and by this time we are becoming hemmed in by boats of enthusiastic friends who have seen our goings on from the village a mile away, and have put out in boats to cheer us. All fall to estimating the round total of the catch, and seem agreed upon considerably exaggerating the number. It is arranged to sell as many as may be required in Portscatho, and to send the remainder to Falmouth.

The last mackerel having been tucked, and the last fathom of net skimmed, we ship the long oars again and pull for the porth. About a quarter of a mile from the shore, we raise three ringing cheers that may be heard not only in the village, but by the scattered population in farms around, and by the time we reach the porth the people are hurrying down the slips and steps to the rocks at the waterside, bringing plates, pails, baskets, and money to buy some mackerel. The fish are still alive and "kicking," and we hand them out at the reasonable price of ten for a shilling! Such mackerel as they are too! such gloriously tinted creatures as a Londoner who knows the mackerel of his markets can form no conception of. Neither will the specimens purchased in those markets at three or four for a shilling give him any notion of the fine flavour of the really fresh fish that has known no packing, and no long journeying between the sean-boat and the consumer.

Another boat is now brought alongside, in which the bulk of the catch will go to Falmouth, and into this the fish are counted by two men, who in turn take up three fish at a time and count them as one. When forty-one has been counted in this manner, the next one says "Tally!" which signifies the completion of a hundred—really one hundred and twenty six, or three times forty two. Our catch amounts to eleven hundred and a quarter, Cornish, which is really over fourteen hundred by standard reckoning. Some of those have been sold at the boatside, others shared among the crew, in this case seven each, and the remainder sent to market, where they realise from eight to eighteen shillings a hundred (126). Ours fetched ten-and-six a hundred. The money is dealt with after this fashion: one-half goes to the boat, *i.e.*, the proprietors; the other half being equally divided among the crew, which includes some of the proprietors, who thus get a double share—one for their capital, one for their labour.

The foregoing is a brief sample of the procedure adopted in catching the mackerel by seaning. There are other ways in which he is caught—by driftnets, long-lines, &c.—but with these methods we have nothing to do at present. Sometimes the school captured by the sean is smaller, sometimes greater, as many as six thousand fish being at times "shut," at one operation. Too often the fish are seen from the shore "playing-up" well, but on pursuit persist in remaining in deep water above uneven rocks, where an attempt to warp would result in the loss of the fish and the destruction of the sean. Time after time the boats go out and wait about on the watch for hours, and return empty; so that should they at times get a really heavy catch it is fully deserved and earned by many previous attempts that have ended in total failure.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING FOR 1896

BY THE REV. CANON WILBERFORCE, D.D.

WITH good-humoured facility the kindly greeting passes from lip to lip to-day—"A Happy New Year." From my heart I say it to all readers of this paper, would that it were within my capacity to ensure it for each and all. The whole force and power, however, of the friendly wish—a "Happy New Year,"—lies in the realisation of the eternal truth underlying the words of Isaiah,* "The year of the *Lord*." For the measure of the value of time is the knowledge of God, and all of time is wasted, and all of life is lost in which a man is not developing, however slowly, in the capacity of knowing and loving the highest. "The Year of the Lord." The ordinary phraseology of the civilised world testifies to the reality implied by the prophet. The Christian Chronology stands unique as an historical era based on a divine claim, and every man, religious or irreligious, who dates his correspondence "Anno Domini," witnesses to the eternal truth that every year is the Lord's. If 1896 is to be to us a "Happy Year," in the only true sense of the word "happy," which is rest of spirit, joyousness of soul, it can only be by our recognising in our individual experience that which is an essential truth, whether we recognise it or not, that it is in reality an *Annus Domini*, a *year of the Lord.*

In what sense will the recognition avert or soothe the sorrows of life? On New Year's Day, 1895, we wished each other a "Happy New Year,"—was it a happy year? Nationally it was, like other years, burdened with its sorrows; its death-roll was heavy, its record dark. Morally, the dark cloud of public sin hung ever around it; it was marked by some destructive struggles between labour and capital, by sharp political upheavals with all the inevitable consequent bitterness. Our miserable man-destroying drink system continued to smother us with degradation, pauperism, and vice; in the region of intellectual discovery the two main scientific problems of the past year appear to have been, how best to account for Creation without a God, and how to kill the greatest number of men in the shortest space of time; during the whole period Europe has been an armed camp with twelve millions of trained soldiers waiting to fly murderously upon one another at the mere word of some imperial despot, who has a dynasty to preserve; no great social problem has been solved, no "riddle of this painful earth" has found its answer. Individually, too, there have been the customary disappointments of life, the usual domestic misfortunes, the habitual inward struggles with impatience, appetite, despondency. With such a past for retrospect, with the probability of a similar future in anticipation, in what sense will the recognition that the New Year is a

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* Isaiah lxi. 2.

"Year of the Lord" secure us the happiness we desire?

I answer, it will not shield us from the friction inseparable from life's education. If you have no sorrows of your own, if you are possessed of a heart, your life will be darkened by the sorrows of others casting their shadows over you.

But this it will do, it will brighten, illumine and elevate the medium through which we view circumstances, without altering the circumstances themselves. "We see," says St. Paul, "through a glass darkly;" that is, for training purposes, God has interposed a medium which slightly alters the appearance of the reality; according to the colour, consistency, and smoothness of the medium through which we look, is the complexion of what we see; slight inequalities in common window-glass grossly distort the object observed; but has it ever occurred to us how constantly the nature of the medium through which we look is in our own power? How many people pass through life critical, grumbling, pessimistic, regarding everything through the smoked glass of their own jaundiced temperament; they see through their glass *very* darkly, and they make the world perceptibly darker. Others again pass through life (the same life and the same circumstances) bright, cheery, buoyant, optimistic, and over the shadows the other thinks so dark is shed the *couleur de rose* of the glass through which they see.

The inspired statement of Isaiah, that the year is the Lord's, especially if you read the whole passage, which is one of those grand unfoldings of the purpose of the Ages for the suffering human race, is the clear rolled plate-glass of perfect optimism which lifts your gaze far above second causes, and unveils the unseen primary first cause of all, who is Love Everlasting. The year, every fleeting second of it, is the *Lord's;* though dark my path, and sad my way, though mysteries black as midnight surround me, though the passions, the prejudices, the misapprehensions of my own heart and of unregenerate humanity press upon me, seeing through *this glass*, to change Tennyson's words into the first person:

"I'll fight my doubts and gather strength,
I *will* not make my judgment blind.
I'll face the spectres of the mind
And lay them—thus I'll come at length
To find a stronger faith my own."

And why? Because "my times are in His hand," and His name and character have been revealed by the Incarnation as Love. The faintest real belief in the hypothesis of God, as taught by Jesus, necessitates faith in the perpetual presence and unceasing action of an Evolving Spirit of limitless resources, absolutely sufficient for all possible emergencies; a "Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may."

"Just as the movements of stars and planets necessitate the controlling action of a central orb, which the immense stellar system serves and obeys—so the infinite complexity of human affairs, the influences drawing to evil and the influences drawing to good necessitate an over-ruling power, who will in His own way and time make the Infinite confusion that now perplexes us submit to the law of final order, so that the present discord of this painful earth shall form part of the higher harmony of heaven." In second causes, the year and its events are at the mercy of what seems a blind and cruel chance; in first causes the year and its events are *the Lord's*, and the name of the Lord is Love. Second causes may satisfy infants. A child hits itself against a table, the nurse to dry its tears beats the table for hurting the child; to the baby mind the problem is solved. When the child puts away childish things it will know that the pain it suffered was a detail of the operation of the most majestic law of the universe—the law of gravitation, "that moulds a tear and preserves the earth a sphere." Put away the dim glass of second causes, believe that the year with its insoluble problems is overshadowed, penetrated, by the majestic law of the Eternal Evolving Force, whom men call God, whom Jesus taught us to call "Our Father which art in Heaven."

In this spirit I may wish you a Happy New Year by proclaiming to you, in the words of Isaiah, that the unexplored days and hours of 1896 constitute one of the acceptable years of the Lord, and therefore that your "times are in His hands."

Not, however, that you may passively contemplate an evolution wrought out about you and in you with which you have no concern; *this* is not to believe in God the Father Almighty. Co-operation is needed, and co-operation is often hindered by the burden of the *past;* what are we to do with the past? There is a peculiar awfulness about the irrevocability of the past—those years of wasted life, those cowardly defeats before temptation, the remembrance of them is grievous unto us, the burden of them is intolerable; we are taught to pray that God would grant us true repentance; but what *is* repentance? Analyse it and see if it satisfies you; *literally* it is to have "metanoia," after-thoughts, and very, very bitter they are. *Poetically* it is the "tear trembling in the eye of Faith," and a scalding bitter tear it is; *scholastically* it is "that sorrow for sin as committed against God which brings about a certain change in the feelings," and that change in the feelings has driven many a strong man to suicide. *Practically*, it is to

> ". . . . leave the sins we did before,
> And show that we in earnest grieve
> By doing so no more."

But the memory remains. *Spiritually* it is the turning of the inmost to God, as the flower turns to the sunshine, and this is the bitterest of all, because His blinding purity and unhesitating forgiveness smite the soul into the cry, "So ignorant was I and foolish, like, as it were, a beast before thee."

Repentance cannot undo facts. The boy in the story, who had a nail driven into a post for every sin and a nail drawn out for every good action, wept even when *all* the nails were out because the marks in the post remained. The doctrine of the atonement, as commonly taught, may remove the fear of hell from those who had it, but surely to a true heart it immeasurably increases the anguish of the past, for to the misery of a degraded ideal and a grieved Heavenly Father it adds the unspeakable shame of having caused another to suffer in your stead, for which throughout all Heaven's ages a true-hearted person would never forgive himself.

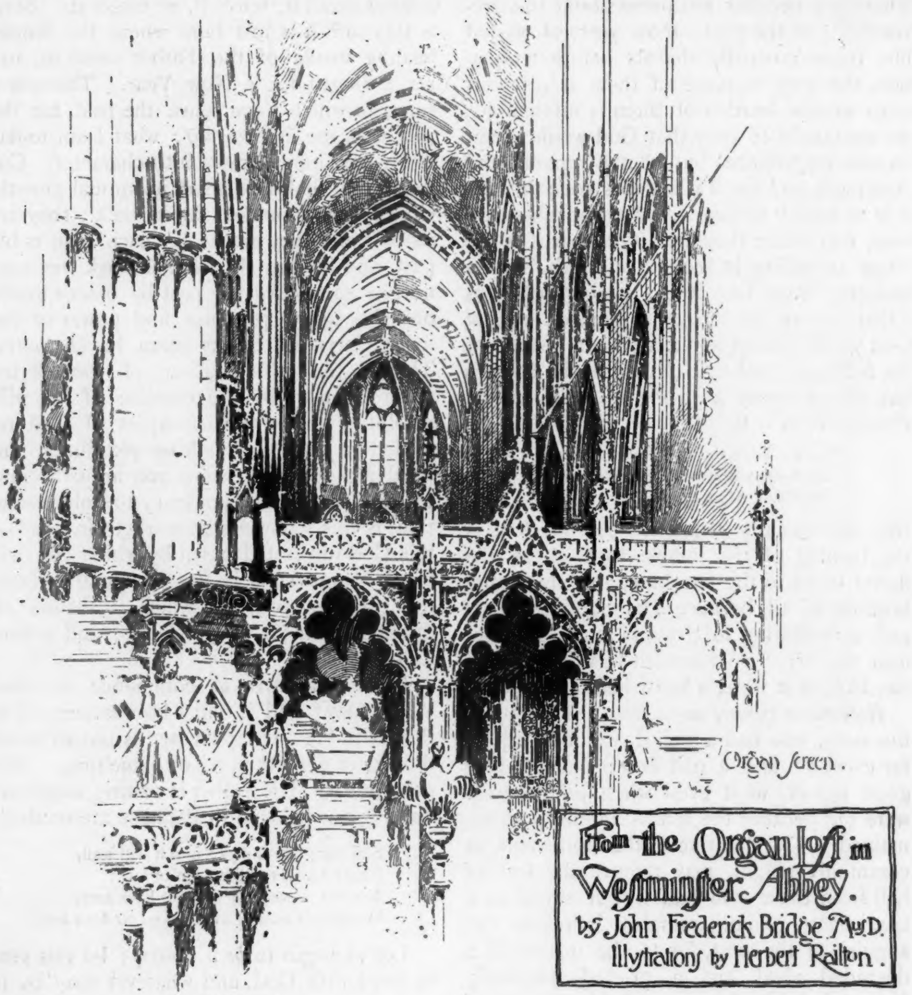
What then can I do with my past? I can neither recall it, relive it, or forget it. Stay, is this so? it is just here where the tender healing words of the Father come in, and set a motto for a New Year. There is a sense in which I *can* relive the past, for the past is *in* me, it is *myself;* what I am to-day is my past incorporated into character. Cut through an oak tree, mark its annual growth-circles, clearly marked in its bulk; they are its past and they are itself; each man *is* his past, and he can do what the oak tree cannot, he can relive his past by determinedly outliving in the presence and power of the living Christ its effects upon his character. That is the self-evolution of the Divine nature in man, by the exercise of his will, resolutely turned to that aspect of God revealed in Jesus. The least pleading of inward aspiration of which you are conscious to-day, the faintest tendency to holy resolution, is this "power that worketh in you"—this God-implanted germ by which you will finally conquer; it is the recuperative function of the spirit by which it throws off disease, advances to perfection, and relives its past.

Here is a work to commence on New Year's Day; and it must be commenced in this earth-life—the next age is not so much the age of evolution, as of remelting. Why postpone it? The Father is waiting, angels are waiting, our beloved in Paradise are waiting.

> "Still our *place is kept;* and it will wait,
> Ready for us to fill it soon or late;
> No star is ever lost we once have seen,
> We always *may be* what we *might have been.*'

Let us begin to *be* it to-day; let this year be lived with God, and whatever may be in store for us it shall be, what I earnestly pray it may be for all,

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.


Organ Screen.

From the Organ Loft in Westminster Abbey.

by John Frederick Bridge Mus.D.
Illustrations by Herbert Railton.

WHAT an extraordinary attraction to many people is a seat in an organ loft! Often and often have I proposed to obtain for some visitor a good seat in the choir of the Abbey, from which the service and music could best be followed, and have been met by the supplication, "Oh! *may* I come up into the organ loft with you?" Often and often have I been obliged to refuse admission to the coveted place; and were it not for a good strong door with a lock, my post of duty would be frequently most inconveniently crowded. The place is dusty, the music cannot possibly sound well when you have a huge pedal pipe sounding on one side of you, and a big thirty-two-foot reed on the other; yet, for all this, people, both musical and non-musical, seem to think that the organ gallery is the place from which to follow the service, enjoy the music, and possibly view the Abbey.

The Editor of this Magazine seems to have something of this feeling, and presses me for an account of what I have seen at various times, "from the organ loft in Westminster Abbey." With some diffidence I accede to his request.

Certainly the view from the organ loft in Westminster Abbey is very striking. The screen, which supports the organ, and which divides the choir from the nave, cannot be called beautiful. It was erected, or rather rebuilt, in 1848, and is heavy and, unfortunately, solid. In the naves of Worcester and some other cathedrals one sees through the screen, and can obtain a fairly good view of the whole length of the building to the east end. But in the Abbey this is not possible, and only from the organ loft above can a really good view be obtained of the east end—and what a beautifully proportioned east end it is! With the great transepts lying north and south, the beautiful apse, huge triforium, and clerestory, the effect is truly grand. And when a beam of light is thrown from the clerestory and illuminates the dark background beyond the tomb of the Confessor, what memories are aroused as we see the chantry of Henry V. with the helmet and shield which it is said the warrior king bore at Agincourt.

But it is on the occasion of great ceremonials that the organ loft particularly affords a coign of vantage. This has been long recognised, and very troublesome it proves to the organist. This annoyance was experienced in a marked degree by the greatest organist the Abbey ever possessed —Henry Purcell. He admitted visitors to the organ loft * to view the coronation of William and Mary in 1689, receiving without doubt a considerable sum of money for the seats. However, the Dean and Chapter of the time put in a claim for it, and passed an order that Purcell was to pay to the receiver such money as was received by him for places in the organ gallery, and in default thereof, his place to be declared null and void, and his stipend or salary detained in the treasurer's hands until further orders.

It is probable that Purcell compounded the matter with the Dean and Chapter, as he continued to hold his office till his death.

Happily I cannot speak of coronation experiences, but later on I shall refer to the ceremonial which, of all others I have seen most nearly approached a coronation in its impressive dignity. I refer of course to the Jubilee of 1887.

It is with the more sombre rite of a great funeral that we at the Abbey are frequently connected. On these occasions the scene from the organ loft is indeed striking, and not only is the view impressive, but the effect of the earlier part of the ceremony is almost overpowering. The organist can see the east end of the Abbey but not the nave. From the latter he hears the words of the opening sentences of the funeral service, "I am the resurrection, &c.," and this is his signal to begin Croft's appropriate music. The voices of the (to him) invisible choir come wailing up, and then get fainter as the choir leads the procession down the south aisle of the nave to the west door.

From this point a slow and very gradual crescendo takes place, as the sad procession advances to the choir screen. A wonderful effect is produced by the breaks in the music, so artistically arranged by Dr. Croft, who was organist of the Abbey and was therefore well acquainted with the effects to be attained by such simple means. The sentences are separated by rests in the music, and during these eloquent bits of silence, the tramp of the mournful procession makes a music of its own, painfully touching. And what an effect is produced when, later on in the ceremony, the choir stand round the open grave (too far from the organ for it to accompany the voices) and sing—as I venture to think few choirs can sing—an unaccompanied anthem! Those who have been present at the funerals of Browning and Tennyson will remember how deeply impressive was this part of the service.

But I will dwell no longer on this mournful part of the organist's duties. Perhaps I may just mention one interesting scene which I witnessed from the organ loft, and which after-events have often brought to my mind. It was Christmas afternoon, 1891, and just before service we were told the Prince and Princess of Wales were coming. They were, however, late and did not arrive until after I had played the incoming voluntary. As soon as this was accomplished, I mounted on to the top of the pedal pipes, and saw the royal party waiting in the nave, until they might enter

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* Then on the north side of the choir.

without disturbing the opening prayers. The Duke of Clarence was with them, and I particularly observed him and the interest he was apparently taking in reading the inscription on one of the neighbouring tombs. It was the last time I saw him, and the last visit he paid to the Abbey. In a few short weeks he was dead.

I will not further remark upon the gatherings at the funerals of great political personages, beyond saying that of all those in which I have taken part, the most impressive was the service in memory of the Earl of Beaconsfield. I remember hearing Dean Stanley say that his death had made a greater impression than the death of any statesman since that of the Iron Duke. Curiously enough, I had suggested to the Dean that the anthem composed for the funeral of the duke should be sung at this service, and I had made the suggestion without having been in the least aware of the Dean's sentiments. The words seemed to me exceedingly appropriate. "And the king said unto his servants, 'Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?' And the king himself followed the bier."

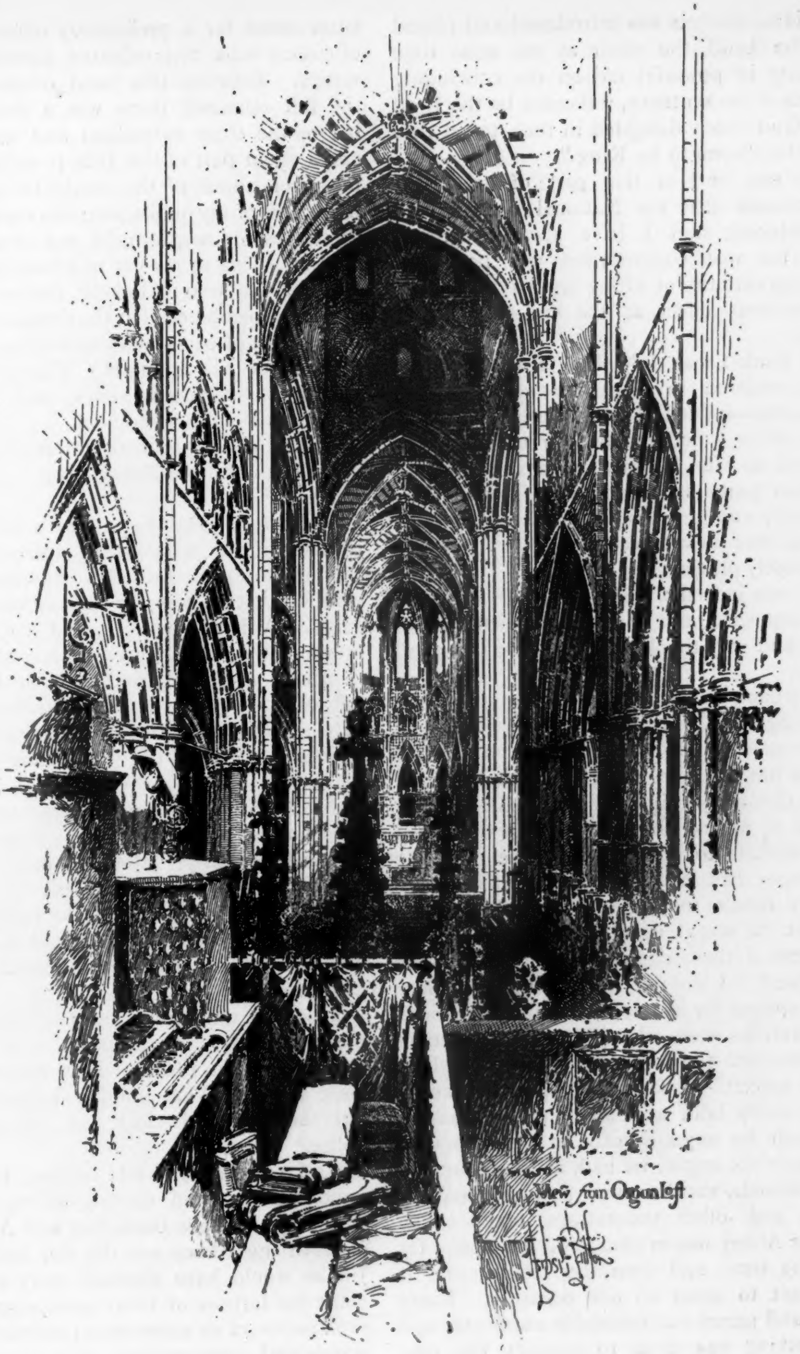
There was one unique scene which I witnessed from the organ loft. I refer to the visit of the Socialists to the Abbey one Sunday afternoon. The news of the approach of the demonstration was brought to the Abbey just before the commencement of service. Arrangements were accordingly made so that the noisy crowd should enter by Poet's Corner, and occupy the south transept, which they did to overflowing. This was a wise precaution, as it isolated these visitors from the rest of the congregation, and prevented any real disturbances of the service. I am bound to say, however, that with the exception of some boisterous interruptions during the sermon, their behaviour was on the whole much better than was anticipated. Above all, the power of music "to soothe the savage breast" was never more exemplified, and, as it happened, the anthem was Wesley's most celebrated composition "The Wilderness and the Solitary Place." It was finely rendered by the choir, and not one single interruption was to be heard. Even during the singing of the last beautiful movement, "and sorrow and sighing shall flee away," when it was in the power of any blatant voice to effectually put out the singers, nothing but the most attentive silence was to be noticed on the part of all the listeners. At the conclusion of the anthem, the crowd, getting somewhat tired of "church," and finding themselves cooped up in one transept, and incapable therefore of making any great demonstration in the Abbey, withdrew. There has been no repetition of this "Church Parade." If we ever receive another similar visit, I shall advise the authorities to omit the sermon, and give another anthem in its place. I suppose no former organist has witnessed a Socialist demonstration in the Abbey, and certainly no former organist has had the honour to direct the music at a Royal Jubilee Service.

The latter is of course the most important and historical scene I have ever beheld from the organ loft, and with a few words on this great celebration, still fresh in the minds of us all, I will conclude my article.

It was indeed a great sight, that of the interior of the Abbey, on June 21, 1887. The huge galleries which were erected at the east and west ends, were both visible with all their occupants from the organ loft. The organ loft itself was filled on one side by the representatives of the Press, and on the other by a band of wind instruments and drums, which supplemented the great organ, together with the Queen's trumpeters, who were stationed there to blow the fanfare as soon as Her Majesty entered. The singers, who numbered over three hundred, were placed in galleries on either side of the choir, and were easily controlled by the organist.

My duties prevented, of course, a very detailed observance of anything but the music to be performed, still I was able to see (even while playing the introductory march) the impressive spectacle of the Indian princes, seated in the stalls of the choir below, rising to receive the Queen as she entered through the screen from the nave, Her Majesty walking slowly and bowing, with her regal stateliness, to these great representatives of her vast Indian Empire.

It would not become me to say anything of the musical part of the service, but I may be pardoned for mentioning that a real thrill of excitement seemed to arise at the point in the anthem, where, with a roll on the side drum, in true military fashion, the


View from Organ Loft.

National Anthem was introduced and played by the band, the choir at the same time singing in powerful unison the concluding words of the sentence, "Blessed be the Lord thy God which delighted in thee, to set thee on His throne to be King."

It was only at this part of the great ceremonial that the National Anthem was introduced; and I have always regretted that the vast congregation was not given an opportunity of lifting up its voice with stupendous effect at the end of the service.

I think I may duly claim that the music was rendered in a manner worthy of the occasion—indeed, I may venture to add, that when I had the honour of being presented to Her Majesty the next day at the garden party at Buckingham Palace, Her Majesty was graciously pleased to say "the music was most successful; every one was extremely pleased."

It was indeed a great event with which to be connected, and to witness from the organ loft, and very thankful I felt that all went so well.

Perhaps I may conclude with a somewhat exciting story, which for obvious reasons was not made public at the time, and which I think has not since been put on record. At this distance of time and under the happier state of affairs which now exists one need not hesitate to speak of it. The dynamite outrages had caused an uneasy feeling in many minds that the Jubilee celebration might be seized upon as a fitting occasion for one of these dastardly attempts to bully England. I do not know if there was any real ground for alarm, but at any rate various precautions were taken, particularly in connection with the organ and screen on which it is placed. A fair-sized organ-pipe would very easily hold a bomb, and to make it difficult for any miscreant to secrete such a thing in the organ, we had, at the request of the officials, various open parts covered by wire, and other precautions taken. The whole Abbey was in charge of the police for a long time, and even the Dean found it difficult to enter on one occasion. Every box and parcel was invariably examined, and everything was done to prevent the possibility of outrage.

The day before the Jubilee was fixed for a full rehearsal for the choir and band. The latter came for a preliminary rehearsal and of course took their allotted places on the screen. Between this band rehearsal and the full rehearsal there was a short delay before the choir assembled and was ready, and I spent part of this time in quietly playing over some of the music for the next day. One of my pupils, who was turning over the leaves for me, brought me to a sudden stop by saying in my ear in a tone of alarm, "Don't you hear a ticking, Doctor?" (It will be remembered that the dynamiters were in the habit of using clockwork arrangements for some of their attempts.) This query gave me almost an electric shock, and I was off the organ-stool in a moment.

"Ticking!" I echoed, "where?"

"In that little black bag," said the pupil.

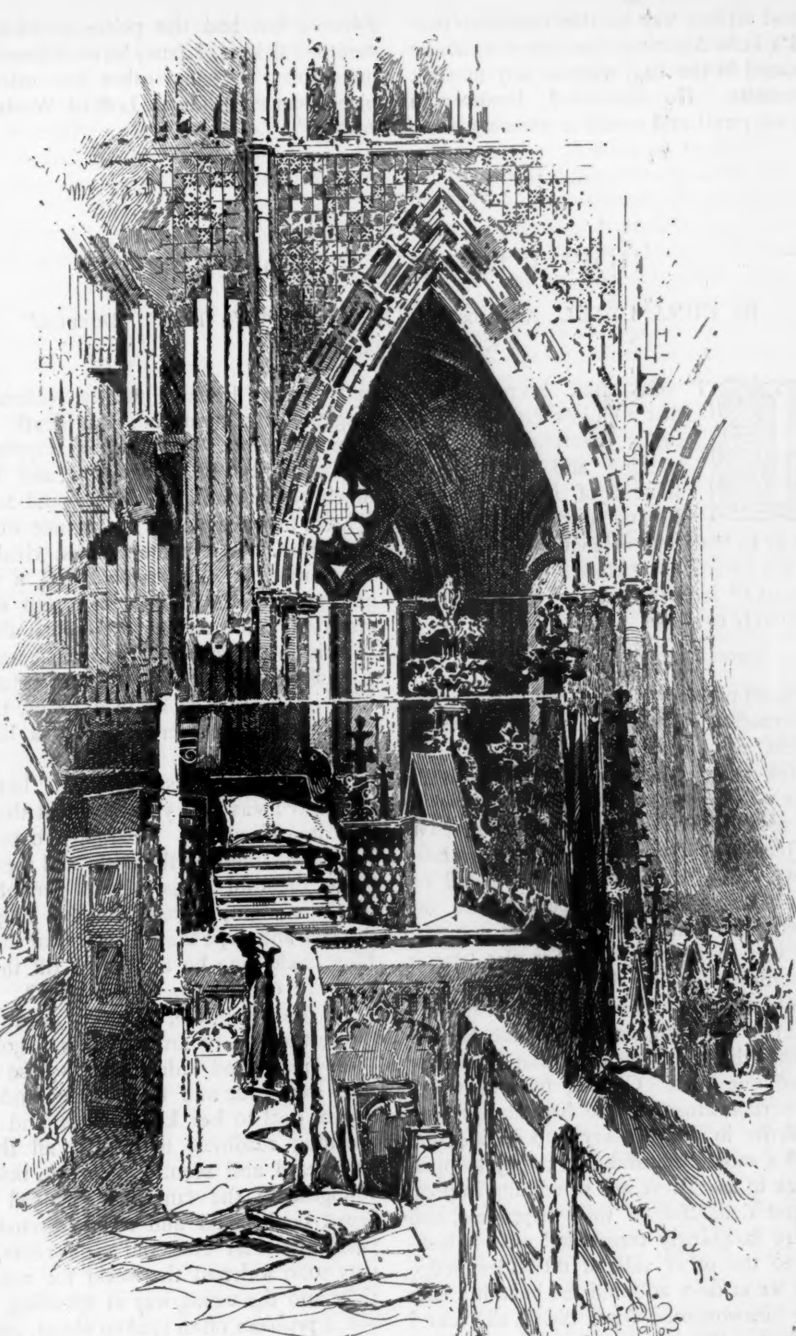
And sure enough there *was* a little black bag, and inside it could be distinctly heard the mysterious clockwork movement. I confess that I was for the moment staggered. A little black bag and a clockwork movement were things every one associated then with dynamite; and here, in the organ loft of the Abbey, on the day before the Jubilee, with police inside and outside, was a little black bag with "something ticking" inside!

I fear I cannot claim to have acted with heroism, but at any rate I kept calm and did not make a scare. I told no one but sent for a man who is in charge of the blowing engine. "Here," said I, "take this bag outside and see what is in it," and he did so, with the result that he found a small American clock!

I believe that announcement really made me turn pale. It seemed to fit in so exactly with one's fears. How could it have come there? What could it mean? How did the bag and clock get through the police?

As I said before, I told no one; for it was important to avoid causing alarm, and the discovery of a little black bag and American clock in the Abbey on the day before the Jubilee would have alarmed every one, and made the fortune of every newspaper. The explanation of its mysterious presence is very simple and commonplace, as is often the *dénouement* of other mysteries.

The bag belonged to one of the band who played a cornet. He carried his instrument



In the Organ Loft.

in it, and on his way to the rehearsal purchased a little American time-piece which he also placed in the bag, without any thought of dynamite. He succeeded, however, in giving my pupil and myself a *mauvais quart d'heure;* but had the police heard the momentous ticking, I fancy he would have spent the Jubilee in some other less interesting place than "the Organ Loft of Westminster Abbey."

HOW I BECAME A NOVELIST

By EDNA LYALL, Author of "Donovan," "We Two," "Doreen," "Knight Errant," etc.

IT has often been asserted that a child's future is practically determined by the training and the circumstances of its early years. I have never felt the least doubt as to the truth of that assertion; and when the question—"How did you become a novelist?" is put to me, my thoughts turn instinctively to those

> "Scenes in strong remembrance set,"

those mind-pictures of childhood, which stand out so much more clearly than the events of later life.

A few years ago, some of our leading writers were questioned as to how early they could recall any distinct picture of the past. Miss Jean Ingelow was among those whose memory was most tenacious—she could recollect things that had happened when she was two years old.

My very first remembrance is of a narrow lane bordered by elder bushes. I was three years old and was walking with my sister and our nurse, when suddenly we came face to face with the first romance that had ever touched our lives. Coming towards us we saw a certain kinsman who had always been a favourite in our nursery, and beside him walked a most beautiful lady; they stopped to speak to us. There was something impressive and delightful in their happiness, and we were laughingly threatened with banishment to the other side of the elder hedge unless we at once adopted the beautiful lady as our kinswoman. What did it all mean? we asked. Why, to be sure, they were engaged to be married.

Swiftly following on this scene comes the memory of the first time that illness, sorrow, and death became faintly realised. All England was mourning the death of the Prince Consort. We children, impressed no doubt by the black dresses, and hearing much of the noble life that could so ill be spared, at once made the Prince our hero of heroes. I remember most vividly how the nursery curtain represented a canopy and my doll was transformed into a fever-stricken Prince, and how just when absorbed in this dramatic representation it was most annoying to be called away to entertain a little cousin who broke in upon my tragedy, and who was not even clad in black, but wore the Rob Roy tartan.

These were my first "studies;" but it was not until I was nine years old that the desire to write seized me. Darnell's copy-books were a weariness to the flesh, and there were those dreadful rules about penholding—fingers straight, thumb bent, two fingers on the pen, and slope the end over your shoulder! How could one be a novelist till the dark days of "copy-writing" were over?

In the meantime, however, much of the future training of an author was going on. We were blessed with a nurse whose sympathies were wide and far-reaching, and I owe a great deal to her kindly heart, and to her unfailing readiness to tell us all that she had heard and seen. Moreover, being the youngest of the family, it chanced that I heard books read and topics discussed between the elder ones and my parents, which very soon widened the world for me. The right and the wrong way of spending money was a problem often spoken about, and even with an allowance of a penny a week it seemed a curiously vital question. The cruelty of buying very cheap things for which working-men or women must have been underpaid, made much impression on us, chiefly no doubt because it was a point on which my father felt so very strongly. "Never bring home such a thing again," he said, when one day we gleefully showed him a little sixpenny New Testament in very pretty binding. "It couldn't have been rightly produced for that money."

Politics were very real, and were somehow made interesting to us, my father encouraging us to think on such subjects. My first political hero was Mr. Fawcett, and I can clearly recall the excitement of his election for Brighton. It was partly his blindness which made him my hero, for, suffering much from weak eyes, I well knew what it was to live in the dark, and my mother had told me how cleverly she had seen Mr. Fawcett manage at a dinner-party, and how he would not allow his loss of sight in any way to spoil his life.

Another region of debate was opened by the frequent visits of the well-known Dr. Archibald J. Stephens, Q.C., an old friend of my father's. I have misty recollections of hearing a good deal about the ritual proceedings, but the real enjoyment of those visits lay in the endless jokes and stories with which the great man used to enliven us. They alleviated the woes of having to eat beef and mutton with no appetite; and I can well remember how our kindly friend would sometimes take compassion on the dainty little girl sitting beside him, and with rather alarming speed, seasoned with much fun and coaxing, would actually feed her; and of course, when thus honoured, one had to eat out of sheer gratitude!

By this time one's capacity for hero-worship—surely an indispensable quality in a novelist—was being daily stimulated by the records of the past. After a course of old Roman heroes, I became a devotee of Oliver Cromwell, and the Cromwell worship was much aided by visits to kinsfolk living in an old Suffolk hall—the "Mondisfield" of "In the Golden Days." Charles Lamb says that "nothing fills a child's mind like a large old mansion peopled with the spirits of deceased members of the county, and justices of the quorum." And undoubtedly I owe much to that quaint old house, with its hall and musicians' gallery, its hiding-places, its old-walled garden, its moat, and its park with the "stews" in which the abbots of St. Edmondsbury loved in days of yore to fish. It was Mondisfield, too, which furnished me with a first-hand knowledge of Nonconformity, and accustomed me to realise that many of the best people living did not worship as we did in "church" but went to "chapel." The sermons seemed long to us after the short ones to which we were accustomed at Christ Church, Brighton, from Mr. Vaughan—that wide-minded and most helpful of preachers. But there was a nice old square pew which delighted us, and when attention flagged there was always the pastime of watching the moths, as they crawled in and out of the faded green baize cushions. I also remember an evening when a religious meeting was held in one of the big barns on the estate, and this was a most delightful function, quite carrying one back to the days of John Bunyan, when Englishmen were persecuted for worshipping God according to their own conscience, and had to meet in all kinds of strange places.

Unable as yet to write with any speed or comfort, I had plenty of stories simmering in my brain, and long before the plot of "In the Golden Days" developed itself, I used to play in the old minstrels' gallery at a game in which a yielding and over-submissive younger brother was tyrannised over by an elder brother and guardian. The characters were perfectly real to me, but it was only when visiting Mondisfield that I cared to play with them. Years after, when "We Two" was finished, and I was vainly trying to become interested in another story, it chanced that I was staying at the old Suffolk hall. There were long quiet mornings, and for a study, a big old panelled room hung round with family portraits, and there was a steady table for my type-writer, but somehow this new story would not "work"; I grew to hate it. One day, while pacing up and down beside the bowling-green, the two brothers who had been the hero and the villain of my childish game, suddenly returned like old familiar friends. It was borne in upon me that I must write their story, which bit by bit unfolded itself. With great joy I for ever forsook that modern story which would not "work," hunted up all the old records and histories which the house could furnish, and, when the plot was completed, hurried off to the Reading Room of the British Museum to study the times of Charles II. and the history of the Rye House plot.

Returning once more to the influences which in early life did most to fit me for future work, I must mention two which were specially powerful. The first was the opportunity of hearing good standard books read. My father was a very good reader, and we enjoyed nothing better than hearing him read the "Waverley Novels." Jane Austen's novels, with their delicious humour, were far beyond the comprehension of a child of eight or nine, and I confess to having thought them extremely dull. But Sir Walter Scott opened a whole world of delight to us, and to my way of thinking it was a more wholesome world than that revealed to the rising generation by the very fascinating, but often morbid studies of child-life provided nowadays in the countless "Children's books."

The other influence for which I daily feel thankful, and without which it would have been impossible for me to publish "We Two" at a time when the controversy over Mr. Bradlaugh and the Parliamentary oath was still raging, or to publish "Doreen" while Home Rulers are regarded as disloyal Separatists, was of a different kind, and it came from my mother.

Undoubtedly I was born a coward; my mother, by infinite patience and gentle encouragement, taught me to fight my fears. One of my greatest terrors was an old street-fiddler with hideously crooked legs and deformed feet; he used to prop himself up on two sticks and play melancholy, tuneless music, which in itself was gruesome. My mother taught me first to pity him, then a penny was given to me and, though never ordered to take it to him, it was suggested to me that he was a very poor old man. I can remember now running desperately across the road and thrusting the coin into his hand, then finding that after all he was not so very dreadful, and finally, as time went on, learning to take an interest in his visits to our street.

There was, however, a worse terror still to be faced—the terror of wickedness. Coming into my room one evening, about ten o'clock, my mother found me wide awake staring in panic-stricken fascination at a cupboard opposite the bed. Sobbing and shivering I told her my story. I had heard the others say that while out of doors that afternoon a beggar-woman had followed them for a long way begging and protesting. At last my aunt had said to her: "I think you had better go away," and the beggar had angrily retorted: "I hope the Almighty will say so to you at the day of judgment." This cruel wish seemed to me the most horrible and heartless thing I had ever heard—the beggar must surely be a sort of monster of wickedness. If she could wish God to send us to hell she was capable of anything, and the more I looked at the half-open cupboard the more certain I became that this wicked beggar, with a heart full of hatred, was inside it, and waiting an opportunity to murder us. With many comforting assurances I was led to that dreadful half-open door, and we shook every dress in the cupboard and looked high and low, and my fears were conquered by the truth. "Now," said my mother, "I am going to give you a motto. It is just this, *Take the bull by the horns.* Whatever it is that you are afraid of, make yourself walk straight up to it."

I should be ashamed to confess how many ghosts I have had to lay in this fashion, but the habit taught in childhood was of priceless service when the time came for facing "the spectres of the mind," and without it "Donovan" would never have seen the light.

Looking through a desk full of old letters the other day, I found my mother's first mention of the childish attempts at writing, which began when I was about nine. "Little Ellie has taken to writing stories, and uncommonly good they are. I shall keep them for your amusement." My father's reply was—"Don't make too much of Ellie's stories; teach her to be active and regular in her duties."

Helped at the outset by their wise guidance and loving sympathy, I always held fast to the determination to train myself for my future work. Both in the schoolroom and out of it, this preparing was always in my mind, helping even to sweeten that dreary book, "Morell's Analysis." My governess tried hard to make me a botanical collector, but it was of no use; the only "collecting mania" I ever had was a rage for collecting proverbs, or quotations, or curious country sayings. Interests and special "hobbies" are doubtless born in people and cannot be artificially induced.

Though incorrigibly stupid at mathematics, and seldom deeply interested in science, they found me an apt pupil at anything connected with literature or history.

The seventeenth century always had a special fascination for me and, after a brief wavering in schoolroom days, when a very pathetic picture of Charles I. and some thrilling cavalier stories temporarily eclipsed the grand figure of the Protector, I returned to my allegiance, and in course of time endeavoured to show in "To Right the Wrong" that it was possible to be an honest, God-fearing, well-bred Englishman, yet to espouse the Parliamentary side in the great Civil War.

It was not, however, hero-worship of the great characters of the past alone which influenced my future career as a novelist. Often a character in real life would suddenly stand out, as it were, from its surroundings, and become to me for no particular reason the hero or heroine of my next story. A child, who at a Christmas tree seemed intent on finding out what the other children wanted, and seeing in an unobtrusive, tactful way, that the hostess understood their wishes, became for a time my heroine. A consumptive-looking assistant in a music-shop, who seemed too good for his surroundings but was alert and ready and civil though apparently with one foot in the grave, became the hero of a childish story called "Mervyn's Ordeal." I remember there was a wicked uncle in it, who forged the hero's name, and made him falsely suspected by his employers, and that agony point was reached when the falsely accused Mervyn, suffering mental and physical torments, was set to tune pianos! He gallantly supported two sisters. I chose their lodgings for them in a dreary side street, leading out of King's Road, and recollect that their diet consisted largely of Dutch cheese! This was the forerunner of the "Hardy Norseman."

But no one brought so much pleasure to me in school-room days as the celebrated Welsh singer, Edith Wynne—for whom I must always feel gratitude and affection. Quite unknown to herself, she was, by her beautiful voice and perfect oratorio-singing, giving untold delight to her small devotee at Brighton, who at that time, being orphaned and unhappy, doomed moreover from frequent attacks of ophthalmia to spend many weeks in idleness, sorely needed help and comfort. This devotion to a public singer led me to take the greatest interest in the musical world, and whenever the state of my eyes permitted it I was scribbling at a story about a charming Irish soprano named "Cecil Keoghn," who was the prototype of "Doreen."

There was never, of course, any notion of publishing these crude first attempts; one wrote for the joy of writing, and because it was impossible to resist the craving to describe the beloved heroes and heroines. Moreover, the continual effort to express things clearly and graphically, the countless revisions of the well-worn manuscripts, and the habit of living in close communion with many characters, were all, doubtless, parts of the preparation for that happy future when being "grown up" it would be possible seriously to set to work.

From those past days up to the present time there has always been a story on hand, and writing has become so much a part of my life that it is difficult quite to understand what life without a vocation would be like, or how people exist without "dream children." They cost one much suffering, and bring many cares and anxieties; they are not what we could wish, and we are conscious of their faults. Still they *are* our "dream children," and when they cheer the dull, or interest the overworked, or help the perplexed, there comes a glad sense that it has all been worth while, and we are thankful that the gift was given us.

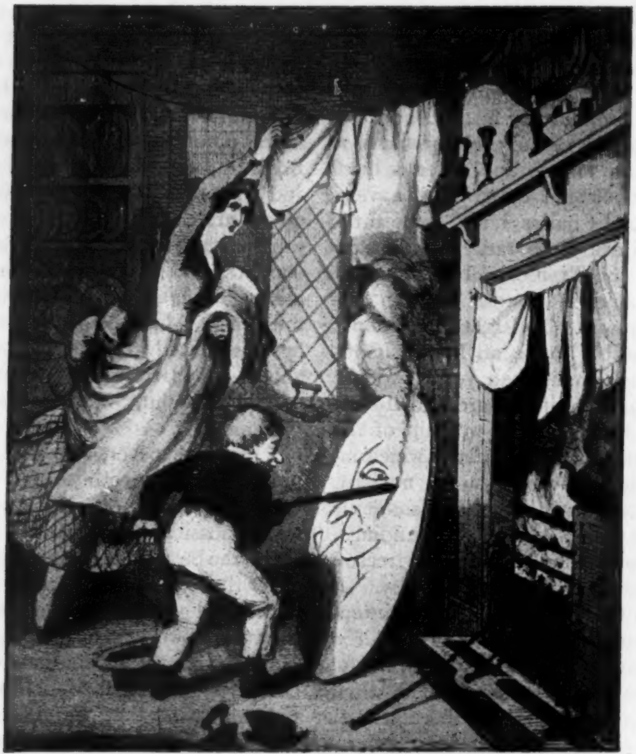


ILLUSTRATION FOR THE UNPUBLISHED NOVEL "LANCELOT WIDGE"

WANTED: A BOOK FOR A TITLE-PAGE

BY GEORGE SOMES LAYARD

IT is within every bibliophile's experience to have offered to him, from time to time, books of great rarity but "wanting" the title-page, or "wanting" this, that, or another of the illustrations. Indeed, but a day or two ago I was tendered an otherwise fine copy of "Life in London," from which the frontispiece to those wonderful aquatints, to which Tom, Jerry, and Logic owe their immortality, had been ruthlessly pilfered. This, sad to say, is a matter of almost everyday experience.

Sometimes, too, the bibliophile comes across a set of illustrations "wanting" a book, and then it is his glorious sport to set to work and run them down to their proper haunts. Just so I picked up in an Ipswich shop, but a few days past, for the sum of sixpence, a set of etched designs, signed "Thomas Onwhyn," which demand a visit to the British Museum, where I shall probably find that they have been ravished from one of the now unread novels of the author of "Valentine Vox." This, I say, happens now and again, and is a sport which, though comparatively rare, has been indulged in by most of the craft, at one time or another.

To light upon a set of etched plates not only "wanting" the novel they should have illustrated, but destined never to arrive at that desirable consummation, is, however, only granted to the few. This has once been my happy lot; happy in that a new

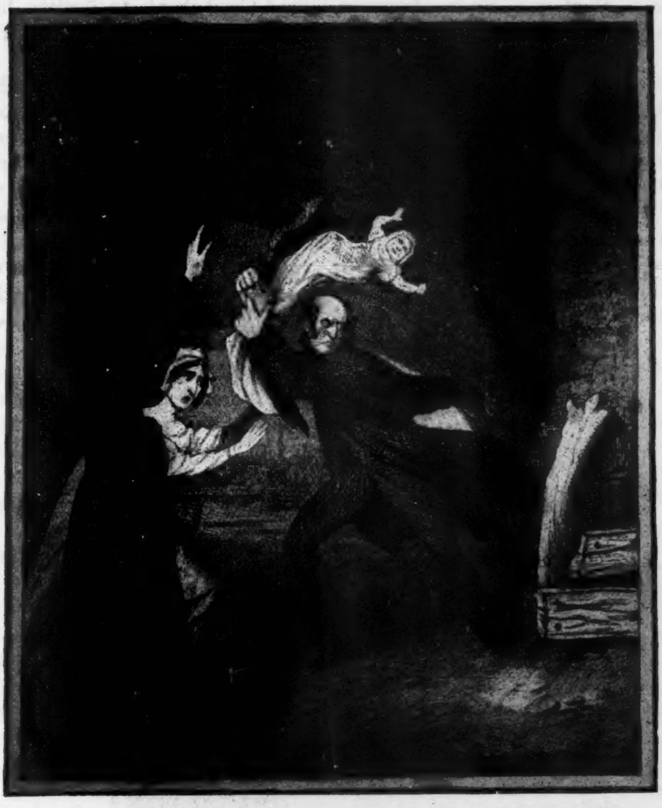


ILLUSTRATION FOR THE UNPUBLISHED NOVEL "LANCELOT WIDGE"

bibliophilous sensation has thereby been mine.

Should a brother bibliophile ever light upon the three etched plates, signed "R. W. Buss," let him treasure them up. The first represents a mischievous boy doing poker-work on the kitchen-table; the second a wild-looking man dashing a baby against a post in what a pencil note tells us are the Adelphi vaults; and the third the same wild-looking person gagging a terrified woman on the parapet of a house, prior to casting her headlong. It may well be indeed that the romantic circumstances of these plates are unique, and that from these alone of all etched book-illustrations will it be free to each and every to weave his own story, and never run the risk of contradiction. It is through the kindness of the Rev. Alfred Buss, that I am enabled to reproduce them here.

The noteworthy circumstances, under which they were produced, have never heretofore seen the light. After Buss's connection with "Pickwick" had been abruptly terminated, the story of which has been a hundred times repeated, he became a far from unsuccessful book illustrator, and the charm of the etching-needle made him desirous of further employment of this nature. Being at a loose end for an engagement, he sought out the acquaintance of a writer of considerable power and originality named Charles Hooton. Like Buss, the latter had been a student at Sass's school of art. The result of their meeting was that they determined to collaborate in a novel to be called "Lancelot Widge," Buss with the etching-needle, and Hooton with his pen, and that the hero was to be an artist with powers immoderately overrated by his foolish parents. They both set to work, and an engagement for its publication was entered into with Mr. Bentley. Soon, however, Hooton quarrelled with the latter, and the work was never completed; and these three etchings are all that remain of the abortive scheme. Hooton soon after emigrated to Texas, where he found himself worse off than in England, whither he shortly returned. He eventually died of an overdose of morphia, which drug he habitually used to soothe his terribly over-wrought nerves.

Here, surely, there is exercise enough for the imagination to conceive what may have been the story which was perhaps matured in, but never brought forth by, the brain of the poor half-demented novelist.

It is, too, of interest as throwing a side light upon the common practice of collaboration between artist and novelist in the early half of this century, which made it possible for Robert Seymour to lay a colourable claim to the invention of the "Pickwick Papers," and Cruikshank to declare his paternity of half a dozen of the novels in which he was called upon to collaborate as illustrator. But those were the days in which the book-illustrator was far different to what he is at present. The fact that he worked largely on the copper himself called for care and deliberation, which is scarcely conceivable in these days of rapid and careless execution and cheap and facile reproduction. He was not then a mere journeyman, but an artist who held his head high, and felt, without talking about it, the great dignity of his profession.

So far then we have seen that books wanting title-pages are unhappily common; that illustrations wanting their letterpress can be picked up without great difficulty; and that such a thing may be found as a set of book-illustrations not only wanting their letterpress, but actually never fated to have that natural desire of fulfilling their destiny satisfied.

So far so good, for by these steps we are led up to what is perhaps the still stranger anomaly of a title-page wanting a book, and that book for which the elaborate design was wrought possibly never having been written or at least seen the light. My best thanks will be due to any reader of this article who can and will give me any information on this subject.

In 1820, under the pseudonyms of "Sholto and Reuben Percy, Brothers of the Benedictine Monastery, Mount Benger," Thomas Byerley and Joseph Clinton Robertson published the first part of the "Anecdotes," which were destined to find a place on almost every bookshelf

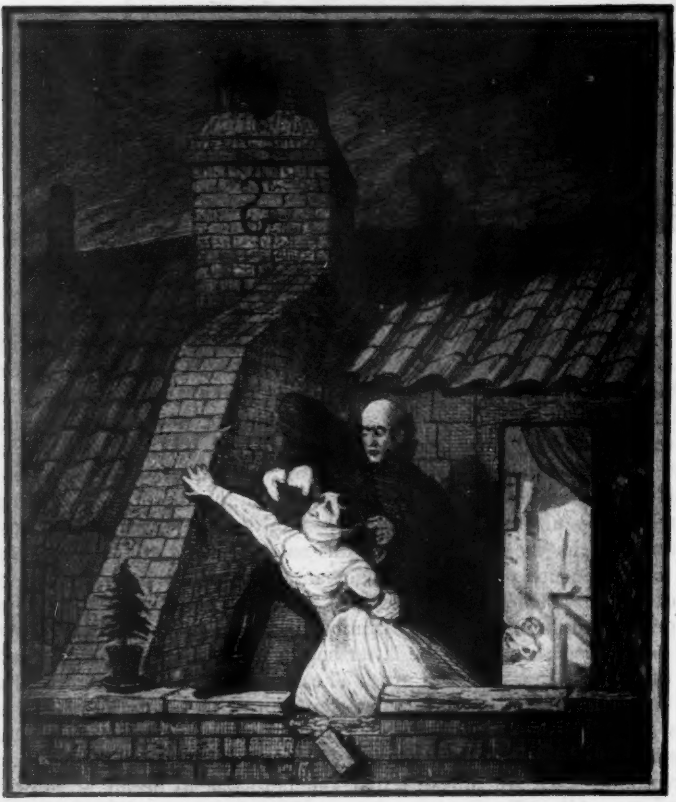
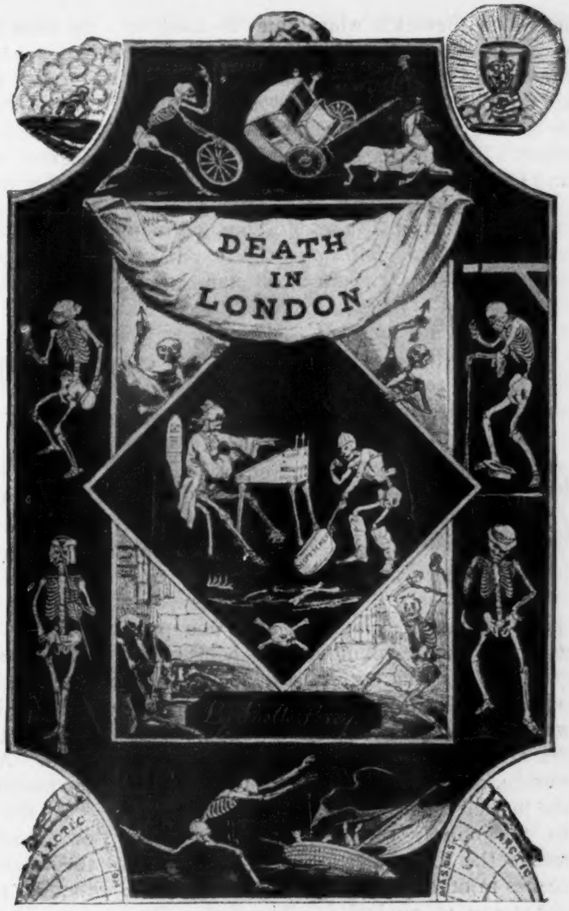


ILLUSTRATION FOR THE UNPUBLISHED NOVEL "LANCELOT WIDGE" in the kingdom. Forty-one parts were published at half-a-crown a piece, before the year 1823 came to a close, and of these two hundred and sixty thousand were sold during these four years of its first publication. What number subsequent editions have reached to it is impossible to conjecture. On the completion of this first series, three volumes of "Anecdotes of London" were published, which were meant to be the forerunners of like volumes dealing with all the capitals of Europe, but no more appeared. Whether it was that the appetite of the public was by this time gorged, or that the co-editors had had enough of collaboration, I do not know. At any rate nothing more is heard of them in partnership—nor indeed, as far as I can ascertain, and I have had the British Museum searched, and have put the matter in the hands of many booksellers, was anything more published under one or other of these *noms-de-plume*.

And here we come to the curious point which gives the title to this paper.

A few months ago, being engaged in collecting material for my forthcoming "Life of Robert Seymour," I came into possession of a considerable number of proofs of his work, which were in the strictest sense artist's proofs, for they were proofs which had been in Seymour's own possession as trials of the blocks and plates before they were completed. Nearly all were on India paper. There were woodblocks from, "Figaro in London," Richardson's "Acted," and "Minor Dramas," Miss Sheridan's "Comic Offering," and A'Beckett's "Comic Annual." There were lithographs from MacLean's "Looking Glass," and an etching or two from "The Book of Christmas." These were interesting enough but were easily traceable. But amongst them was a woodblock proof that has defied me and all to whom I have mentioned the subject, and may defy all the readers of this paper. I hope not.



The block is here reproduced, and, as will be recognised, is not only interesting as a beautiful work of art, but as suggesting that Thomas Byerley, under the pseudonym of "Sholto Percy," at least contemplated the publication of a book to be called "Death in London," without the collaboration of "Reuben Percy," otherwise Joseph Clinton Robertson. Whether the book was ever published I know not, and dearly I should like to learn. It is mainly with the object of ascertaining what are the facts of the case that this block is published here. Any information on the subject will be gratefully acknowledged. This is how I come to place the somewhat puzzling title at the head of this paper of "Wanted: A Book for a Title-page."

The block is worthy of careful scrutiny, both as an example of fine wood-engraving in which Bewick's white line is used to excellent effect, and as a carefully thought out and deliberate piece of design. The engraver is Abraham John Mason, best known as "bringing to the block" George Cruikshank's illustrations to "Tales of Humour and Gallantry."

Note the figure of Death concealed behind the main body of the design save for his head, hands and feet, and carefully examine the separate panels in which he works his sweet will on the devoted inhabitants of London.

We have lately read of a king who never reigned, and an exile who never wandered. Is this in truth their analogue, a title-page which never had a book?

THE SOFT SEX

By MRS. HAWEIS

THERE was never a time when the eternal feminine had so much done for her and said about her. She is positively bristling with new privileges. There is not a newspaper that does not contribute at least one paragraph for the re-gilding of the hem of her garment. In that useful list of current periodicals in the *Review of Reviews*, which is worth all the money, it is amusing to tick off the articles that concern themselves about women, and then to count them! In court the jury gives her "the benefit of the doubt." In the railway carriage she is a word of fear to the lone bachelor. At Henley she bashes in other people's punts with her own, nor stoops to apologise. Round the Park she asserts the equality of the sexes and the classes by bicycling in the wildest garments, for the delectation of the unemployed on the green chairs. Maiden, she has her university degrees, her profession, her club; wife, she can possess property and even earn it, and cannot be beaten or locked up by Strephon: she can commit crimes, and incur debts all her own. New Zealand and South Australia have lifted her from her place among the "catel," and put her on a level with her sons by the grant of the parliamentary vote. She will soon, if we do not look sharp, claim the same protective legislation as her American sisters, and insist on its endorsing the pleasant fictions of the marriage service; whilst filial indulgence may in time make her partner also in her children—the queen, and not the drudge, of the home and the family; but——

However beneficent the new lights and the new leading, in the broad sense, in the narrow one there are ugly perils! Revolt against received opinion and regular habits, the destruction of standards, the loss of the old piety without new ballast to replace it, all sorts of discomfort and mischief—well, we have seen a little of it in the Revolt of the Daughters, and it was not pretty. That is the child over-indulged, growing up without heart and discrimination, the "spoilt" child. And now comes the *crux*. Will all the modern indulgences "spoil" women?

As the softer sex learn to see out of their own useful eyes, and steer themselves on their own healthy feet "just like a man," as the odd phrase goes, they no doubt become very different beings from that old-fashioned, clinging, trustful, "helpless Anna" bewailed by the poor schoolmaster in Elia's essay. They become less subordinate and more headstrong—"unsexed" is the pet term of those who consider the sex (like pet-dogs) more valuable for their entirely artificial deformities.

The pet-dog was the real old soft sex thirty or forty years ago, amongst the richer classes in London at least. "We shall not have a soft sex any longer," say the croakers, and the croakers we have always with us. "Women will be as hard as nails." But will they?

My point is this—not that the soft sex were not soft, but that they are growing softer, as more is conceded to them. And this is an ugly peril not only to them, but to the men they live with, and the children they bring up. Of course I mean softness, not in the way of sympathy, but in being able to put up with nothing.

The way to harden a Brave is to hurt him. Make him bear the live coal on his flesh, the needle in his cheek; make him smile as the blood runs from the knife-cut, and the cord scores his brown back. After this, hunger will never vex his strong spirit, nor the foeman's spear call forth a groan. He is doubly armed, to suffer alone or to bear with others; and he is the better for it as a warrior—for this is a vale of tears!

The softer sex was morally so treated for hundreds of ages. Tradition and history, and even our common law attest it. That old story told so tenderly by Chaucer, of Walter and patient Grisell, was a type of frequent married life under the old conditions (and not married life at its worst), though it may not have always the physical offspring which he cut off from her, but a hundred natural faculties and pleasures. No doubt the good husband made his wife happy in her subservient sphere as long as she kept within it; but the bad husband (whose name was legion) made her wretched with a wretchedness impossible to-day. And her endurance became a proverb, so that it is still sometimes claimed as his right by her mate, and gives the last touch to her attractiveness. Was it not written the other day—it seems the savage utterance of a vicious circle, and we hoped better things from the well-known author—"It is the essential nature of a woman to forgive?" "Take away her forgiving quality, and you rob her of her sublimest attribute."

Yes, God knows forgiveness is God-like, in all His creatures alike, even the faithful dog, and carries its own joy with it, for

> "it is sweet to stammer one letter
> Of the Eternal's language—on earth it is called
> forgiveness."

But too much is said concerning women as a class *required* to forgive even unto seventy times seven. The inference is often as in the above case, "Give her something to forgive, that we may enjoy seeing how well she bears it!"

But this treatment made woman morally tough; and, cruel as was the process, she may have been a gainer in the end—if not on the earthly plane. To hear and say nothing was the Spartan life of many a well-appearing woman, and the simple creed had its beauty. Many a girl faded—Miss Ferrier quotes some—the apotheosis of helplessness, when women were "not expected to understand," or when the strong, old-fashioned, filial instinct was abused. A wife recently told me, "I would rather have disobeyed my husband than my father, if it had come to the choice, and even if my father was wrong," so strong and holy that filial instinct used to be. But the law gave the husband supreme power when there was no male relation to check him; and supreme power is over-much for most people. Between the two sexes it was an absurd distribution of power.

"I knew a wife who disobeyed her husband (said a middle-aged man when I was a child), and she sang in the streets for it! She sang in the streets!" he reiterated triumphantly. He had turned her out of doors, the wife whom he had solemnly vowed "to cherish for better, for worse," and to "endow with all his worldly goods"—turned her out, not for a deep moral wrong, but for petty "disobedience." What interval elapsed, what circumstances intervened, I knew not, but the end was such, and the man and his men friends made merry. But what did it mean for the woman, sick, hungry, angry, separated from her children? Too much power—too much pain. Such scandals are no more. They were not common, but they were possible, when there was too much power. George Eliot gives a not dissimilar instance in her "Scenes of Clerical Life." Now they are impossible.

She was often a helpless, soft thing externally, was woman of old, as in the rough classes she is still; but within she was a hardened Brave, covered with honourable scars that must glorify her when they come to the astral condition! And so even now the "slings and arrows" that many a disappointed woman has had to bear, wrenches to her once spontaneous nature, gibes and slights, are very real blows—they do not show but, as Stevenson somewhere says, they bring blood and leave marks as lasting as physical hurts, and sometimes callosities. So the brave becomes a brave.

Things are too much the other way now. Look at our children—"fathers of the man," the mothers *in futuro*.

They used to be brought up "dry," with few pleasures that they did not make for themselves, and under nursery rules as rigid as ours are lax. The system sometimes formed splendid men and women; there is no grace and dignity, no solidity and "finish," like that of the old-fashioned man or woman at the best. It trained the women who were afterwards moral warriors; it trained men who made the endurance of English soldiers and sailors a word of worldwide honour. In that fascinating autobiography of my valued friend, Miss Frances Power Cobbe, whose lonely childhood would not appear delightful to children to-day, she voices sweetly and nobly the contented old spirit made sweeter by distance. "In this healthful, delightful nursery and in walks with my nurse about the lawns and shrubberies, the first years of my happy childhood went by, fed in body with the freshest milk and eggs and fruit, everything best for a child; and in mind supplied only with the simple, sweet lessons of my gentle mother. No unwholesome food, physical or moral, was ever allowed to come in my way till body and soul had almost grown to their full stature. When I compare such a lot as this (the common lot, of course, of English girls of the richer classes blessed with good fathers and mothers) with the case of the hapless young creatures who are fed from infancy with insufficient and unwholesome food, perhaps dosed with gin and opium from the cradle, and who even as they acquire language learn foul words, curses, and blasphemies—when I compare, I say, my happy lot with the miserable one of tens of thousands of my brother men and sister women, I feel appalled to reflect by how different a standpoint must I be judged by Eternal Justice!"

The old bracing system, in fact, gave us such women as Miss Cobbe, Mrs. Ellis,* and many more. The results of the present relaxing system are to come. But meantime, children, though promoted almost to be household rulers, are merely critical and seldom contented, and being never forced to put "I ought" before "I like," how are they armed for the battle of life?

It is a reaction, no doubt. Because we have ourselves acquired more dependence on pleasures, we try to give our children all the external joys withheld on principle from us. So we remove their power of internal resource. Was the mother forbidden sweets? She gives her little girl too much. Does the child feel cross and not wish to go to school? (The mother would never have dared demur, in her time.) "Don't go, my precious —of course you are not well enough"—and the child soon becomes really delicate. Is the child "so tired of that school?" The well-meaning parent shifts her, or him, from school to school, requiring fresh privileges at each, till at sixteen the child cannot pass the easiest "prelim."

The new system hardly generates respect for pastors, masters, and mistresses (to say nothing of a Higher Power), who in the case of an *insurgée* are without the means of pressure by reward or punishment; and the commonest incentive to work is a heavy and demoralising bribe from papa.* Is the schoolmistress warmhearted, eager,—as such deem it—unfortunately religious? The little puss spends half the time in defeating her, caricaturing her, making fun of all strong feeling, admiring notable criminals, and sneering at that horrid old Church, till the moral sense really seems to get blunted through the jesting which is not convenient. Certainly lying is no longer regarded as an evil or a disgrace: it is rather belauded as a fine art by the new generation, and that comes out even in the novel and ephemeral literature of the day. "Do you always tell lies?" queries Edwin. "Always when it seems desirable," boldly returns Angelina, and she means, when it seems easiest.

Nor is affection for the invertebrate parent secured by the indulgences—but this is only discovered gradually. The moneyed minor is ordered to contribute to the maintenance of her mother, impoverished by some legal error. "Six hundred a year out of a paltry two thousand!" grumbles the sweet girl, "*and jolly well I grudge it!*" Presently the boy slips into debt, the girl "revolts"—she has run through the gamut of all emotions and is still "dull" for want of new ones, and she ends (with a little outside abetting) in Bohemia. On the other hand, what complete maternal absorption comes to is well pictured in "The Woman who Did," and (though I am sorry she did) whatever else in woman Mr. Grant Allen may not understand, he certainly understands the daughter.

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* Author of "The Women of England."

* I knew of a parent who offered his young son £200, another who gave £100, for his absolute disposal.

Equally novel accounts of schoolboys reach us. Public school-men complain of new comers as mollycoddles, protected by the masters from the most harmless and wholesome bullying, fetched back in broughams to homes in the next street, and all professing to be "delicate." In the United States, where parental devotion is more a *culte* than with us as yet—I say it in a warning spirit—the excessive indulgence of the young people in season and out of season is actually in many cases unfitting them physically for the ordinary sacrifices and duties of married life, by softening the moral fibre; and not a few instances of mental disease are traceable to nothing else in the establishments answering to our asylums. I was told this by both married women and clergymen in Detroit, Long Island, and Chicago.

When we remember that our qualities are to be transmitted, is not this softness with a vengeance! Indeed, it becomes a question only which sex is the softer now. For the tenderness thus bred in the child makes self-indulgence afterwards inevitable; and all this means the utmost intolerance of spirit. No one can put up with anything, from a chaperone to a contrary view on Free Trade or the Voluntary schools; and through this unhappy condition half society is in revolt against something or another—mainly against doing anything across the grain at the moment. Were happiness attained in the process, there would be some justification; but alas! we can hardly lay that flattering unction to our souls, because, as every fresh check is relaxed, fiercer revolt follows, which proves that they suffer—still they suffer! The daughter, the husband, the wife, the mother, the servant, the miner, the cabman, the master; all are "on the strike," flinging off on the one hand tiresome responsibilities, and on the other, even protective restraints. And when every authority is denied, to obey is absurd: responsibility ceases with authority, and yet—we are not happy!

Not that the suffering is not real; or that the princess does not suffer agonies from the pea underneath twelve featherbeds. She does suffer. The moral epidermis can really be abraded by the wilt in the roseleaf. But the condition is morbid, and is dangerous not least because it is so contagious. It may be "all nerves." But when Professor Clifford Allbutt[*] tells us—it seems at first blush to traverse experience—that it is *not* the result of our rapid living, that excessive work is *not* bad for the brain, nor even the oft-quoted "worry," anxiety, and broken hearts; that the chief defect in neurotic patients is by no means that they are over-sensitive, but that they are not sensitive enough, we can easily see that nervous disease is a real malady. Not the utmost exercise of our nerves, but *defective control*, is the true cause of misery, the true danger of our softening course of education. As athletics harden our muscles, so strong and continuous feeling may invigorate our nerves and make them serve us better, and the experiment has already been medically tried.[†] But athletics mean the endurance of aches, and fortitude under sharp and ruthless handling is a similar process to be borne if not enjoyed; and perhaps the cruellest of all cruelties in the end is the kindness which makes us dependent on kindness and then reverses the treatment.

Under such mistaken training as we pursue, just as the pain of the rack which the early martyr bore would kill us at once, so the shocked but untrained currents of feeling may cause a moral anæsthesia, that is not unlike physical death, and as unalterable; and this really may account for many of the blunted acts and sentiments permitted by society, especially amongst the younger soft—unwholesomely soft—sex.

Now before the "Eternal Feminine"—or the "bawling brotherhood" for the matter of that, for all classes and ages are involved—claims and gets more liberty and wider and ever wider indulgence, the *nouveaux-libres* must awake to this fact, that they have got to put up with *some* harness anyway, whilst they inhabit this sublunary spheroid, and every change only *shifts* it. It is good for us to have liberty, but not lawlessness; to bear our own sins, but not to forget that our parents bore them for us,[‡] and spent themselves, and were spent, till we were of age to do it. Good for us to have the privileges of maturity, and good for us also to have the strong harness of a decent and God-fearing social system.

I do not want women, or children, or men to be handled cruelly, but whether in the heyday of youth or in the prime of advanced life, they cannot dispense with all duties and all restraints, whatever names they call them by. Nothing can be done by running away from all pains, for as we try to bear less we actually suffer more. We sensitise ourselves whilst weakening our moral fibre, our physique harmonising with our will. Five degrees less in temperature and we catch cold, five degrees more and we have blood to the head—a reduction in pocket-money is a life-long wrong, a quick answer is torture, a letter not all flattery brings on palpitation; a word of advice, and a scream at the persecution follows, drop the advice and neglect is the next cry; and after all, are not the grievances as many as ever?

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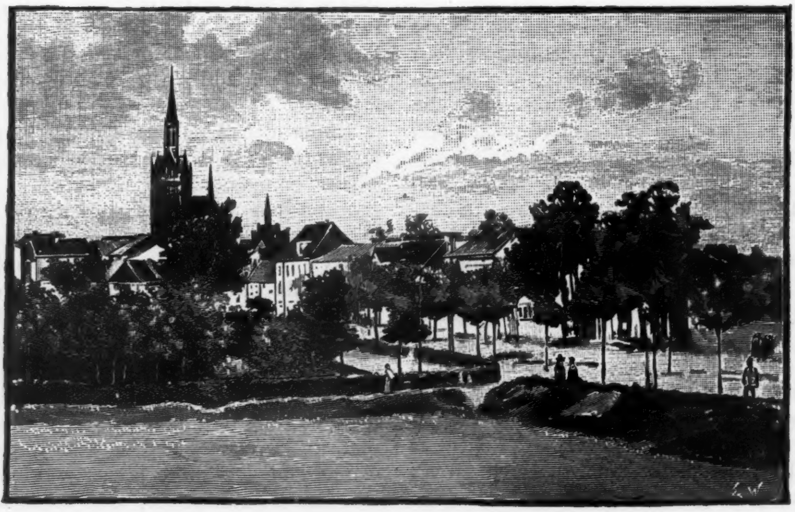
[*] *Vide Contemporary Review*, Febuary 1895.

[†] By Dr. Playfair.

[‡] The Jewish ceremony at maturity.

High culture having brought us to this ticklish pass, we have got to keep our heads steady as well as our "pecker" up, and if the soft sex would command respect as well as the other advantages, the aim must be right's sake, and not simply its own personal pleasure, and the work must be for others, not solely its own dainty self. The soft sex, be it feminine or unfeminine, should cultivate soft hearts but not soft heads; and it lies with them to create a new generation of self-governed and far-seeing men and women with a little more lime in their moral bones.



PERLEBERG

THE LOST AMBASSADOR

By MARGARET HOWITT

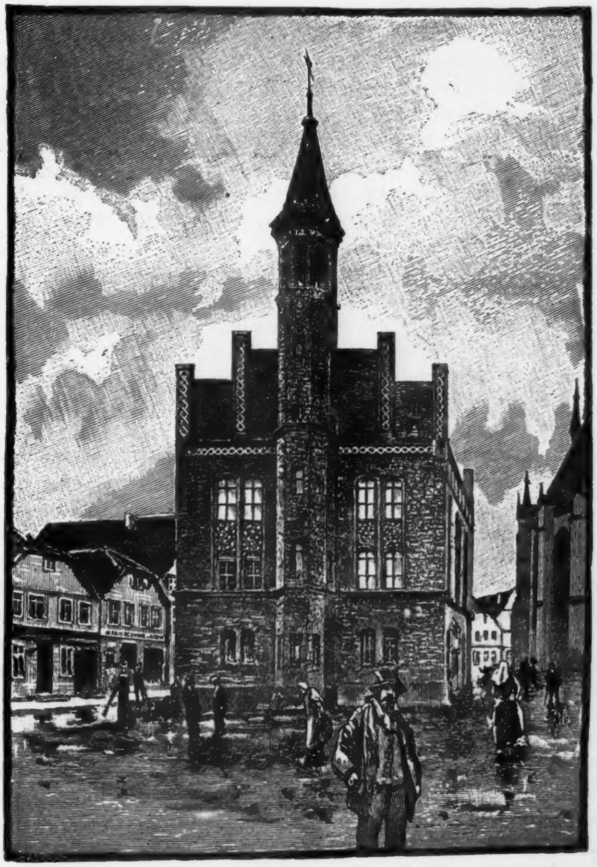
FIRST PAPER

ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. M'CORMICK

THE spiriting away of an English minister plenipotentiary in Brandenburg, which occurred during the political cyclone that swept over the Continent at the beginning of this century, is one of those historical events which will probably go down to posterity in the same category of mystery as the identity of the Man with the Iron Mask. Hushed up at the time, it nevertheless remains a startling enigma; and as one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Berlin aptly asserted in 1850, "is an episode that, amidst the stirring facts of the period, appears ever and anon as a spectre." *

Benjamin Bathurst, a scion of the noble and distinguished house of that name, was the third son of the Reverend Henry Bathurst, Canon of Christchurch, and who later promoted to the See of Norwich, was for a long period the only Liberal bishop in the House of Lords, and predecessor at Norwich of Bishop Stanley, the father of Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster. The subject of our sketch was born at Oxford in 1783 and educated at Winchester, where he distinguished himself by his classical attainments, and was sent at the very early age of fourteen to New College, Oxford. After taking his degree he entered upon his diplomatic career as *attaché* at the English Embassy at Vienna. There he became engaged to the sister of a fellow *attaché*, Miss Call, daughter of Sir William Call; and on his return home the subsequent year, 1805, was married with special licence to the lady of his choice, by his father, who had just been made bishop. Shortly after his marriage he proceeded as envoy to Stockholm, for which appointment no one could be more fitting, since his brilliant abilities, the urbanity and elegance of his manners, enhanced by rare personal charms, made him admirably qualified to shine at courts.

In 1809, on his return from this embassy, in which he acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of the Government, he was sent on a mission of grave importance to Vienna, being none other than that of seeking to induce Austria and Prussia to coalesce with England against Napoleon, and probably to settle the subsidies. In this mission of concluding a triple alliance offensive and defensive, Mr. Bathurst failed, owing to the pusillanimity of Prussia and the weakness of Austria, who had been repeatedly beaten in



RATHAUS, PERLEBERG

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* So writes one of the legal narrators of "*Das Verschwinden des Lord Bathurst in Perleberg in* 1809. *Der neue Pitteval.* T. A. Brockhaus. 1850." This German account is drawn up from a chaotic mass of vaguely worded and incomplete documents and from hearsay, collected evidently many years ago by some employee of the Court of Justice at Perleberg, It testifies to a veil having been thrown over crime, and to the depositions of law having been tampered with and suppressed at the time when Napoleon the First paralysed the moral force of Europe. Lucid and reliable information from private authentic sources supplies important data for this article in GOOD WORDS.

fatal conflict with France during the current year, and there was no resource but to return home. He had to relinquish his original plan of journeying to England *viâ* Malta, for Trieste (the port from which he would under ordinary circumstances have embarked) was in the hands of the French, and he had given umbrage to Napoleon by endeavouring to insurrectionise the Illyrian provinces, which the latter had forcibly wrested from Austria. How imminent the danger to which this route would have exposed him, is clearly demonstrated by the fact of the political agent whom Mr. Bathurst had employed being a few months later seized by the French, first confined in the citadel of Verdun, and then in Ham.

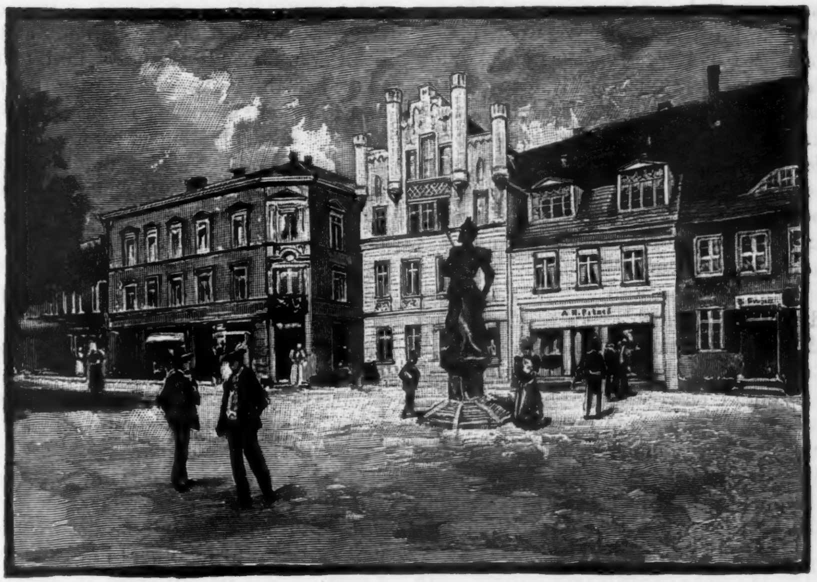
The entire continent, however, virtually formed one vast empire under the Corsican conqueror, of which France was but a province, and so great was the peril which our envoy everywhere encountered, that in deciding to return *viâ* Berlin and Hamburg he travelled *incognito*. Many eyes must have rested admiringly on the young merchant calling himself Koch, whose finely chiselled features, and profusion of dark curling hair were surmounted by a costly fur cap, whose tall manly form was clad in accordance with the latest fashion in an elaborately frogged grey cloth frock coat and pantaloons to match; whilst a very valuable cloak of purple velvet lined with sable defended this Adonis of twenty-six from the cold, the weather being wintry. *Kaufmann* Koch travelled "extra post" in a carriage and four, accompanied by two men of less distinguished appearance; one being his German secretary, whose real name never transpires, he first assuming the alias of Strauss, then of Fischer, and finally of Krüger; and the other, Nicholas Hilbert, his valet, likewise a German, who always retains his true name and character.

At noon on Saturday, November 25, 1809, the extra post reached the little town of Perleberg, lying halfway between Berlin and Hamburg, and on the frontier of the newly created kingdom of Westphalia, which Napoleon had raised out of the ruins of Hanover for his effeminate brother Jerome. The postillions drove into the market-place, where stand the statue of Ronald, the Rath-haus, and the equally quaint old church of St. James, and stopped at the posting-house. Here the travellers alighted, and entering the adjoining hostel, ordered dinner and a fresh relay of horses to carry them on without delay to Lenzen.

In the dining-room were seated two Jews, who had shortly before arrived by the same route, were bound also for Lenzen, and also travelling extra post. Although they were afterwards ascertained to be respectable tradesmen, they may have awakened suspicion in Mr. Bathurst, who arrived in a very excited state of mind, believing rightly or wrongly that he had been pursued by some emissary or enemy as far as the last stage, Kyritz.

It must be remembered that precisely in 1809 Napoleon seemed to be speedily realising his scheme of subduing the entire world. Even on this identical twenty-fifth of November the Prussian envoy returned to Berlin from congratulating the emperor on his recent conquests in Austria and his approaching marriage with the Archduchess Marie Louise. Fortunately the French troops had evacuated the Prussian fortresses, and in driving through Berlin Bathurst had witnessed the preparations of a relieved capital to welcome back the unfortunate monarch Friedrich Wilhelm III., and his noble-minded consort Louise, from their long banishment. Prostrate Prussia lay in a state of transition that was fraught with innumerable dangers. Starving vagrants and marauders of all sorts scoured the country, far and wide. Every *mauvais sujet* gave himself out as a deserter from the detested French army; and made appeals to the public sympathy without supporting his doubtful patriotism by proofs. Perleberg swarmed with such rabble, and even runaway officers from the neighbouring States seem to have selected that small town as their place of *rendezvous*, without being able to give the authorities satisfactory explanations of their ulterior designs. The insecurity of the roads was such that France threatened to send a *Colonne Mobile* through the district to arrest the vagabonds; and in order to prevent this foreign interference the Prussian Government issued most peremptory injunctions to the local magistrates to be on the alert.

No wonder then that Mr. Bathurst immediately on arriving in Perleberg submitted his Prussian passport to the military commandant, who was likewise postmaster, an office of great trust in those disturbed times,



MARKET AND STATUE OF ROLAND

with the request to be guarded during his stay in Perleberg. It was accorded, and two sentinels speedily marched to the post inn to protect the stranger. Even Schmidt, the landlord, and his family were suspicious characters. He was an old retired non-commissioned officer, who left the entire management of the establishment to his masculine wife and their grown-up children. The son, Augustus, bore a notoriously bad reputation. After an idle apprenticeship to a tanner, he had loafed from land to land, and thus, picking up several languages, had finally returned to act the part of interpreter to the foreign officers; and when no extra post arrived, to spend his time drinking and gambling in low pot-houses, "In order," as he said, "to cheer himself up."

We know not how Mr. Bathurst spent his time at the inn, for he had countermanded the fresh relay of horses; and Frau Schmidt was seen out in the market-place keeping watch over the stranger's travelling carriage; but the long delay about starting became irksome to her, and she retired, leaving the equipage in the charge of her daughter, then of her son, and finally, as night advanced, of the maid, Elizabeth Nagel, who was also the letter-carrier of Perleberg.

At seven o'clock, for some unknown reason, the sentinels were dismissed and the horses were ordered to be harnessed at nine. The Jews were still in the coffee-room and did not in fact depart until midnight. And now occurs an inexplicable incident, which seems somehow to have arisen as a preliminary to the proposed continuance of Mr. Bathurst's journey. It introduces us to Captain von Klitzling, the military commandant residing in a private dwelling close to the Rath-haus; a resolute, circumspect, and honourable man, and a good officer, though at times carried away by the violence of his temper.

Forty years ago and more, an old lady, the wife of a *Sanitäts-Rath* in Perleberg used to relate how, when she was young, and cook and housekeeper to Captain von Klitzling, her employer stepped into the kitchen on the ground floor at eight o'clock that wintry night of November 25, 1809, and bade her quickly boil water and make some good tea, for he had upstairs a stranger, who was perishing of cold.

"I had fortunately," she would say, and

then correct herself to "unfortunately," explaining that had a delay arisen, she firmly believed a great crime might have been averted. "I had *unfortunately* water boiling at the moment, so I quickly carried the steaming tea up into the commandant's room. There I found a handsome young gentleman, attired in a grey cloth suit, diamond brooch in his shirt-frill, and with a splendid fur cloak. Yet he was shivering either from cold, terror, or anguish, and was in such a tremble he could hardly hold the cup. Von Klitzling, who was suffering from a bad sore throat, with his neck bandaged, and could scarcely articulate, withdrew after bidding me entertain the foreigner. I managed to carry on a conversation, for he understood some German and I some French. He told me 'he was very much knocked up, but must be off again!' and on leaving slipped some money into my hand, which I declining to take, he patted me on the shoulder and said I was 'a dear, kind girl.'

"The tea had evidently revived him. He wrapped himself in his fur cloak, and once more exclaiming, 'I really must be off,' rushed out of the front door, not however, to my surprise, straight across the market-place to the post-house, but abruptly round the corner, down the Quer-Gasse. I was about to hurry after him to set him right, when it occurred to me, he was probably going to the German Coffee House, where the country nobility were holding a ball that night.

"Scarcely had he vanished when Augustus Schmidt suddenly accosted me, asking for 'the lord.' I told him 'the lord,' as he called him, had gone down the Quer-Gasse towards the shoe-market. Then off he bolted in hot haste, and as he never came back, he probably overtook him at the end of the street, just at the Hackers' house by the river-side. After a while the lord's two attendants came inquiring for him from the commandant. They were in a fearful state of trepidation, and their outspoken alarm at his non-appearance soon threw the whole town in commotion. And for a time the uproar quite turned my head." And she would significantly add, "If the handsome young foreigner were really murdered in Perleberg, then the foul deed was done by Augustus Schmidt in the house of the Hackers."

Of these Hackers we shall hear again. A great flaw next occurs in the narrative from the written report of the secretary and valet being wanting. It is always said that they informed the commandant that their chief and they were about to continue the journey, when he suddenly stepped behind the carriage and disappeared. Was it then that he fled across the dimly lighted square to the commandant's? or did that perplexing visit really occur earlier, and he manage (total stranger as he was in Perleberg), after discovering he was on a wrong track, to retrace his steps in the dark winter night to his hotel? Again, we have heard of him wrapped in the rich fur cloak, and yet we shall find his valet implying that his master was last seen without it, and that he regarded himself as responsible for its safe keeping.

This however is certain, Captain von Klitzling took the secretary, now calling himself Fischer, and the valet Hilbert in a post-carriage to another inn, the Golden Crown, where he left them in charge of a guard of cuirassiers; he then ordered the bailies to make a strict search for the missing merchant Koch, for a valuable fur cloak, his property, and for a second fur cloak of minor worth belonging to Herr Fischer.

Perleberg possessed four bailies, chosen from the shopkeepers or professional men, who performed gratuitously the duty of keeping clean the streets, regulating the size of the manure heaps in the public thoroughfares, ordering the killing of glandered horses, besides the more onerous one of keeping an eye on all suspicious characters, for which reason they had petitioned Government to be allowed to carry arms, but without success.

Roused from their slumbers, the four honest men bravely faced the storm then raging; and battling with the fierce elements sought with their lanterns, both high and low, for the missing stranger, and while so doing refreshed themselves at the town's expense each with a glass of punch at the Coffee House, where the nobility were still dancing.

About noon on Sunday, November 26, Von Klitzling informed Bailie Phutzenreuter by word of mouth that he was called away for a few hours from Perleberg on important business, and that whatever might transpire concerning the lost stranger should be reserved for his return. So no other step was taken except employing a fisherman to drag the river Stepenitz which meanders through and around Perleberg.

On the following day Bailie Phutzenreuter and Bailie Teblow waited on the commandant; but he had not yet returned, and his man-servant urged the civic officials to continue to seek for the valuable fur cloak; that of Fischer having been obtained by Captain Von Klitzling's two orderlies from the landlady of the Post, who had explained that it had been left in the coffee room.

As neither they nor Von Klitzling's footman had ever seen the rich fur cloak, Bailie Phutzenreuter and Bailie Schultz, attended by a constable, proceeded to the Golden Crown, and conveyed Nicholas Hilbert to Bailie Phutzenreuter's house, where they took down his evidence regarding the lost article; and in order to prevent his conversing with any outsider, conveyed him back in like manner to the Golden Crown.

That same Monday evening Von Klitzling, whom it was rumoured had privately been to Berlin, was once more in Perleberg. He sent the next morning a thundering reprimand to Bailie Phutzenreuter for "having presumed in his absence to remove from the hotel, where he was under arrest as a State prisoner, the servant of Koch the escaped merchant, especially as the bailie and his colleagues must be fully convinced of the impropriety and illegality of such a proceeding."

The bailies were enraged at this dictatorial attack on their authority. They felt themselves in the right, and the first awakening of the dormant spirit of citizenship in the small German States, and resistance to the military authority to which they had long tamely submitted, gave them courage to demand satisfaction. They maintained that Von Klitzling before starting on his journey had ordered them to search for the valuable cloak; that far from being remiss, they had acted most promptly; that had Hilbert really been under arrest, it had been the duty of the cuirassiers to prevent his removal; but that it was impossible he could be considered in the light of a State prisoner, because it was contrary to all rule that two persons suspected of being accomplices should be allowed to occupy two rooms that communicated; that Nicholas Hilbert, moreover, went about freely in the inn mixing with the household and guests. They concluded by saying that "they deserved from the commandant thanks rather than reproof, they having performed their functions disinterestedly at the risk of their lives and the ruin of their healths, and that if such was the return made to them, they would resign their office to those who were better able to execute it." They appealed to the Prussian Government, and begged until an answer came from Berlin to be spared the discharge of further municipal duties. The Burgomaster in very flattering terms refused to accept the resignation of the much aggrieved bailies.

Von Klitzling on his part continued to fume with rage. He was indignant that he, the commandant of a frontier town, a captain, a nobleman, should have his military authority questioned by citizens, by underlings in office; that bailies, mere petty tradesmen, should hold such language to him. He was determined to have satisfaction.

But the order that was issued from Berlin on January 8, 1810, is characteristic of a new and better state of things. "Friedrich Wilhelm, by the grace of God, King of Prussia, makes known to the civil authorities that Lieutenant-General Lestocq has enjoined Captain von Klitzling to be more cautious in his expressions; and that the bailies are to continue in the exercise of their duties, which they have up to the present date so zealously performed."

On the evening of November 27, the news ran through Perleberg that Elizabeth Nagel had privately informed the police that Augustus Schmidt possessed the rich fur cloak of the missing stranger, and it soon also became known that when arrested at a low gambling-house he did not deny the charge. Search was then made on the Schmidt premises, and the violet velvet and sable robe was found hidden in a sack that had been thrust under a pile of logs in the wood-cellar. The prisoner, on being examined, declared it to have been his belief that the cloak belonged to one of the Jews, and that he had only put it into a place of safety awaiting the offer of a handsome reward for its recovery. On cross-examination he said he had learnt from his mother that the missing stranger had two pocket-pistols about him, she having at his request supplied him with powder. He could therefore only suppose that he had shot himself. The Schmidts, moreover, considered that they had a right to the cloak as remuneration, the hotel bill of the missing gentleman and his companions (who had given a great deal of trouble) not being paid. The High Court of Judicature at Berlin sentenced Augustus Schmidt and his mother to eight weeks of imprisonment for theft; but as a general amnesty was granted on December 9 they were discharged.

"AT THAT DAY YE SHALL KNOW"

By JOHN MACLEOD, D.D.

Our joy is full: before Thy feet we bow,
"In God, we praise Thy word:"
Thou art the Father's: we are Thine: and Thou
Art ours, O Lord.

The Father's will is sovereign in Thy prayer:
And now our prayers are Thine:
The things we ask we have: and in Thee share
The peace divine.

O Jesu, Son of God, Thou Prince of Peace,
All things are ours in Thee:
All glory be to God who was, and is,
And is to be. Amen.

A CHAT ABOUT SPONGES

By the Rev. T. BIRD, B.A.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

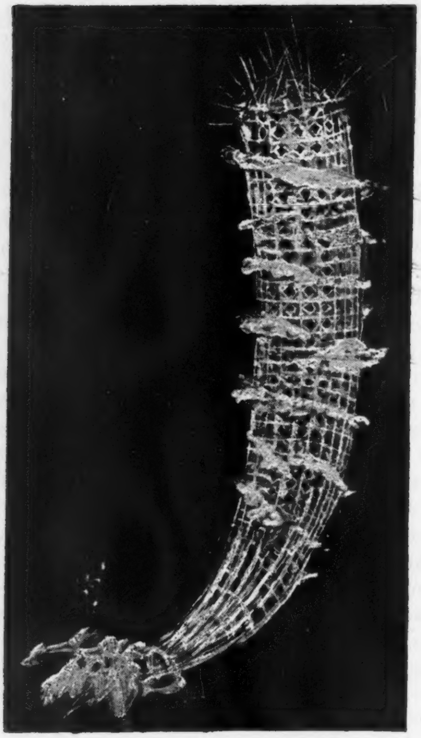
We are all familiar with the appearance of the large common bath-sponges, and also with the smaller cup-shaped sponges to be seen in every chemist's shop, and which come to us from the coasts of Turkey and the Levant. But familiarity so frequently breeds contempt that we rarely stop to inquire further into the matter, and few people know anything at all about the constitution or life-history or distribution of this very useful article of commerce. They know perhaps that it grows upon the rocks beneath the sea, they have heard or possibly seen the great sponge fisheries in the Mediterranean, and they may remember the attempt made by the Italian Government some years ago to cultivate them off their own coasts—an attempt which would doubtless have proved a great success had it not been for the ignorant prejudice of the sponge-fishers themselves—but beyond this their knowledge becomes vague and uncertain; they are not even sure whether a sponge is an animal or a plant.

Now the sponges are such a very large family and are so varied in their growth and manner of life, coming as they do from all parts of the world and from such different surroundings, and, moreover, they hold such a very distinct and unique position in the animal kingdom, that a short description of their structure and life-history may not prove uninteresting to many of our readers. In the first place, they are of very wide distribution over the world; certain sponges, the *Myxospongiæ*, are found flourishing as a thin encrustment upon the *Laminariæ*, and other seaweeds of the North Sea; others, the fibrous sponges, the sponges of commerce, are found growing in vast numbers upon the rocks and stones beneath the blue waters of the Mediterranean; while others again, such as the silicious sponges, grow upon, or are imbedded in, the soft diatomaceous ooze at enormous depths beneath the Atlantic and the Pacific, and the Southern seas. The deep-sea dredging of the *Challenger* and the earlier *Porcupine* expeditions brought to light many new sponges and many interesting facts relating to those already known. Most sponges begin life as minute free swimming larvæ who for some time wander up and down the ocean, until finally they settle down upon a rock or stone or a piece of wood, no matter what, and then begin to develop. And they do not seem at all particular upon what, or even upon whom, they settle down. I have seen a large bivalve shell that was almost smothered by a sponge, who determined to grow on its back. It may have been very pleasant for the sponge, but it must have been decidedly unpleasant for the poor mollusc to be compelled to spend his declining years carrying upon his back a sponge at least four or five times his own size. At the British Museum of Natural History, at South Kensington, there are two specimens of sponges exhibited growing upon the handle of an old Roman amphora dredged up in the Mediterranean.

The colour, size, and shape of the sponges are as varied as their distribution; violets, reds, greens are frequent colours, due perhaps in some cases to mimicry, or protective resemblance. In shape and size, some are flattened globular masses of small size, others are great tree-like growths, several feel round; others wide deep cups, and others little lacework tubes of the finest spun glass. Some are tough and horny, and live in shallow, and therefore rough water, and need a strong skeletal framework; others are delicate and brittle, and only flourish in the quiet depths of the sea. The horny sponges, as the sponges of commerce are called from their tough horny skeleton, which we know so well, flourish in the greatest abundance in water from thirty to forty fathoms in depth. The delicate silicious sponges, however, which would be utterly smashed to pieces in this rough water, are only found far below this. Along the coasts of Portugal and Brazil beautiful specimens were found by the *Challenger*, flourishing in great abundance at the depth of a thousand fathoms; and from that down to two thousand fathoms, or between two and three miles beneath the sea-level, they were found either lying upon, or embedded in, the soft mud which covers the bottom of the sea. The greatest number of sponges, however, grow in water from five hundred to a thousand fathoms in depth.

We must not forget that, besides all these various marine sponges, there is one solitary species of fresh-water sponge called spongilla, but which is of no use for domestic purposes. It lives in the lakes and rivers of all the continents, with the single and very remarkable exception of Australia. Perhaps, however, further research will find it there also, for be it remembered sponges have only been scientifically and systematically studied during the latter part of this century. This fresh-water spongilla is to be found growing in abundance upon the sides of docks, and wharves, and locks of our English rivers and lakes, and appears as a thick green gelatinous encrusting mass. I have now said enough to show how great is the number and variety of the sponges, corresponding to their varied environment; and yet with all this diversity there is a simple common plan upon which they are all built up.

Let us therefore, before we proceed further, take a typical specimen and examine it more carefully and learn from it the leading features of all the rest. There are some little sponges very plentiful round the English coast and called *Grantia* after the great naturalist who first drew attention to them. One of these, *Grantia compressa*, is a small sponge and grows a slender upright flattened mass upon the backs of shells and stones. On examination it is found to have two thin flattened sides enclosing a central body cavity. This body cavity opens to the exterior by two different kinds of openings. There is first of all a large opening at the top of its free end, called the osculum or mouth, and which from the exterior appears in the centre of a small crater-like prominence; though called the osculum, it does not take in the water and food, but is a great exhalent pore. If now the side walls are examined, they will be found to be perforated by an innumerable number of very minute openings leading by straight canals into the interior; these are inhalent pores. If a section of the body wall is cut and examined in the microscope, the walls of these canals will be found to be lined



VENUS' FLOWER BASKET (*Euplectella astergillum*)

by certain modified cells, each having a long whip-like flagella protruding from its centre. In a live specimen, these whips will be seen to be violently agitated and sweeping rapidly backwards and forwards, like rows of oars driving the water through the canal into the body cavity of the sponge, and carrying with it the sponge's food, there to be digested. When the sponge is hungry, if we can use such an expression of an animal so lowly, he begins to work these flagellæ or oars, and when he is satisfied he stops them, and in some cases closes the external opening to the radial canal.

These flagellated cells have also another peculiarity—they have each a little wall or collar round their free end. Now when a sponge is fed with some colouring matter, and after a short time examined, it is found that these are the only cells stained, showing very clearly that they are also digestive cells. Now, there are two other layer cells not so stained; there is the layer of flattened cells which form the skin of the sponge, and between these is a central mass of tissue, whose chief functions consist in producing a supporting framework or skeleton, and also the important work of producing ova for the propagation of its kind. It is very important to notice these three varieties of cells I have laid so much stress upon, because they mark the sponge's position in the animal kingdom. Here we see clearly a distribution of labour amongst the cells, one kind of cells specially fitted for covering the body of the sponge, another specially fitted for digestion, and another for making skeleton. There are also other cells, but little of them is yet known, which are rudimentary sense organs and nerves. This special modification of cells for special work is called differentiation, and as we advance to more and more complex organisms of the higher animals we find the labour becoming more and more distributed and the differentiation greater.

Now in the animals beneath the sponge, and next them in the order of development, there is none of this differentiation, none of the lower animal organisms have any organs formed of specially modified cells. But in them each individual cell performs all the functions of life, and is, in fact, itself a distinct individual, and may exist alone by itself, or in a colony of similar cells. All these animals are placed together by zoologists under one great head, and are called Protozoa, which means that they are the first forms of life.

But the sponges begin a new order of things and therefore hold a unique position in the animal kingdom. How they came there is a question which is not yet finally settled; whether they are a degenerate form of a higher animal, such as a polyp, or an advancement upon one of the higher Protozoa, remains to be seen, though I cannot help thinking that the latter is the more probable solution.

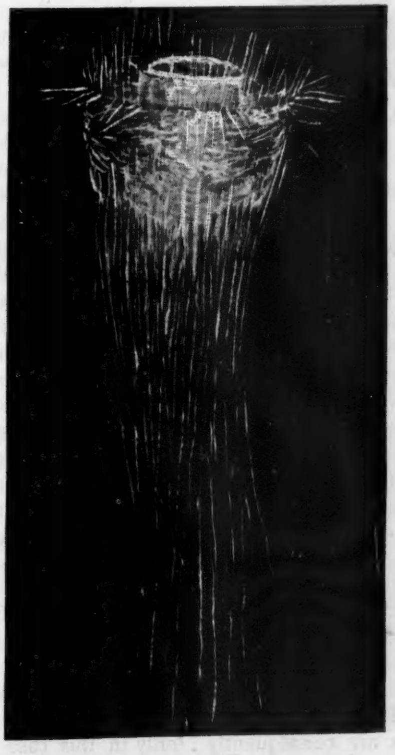
Now that we have examined with some care a typical specimen of a sponge, we know the plan upon which all the others are built. It is, however, often exceedingly difficult to follow out, because in many of the sponges, especially the Fibrospongia, by a system of budding and impartial division, the single, simple sponge becomes a colony of many sponges, with many osculæ and many body cavities which intercommunicate. In this respect they are like the coral polyps, each individual sharing the products of its labour in common with the rest.

Though there are a very great many minor differences amongst the sponges there are three great differences between the various sponges, and according to them the sponges are divided up. These differences lie in the composition of the skeletal framework.

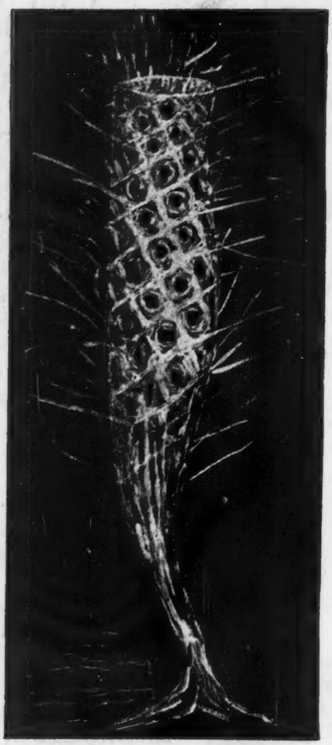
In the sponges of commerce, as we know, the supporting framework is made up of a network of horny fibres, composed of a material called keratode, a substance in its chemical composition almost identical with silk. Many years ago this fact that keratode is an animal product and not a vegetable, was used to prove that the sponge was an animal and not a plant. When the living sponge is cut off the rocks by the sponge-divers it is brought to shore and put out in the sun until the soft, fleshy tissue begins to decompose; it is then washed thoroughly in fresh water to remove it, leaving only the fibrous skeleton of keratode; this is dried and bleached and packed, and sent to market; but before coming to the consumer it is cut into shape and often dyed to give it an attractive appearance. The fineness and the anastomosis of this fibrous network may easily be seen by teasing out a little piece of sponge with a couple of needles, and looking at it with a magnifying-glass. The fibres differ in thickness and coarseness with the different sponges, the *Euspongia officinalis*, the fine Turkey sponge, being the softest and finest; it is found in the Mediterranean and in the West Indies, and is generally full of sand when bought. This may be removed by a dilute solution of hydrochloric acid which does the keratode no harm.

Euspongia Zimocca is a very similar sponge, but the fibres are much harder. *Hippospongia equina*—the horse-sponge—is a much larger and coarser sponge, and though used for a bath-sponge is also used by coachmen and painters, and others, it being a very much cheaper sponge because more plentiful. It is greatly to be regretted that no new attempts have been made by the governments along the Mediterranean to plant sponge-beds; the process is very simple and in a very few years would bring enormous profits. I am told that more than five thousand divers are engaged in the Turkish sponge fisheries alone. If this were done some of the finer and better sponges might be cultivated. The process is to cut up the sponge to be cultivated into several pieces according to its size, and tie them to a log of wood, which is sunk in the water by weights.

Besides these sponges of commerce there are several others belonging to the order of Fibrospongia, such as *Stelospongia chiliniformis*, which grow with long branches and look like trees in winter destitute of leaves. In the calcareous sponges the fibrous skeleton is replaced by a hard, firm framework of calcareous spicules. These spicules are of a variety of shapes — some are long, straight, and single; others branched, or three or four cross-rayed. They are composed of animal substance which has been impregnated with carbonate of lime obtained from the sea-water by the living animal. The process is similar to that which takes place in the corals and madrepores, those minute animals who are building up the coral reefs in the Pacific. The three subdivisions of this group are the Ascons, Sycons, and Leucons, and these differ from one another in the thickness of



BIRD'S NEST SPONGE (*Pheronema gravi*)



EUPLECTELLA

their body wall, and the arrangement of their radial canals. A great number of species are to be found round the English coast. One of the largest of these sponges comes from Sumatra, and is called *Rhaphiophora patera*, or Neptune's cup, from its resemblance to an enormous wine-glass; they grow several feet high and many feet round. These sponges are adapted like the fibrous sponges for life in shallow and rough water, and like the fibrous sponges are never found beneath the coraline zone.

We must now pass on to the most beautiful and the most delicate of all the sponges, which cannot live in rough water, and are only to be found in the still water at immense depths beneath the waves. Their skeleton, no longer tough and horny like the fibrous sponge, or firm and solid like the calcareous, is very fine, very delicate, and very brittle, and is found to be composed of silica clear as crystal, and these sponges are consequently known as glass sponges.

Our manufactured glass is also made out of silica, but we could never make anything so fine and so delicate as the sponge's framework. Certainly no one seeing one of these sponges for the first time would ever dream that they were actually allied to anything so common as the bath-sponge.

The variety of these silex spicules is very great and serve the sponge many useful purposes. Some of the spicules are made for the sole surpose of supporting the body, and are therefore purely skeletal.

The sponge is a wonderful architect, and a still more wonderful mechanic, as all who have seen the sponges in South Kensington Museum will at once admit. Others project beyond the body in long sharp spines, while others are hooked and barbed. These sharp-pointed and barbed spines protect the sponge against his various foes. The big fish as he comes sailing by, seeing a nice juicy morsel, might be tempted to take a bite, but having once experienced the innumerable rows of bayonets, he would never be likely to make a second. Then there is the little creeping, crawling annelid who would worm its way into the inside of the sponge, but he soon meets with a warm reception; he has perhaps escaped the bayonets, but as he gets into the canals the barbed spines catch him, and in his struggles to extricate himself he is cut to pieces; his soft tissues are dissolved and eaten by the sponge.

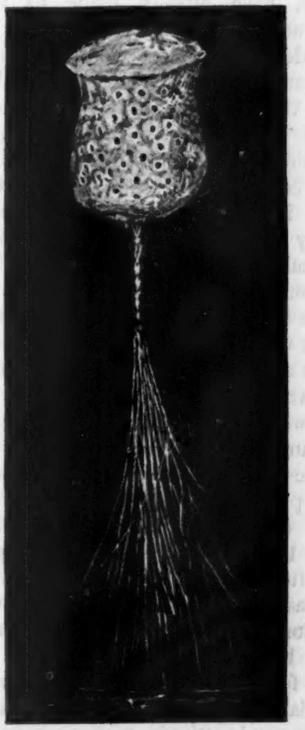
Then there is another kind of spicules which grow sometimes even two feet long and more, and these act as anchors and hawsers, or the sponge might be carried away from his moorings. For as the bottom of the sea is, to a very large extent, composed of soft diatomaceous ooze, many of these sponges live supported above it; in fact, nearly all the deep-sea sponges are provided with stalks, or beards, or fringes, or are otherwise supplied with means of supporting themselves above it, or from sinking down into it. The "Bird's-nest sponge," *Pheronema gravi*, is a good example of a bearded sponge, as its name implies; it appears like a beautifully made bird's-nest from whose base flows out a long streaming beard of thin white glassy ropes.

The "glass-rope sponge," *Hyalonema Sieboldii*, exhibits a similar means of support, only in this case the spicules as they leave the base of the sponge appear to be woven together like a rope; some distance lower down the individual fibres appear to become unravelled and spread out to gain a sure attachment in the mud.

In the Museum of Natural History at South Kensington, a curious specimen of these spicules is shown with this inscription: "These spicules have been placed by the Japanese upside down in holes made in limestone by a boring shell. Formerly the parasitic zoophytes at the base were supposed to have formed the glass rope which was known as the glass-rope coral."

In the "cucumber sponge" (*Euplectella cucumer*) we have a specimen of one which lies upon the mud after the manner of its namesake, which it somewhat resembles. Perhaps, however, the most beautiful of all these silicious sponges is *Euplectella aspergillum*, or, as it is commonly called, "Venus' flower-basket." It is like a beautiful horn of glassy fibres, or a graceful bouquet-holder. The first specimen of this sponge in England came into the possession of the late Professor Owen in 1841; it was held by him as a great treasure. It was soon followed by a few more specimens, which were sold in the market at about six pounds a piece, but now that they have been found to be so plentiful, they may be bought for as many shillings. These sponges were found by the *Challenger* expedition to be growing in vast abundance in certain spots in the deep waters among the Philippine Islands, and also off the coast of Brazil. "They live buried in mud, which is so soft and loose as not to crush them, or in any way to impede the assumption of their elegant form, and they are supported in their position and prevented from sinking by a fringe of glassy spicules. The tube of this specimen from the Philippines, after the death of the sponge, is frequently inhabited by one, sometimes by a pair, of decapod crustaceans." He reminds one forcibly of the hermit crab we have all seen living in dead shells upon our own shores. "These," says the same author, "are so often found together that only a few years ago a paper was written to show that this sponge was a wonderful habitation constructed by this crab."

Such are some of the sponges which exist in the present day. We have only had time to look at one or two here and there. The *Myxospongia*—the little sponges which have no skeleton at all, but are soft and gelatinous—we have not even been able to touch upon. And such they must have been ages and ages before the birth of man. Some of them have left their remains imbedded in the rocks, now turned to stone, to tell the tale of life in those far-off days, and to bear witness to the presence of the Great Spirit who rules over all. The only organic remains, however, are of such sponges, the coarseness of whose skeleton renders them capable of preservation in a fossil state. The fibrous sponges all rotted before they could be turned to stone, and the only fossils are those of calcareous or silicious sponges. The greatest number of these are to be found in the chalk and green sand and gault. A few silicious sponges have been found in the carboniferous limestones, and are coeval with the great forests which flourished ages ago, and are now turned to coal. A few odd specimens have been found in rocks of even older date in the Devonian and Silurian and Cambrian, and beyond this we cannot go.



GLASS-ROPE SPONGE (*Hyalonema Sieboldii*

ON THE USE OF SCIENCE TO CHRISTIANS

By EMMA MARIE CAILLARD

FIRST PAPER

THIS is a subject on which little is said and perhaps still less is thought; yet it is of paramount importance. We hear such expressions as "scientific spirit," "scientific age," "scientific method," "scientific education," reiterated almost to weariness; and no one can deny that both practical and theoretical science have made gigantic strides in the century which is now drawing so near a close. Moreover, this rapid process appears likely to become more rapid still. In physics, chemistry, and biology alike, we seem to be trembling on the verge of discoveries which may be yet more far-reaching in their practical effects, and of deeper import in their theoretical aspect than even those with which the marvellous methods of modern research have already made us familiar. The practical man, the man of the world, the student, the philosopher are at no loss to declare the use that science has been to them; the Christian, as such, too often confronts it as a necessary evil, whose existence he would gladly ignore if possible. He does not of course regard it in this light in so far as it aids him—as, for instance, all sanitary and hygienic science must aid him—to make the life that now is more healthy, more pure, and more happy, both for himself and his fellows than it would otherwise be. On the Christian, of all men, it is incumbent to take advantage of every increase in knowledge which may serve as a weapon against the powers of evil, fortified as these too often are by uncleanliness, ignorance, and prejudice. But the case is different when we turn not to the practical appliances, but to the theoretical discoveries of science which have made those practical appliances possible. Too often we find the Christian regarding them as inimical to his faith, and carrying on a losing fight against conclusions which yet in his heart of hearts he feels are too strong for him, because they are based upon undeniable facts. The reasons for this regrettable mental attitude may perhaps all be summed up in the many-sidedness of truth, and the general one-sidedness of the human mind; but in the present brief series of papers, practical and not polemical considerations are our object. If, therefore, subjects of controversial prominence are touched on, it will be solely because of their direct bearing on the faith and practice of the Christian life.

The premises from which we start are (1) the truth of the Christian revelation; (2) the reasonable probability that the progress of scientific discovery (*i.e.*, of our knowledge of nature) will aid us to understand that revelation more perfectly.

The first of these premises will be accepted by all Christians. The second needs perhaps a few explanatory remarks. Our Christian faith teaches us that the universe is God's, that all nature is upheld by the "Word of His Power," that in Him all things "live and move and have their being." When we study nature, therefore, when we probe into the secret recesses of life of some few among the "all things," we are studying the manner of God's working; we are learning how He willed that which is to become *what* it is; and we cannot do this without learning something about God Himself. "By their works ye shall know them," our Lord said of the faulty and imperfect human children of the Divine Father, and by His works we may know Him also. We must indeed acknowledge freely and fully that the revelation made in nature is not of itself sufficient to our needs. Taken by itself it leaves us confronted by cruel doubts, tormented by unanswerable problems, agonized by unattainable aspirations; but taken in conjunction with that supreme revelation summed up in the name of Christ, it is increasingly seen to be the necessary complement of the latter, so that every new light thrown by science on the laws and constitution of the universe, of which man is not a mere inhabitant but an intrinsic part, shows us, or should show us, more of the mind and purpose of God. It cannot do this, however, if we will insist upon it that we know all that can be known by man in this highest region of inquiry already; that "once for all" God revealed Himself to men in the far past, and that in the present no further unveiling is to be hoped or desired. Nor can it do this if we make a hard-and-fast line between the "natural" and the "supernatural," relegating man's "body," and all with which his body is connected, *i.e.*, the whole "material" universe to "nature," and man's spirit, his power to say "I am I," to some occult super-nature, which is more closely related to God than nature. Such conceptions, or rather misconceptions, are due to ignorance alike of the true meaning of the Christian revelation, and the true teaching of science. How divine nature is has been shown us in the fact that God could enter into its conditions, and under those conditions reveal to us as much as we can understand of Himself. What He could thus use, deserves all reverence and all honour. No scientific discoveries, no theory based on those discoveries, can possibly exalt nature beyond the point to which God Himself has exalted it; but they can corroborate and elucidate much which would otherwise seem obscure and unintelligible, and enable us to give with ever-increasing confidence a reason for the hope that is in us. The next paper will therefore indicate, very briefly, how, from the Christian standpoint, science shows us all nature as spiritual and divine.

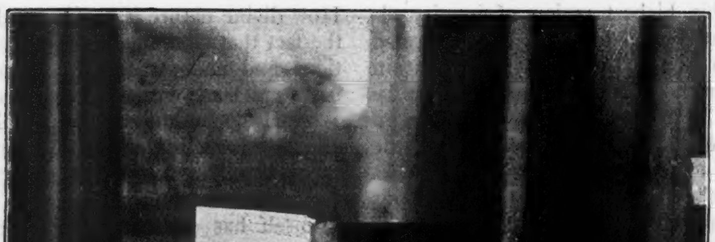
CARLYLE, MULCIBER

OR THE PHILOSOPHER IN THE SMITHY

By Professor STORY, D.D.

THE little cut in the following page presents a great man in a new light. That horseshoe is the device of the author of "Sartor Resartus." The philosopher and historian was also an artificer: "*Et in Arcadia ego.*" The horseshoe lay, for a time, on a table in a Scottish mansion, where Carlyle's name is linked with many pleasant memories; and beside it a fragment of his writing which explains its origin. Both the shoe and the writing are now among the relics deposited in his old house at Chelsea, or, if not, will soon be there. The writing is undated, and one can only arrive, by induction, at a reasonable conclusion as to when it was written. It is a palimpsest; and the original document underlying it is a letter from George Moir to Carlyle, bearing two post marks, "Duke Street," and "Dumfries 183–," but the final figure, which would give the year, has faded out of sight. George Moir ("ultimately sheriff, professor, &c., 'little Geordie Moir' as we called him," says Carlyle in his "Reminiscences") was one of his correspondents, in those days when he was immured at Craigenputtoch, and deep in his studies of German literature. The letter is in reply to one from Carlyle, which must have conveyed inquiries about the resources of the Advocates' Library, in that department. Moir gives the names of several works—chiefly in poetry and romance—and expresses his willingness to procure the use of as many of them as he can for his correspondent. "But," he adds, "I am sorry that in getting books for you my contingent can't exceed ten volumes; but if all your friends contribute, I have little doubt you will make up the books you want. The fact is, I am preyed upon, as you will easily imagine, in Edinburgh, by sundry caterpillars, male and female, so that my list is generally kept filled nearly to the top—but I shall make room for you by crushing a caterpillar or two to that extent. Write to me and make no scruple about employing me; when I can't execute your commissions I will tell you so frankly."

The letter is written in a delicate hand, in lines rather wide apart, and with a considerable space vacant on the side of the sheet containing the address and the post-mark. Carlyle, running short of paper, must have caught up this of Moir's, and utilised it for the rough draft of the epistle he was himself inditing, and which is imperfect, having been begun on another sheet. As he wrote I have



no doubt he was looking out on the moors round Craigenputtoch wrapt in the deep snow of the winter of 1829–30. That winter was a very severe one, with a long spell of snow and frost, lasting from at least the middle of December till early in February. We can trace its course in Carlyle's correspondence and diary. Writing to Goethe, on December 22, 1829, he says, "For the present you are to figure your two Scottish friends as embosomed amid snow and 'thick-ribbed ice,' yet secured against grim winter by the glow of bright fires, and often near you in imagination," Carlyle to Eckermann, on March 20, 1830: "About the first of last December we despatched a little box for Weimar, containing pencil sketches of our house and environment, books and other trifles, among which, I believe, was something from my wife for Madame; but, unluckily, the frost set in directly after, the Elbe became unnavigable, and the Edinburgh shippers gave little hope of the packet leaving them till spring." Goethe, writing to Carlyle on April 13, announces the box's arrival: "The precious casket, after long delay in reaching the Continent, owing to the extreme severity of the winter, at last arrived safely about the middle of March." The thaw had begun by Feb. 7—for Carlyle, in his diary, records under that date, "The south-west is busy thawing off that horrible snow-storm." It must have been during this dismal visitation, when "Larry" ("excellent, well-paced, well-broken, loyal little horse") was compulsorily inactive, or only to be ridden in peril of catastrophes humiliating alike to the steed and the rider, that the philosopher called his inventive faculty into play, and with the help of his brother Alick, perfected the invention of the shoe fitted with removable screws, which obviated all risk attending his rides along the snow-laden and frozen Dumfriesshire highways.

Alick was a member of the isolated colony at Craigenputtoch. "I well remember," writes Carlyle, sombrously, "the gloom of our arrival back to Craigenputtoch" (after a bright visit to Craigcrook), "a miserable, wet, windy, November evening, with the yellow leaves all flying about, and the sound of brother Alick's stithy (who sometimes amused himself with smith-work to small purpose) clink clinking, solitary through the blustering element."

I cannot identify the "able editor," to whom he imparted his device, nor does any trace remain of the earlier part of his communication, the surviving portion of which runs thus: "the unusual claw attached to the other. In the third place, when thaw comes, your-clawed is an awkward shoe, and has to be removed again. Then figure a frosty sleet returning after three days. In short, it is a bad method, an absurd method, and worthy of all condemnation. But what are we to do?

Growling at the weather, besides its impiety, profits nothing. Frost walks his stern rounds; and, like Attila's hoof, where his footstep lights, there is no grass but only glass, let us say what we will. In these circumstances I have done a wiser thing: invented (devised) one more perfect manner of roughening, which manner it is now my humble purpose, relying, etc., to describe. I construct four sufficient shoes of the usual fashion, save that each, in the heels of it, has two screwholes (¼ inch in diameter). Then for each of these I have a small wedge, steel in the point or face, and with a screw growing perpendicularly out of its back; which screw, fitted into the corresponding matrix, and tightly wrenched home, fixes my wedge on the face of the shoe as firmly as if it were welded there, and then my eight wedge-headed nails once in, I ride fearlessly on the slipperiest path; nay, for that matter, I could ride over a Swiss glacier, had I need. Then consider: in the stable I unscrew these little wedges, the horse leg stands easier, remains untorn. When they grow blunt, I sharpen them on the anvil or the grindstone, and the shoe is unshifted. If the frost passes, I lay them by for another visitation—nay, if it be my lot to shoe and ride next year I will have my December shoes made beforehand, with such holes that I may fit in my wedges, and roughen at five minutes' notice. This, dear Mr. Editor, is my humble invention, which having now communicated, I make haste to retire, my right station being the stithy, not the study. If any surgeon, man midwife, or other express-riding character profit by my device, if through the thick skull of any working blacksmith I can penetrate to conviction and enlightenment with the light of it, and so do even a little good to the universe in this frosty time, I shall not have written in vain. Yours, and the world's warmly, I may say glowingly,

"MULCIBER."

So far Carlyle. The credit of the invention of the horseshoe with removable screws has, I believe, been claimed by sundry blacksmiths and "vets." To this day, I am told, readers of the *Field* find an occasional letter on the subject in its columns. It is evident, however, that Carlyle hit upon it at his own hand, and, when he did so, believed that his device was wholly original. Unless proof can be adduced to the contrary, we may conclude he was right.

UNDER THE TRICOLOUR

BY P. DE NANTEUIL

ILLUSTRATED BY MYRBACH

CHAPTER I

AT THE SIGN OF THE "PURE TRICOTEUSE"

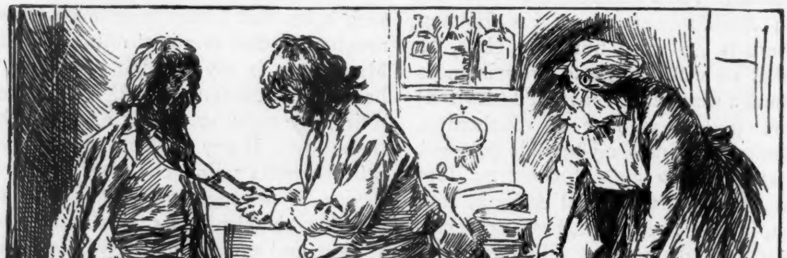
THE Count de Limolin, who was the last Russian ambassador accredited to the Court of Louis XVI., left France at the end of the year 1792. Shortly after, every embassy in Paris was closed and the Reign of Terror began. Civil war broke out in La Vendée, and foreign wars abroad: the latter, spreading over the whole of Europe, lasted for twenty-two years.

All the members of the embassy followed their chief, with the single exception of a young secretary, Prince Serge Vorzof, who excused himself, saying he had some debts to recover, but promising to rejoin His Excellency, if not at Cologne, then at Dresden.

The Count de Limolin insisted on a prompt departure, because he was much attached to Prince Serge, and an intimate friend of the Vorzofs.

"You are wrong," said the Count. "To-day the roads are still open, but the tempest gathers and will soon break more terribly than people think. Serge Paulovitch, should you allow a monetary reason to delay you? Your father is very rich, and besides, I place my purse at your service. Perhaps I could advise you if you would give me your confidence."

Serge blushed, and could not look the Minister in the face when he replied, "Ex-



"As he read it his face changed"

cellency, your kindness touches me deeply, but do not press me further, because at present it is impossible for me to explain."

"And what shall I say to your father, if I get to Moscow before you?"

"Excellency, you will give my love and respect to my dear parents, with these letters, which I beg you to take charge of. In any case, if I do not rejoin you in Germany, I hope I shall not be long behind you in reaching Moscow."

M. de Limolin left the young man, believing that there might exist very important reasons why he should remain behind at the risk of exciting the anger of Prince Paul Alexandrovitch and the more terrible wrath of the Empress Catherine.

Next day the Minister set out and, as he feared, neither at Cologne nor at Dresden, was their any news of his *protégé*.

At Moscow he visited the Prince and Princess Vorzof, and to calm the irritation of the former, professed to believe in the unsatisfactory reasons which he gave to account for the absence of Serge.

The letters of the young man contained only vague phrases with many protestations of filial devotion.

The Princess, a sweet-tempered woman in bad health, wept; but the Prince became furious, and declared that Serge should be punished as he deserved by the Czarina: he for one would not intercede on his behalf.

Several months elapsed without any news of the undutiful youth; then, yielding to the entreaties of his wife, the Prince summoned to Moscow a man in whom he had perfect confidence, having raised him from the rank of a serf to that of a freeman, and having made him the respected steward of his immense estates.

Etienne Ivanitch was the step-brother of the Princess. He worshipped his masters, and above all, Serge, whom he had known from his birth, and often rocked in his cradle.

"Etienne Ivanitch," said the Prince, "it appears that in France foreigners are suspected and run the risk of being imprisoned."

"Yes, I know that, Paul Alexandrovitch."

"Have you forgotten the French you once knew?"

"No, for I continued studying it with Prince Serge's old tutor. I think I speak and understand it easily. I write it also, but not well."

"Good. You will go to France, to Paris, picking up information, and hiding your identity as you choose—as you can. Above all do not return without bringing me news of my son, if you cannot bring himself. Here is a regular passport which I have had made out for you, and here is money. Take only what is absolutely necessary in the matter of clothes; you can buy what you may need. You will find along with the money letters addressed to old friends of mine, nobles and powerful gentlemen of France, who will aid you in your search in case you should not find Serge at his lodging in the Rue Saint Honoré. When can you start?"

"To-night, if you desire it, Paul Alexandrovitch. As a company of rich merchants leave Moscow to-day for Prussia, it affords a very good opportunity to begin the journey."

"Very well, Etienne Ivanitch, go then, and take my blessing with you. May God and the patron saints of Russia guide you on your way and bring you safe back."

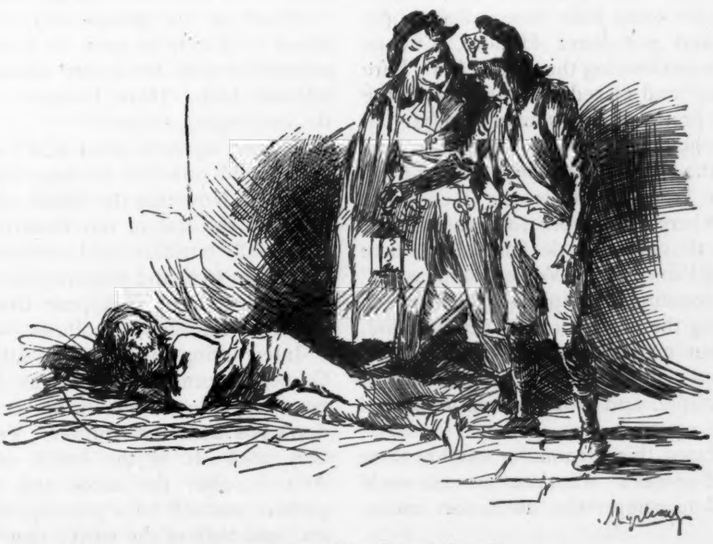
As he left the apartment the servant knelt before the holy images, and kissed the hands of the Princess, who in a low voice gave him many instructions on the subject of her absent son.

At night Etienne left Moscow with a long caravan of merchants and merchandise. He carried letters and money, but bore with him also doubts as to the success of his enterprise; for some French *émigrés* whom he had met that very morning had told him certain things, which Prince Vorzof seemed to have forgotten, concerning the French Revolution, the prisons chokeful of people, and the September massacres.

The journey was long and difficult. Etienne had to go by roundabouts to avoid the armies levied against France; and he ran a thousand dangers. His passport would have raised suspicions instead of being useful to him, so that he was practically without one, and wandered about the frontier for many days.

At last, concealed in a farmer's cart, he reached Strasburg, and then, thanks to his sordid dress, his unshaved face, and above all to the *rôle* of mute which he played very well, he arrived at Paris without too much delay.

It was at Strasburg that he disguised himself as a beggar, because a decent innkeeper, after having told him the last news from the capital, had said, "Your accent will betray you and you will run the risk of being arrested as a spy if you go on. Take my advice and return. If your masters had known what was happening in Paris they would never have sent you. As for your young lord, he has very likely returned home already."



"A spy, citizen Commissioner"

But Etienne was determined to prosecute his mission to the end, only, as a result of the innkeeper's advice, he made up his mind to play the mute: and so, in order not to excite dangerous curiosity, he exchanged his clothes for others very much worn, and hung about his neck a slate on which he wrote the names of the stages which he meant to overtake each day.

Sometimes, also, if he met a coach, he took a seat on the outside, but descended on approaching towns, for he feared to be examined by the gendarmes who were always present at the departure and the arrival of public conveyances.

Nobody suspected the poor wanderer, whose path was pointed out before he asked the way; and if any one gave him alms he took it, as became the character he had assumed.

As he neared Paris the rumours he heard frightened him more and more. In the wild confusion of that city what had been the fate of Serge Paulovitch? "God grant that he may have left, and that I shall soon have proof of his departure!" thought Etienne. At last, after a month's travelling, the steward of the Vorzofs entered the city by the Saint-Honoré gate followed by a dozen mountebanks who, in consideration of a crown piece, made the Russian pass for their leader.

Ignorant that the gate, like the suburb, had been for some little time called simply Honoré, and not Saint Honoré, Etienne entered an inn bearing the sign of the "Pure Tricoteuse," and placed his slate before the eyes of a pretty young woman who sat enthroned behind the bar.

Upon the slate was written, "A poor mute wishes to know where is the Rue Saint Honore, where is number 107, where is the house of the Marquis de Saint-Cyr, where lodges the Prince Serge Vorzof, my master."

Not succeeding in deciphering the wretched handwriting the hostess called her husband, a big, stout man with a red nose. As he read it in a high voice his face changed from red to purple, and from purple to a dull pallor.

How dared this ragamuffin employ these prohibited names? Why, this business could hardly fail to compromise an honest tradesman.

However, as the shop was empty, citizen Lavigne—a name predestined for that of an innkeeper—ventured to survey the supposed beggar. Then he said: "Are you deaf as well as dumb?"

Etienne shook his head.

"In that case I may tell you that there are no longer any saints, or masters, or princes, or marquises, or lords—frightful tyrants, who wished the death of all free citizens. As to the house in question it has become a guard-house, and for the *ci-devant* marquis he was guillotined because he conspired with Coburg."

Controlling his emotion Etienne seized the slate, and with a piece of pencil wrote the following words in place of the others which he rubbed out: "I ask for the house of the Baron de Lys, quite close to the church of Saint-Roe."

"Wretch!" cried the innkeeper. "You speak of Lys and of church! Don't you know that it is enough to ruin us? And don't look at me with those stupid, staring eyes! Be off, or I shall call the guard. Cornélie, shove him out."

But Cornélie shrugged her shoulders, and replied: "Aristide, this creature looks too foolish to be a spy. Perhaps he knows nothing of our victories, and comes straight from prison; his beard would make one think so. Am I right, citizen Dummy?"

Etienne, judging it prudent to leave Cornélie in her error, nodded his head.

Proud of her perspicacity, Cornélie rejoined: "Surely he must be innocent of all complicity with foreigners since they have released him. Have I struck the nail on the head again, citizen?"

Etienne again nodded, and Cornélie continued: "Know that we have shaken off our chains? Now that the blood of tyrants has fertilised the soil of our country we are all equal, all brothers and sisters. You are free, I am free, and whoever dares to doubt our liberty must disappear from the land which his slavish soul pollutes——"

Interrupting suddenly this little harangue, Cornélie—formerly Justine, as Aristide had been Baptiste—cried in an ecstasy, "Ah, don't you hear the drums? Yes, yes, there they are! It is the batch of prisoners! Aristide, shut the shop, and you, citizen, prepare yourself for a great spectacle. Come on; one turn of the wrist; now the shutter; then that bar behind the door."

Speaking thus, and showing an example of feverish activity, the hostess gave the heavy bars to her husband and Etienne, while she herself looked after the numerous interior fastenings.

When all was ready Cornélie lit a candle, and made but one step to the top of a little stair which occupied the back of the shop. The two men followed her, and they were soon all three together again in a low room, where Cornélie opened quickly a narrow window, and, leaning out, cried with a joyous air, "I was not wrong. They are before the time. *Vive la Nation!*"

Leaning out in his turn, while he wiped his streaming brow, Aristide muttered: "All the same, Cornélie, I think there are too many women, children, and old people. Indeed, I begin to be tired of it. I would rather not see them, for I dream every night now."

"Stupid!" went the young woman, shrugging her shoulders. "Coward! Get away then, and make room for the dummy."

Quitting at once the narrow window Aristide seated himself apart and said not a single word, while his two companions continued to look out.

Cornélie, acting as *cicerone* to the Russian, said: "See you, the cart is full of aristocrats, the assassins of Brunswick! Ah! if the districts had not supported the Committee of Public Safety all these people would have handed over Paris to foreign tyrants. I was at the court when they were tried, and you can believe me when I assure you that they are traitors and conspirators; also that they have been condemned unanimously."

During his journey, avoiding the large towns, sleeping by day in barns, and travelling by night, Etienne had never picked up more than the merest rags of information; he had never found himself face to face with the reality—that is to say, with the guillotine and the tumbril. Quite appalled, he now held his breath in a prodigious effort to maintain his character and keep from shrieking with horror.

At some distance there was a large square, where, in an open space, stood two bulky erections of painted wood—a statue of a woman and an odd-looking scaffold. Pikes and bayonets gleamed in the hands of the soldiers who guarded the horrible machine, the mechanism of which Cornélie complacently explained to her neighbour. "A mechanism very ingenious, citizen Dummy, which proves the humanity of the Republic One and Indivisible by sparing the executioner much painful toil and almost all the sufferings of the criminals!"

A pale winter sun lit the square, the two wooden erections, and the street—the last full of inquisitive men, above all, of inquisitive women, who were crowded together on the pavement opposite the inn. A stream of liquid mud rolling along prevented the people from descending to the roadway.

Under the window of the "Pure Tricoteuse" there passed first of all some soldiers, carelessly dressed in uniform. They formed a battalion armed with pikes. Two drummers followed preceding a detachment of horse, who rode with drawn swords.

Then came a long waggon, so long that Etienne could hardly believe his eyes. Painted red, and drawn by three large white horses, this vehicle advanced slowly, being filled, and more than filled, with some sixty people or more.

All sorts and conditions of men, all ages, every type, seemed to be represented in this red waggon: priests without their cassocks, recognisable only by their tonsures; old dames with white hair; young girls, lovely and delicate; young men, resolute and defiant.

Suddenly a voice rose from the cart saying, "We forgive our murderers. Repeat that, my brothers, my sisters, my children."

With one voice those in the cart replied, "We pardon them. Your blessing, father."

"I bless you in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Recite the *Pater* with me, brothers, sisters, children."

Together they all repeated the Lord's Prayer, and from the midst of the crowd some women cried, "Pity, oh, have pity on the young girls and the little children!"

But a roll of the drums drowned every voice.

At the instant that the procession, leaving the street formerly called the Rue Royale, was about to pass the inn, one of the white horses stumbled, and a trace broke. In consequence, the *cortège* was forced to come to a standstill; and while they repaired the trace, the voices were raised anew, this time in a hymn.

The heads of the victims were almost on

a level with the mezzanine storey of the inn, and the glance of the Russian met that of one of the condemned, a very tall and handsome youth who supported a young woman, weeping with her face hid in her hands.

"Etienne Ivanitch!" cried the one.

"Serge Paulovitch!" replied the other, who made as if to leap down, but stopping him with a gesture, his master rejoined in Russian, "Etienne Ivanitch, this is my wife. You will tell my father and mother that we died like Christians, having pardoned our executioners. You will also say that we were accused of, and condemned for, imaginary crimes. I have been married for three years, without daring to tell my parents. Etienne Ivanitch, you will find my son, my little Alexander, at the house of one of the gaolers of the prison of Saint Lazare. . . . Ah! in the cupboard of the cell which we occupied there is a little bag containing papers. Recompense the gaoler. . . . Take my son home with you. Old friend, may God guide you, and lead you back to his Holy Russia."

Etienne replied in a choking voice, "Little father, who will give me the child? How shall I know it? Explain more fully what you wish; tell your servant the name of the gaoler. Have you let this man know that some one will come for your son?"

The young woman opened her mouth to reply at the same moment as her husband; but by this time the trace was repaired, and the horses, brutally lashed by their drivers, had already started. Soon the waggon disappeared, while the drums beat with redoubled vigour drowning all other sounds.

CHAPTER II

THE INQUIRY

ALMOST mad with despair, Etienne tore his hair, shouted, and begged for mercy. He had forgotten his *rôle* of mute, and failed to notice that Cornélie, having seized him by the neck, was digging her nails into his flesh, crying at the same time, "A foreigner, a spy, a Coburg assassin! The guard, the guard! Aristide, run for help. Ah! the brigand! ah! the treacherous scoundrel!"

And Cornélie, pressing with more and more force, dug her nails in until the blood ran down.

Choking under this sudden attack, Etienne, his tongue hanging out, gasped for breath, when three citizens, led by Aristide, seized him and dragged him away to the nearest guard-house.

On recovering consciousness, Etienne found himself in a large room lying on some dirty straw beside other people pinioned like himself.

It was night, and two men came along carrying a little smoky lamp, the beams of which they directed on the prisoners. Seated at a table, a third person wrote by the light of a candle.

When they came to the pallet where Etienne lay all bloody, one of them asked, "What has he done?"

"A spy, citizen Commissioner. He pretended to be dumb, but exchanged remarks in a foreign language with the *ci-devant* Russian Prince Vorzof, who expiated his treason to-day."

"Very well, then; there is no doubt about him. Let him be sent to the Carmelites to-morrow morning with the next batch to await his trial. If he speaks or opens his mouth here, or on the way, gag him."

These last words were an indirect reply to the supplications of the unfortunate man, who attempted to justify himself, swearing that he was no spy. As he continued to struggle they did gag him, then they threw him back on his straw mattress and left him.

In the morning he was taken to the prison of the Carmelites, in the Rue du Cherche-Midi, and placed secretly in a cold cell. There, for what reason it is impossible to say, he was forgotten by the public prosecutor. Had it not been for a compassionate gaoler, he would have died before the ninth of Thermidor, a day which stopped the executioners, and gave liberty to a number of unfortunate prisoners in the very act of mounting the revolutionary scaffolds.

Then, thanks to the aid of a young officer called Lefèvre, liberated at the same time as Etienne, and who took kindly to the honest steward, a search was set on foot to discover any traces of the son of Serge Vorzof.

The personnel of the prisons had been changed since the ninth Thermidor, and none of the gaolers or new employés were able to furnish the least light on the subject.

The prison calendar, in the midst of a number of other names, said simply, "Serge Vorzof and his wife, *ci-devant* Prince and Princess of foreign nationality, were led from Saint Lazare to the Conciergerie on the sixth Fructidor of the year III. . . . . executed on the eleventh Brumaire in the same year.

M. Lefèvre was not discouraged, however, and after many attempts, he found means of access to the registers of the parish of Saint Roch, which had been transferred to the commune of Paris.

Two pieces of information were discovered in one of the registers:

1. An entry in the year 1789, established the marriage of Serge Paulovitch Vorzof, Russian subject, and a major, born at Moscow of Russian parents, with Marfa Mirovitch, orphan, born at Warsaw, Poland, of Russian parents. . . . . Have signed as witnesses for the husband, Louis and Jacquette Lenoir, seed merchants, living at number 7 Rue de la Ferronnerie, and as witnesses for the wife, Alexis and Fédor. . . . . (A family name followed which it was quite impossible to decipher.)

2. From the register of baptisms the following was taken:

"On the 13th of April, 1791, was baptized by me, Curé of the parish of Saint Roch, Serge Alexander, son of Serge Paulovitch and of Marfa Mirovitch, his wife. Sworn as godfather and godmother, Jacquette and Louis Lenoir, seed merchants, Paris."

From the inhabitants of the Rue de la Ferronnerie, Etienne and the officer hoped to obtain some details regarding the marriage so secretly contracted. Perhaps, also, the child had been received by the Lenoirs. In any case, in spite of the difference in position, these people seemed to have been on intimate terms with the young prince; otherwise Serge would not have chosen them, first of all, as witnesses to his marriage, and afterwards as godparents to his son.

In the Rue de la Ferronnerie no one calling himself Lenoir could be found; and inquiry proved only that Louis Lenoir and the family of that wealthy and respected merchant had disappeared in the Terror—guillotined, exiled, who could tell? and the police were unable to supply the slightest information on the subject.

Furnished with the certificates of marriage and of baptism, and a copy of the very brief paragraph quoted above from the Conciergerie calendar, Etienne returned to Russia. A passport made out in a false name which M. Lefèvre procured him, and a little money lent him by the same officer, enabled him to pursue his journey in some comfort.

Arrived at Moscow, Etienne found that the Princess Vorzof had died, and that the Prince was very much broken down and aged.

The master listened without interrupting him to the story told by his faithful servant, who added, by way of peroration, "Little father, do you know the reason of this mysterious marriage? The young woman whom I saw on the waggon was very beautiful and certainly of the highest birth."

"Etienne Ivanitch, you are too young to remember that a mortal hatred divides the Mirovitches and the Vorzofs since my father's time. Moreover, a Mirovitch conspired against the reigning Czarina in an attempt to place upon the throne of Russia Ivan VI. the mad. For that criminal proceeding Mirovitch lost his head on the scaffold in 1764. Then all his relations were imprisoned or banished. One of the latter doubtless established himself in Poland, where this Marfa was born. My son knew that I would never consent to such an alliance; besides Catherine, our Sovereign, would have looked upon it as an act of high treason.

"Now, Etienne Ivanitch, I forbid you, and I forbid all my servants ever again to pronounce the name of Serge Paulovitch. And I maintain that God views with favour what I do, since I should never have recognised as my heir the descendant of the Mirovitches. My only heir is Boris Andréitch, my eldest nephew. Go and bring that young man, who shall henceforth live under my roof."

So it was done; and in a few years the inflexible old man died without having pardoned the son who had gone before him to the tomb, and without having done anything to discover what had become of his grandson Alexander.

On the morning of the day on which Etienne had seen his master for the last time, the little Alexander Vorzof had smiled and uttered cries of delight because his mother had placed round his neck a gold chain from which hung a Byzantine cross inlaid with brilliant gems.

The cross, the chain, and some papers very skilfully hidden in the lining of his corsage, had escaped the search of those who had arrested Serge Vorzof and his wife Marfa, on the very evening on which they had arranged to leave Paris with their son.

They should have gone sooner, when flight was still a possibility, at the same time as their humble friends the Lenoirs, perceiving clearly what was coming, had taken the road to Holland; but at the last moment the little Alexander fell seriously ill, and when he was able to be moved the Law of Suspects rendered every attempt at departure almost as dangerous for foreigners as for the French themselves.

However, after many fruitless efforts, the Vorzofs believed themselves certain of success. Having bought the horse and cart of a milkman, and with sufficient money and fit disguises, they set out one morning in the wake of other vehicles like their own. They hoped to get clear of Paris; then, quitting France, they meant to go to Antwerp, where the Lenoirs had preceded them. Marfa and the child would remain with these good folks, while Serge would go to Moscow and throw himself on the clemency of the old Prince Vorzof.

At the gate of Paris the cart in which they were seated was stopped, and the accent of the *soi-disant* milkman aroused suspicion. Conducted to the nearest tribunal, the fugitives were there confronted with an old servant, who denounced his former masters as spies. After they had been plundered the Vorzofs were thrown into Saint Lazare, there to await trial.

At that period, though the trial might be purely formal, condemnation had become anything but a formality for any one summoned to the revolutionary tribunal.

The husband and wife had at least the consolation of being together, and of having their son with them as long as they remained at Saint Lazare, where sometimes under the stern eye of the warders the Russian prisoners were permitted to mingle with the others in a sort of yard.

The beauty and grace of the child brought a smile to every lip; and many of the victims destined for the guillotine were much more sorrowful at the idea of the lot reserved for the young Russian than at their own fate.

A female prisoner, the old Duchess de Noailles, who was soon to mount the scaffold with her daughter and her granddaughter, consoled herself and Marfa with unfounded hopes.

"My dear," she said, "it is impossible that they should tear a nursing mother from her son. You will obtain the respite you have asked, and if you gain a few days without appearing before the tribunal, who knows what may happen?"

But one morning, during the common promenade, the noise of wheels shook the walls of the old monastery. The sound was too well known to all. On the instant, holding their breath, and with hand joined in hand, the male and female prisoners watched the heavy grating which shut off the yard. The grating opened and two commissioners appeared dressed in dirty uniforms and followed by a vociferating and half-dressed crowd. As soon as they had entered the head gaoler closed and locked the grating.

Then the shortest of the two commissioners took a step forward, assumed a theatrical attitude, and displayed a paper containing twenty-five names. As he read out each name two men left the ranks and pulled out of the group the male or female prisoner called up for judgment, disappearing with their prey behind the grating which was reopened for a moment. The last names were those of Serge Vorzof, *ci-devant attaché*, and of the woman Vorzof, his wife, formerly a Russian prince and princess, aged thirty-four and twenty-eight years respectively.

The scene which followed can be imagined. The child had to be torn from the arms of the mother, who stayed the convulsive sobs of her little darling by putting round his neck the blessed chain and cross which she had till then hidden from the gaolers. Suddenly pacified, the child smiled and prattled, and one of the men, a stolid fellow, was for an instant moved by so much grief and innocence.

"Come, citizeness," said he, in a harsh voice, as he seized the child somewhat roughly, "come, come; I promise you if you are condemned to restore him to his family. Till then my daughter will take good care of him. Be calm. Where do your friends live?"

Serge replied, "God will recompense you if you do that. In our cell you will find papers which will guide you, and——"

On hearing the word "God," the whole troop raised their voices in frightful blasphemies, and without being able to add another word, Serge and Marfa were hurried away from their son, who was left in the arms of the gaoler. Soon all the prisoners of that batch were outside the grating, and tied in the carts, with a wild mob shouting round them.

From the Revolutionary Tribunal the prisoners, now convicts, were led to the Conciergerie; and it was some days after on the road to the scaffold that the gateward, Etienne, had held the brief conversation with his young master already recorded.

CHAPTER III

A NIGHT ADVENTURE

THREE weeks have passed, and we are again at Saint Lazare in a large room, black and grimy, where the prison employés are drinking and smoking, while plaintive cries are heard proceeding uninterruptedly from a neighbouring apartment.

There, upon a wretched truckle-bed a little child moans, not as unconscious infants do, who laugh and cry for nothing, but with real tears. It's cry, "Mama, mama!" is lamentable. It knows not yet how to say anything else, but ever since they tore it from its mother's arms, night and day, it repeats, "Mama, mama!" It refuses the milk offered to its burning lips, and it is necessary to force it to take it, soured as it often is by the foul air from the neighbouring guard-room. Sometimes, quite worn out, it falls asleep, but as soon as it wakens it resumes its monotonous cry, "Mama, mama!"

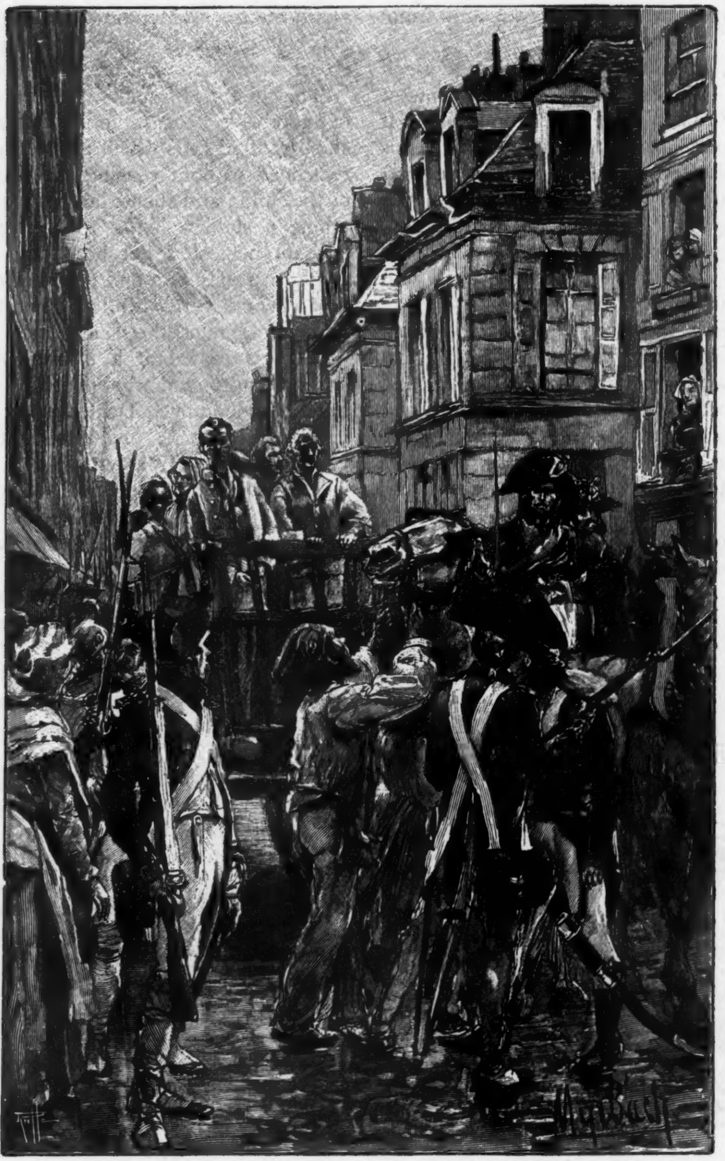
The chief gaoler had soon regretted his fit of goodwill, because immediately the two small vaulted cells which formed his lodging re-echoed without ceasing the wailing cries of the child; and then Martine, his daughter, taking a sudden liking to the unfortunate orphan, neglected her household duties in trying to pacify him and get him to sleep.

"This must end—and to-night, too," cried Anthyme Duclot, the chief gaoler.

He was seated at a table covered with bottles empty or newly opened. The other drinkers encouraged Duclot to get rid of the "squalling brat"; one turnkey remarking, "It would be a mercy to kill it. I know what I am saying, for I once served in the hospital they used to call the Hôtel Dieu, and I tell you the little thing hasn't four days to live."

At the word hospital, Duclot pricked up his ears, and on the spur of the moment resolved to cast the child into the tower, appointed since the times of Saint Vincent de Paul for the reception of those whom their parents could not or would not bring up.

He had, however, promised the mother to take care of her son until he should be able to restore him to his family. Then he thought that if he acknowledged having hidden the child of a noble he would perhaps be compromised. In any case he could without a doubt appropriate the chain and the cross which he coveted, as well as the papers found in the cell of the Vorzofs. He was unable to read, but he believed these papers to be of great value. No; he would not destroy the child. He could not be sure what trick Martine might play him; for, docile as she was, he had seen her several times in a fit of rage, when she always behaved like a fool. Besides, since the child had been with her, Martine seemed to have lost her wits. He must wait until she was sound asleep, and then, that very night if possible, carry off the child to the tower of the hospital. And so, having seen and known nothing, Martine would gradually become resigned, because even if she went to the hospital nobody would listen to a girl of her age.



"The *cortège* was forced to come to a standstill"

Having reflected thus, Duclot emptied a bumper of wine and repeated, "It must and shall end; but not a word to Martine."

The others replied, "Right; mum's the word; only get rid of this hideous caterwauling."

On the following night, with a dark lantern in his hand, Duclot entered the smaller of his two rooms. Turning the light on the narrow little bed, he seemed to be for a moment undecided, because the sight which he beheld recalled something he had seen before.

In the old Norman land he had stood beside a young woman who had slept thus, clasping in her arms a little child. He, Duclot, had just returned from a nocturnal smuggling expedition, which had been interrupted by the coastguard. Pursued, he had to take refuge in flight, and profiting by the darkness had sailed to Havre.

Aroused to learn their misfortune, and without offering a word of complaint, the poor woman had followed Duclot, leading the daughter in one hand, and pressing the little Anthyme to her breast with the other.

From Havre they went to Paris, where they lived forgotten by the police, but very miserably, because the husband instead of improving grew daily worse. Although a skilful embroiderer, the poor woman seldom succeeded in procuring the barest necessaries. Soon, for want of fresh air and proper food, the little fellow pined away and died. Martine was just entering on her twelfth year when the mother followed her son to the tomb; before quitting this life the unhappy creature had made her husband swear that he would send her daughter back to Yport to her parents.

Duclot had not kept his oath. The first excesses of the Revolution were in progress, and thanks to his friends of the clubs, he obtained the post of chief gaoler in the prison of Saint Lazare.

Since the death of his wife, Duclot had made his daughter serve him as her mother had done. He also left the poor girl entirely to herself. She, fortunately, was possessed of an excellent disposition; and thus it was that she became attached to the orphan, lavishing all her care on it to the neglect of her household duties.

This did not suit Anthyme at all, who, as we have already said, soon regretted his quasi-adoption. The night before, when he had complained that his linen was not in order, Martine had replied, "The orphan must not be neglected. If you don't wish to be bothered with it, go and find its family, though I don't think the search will trouble you much. I myself will set about it when the times change. These murders must soon end—everybody about here says so; and in the meantime I don't wish the little thing to suffer."

Duclot, exasperated, had beaten the young girl savagely. Now he said once more, "This must end," as he let the light of the lantern fall on the two pale faces lying cheek by cheek.

Yet, although he had kept muttering since he entered, "this must end," the gaoler dared not seize the frail little being; he thought he heard his wife warning him not to touch it and threatening vengeance.

A plaintive cry from the poor child broke the spell. A cock crowed in a neighbouring farm. Day would shortly dawn. Martine wakening would cry out and struggle. Ah! when all should be over she could be left to cry her heart out—he could lock her up in fact; and then he could be at peace, and keep without fear the chain, the cross and the papers.

The desire to take possession of these objects was the principal motive with Anthyme. His mind now fully made up, he snatched the child quickly from the bed, and wrapped it, more quickly still, in an old jacket. Then, as he carried all the keys of the prison, he was able to leave by a back door which opened on a piece of waste land. Outside, Anthyme sat down, placed the lantern on the ground and opened the jacket to let the little Russian breathe. But—it would cry no more; its brow was cold, like its lips, from which no breath issued; and its heart had ceased to beat.

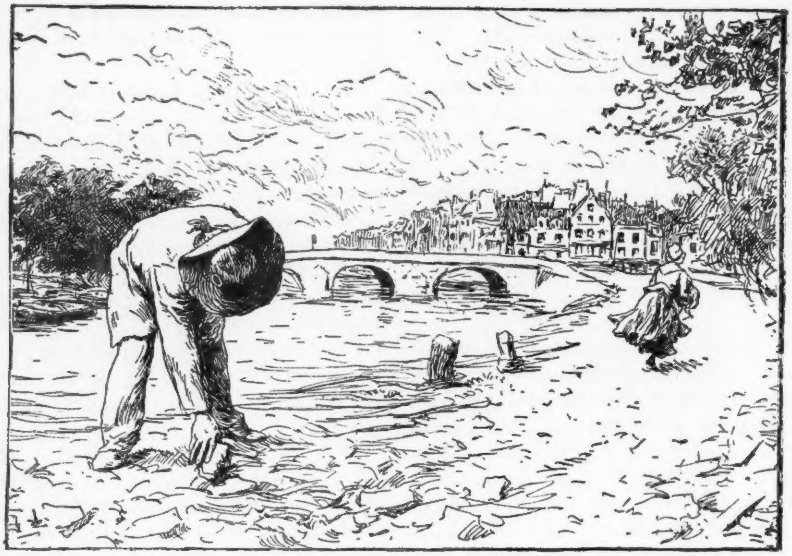
All this Anthyme perceived in less time than it takes to tell it. Then a great trouble seized him; he sat motionless, stupefied, saying, "Assassin—Assassin—I have killed it!"

But soon the excitement and the stupor gave place to a feeling of solace. What was done, was done. After all, the child had barely three days to live. The thing to do now was to take it back at once to the bed; if Martine still slept, all would be well.

Duclot was about to retrace his steps, after having carefully pressed down the sleeve of the jacket on the face of the child, when a wailing cry nailed him to the spot.

It was alive after all; it had no intention of dying just then! Well, he would take care that it *did* die, all the same. Mad with rage and fixed on committing the crime, Duclot set out at great speed for the river, intending to fling his "parcel" into it.

He had thrown away his lantern, and he therefore went at a venture, the shapeless



" A woman sped away so quickly that she seemed to fly "

jacket under his arm and the plaintive cries in his ears. He went astray; he retraced his steps, always running, and quite blind to the white streak which heralded the day, quite deaf to the cries and rapid footsteps which sounded behind him.

The Seine! in the front of him; with a bridge across it! Under the first arch he flung the "thing" down. At last it was done; but the sun had risen. How untoward! However, there was no one on the banks, and from above no early wayfarer could see either arch or bank. Only, it was necessary to get a stone and tie it up in the jacket by the sleeves; then "it" would sink at once and remain for ever at the bottom of the black water; and no one would speak of "it" any more.

He searched for a large stone—at first groping, because under the arch it was still dark. He had some difficulty in finding one, as all those that came under his hands were either too large or not heavy enough. At last he chose a big smooth pebble, compact and of a good weight. He would slip it into the midst of the parcel, and in a minute all would be over.

Saying this to himself, he turned towards the "thing"; but on kneeling down to seize it, he grasped only space. He had made a mistake; the "parcel" must be in the opposite corner. Ha! he was losing time and the light was growing; the sun would soon shine on the river, on the bank, on—everything. At one bound he was at the other side; but what he sought was not there either. Had it rolled of itself into the water? That was impossible, as there was no slope at the place, and the child could not have gone alone; besides, it was tightly fastened. All at once it occurred to him that some one had followed him; and he returned to the bank, keeping his head lowered in order to search the ground as he went. A sudden noise caused him to lift his eyes. Then he understood, and uttered a cry of rage.

Above, along the bridge lit up by a ray of the sun, a woman sped away so quickly that she seemed to fly; behind her streamed two things like floating arms increasing the illusion.

Slowly the conviction dawned on the miserable gaoler that the woman who fled, and of whom he had noticed only the indistinct profile, was none other than Martine, and that the two things floating behind were the empty sleeves of the jacket.

When he had become certain of this fact, Anthyme rushed forward, climbed the steep bank, and in his turn sped over the deserted bridge which the other had just left. As he ran, he remembered hearing, now that it was too late, a slight noise at the moment when, having opened the gate of Saint Lazare, he had retraced his steps to bolt the door of the yard on the outside. What a fool to let himself be tricked by Martine, who must have spied upon him and got away first! But he would overtake her; and, ah! how he would beat her! But first of all he must catch her. Who would have believed that a pale moping girl like her could run at such a rate?

As a matter of fact the distance increased, instead of diminishing, between the pursuer and the pursued. On leaving the bridge they had entered a long street, and there, in the full sunlight, Anthyme recognised Martine perfectly. She soon turned off to the left; and, on doing the same two minutes after her, the gaoler found himself suddenly in the midst of a crowd of people, vehicles, and cattle. It was a market where at that early hour a number of gardeners and poulterers had already arrived. As for Martine, she was nowhere to be seen. Amazed by the deafening noise succeeding a silence which had been absolute, Anthyme stood still, undecided for several seconds; then he determined to make inquiries, cost what it might. Those whom he addressed first would not listen to him, but kept to their business; others replied that they had seen no young girl and no little child. A milkman, however, shouted to him, "Oh, yes, I saw those you are seeking, citizen, only it was not a girl but a boy, and, saving your reverence, it was not a child but a little pig which he led."

At this, Anthyme announced himself as the chief gaoler of Saint Lazare in pursuit of an escaped prisoner. When they heard that, the folk beside him became silent, and edged away from him as if he had been plague-stricken. Only one of them, a woman, kept her place, and, with her hand on her haunches, said, "I believe I did see her, this runaway of yours, and not more than an hour ago, either. Let me see, citizen gaoler. A girl, still quite young, with a little brat covered up in a jacket, eh? What was the colour of that jacket, citizen gaoler, if you please?"

"Red, and the sleeves were unfastened. Quick, tell me, citizeness, and you shall be rewarded?"

"I wouldn't have it; I shall tell you what I know for nothing."

"Well? Time presses."

"Oh, my good man, hurry no one's cattle. You do seem put out, though. Well, then, this aristocrat of yours, she took the road over there on the left of the market, and kept on straight before her by the boundary wall. Be off after her at once, or you may miss the road; and at the end you will come to an open field, where you will see her as plain as the nose on my face."

Then bending over a heap of apples the stout dame laughed heartily, muttering to herself, "I have taken him in, anyhow, thank goodness! I do hope he won't catch her! At least, he won't find much of her over there."

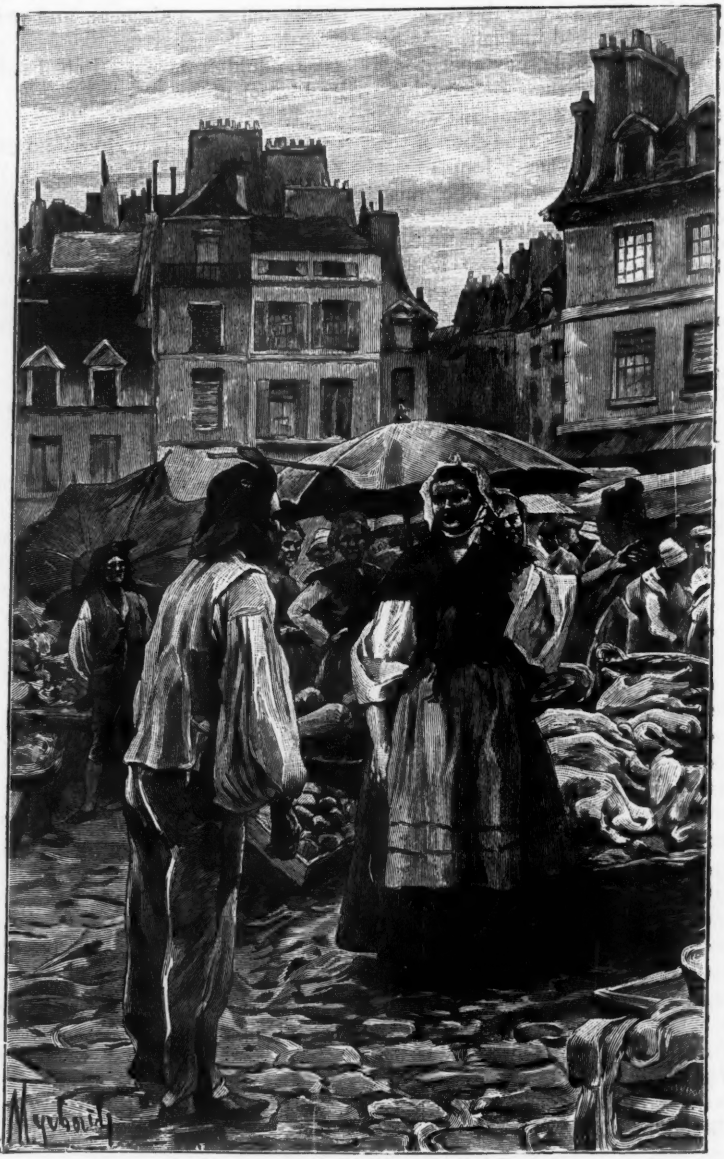
Apprehending nothing, Anthyme resumed his way. When he left the market he found, as he had been told, the boundary wall, and then the field, a waste meadow in which, beside a number of artillery waggons, some companies of soldiers were bivouacked.

His eyes on the ground, the gaoler ran against an advanced sentinel. The latter began to abuse him for his awkwardness; but as the gaoler passed on, the sentinel desisted and shouted for the guard, crying, "A suspect, a fugitive disguised."

The guard, consisting of four men and a corporal, surrounded and seized the suspect.

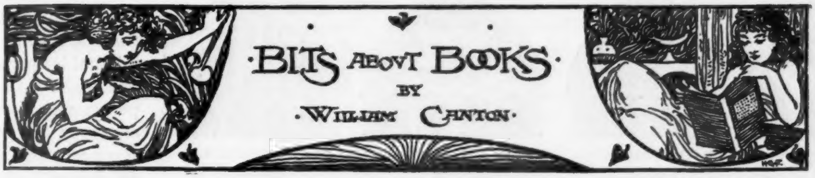
As he struggled they threw him to the ground, and then, not without blows, dragged him off to prison. There he was carefully searched. The chain with the cross, hidden in the lining of his vest, made all his assertions and denials of no avail. A man possessing such a jewel—above all a cross—how could he be other than an emigrant, a Coburg, a conspirator.

Placed in close confinement, Anthyme was tried without further inquiry, and, of course, condemned. The ninth Thermidor interrupted the executions, and a number of innocent victims were set at liberty, Duclot profiting by the change. But he found his post of chief gaoler occupied by a subordinate, who had denounced him to the authorities, accusing him of harsh and cruel conduct to the prisoners. Soon he fell into a very



"She took the road over there on the left of the market"

wretched state; incapable of working regularly, he drank what little he earned. Cursing Martine and the little Russian as the causes of his misfortunes, he nursed projects of vengeance against her who had saved him from committing a crime; for had it not been for Martine he would still have had his post, as well as the chain and cross. The papers had escaped the searchers, but, soon convinced that these Russian documents had no connection with money, he had thrown them in the fire.



BITS ABOUT BOOKS

BY

WILLIAM CANTON

IT often occurs to me that if by some odd miracle I could have my choice, I would rather have been the builder of one of the great cathedrals than the creator of any of the immortal masterpieces in literature, in painting, in music, that the world knows of. It seems to me that in this joyous upspringing of etherealised stone I should have expressed more certainly, more completely, more tangibly the imperishable loveliness of the ideal than by any other means. Then I should feel that in a sense my work was a co-operation with physical nature, a sort of "forcing" into marvellous flower of the stable material of the very planet itself.

Among the great poets and painters and musicians, the rapture of creation ceases, I believe, with the completion of the achievement; but I cannot realise that it would be the same with my cathedral, for to such an achievement there can properly be no real completion. Sunrise and sunset and the blaze of noon are needed for centuries to warm it into due colour; the seasons of centuries are needed to weather it to perfection; the human use of centuries is needed to invest it with the passion and pathos of the life of man. If every reading suffuses a true poem with new beauty, and every fresh tune played on a violin charges the instrument with music, in what elusive yet inescapable humanity must these soaring pillars and buoyant arches, these grey towers and crocketed pinnacles be steeped!

As I read what Mr. Pater has written about Notre-Dame d'Amiens,* it appears to me that it would be greatness and glory enough to have been but one of the nameless artists and artisans—all laymen, we learn—with which "the sheds and workshops around Amiens Cathedral were filled, as it rose from its foundations through fifty years." Ah! to have toiled at those three profound sculptured portals; to have left work of mine in the double gallery above, in some of the colossal images of the twenty-two Kings of the House of Judah, or in the glass of the great rose window; to have gazed in one's breathing spaces from the singers' gallery over the immense distances "of those flat, peat-digging, black and green regions, with rather cheerless rivers."

Though much that is beautiful and inspiring has been written about the great church which Robert de Luzarches began to build at Amiens in 1220, the reader will find a singular freshness and charm about these sixteen pages of Mr. Pater's. Amiens appears to have specially attracted him. The great light and space, the breadth for the easy flow of vast processions, the excitement, the audacity of the architectural style, which seemed to embody "the impulsive communal movement" of the time to which it belonged; the old original pavement, almost worn out by the footsteps of centuries; the great font to which not long since all the babes of Amiens used to come for christening, "the oldest thing here, an oblong trough, perhaps an ancient saintly coffin, with four quaint prophetic figures at the angles, carved from a single block of stone;" the rare rose-windows of the transepts, "known from the prevailing tones of their stained glass as Fire and Water," and the western rose in green and blue "symbolising in like manner Earth and Air;" the very ancient light, imprisoned thus, one imagines, for long centuries, as if it were in fact "the light over which the great vault originally closed, now become almost substance of thought, a mental object or medium;" the wealth, the freedom of the carving, the popular, almost secular, teaching of the sculptors, who treated the Bible "as a book about men and women, and other persons equally real," and blent with this treatment "a sort of popular scholastic philosophy"—all these things enchanted him, and in his record of them they are still enchanting. One cannot but regret that of this cathedral series which he evidently contemplated, he should only have had time to write the second paper, that on Vézelay, which is included in this volume.

At this point let me briefly refer to a work which is so luminous, so convincing, so admirable in every way, that no one who has any wish to understand the essential excellence and marvellousness of our great churches can afford to let it go unread. So far as I am aware, there is no convenient handbook which presents in a clear and condensed form a survey of the principles and historical development of architecture, and the result is that not only are we outsiders destitute of any canons by which we may arrive at a judgment as to what is admirable or otherwise, but we are very much in the dark as to what architecture actually is. Those who have been deeply impressed by the beauty or power of some majestic building have spoken to us of "symphonies" and "epics in stone," of the daring and unrestricted imagination of the poet-builder; but who has ever dwelt on the initial principle that "the architectural design should arise out of the plan and disposition of the interior," or that archi-

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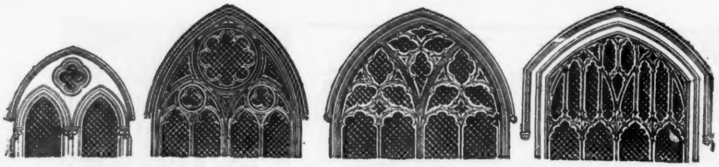
* "Miscellaneous Studies: A Series of Essays." By Walter Pater, late Fellow of Brasenose College. Prepared for the press by Charles L. Shadwell, Fellow of Oriel College. Macmillan & Co. 9s.

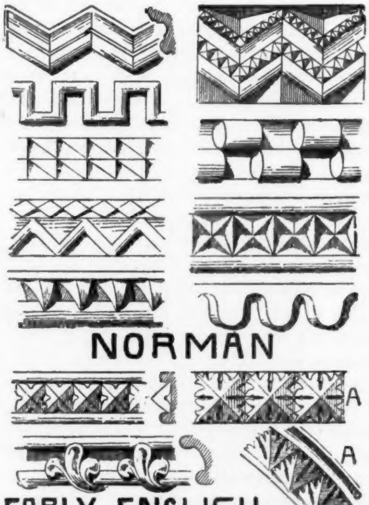


"Architecture for General Readers"

tecture is to a great extent a matter of reasoning, or that the art so far from being of a spontaneous, visionary kind, is "inextricably bound up with structural conditions and practical requirements"? Mr. Statham's delightful volume*—and no work dealing with matters so technical could be more attractive in its treatment—makes all this very clear and simple. One learns the correlation of parts, the manner in which the requirements of utility may be made beautiful; one obtains an understanding of the mechanical laws, the properties of beam and arch, and of the skill and ingenuity with which they are controlled into subservience; indeed, at length one begins to perceive the growth of some standard by which it will be possible to judge of rightness and wrongness, of what is excellent and what false and meretricious. The blunder of the Romans and their modern imitators in springing an arch from an inserted square of entablature instead of springing it from the column itself becomes evident; the fallacy of employing a style regardless of the mechanical capabilities of the material to be used stands in spite of the practical negation furnished by the Doric portico at Euston, with its two-stone architraves bonded together by iron cramps; and finally when we look at the great leaded dome of St. Paul's "pretending to carry the lantern, which is really another construction protruded from [a solid cone of masonry] beneath it, and which it could by no possibility carry, we feel our respect for what is in many senses a great building rather materially diminished." We feel, too, that the huge half-globe is by no means the "imperturbable" dome of the poet.

The volume by Mr. Pater, to which I have already referred, contains one of the finest pieces of imaginative work that he ever penned. "Apollo in Picardy" is of the same wonderful web as "Denys l'Auxerrois"—both of them magical and both unforgettable. And as I turn the pages I am reminded of the perplexity of the late Professor Freeman, who had read "Denys" and "could not be satisfied till he knew what it meant! Was it true?" Equally Pateresque, but scarcely of the same unique quality, are "The Child in the House" and "Emerald Uthwart," though in both there are some of the inimitable touches; and one is glad to have in permanent form the essays on Mérimée and Raphael, and the unfinished "Pascal."

It may seem odd, but certain of Mr. Pater's Greek studies and the "Denys" are always somehow associated in my mind with the Jungle Books. So far as I know, it is only in the wild Greek legends and in these stories of Mr. Kipling's that one has the feeling that men and savage creatures may have a world in common. As for the "Second Jungle Book,"* without even the exception of the story of "Quiquern," which belongs quite as much to the second as "The White Seal" belonged to the first Jungle cycle, it possesses the strange glamour, the convincing force, the marvellous imaginative woodcraft, the bewildering inventiveness, the wild pathos of its predecessor. Only a very eminent historian *could* pause to ask if this were true or what it



TYPICAL MOULDINGS OF DIFFERENT PERIODS
"Architecture for General Readers"

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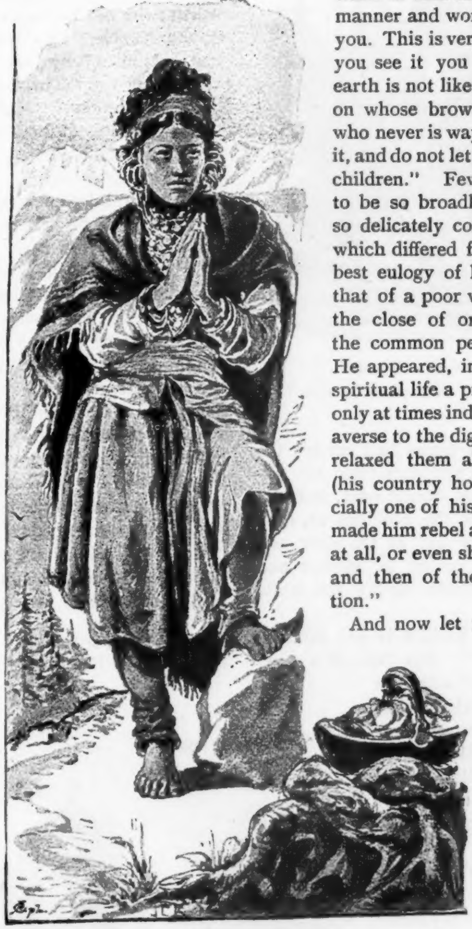
* "Architecture for General Readers. A Short Treatise on the Principles and Motives of Architectural Design. With an Historical Sketch." By H. Heathcote Statham, Fellow of the Institute of Architects, Editor of the *Builder*. With Illustrations drawn by the Author. Chapman & Hall, Limited. 12*s*.

* "The Second Jungle Book." By Rudyard Kipling. With Illustrations by J. Lockwood Kipling, C.I.E. Macmillan & Co. 6*s*.

meant. In spite of its power and tenderness, one almost regrets that "Spring Running," in which "man went to man" at the last, and can only hope that there are Mowgli stories of the earlier days still to be recorded. If that hope be vain, Mr. Kipling must at least have in his fountain-pen some more things as noble as "The Miracle" of Sir Purun Dass, K.C.I.E., D.C.L., Ph.D., &c., once Prime Minister of the State of Mohiniwala—"the most fascinating man we have ever met," said the London ladies—who at sixty chose the life of a wandering mendicant, and died—the how and when and where of his death are part of the "miracle"—to save the people of a little hill-village; though but for the love of the Little Folk of the Jungle he would have been unable to save them.

What an indefinable mediæval fascination there is about Canterbury! One feels it in the dreamy pages of "Emerald Uthwart;" how much more so as, on a June morning, one looks across the Green Court, fragrant with lime-blossom, towards the Deanery — once Dean Alford's home—or as one lingers round St. Martin's Church (the oldest of all English churches, is it not?) where he sleeps under the yews, with the inscription on his tomb, "Deversorium viatoris Hierosolymam proficentis." In one of those pleasant and characteristic volumes which one almost instinctively guesses to be Mr. Hare's,* there is a bright sympathetic account of the Dean, from which we learn that at the mature age of six he became the author of "The Travels of St. Paul, from his Conversion to his Death" (illustrated). He was not so expeditious with his Greek Testament, which "he fancied at first could be accomplished in a twelvemonth of hard labour," but which occupied him for eighteen years. One of the most suggestive things in this little memoir (in which the dates, by the way, seem here and there to require revision) is a letter to his daughter Mary, in which he writes: "I feel and know that I am often hasty and wayward to dear Alice and you, and that my manner and words discourage and grieve you. This is very sinful in me: and when you see it you see that your father on earth is not like your Father in heaven, on whose brow there is never a frown, who never is wayward or hasty. Forgive it, and do not let it discourage you, dearest children." Few Churchmen have dared to be so broadly catholic in sympathy, so delicately considerate of convictions which differed from their own; and the best eulogy of his public teaching was that of a poor woman who remarked at the close of one of his sermons, "And the common people heard him gladly." He appeared, indeed, to follow in his spiritual life a practice in which he could only at times indulge physically: "always averse to the dignities of his position, he relaxed them altogether at Vine's Gate (his country house), carrying out especially one of his pet peculiarities, which made him rebel against wearing stockings at all, or even shoes, except out of doors, and then of the merest sandal description."



"The Second Jungle Book"

And now let me mention a dozen or so of books, to some of which my readers cannot do better than treat their friends—or even themselves — at this good season of boxes and hampers. One might fill a shelf with delightful fairy-tales, but I fancy it would be hard to find anything more delightful, more brimful of poetry, more novel than "Old World Japan."* Take for instance the nature-myth of "The Star Lovers," or, better still, the legend of the souls of the little children, who can no longer float on lotus blossoms into the land of peace now that the wicked spirits have diverted the course of the River of Souls. And who is this divine Jizo

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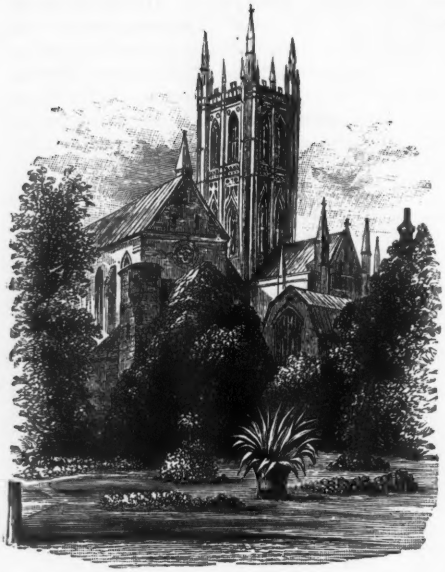
* "Biographical Sketches. Being Memorials of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster, Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury, Mrs. Duncan Stewart, etc." By Augustus J. C. Hare, author of "The Story of Two Noble Lives," &c. George Allen. 8*s*. 6*d*.

* "Old-World Japan; Legends of the Land of the Gods." Re-told by Frank Rinder. With Illustrations by T. H. Robinson. George Allen. 6*s*.



THE DEAN'S GARDEN, CANTERBURY
"Biographical Sketches"

the never-slumbering, who comes and enfolds the little ones in his robe, who stretches forth his pilgrim's staff to the babes that cannot walk, and who feels such mother-pity for the children as they gather stones from the dry bed of the river and heap them into towers of prayer for mother and father and brother and sister, crying the while from morning to evening?

What lover of natural history is not familiar with White's "Selborne?" But here is a new, happily illustrated edition,* with the text and new letters of the Buckland edition, with a pleasant introduction by Mr. John Burroughs, whose work is also familiar to us, but with, alas! no index to help us to anything in the two daintily-bound volumes.

There are on my table six volumes of the Eversley series,† respecting which I should have liked to say something. But is it not too late in the day to attempt any appreciation of such books as Sir John Seeley's "Expansion of England," "Ecce Homo," "Natural Religion," and "Lectures and Essays;" Bishop Lightfoot's "Historical Essays" (what an admirable survey is that of England during the latter half of the thirteenth century!), or "The Beginning of the Middle Ages," by Dean Church? These are books which should not only be read, but kept for frequent dipping into.

Here, too, are Macmillan's companionable "Pocket Series" of the Kingsley novels; several additions to the "Illustrated Standard Novels"—"Osmond" and "Popular Tales," by Maria Edgeworth; the old favourites, "Jacob Faithful" and "Peter Simple," by Captain Marryat, and "Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen; and three more volumes of the "Three-and-Sixpenny Library"—"Marion Darche," "Katharine Lauderdale," and "The Children of the King," all from the pen of that most fertile, breezy, and sane of novelists, Mr. F. Marion Crawford.

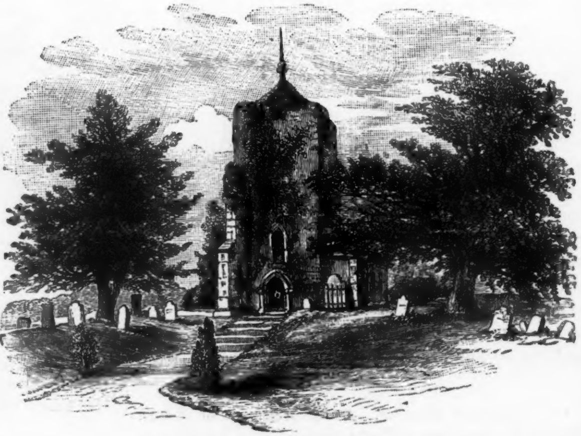
My congratulations to the author of "The Youth of Parnassus."* There is genius in this little tragedy of Oxford life. With what masterly insight and poetry of association does the author describe the fate of the raw Methodist divinity student from Parnassus city, Indiana—how the Gothic beauty of the old university city overshadowed him, absorbed him, drew him down into the gulfs of mediævalism, till at last, false to the congregation who paid for his education, false to the woman who was waiting for him, false to his faith, he ceased to struggle longer, and drifted away into the unknown—to be recognised or half-recognised, years afterwards, in the hood of a monk attached to some old Italian church.

One word about "The People's Edition" of Tennyson—a most exquisite series of shilling volumes, of which four are now ready.

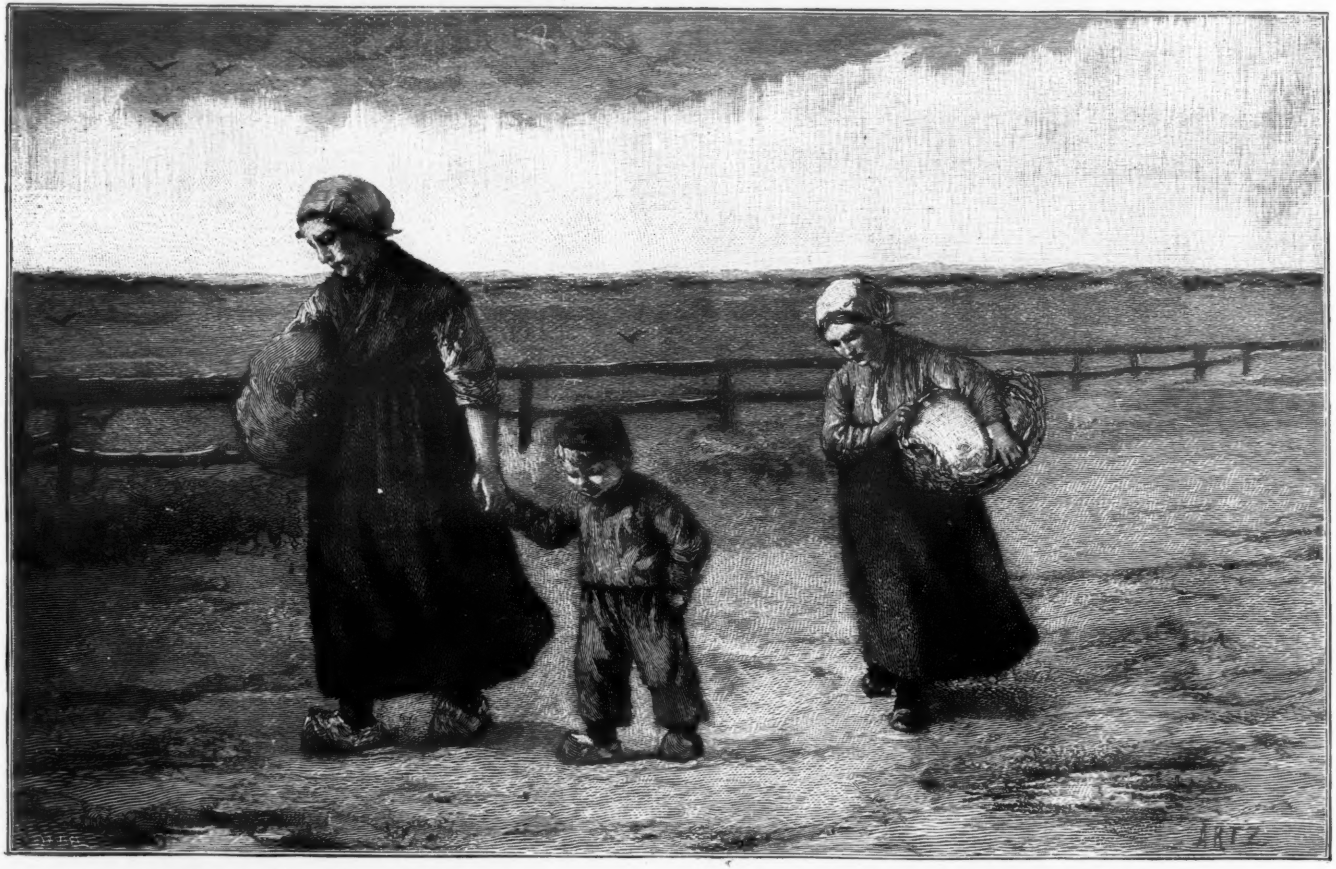
* "Natural History of Selborne and Observations on Nature." By Gilbert White. Illustrations by Clifton Johnson. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co. 10*s*. 6*d*.

† The Eversley Series. Macmillan & Co. 5*s*.

* "The Youth of Parnassus, and other Stories." By Logan Pearsall Smith. Macmillan. 6*s*.



ST. MARTIN'S, CANTERBURY
"Biographical Sketches"



From the Picture by Artz]

A BREEZY DAY

[*Engraved by L. Daviel*

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BISHOP BUTLER

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE

FIRST PAPER

I. THE CELEBRITY AND INFLUENCE OF BISHOP BUTLER'S WORKS.

THERE were numerous editions of Butler's "Analogy" in the eighteenth century, but I have not been able to trace them with full precision. The "Analogy" appeared in a quarto volume in 1736, and an edition in octavo was published before the year had expired;* a circumstance which appears to show that it at once attracted much attention. Another edition, with some account of the author, issued from the press in 1738. The work was not directly challenged by any noticeable author of that century; and there is abundant evidence that this absence of contention respecting it, in the higher regions of literature, was not due to its falling into oblivion or insignificance. Indeed, the publication of the collected works at the Clarendon Press in 1807 † ought to be regarded as a sign of their progressive advance in public estimation. The same may be said of their still earlier publication in the Scottish Metropolis in 1804.‡

He appears to have laid hold, in various quarters, of the more hard-headed members of the labouring population. In an account of a congregation of Scottish Seceders, formed in 1745 at Logiealmond in Perthshire, and without doubt largely composed of the labouring community, it is recorded that in the early part of the present century, the "Analogy" formed one of the subjects of their study.§ It is still more remarkable that an edition of the "Analogy," was published at Aberdeen in 1775. It bore the title of the seventh edition.‖ Thus proceeding from a press local and remote, it could hardly be due to any other cause than a demand for it among the students of the universities of that city. It is the glory of the Scottish universities to represent the mass of the people, and this glory has belonged to those of Aberdeen * even in a higher degree than to their sisters; while the people of the city and county are especially distinguished for force of mind and character. Over and above the contemptible charges of Romanising, which were alleged against Butler through the Press, seven works of animadversion or comment, dated between 1737 and 1794, are mentioned by Dr. Hannah in his Prefatory notice published with Chalmers' "Prælections on the Analogy," none of which, however, attained to any sort of celebrity. Lord Kames † noticed Butler with praise and with dispersed and merely partial criticisms, which do not require notice: and Hume is believed to have had some of Butler's arguments in view, but without naming him.‡

He may be thought to have attained the climax of his power, in his own country, when, between sixty and seventy years back, he took his place by the side of Aristotle, among the standard books for the final examinations in his own University of Oxford. After about a quarter of a century he was removed from it. The removal was not due to any lowered estimate of his power. This is clear from the language of Mr. Mark Pattison, who was a main agent in procuring it. It was probably due to the altered circumstances of the powerful religious movement of which the university had been the seat, and of the reaction, for the moment hardly less powerful, by which, in Oxford at least, it was followed. There is no sign at the present moment that a smaller aggregate of thought is employed upon Butler in this country at the present day, than in the preceding generations. It is, moreover, plain from the editions and relative works produced in Ireland and America, that the circle of his influence has been materially extended. In the United States there have been nine editions of the "Analogy," and scarcely fewer of the "Sermons." Their influence, and the influence of Butler at large, was specially imported into Cambridge by Dr. Whewell, a leading spirit of the University. In speaking of the "Sermons," it must be understood that the reference is chiefly made to the three on human nature, and to such of the others as most resemble them in the subjects of which they treat. It may probably be said of these that their influence and their circulation has been only second to those of the "Analogy."

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* See Watt's "Bibliotheca," and the catalogue of the British Museum Library.

† "Essays on the Principles of Morality and Natural Religion," London, 1741, 1751, 1757.

‡ Edinburgh: Constable, 1804.

§ "At the Edge of the Heather." By the Rev. D. M. Forrester, p. 36. Edin. 1895.

‖ Catalogue of the Museum Library.

* Now amalgamated (1895).

† Edinburgh, 1849.

‡ Bearing on the title-page the words "A New Edition," so that they had appeared collectively at an earlier date, at some place which is unknown.

But criticism is a test of influence as well as circulation. Criticism includes eulogy, if eulogy has been based upon examination. And of the eulogists of Butler it may be truly said that they are alike remarkable for number, for eminence, and for diversity of colour. The later half of the century has indeed brought into view a number of critics who deal, some of them largely or systematically, in animadversion. Every one of these has accompanied his adverse judgments with panegyrics often of a striking kind. Of the value of their hostile criticisms, and the amount of deduction which they will warrant from our estimate of Butler, I have spoken elsewhere.*

But there is an inner and more subtle sense, in which I have not yet touched upon the influence of Butler. What power did he exercise over British thought? Had he a share, and, if any, what share, in causing that reaction in favour of belief which marked the second half of the eighteenth century?

I say upon British thought, because it cannot be pretended that he then became, or that he has yet become, an appreciable factor in forming the thought of Continental Europe. In this respect, he stands in the most marked contrast with Locke. Among his works, only the "Analogy" has ever been translated. A German version of it appeared at Leipzic in 1756, and at Tübingen in 1779. A second translation was published at Leipzic in 1787. It has received notice and commendation from various writers, somewhat recently from Lotze; but there has been no call for any further edition. In France a translation has gone forth from the press, but it was the work of an Englishman or executed under English influence, and it appears to have been still-born.* Down to the present day experience has assured us only of his hold upon the lands of British blood. The elaborate recital by Zart † of those forty-eight British writers, who influenced German thought in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, does not include his name. This failure to lay hold on Europe is the more remarkable, because the chief part of the works of Butler appears to be as clearly available for the European mind at large, as for that of the English-speaking countries. It has however been translated into Hindoostanee, in connection with missionary purposes. The most important part, however, of the answer to the question in relation to his moral influence on the eighteenth century has not yet been given. And as it is the most important, so also it is the part most difficult to deal with.

As a general rule, it is but rarely that we can trace the influence exercised by particular books upon particular minds through the medium of actual record, any more than we can trace by formal evidence of cause and effect the powerful influences of climate upon individual health. Hooker's great work on ecclesiastical polity first gave systematic expression to what is termed Anglican thought in theology, and we are told of an emphatic eulogy pronounced upon it by the reigning Pontiff.‡ But it would be difficult to trace even this influence in the testimonies of subsequent writers, or in the moulding given to their forms of expression. Thought has been powerfully affected in England within the last sixty years by the successive influences of Coleridge, of Mill, and (in a somewhat different sphere) of Carlyle; and it is safe to say that our country underwent great elevating influences from Scott and from Tennyson. But, excepting that Newman had occasion for a personal purpose to bear strong witness in the case of Scott, how far could any of these influences be verified by direct evidence drawn from our literature, or from any positive record?

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* *Nineteenth Century*, Nov. and Dec. 1895.

* See appendix to "An Academic Sketch." Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1892.

† *Einfluss den Englischen philosophie seit Bacon auf die Deutsche philosophie des* 18 *jahrhunderts.*—Berlin, 1881.

‡ Walton's "Life of Hooker."

We may show that Butler early attained to a position in which he could not fail to be a contributor to the current influences of the day. And the whole inquiry relating to the ebb of the sceptical tide in 1750–1800 is so full of interest as to justify illustrative remark and any attempt to gather together such fragments of evidence as we possess.

So early as in 1742, when Hume published his Political Essays, he wrote* as follows to Lord Kames, who had on an earlier occasion advised him to consult with Butler:

"I am told that Dr. Butler has everywhere recommended them, so that I hope they will have some success."

But we must endeavour to come closer to the question. What share, if any, is to be claimed for Butler with regard to the religious and affirmative reaction which marked the second half of the century? That the deistical movement had been one of great power is sufficiently proved from the single fact that Butler made it the occasion of that great argument developed in the "Analogy." But the force with which a stone falls into the water may not inappropriately be measured by the distance which may be reached by the outermost of the resulting circles on the surface. Now I have before me a pamphlet printed at Perth in the year 1715, and conceived in the interest of the Jacobite party, which aims at promoting the views of that party by discrediting the Legislative Union then recently formed with England, and encountering much unpopularity among the Scotch. The tract is termed "Scotland's Lament": and Scotland, dramatically impersonated, is made to say, "All I have got by the bargain is Slavery, Poverty, and Deism." This spread of Deism in England must have been a very conspicuous fact in order to make it worth the while of the pamphleteer thus to employ it as an instrument for working on the popular imagination in the heart of Scotland.

We have before us the remarkable fact that whereas, by the works of Hobbes, Lord Herbert, and of the deists, England had exercised an influence upon France in the negative direction, yet, as the century advanced, and as France travelled with rapid strides towards negation, under the influence of Voltaire and the Encyclopædists, England not only refused to follow, but moved perceptibly along the old paths in the opposite direction, so that no intelligent person could have written towards the close of the century on the condition of belief, as Butler had written at the dates of 1736 and 1751 concerning the currents of opinion during its earlier moiety.

It must be borne in mind, as to both these movements of affirmation and negation respectively, that they had their seat in the upper classes of society, and were wholly exterior to the mass of the community. There is evidence that, at the date of Butler's complaints, the profession of religion, and the clergy, still kept that hold upon the people, which was so strong at the period of Sacheverel's condemnation. The operations of Wesley belonged to the wider circle of the masses, and were little felt, except sporadically by individuals, within the narrower one; though even there they may have done something. The most active social influence of the period was that with which the name of Johnson, and also that of Burke, is associated; and it is probable that this influence had no small share in the work.

The influence of books, however, has also to be considered, and it was probably a large one, first in the destructive, and also in the reconstructive portion of the process. But that influence is a silent one, and in its first stages it is formless, only taking shape, and finding its way into consciousness, by reflection. I have here spoken of books: but there was one among them which far transcended, and almost eclipsed, all other works. Its only rival, in the sphere of the higher literature, was Law's "Serious Call." But the ground taken in that remarkable work* is separate from that occupied by Butler.

The effect which is thus produced is real, but its visible signs may be no more than the track of some great vessel in the sea, with the waters closing at once behind it. The field of evidence, however, is not absolutely blank.

Lord Chesterfield was a man of extraordinary talents, for his own day a veritable king among men of the world. By him life is built up with an infinity of care and skill upon well-organised, though worldly, self-love, and consummate enjoyment of the world; with no negation of religion, but with no interest in it; with a toleration of it, conditional upon its abiding peaceably in its own place, as a hat abides in the hall until it is wanted for going out of doors. Such is his habitual strain.

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* Fitzgerald's "Memoir of Butler," p. lvi.

* Lately recalled to public notice by the comments of Mr. Stephen ("English Thought"), Mr. Lecky ("History of England"), and especially by the able and striking "Life of William Law," which we owe to the pen of the Rev. Canon Overton.

And yet when he was becoming not an old, but, according to the ideas of those days, an elderly man, we find him writing from Bath, under date of November 11, 1752, with regard to benefit which his physician promised him from the waters, in the following terms: "As I do not expect it, if I receive it, it will be the more welcome. If not, I have both philosophy and religion enough to submit to my fate without either melancholy or murmur. For though I can by no means account why there is either moral or physical evil in the world, yet, conscious of the narrow bounds of human understanding, and convinced of the wisdom and justice of the Eternal Divine Being who placed them here, I am persuaded that it is fit and right that they should be here."*

If Chesterfield, who was a great reader, had read Butler, and deliberately conformed to all his conditions, he could not have given a more conclusive account of the process than in the closing terms of this passage, which represents the dominant ideas of Butler's work brought together into the shortest compass, stated with the terseness, closeness, and seriousness of the great original, and if coming a little short in point of strict accuracy, yet representing a real influence exercised upon a mind of extraordinary insight into all matters to which it seriously addressed itself.

The religious reaction in England which marked the later half of the eighteenth century, I have said, was twofold. Its most patent features were popular, and are associated, above every other name, with the name of Wesley. It soon established itself as a salient fact in the public eyes. Contemporary with it, subsisting on a much smaller scale, principally in connection with other classes of society, yet eventually of a kindred character, was the Evangelical movement in the Church of England; and it is probable that the Nonconforming bodies were also affected by a sympathetic action. So far as the upper classes of society were concerned, the Evangelical teachers exercised on them as a whole no attractive influence whatever, and possibly may have repelled them. But a select and very limited number of individuals, chiefly ladies, embraced their opinions by an operation not wholly dissimilar to the conversions of the early Christians from the world to the Church. These changes of individual lives were important in themselves; but they had no influence (unless a repulsive one) on the general mind of what is termed society. I speak of a state of things which continued to prevail as late as in the period of my own youth. The Evangelical party had wrought hard, and had deservedly and usefully thriven, but its members were still a small minority, extraneous to the general body of society in the upper class, and not largely felt in the lower.

Quite apart from this reaction on behalf of religious character and life, there had been another, a more tranquil and less visible reaction. The descriptions given by Bishop Butler in 1736 and again in 1752, were no longer applicable in 1790 or in 1800. Of indifference, doubtless there remained enough; but, in those who were neither indifferentists nor fervent Christians, there had been substituted for a rampant scepticism a decorous acknowledgment of the general truths of Christianity. This was something, though far from what could be desired; and it is with this reinstatement of Christianity in the aspect of a general homage, that the name of Butler has probably a vital connection. If it be true that his argument is in the main a defence of outworks, still they are outworks, whose security is absolutely vital to the defence of the central fortress. But it would be more correct to call them foundation courses. They are supports which, although out of sight, sustain the building: for he deals in the "Analogy" with the very basis of those relations between God and man which, as he truly tells us, are anterior to Christianity, and but for which Christianity would be without a standing ground.

A misunderstood episode in the life of

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* Ernst: "Life of Lord Chesterfield," p. 447.

Wilberforce gave rise to a confident supposition, hardly deserving the name of a belief, that Mr. Pitt in conversation with his friend had alleged against the "Analogy" that it had suggested to him more doubts than it removed. But it now appears from the account recorded by Mr. Wilberforce himself at the time, that Mr. Pitt, knowing his mind to be occupied with serious thoughts had spontaneously recommended to him the perusal of the "Analogy." It is a remarkable fact that, absorbed as Mr. Pitt was in politics, he should have read the "Analogy," and his recommendation, growing out of a favourable judgment based upon perusal, whether the offspring of his own thought or a reflection of the public opinion, throws a happy light on its influence. We might have anticipated from Johnson notices of Butler. But none are to be found in Boswell. It would appear, indeed, as if Johnson had no disposition to revive even for a moment the extinct volcano of the deistical controversy; for the elaborate index appended to Dr. Birkbeck Hill's classical edition of the great "Biography," takes no notice of the works of Tindal, Collins, or Chubb. Boswell himself, however, in one passage, notices Butler's argument in terms which harmonise with the idea that it was one generally accepted.* And Wesley has twice, at separate periods, borne strong testimony to that fine work, the "Analogy."

I regret, however, to have no adequate means of exhibiting by direct personal acknowledgment, the action of Butler on behalf of belief in individual minds during the eighteenth century. Warburton's statement of his eminence is not without value, but it does not appear to own any obligation on his part. This negative state of things is in remarkable contrast with the glowing attestations of Macintosh, Chalmers, and a host of eminent writers (including all his critics) belonging to the present century. It throws us back, in the main, upon the internal and statistical proofs supplied by frequency of editions. Yet these are sufficient for my purpose. When we embrace in our conspectus the entire period of 160 years since the publication of the "Analogy," we may, as I conceive, safely lay it down that his works have fastened upon themselves, in the English-speaking countries, a larger amount of serious attention, than those of any other writer on moral and mental philosophy who has lived during the same period.

If the amount of attention which has been bestowed upon Butler be great, we are safe in asserting that the mental effort which it implied was greater still. The careless reader is a being towards whom, as such, Butler seems to have felt as great an antipathy as his gentle and considerate nature was capable of entertaining.* Such a reader is effectually warned off the writings of Butler by their character. To read them with levity is impossible. The eye may indeed run down the pages, the images of the letters may be formed upon the retina; but the living being that dwells within the brain is unapproached, and either dormant or elsewhere employed. The works of Butler are in this respect like the works of Dante; we must make some kind of preliminary preparation, we must gird up the loins of the mind for the study.

The next questions that arise will naturally be: Was this attention deserved? and, to what causes was it due?

The scheme of Bishop Butler's "Analogy" is presented somewhat differently in the two succinct forms of (first) the sagacious passage which he quotes from Origen, and (secondly) the title he has himself attached to his work. The first of them tends to establish an analogy between Nature and the religion revealed in Scripture. The second both widens and clears the ground, excluding from Nature all that belongs to Natural Religion, and comparing the evidence, which when thus limited it yields, with the particulars of religion, both Natural and Revealed. The only religious element associated with Nature, in Butler's sense of the term, is the assumption that Nature has an intelligent author. This difference may be accounted for by our supposing that the sentence from Origen embodied the original germ and suggestion of the work, and that the title was framed only when it had been completed, and its field was open to a comprehensive survey and to accurate description. In any attempt to estimate the teaching of Butler, it is important to bear in mind the exact scope of the "Analogy," as it is defined by the title.

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* Birkbeck Hill's "Boswell," v. 47.

* See the Preface to the Sermons, secs. 1, 2, 5.

THE DARK SIDE OF GLORY

A REMINISCENCE OF A SMOKING-ROOM TALK

By the Editor

THE smoking-room, especially at that hour which precedes retirement for the night, is usually the gathering place of congenial souls, when they are at their best, readiest for chat, and most appreciative of the *bon mot* or the good story. The labours of the day are then over, and, under the soothing influence of the fragrant weed, a kindly fellowship and sense of repose prevail. It may be regarded as no breach of confidence, if I relate a little of the conversation which occurred some years ago in a smoking-room, where some celebrated men were gathered.

The most interesting persons present were a German of high rank, since deceased, and his aide-de-camp, General W., both magnificent specimens of soldiers and Teutons. The first was a man who at once attracted confidence, for a franker, heartier and more gracious personage could not be. The General was also a powerful and handsome man, without affectation, and totally devoid of that hauteur and *militarism*, not unfrequently found in German officers. He had a kindly eye and a bearing of admirable simplicity.

Our conversation turned on the Franco-German War, and, as all things naval and military have a certain fascination for me, I did my best to keep it in that channel. Both were graciously disposed towards their ignorant questioner, and seemed ready to gratify my legitimate curiosity.

We first spoke of the great American Civil War, and, alluding to the enormous loss of life during it, I ventured the question as to whether it was not greater than it might have been in consequence of the armies having been commanded by men who, to a large extent, had to learn the art of war. Was there not a waste of blood, I asked, from the blunders ensuing on so many having been taken from civil life and entrusted with divisional and other commands? Both of them emphatically disagreed with my crude opinions, and bore marked testimony to the military science and originality which that war had evoked. They were especially emphatic regarding the handling of cavalry. "We learned," they said, "most valuable lessons in cavalry tactics and manœuvring from the Americans. Their skill in this branch was simply admirable."

"You, sir," I remarked, "have taken part in the greatest war of modern times, and have seen all that can be seen of that side of war to which we attach the name of 'glory'; but what of the other side? What of the miseries and sufferings?"

"Ach!" he replied, "do not speak of them, they are unutterable. The General there could tell you much and so could I. It is terrible to think of it. Do you remember, W——, that man at the bridge of Orleans? Himmel! what a thing it was! We had been cannonading the bridge and had driven the French across; but when following them up, when I reached the nearer end of the bridge, I saw there a French soldier propped up against the side of the bridge, all his stomach and entrails had been shot completely away, but he was alive and apparently conscious, and looked up at me with such a pleading look. What could I do? His wound was mortal—worse than mortal—it was hideous, so I called to an army doctor who was near me and said, 'For heaven's sake, give that poor man something which may put an end to his sufferings, for he cannot live, and it is too awful to leave him.' 'My duty, sir, is to save life, not to destroy it.' 'But you can't save him, and it will be the greatest mercy to give him release.' 'That, sir, I dare not do.' Well, there was nothing for it but to get a soldier's blanket and to tie it tight round him, and to give him something to wet his lips with, and, having done this as rapidly as we could, we left him; but I could not get over the look of his eye following me as I went away. And there was still a worse spectacle—if such there could be—at the other end of the bridge, for there was another soldier who had had a part of his skull shot away, and he was leaping in the air, as you may have seen a wounded hare do, leaping up and then tumbling down, leaping high up and then tumbling. 'Ach!' I said to the doctor once more, 'here is a still more fearful case. Give him something, do give him something to put him out of his agony.' 'It is impossible, sir, for me to do so.' What shall I do? I thought, but as I was thinking, he gave one great leap which sent him over the bridge into the water, and I was so thankful that he at last got release in death."

"You, W.," he added, "have seen and experienced much of the sufferings of war, for you have been wounded more than once, and I forget how many hours you have been under chloroform."

"No one likes to speak about such things," said the good General, "and as to the first wound you speak of, it was a slight one in itself. We had been reconnoitring in force to discover the strength of the enemy in front of us, when suddenly we found it necessary for our cavalry to charge, and in the midst of the charge I felt a sting, but had finished the charge before I found a considerable flesh wound. The loss of blood and consequent weakness was somewhat in evidence, and so I was ordered to the hospital. As I lay there, the General of the division came in to ask the estimate I had formed of the force in front, and this he did without even an allusion to my wound. Such is war! Next day, although very unfit for it, I got on horseback to take part in the engagement at ——, bringing on a consequent fever, but fever or no fever, we had to do our duty. After the engagement I was sent out to visit the outposts. Such a mission, after a great battle, forms one of the most trying of experiences. Never shall I forget those cries coming in the dark from every side, and heard over long stretches of country, from the woods, from the fields, from everywhere, always the same pitiful cry, 'Water! water!' in French and German, one piteous wail after another from the parched lips of the wounded. It was impossible to do more for them than we were doing, because the demands on the ambulances were so enormous, and the numbers of wounded not only great, but widely scattered. When riding along I came upon a great barn or shed, and, looking in, found it crammed with German and French wounded, poor fellows! all the bitterness of war was forgotten in the comradeship of a common suffering. It was shocking to see the various ways in which these brave men had been injured, and the ghastly methods in which they had tried to staunch their wounds, but worst of all were the loud entreaties for 'Water! water!' which came from all. All I could do was to assure them that I would report them for aid as soon as possible, which I did. The consequence of my riding in this way with my wound unhealed was that I returned to hospital in a fever, and probably lost more days of service than if I had remained there at first, but you see a battle is a battle, and one does not like to be off duty at such a time."

The good General, at the instigation of the other, who seemed proud of all his friend had passed through, then told me of more than one trying experience, and of surgical operations from which it seemed a marvel that he had come out alive.

When we parted for the night, I went away full of admiration for the two brave and tender-hearted men who were as simple and unaffected as they were noble.

W. V.'S BED-TIME

By the Author of "The Invisible Playmate"

IN these winter evenings, thanks to the Great Northern, and to Hesperus who brings all things home, I reach my doorstep about half-an-hour before W. V.'s bed-time. A sturdy, rosy, flaxen-haired little body opens to my well-known knock, takes a kiss on the tip of her nose, seizes my umbrella, and makes a great show of assisting me with my heavy overcoat. She leads me into the dining-room, gets my slippers, runs my bootlaces into Gordian knots in her precipitate zeal, and announces that *she* has "set" the tea. At table she slips furtively on to my knee, and we are both happy till a severe voice, "Now, father!" reminds us of the reign of law in general, and of that law in particular which enacts that it is shocking in little girls to want everything they see, and most reprehensible in elderly people (I elderly!) to encourage them.

We are glad to escape to the armchair, where, after I have lit my pipe and W. V. has blown out the little elf of flame, we conspire—not overtly indeed, but each in his deep mind—how we shall baffle domestic tyranny and evade, if but for a few brief minutes of recorded time, the cubicular moment and the inevitable hand of the bath-maiden. The critical instant occurs about half-way through my first pipe, and W. V.'s devices for respite or escape are at once innumerable and transparently ingenious. I admit my connivance without a blush, though I may perchance weakly observe: "One sees so little of her, mother;" for how delightful it is when she sings or recites—and no one would be so rude as to interrupt singing or recitation—to watch the little hands waving in "the air so blue," the little fingers flickering above her head in imitation of the sparks at the forge, the little arms nursing an imaginary weeping dolly, the blue eyes lit up with excitement as they gaze abroad from the cherry-tree into the "foreign lands" beyond the garden wall.

She has much to tell me about the day's doings. Yes, she *has* been clay-modelling. I have seen some of her marvellous baskets of fruit and birds' nests and ivy leaves; but to-day she has been doing what dear old Mother Nature did in one of her happy moods some millenniums ago—making a sea with an island in it; and mountains, one a volcano with a red crayon-coloured top, around the sea; and a river with a bridge across it; quite a boldly conceived but human-hearted fragment of a new planet. Of course Miss Jessie helped her, but she would soon be able, all by herself, to create a new world in which there should be ever-blossoming spring and a golden age and fairies to make the impossible commonplace. W. V. does not put it in that way, but those, I fancy, would be the characteristics of a universe of her happy and innocent contriving.

At a *Kindergarten* one learns, of course, many things besides clay-modelling: poetry, for instance, and singing, and natural history; drill and ball-playing and dancing; colouring and drawing and paper-cutting. And am I not curious—this with a glance at the clock which is on the stroke of seven—to hear the new verse of her last French song? Shall she recite "Purr, purr!" or "The Swing"? Or would it not be an agreeable change to have her sing "Up into the Cherry Tree," or "The Busy Blacksmith"?

Any or all of these would be indeed delectable, but parting is the same sweet sorrow at the last as at the first. When she has recited and sung I draw her between my knees and begin: "There was once a very naughty little girl, and her name was W. V."

"No, father, a good little girl."

"Well, there was a good little girl, and her name was Gladys."

"No, father, a *good* little girl called W. V."

"Well, a good little girl called W. V.; and she was 'quickly obedient'; and when her father said she was to go to bed, she said: 'Yes, father,' and she just *flew*, and gave no trouble."

"And did her father come up and kiss her?"

"Why, of course, he did."

A few minutes later she is kneeling on the bed with her head nestled in my breast, repeating her evening prayer:

"*Dear Father, whom I cannot see,*
Smile down from heaven on little me.
Let angels through the darkness spread
Their holy wings about my bed.
And keep me safe, because I am
The heavenly Shepherd's little lamb.
Dear God our Father, watch and keep
Father and mother while they sleep;

"and bless Dennis, and Ronnie, and Uncle John, and Auntie Bonnie, and Phyllis (did Phyllis squint when she was a baby? Poor Phyllis!); and Madame, and Lucille (she is only a tiny little child; a quarter past three years or something like that); and Ivo and Wilfrid (he has bronchitis very badly; he can't come out this winter; aren't you sorry for him? Really a dear little boy)."

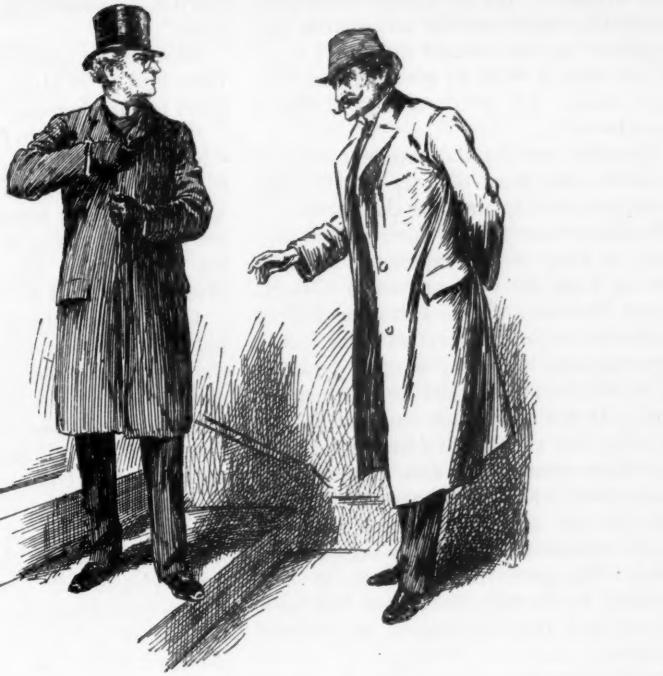
"Any one else?"

"Auntie Edie and Grandma. (*He* will have plenty to do, won't He?)"

"And 'Teach me'"—I suggest.

"*Teach me to do what I am told,*
And help me to be good as gold."

And a whisper comes from the pillow as I tuck in the eider-down: "Now He will be wondering whether I *am* going to be a good girl."



"Ignoring the Frenchman's outstretched hand"

FALSE COIN OR TRUE?[*]

BY F. MONTRÉSOR, AUTHOR OF "INTO THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

CHAPTER III

BY the next day the conjuror's new speculation was in a high fever. It was unfortunate, but, perhaps, not surprising.

Monsieur Morèze shrugged his shoulders philosophically when Nanette told him that the child was ill. She would have been ill in any case, he suspected, but, at least, she had been of some use first. He had triumphed very satisfactorily over Hélène. Nanette begged earnestly to be allowed to nurse the girl.

"If you send her to a workhouse infirmary, she will die. She will slip out of the world, because no one will hold her fast; but she will not slide through my fingers," said the good woman; and, indeed, her fingers had a remarkably capable look about them.

"Last night you were angry that I brought her here! You told me that, for the future, you would have nothing to do with her," said Monsieur Moréze.

"And that was twelve hours ago," replied Nanette. "Mon Dieu! I can alter my mind in less than twelve hours. I am not a stolid Englishwoman, that I must continue to swear by my own stupidity for ever."

"It would mean paying a doctor," said Monsieur.

He went upstairs with Nanette to look at the girl. The little maid was sitting bolt upright in bed, and she stared at him with brilliant, wide-open eyes.

"I can't 'elp it, ma'am. Indeed I can't. I keep on trying to carry the tray steady!

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It ain't my fault. It's the foreign gentleman as plays the organ outside and makes the plates stand up on end and dance. I can't keep 'em from it while he goes on, and they *will* get broke. Oh don't, ma'am—I didn't mean—I——"

"She takes me for the excellent widow! Mon Dieu! she must be very mad!" said the conjuror, and he went for the doctor.

The doctor was an old man, and in the course of forty years' experience he had learnt to keep his observations to himself. He eyed Monsieur Morèze with some dislike, for he had an instinctive aversion to foreigners in general, and a healthy antipathy to the way in which this especial foreigner made money. It was a pity that this girl should have fallen into such hands; but then a good many things were pitiful, and he was by no means called upon to interfere with Monsieur's private affairs. Nanette was evidently a capable and apparently a respectable woman. He gave his directions to her, remarking, by the way, that Linda had been underfed, and that her chance of recovery was slight.

Monsieur Morèze met him on the stairs, and he repeated his verdict.

"I understand," said the conjuror, "you say de fever ees very high, and de child ees weak and has been starved, hein? Eef I keep her here she will most like die on my hands, and eef I send her to de hospital she will most like die on de road?"

"Quite so," said the doctor, drily.

"Ah, but it ees vairy inconvenient of her," sighed the conjuror.

The doctor nodded, and muttered a curt "Good day to you," ignoring the Frenchman's outstretched hand.

Monsieur laughed to himself at the snub. He possessed a rather sardonic vein of humour, and respectability was apt to irritate him. "I should prefer on de road," he said, and smiled again when the doctor shut the hall door with a bang. Then he called Nanette once more.

"La petite is very ill," he remarked.

Nanette looked at him anxiously.

"Ah—for that—yes she is ill, no doubt; but Monsieur need not be afraid, if he will leave her to me. These doctors are not, after all, so intimate with 'le grand Dieu' that they can say whether it is to be life or death," said she. "Leave her to me, and you'll make something out of her yet, monsieur."

She tried to smile, and then suddenly her voice broke. "Monsieur will not have the heart to turn her out," she cried.

"Am I a woman?" said the conjuror, "No; it is a little beyond me to do that, my friend! We will leave it to the vary religious widows to fill the streets, hein? We'll keep her; and Monsieur le Mort shall not have the child, if we can prevent him." And Monsieur le Mort did not have her.

Linda's fate hung in the balance for days, but with the first breath of coming spring the young life seemed to strengthen and quicken again; she began to recover. The danger of death was over; she lay facing the dangers of life instead. She spoke very seldom at first, but smiled contentedly whenever Nanette came near, and watched her when she moved to and fro. She was filled with wonder, and with a gentle, half-timid pleasure at her surroundings. The pretty, clean room, the image of the Madonna, blue-robed and placid, in a wooden shrine, the plant of ivy that was trained against the wall were amusement and delight enough to her at first. She was pleased when Nanette dressed her in a little white jacket with blue bows, and let her sit up for the first time. She blushed with pleasure when the kind Frenchwoman called her by pet names. The world had hitherto been rather hard on her, but that made the present sunshine all the more wonderful and charming.

Faith came naturally to Linda; distrust and timidity had been forced on her by circumstances. She learnt to love any one who was kind to her as quickly and simply as a child loves: it was the childlike quality in her affection that touched Nanette. She had never in all her short life been so happy as she was during her convalescence. She felt as if she were bathed in sunshine, and her soft eyes shone with gratitude.

Presently she began to pick up French phrases. They pleased Nanette mightily, and seeing that they did so, Linda redoubled her efforts, and would listen carefully, and whisper to herself any sentence she could catch. She was learning French in the same way that a baby learns its mother-tongue, only with a more conscious effort. A little praise more than repaid her. Her mother had liked soft words too, and had had unlimited faith in the person who had whispered them.

When she grew stronger still, a shadow began to creep over her happiness. The remembrance of the strange day before she was ill harassed her. Her recollection of what had happened was blurred, but she had an uncomfortable impression of shouting people, of a violent headache, of the hurried journey. Then, one day, to ease her mind, she told Nanette her story, such as it was. Nanette said very little about it, but thought much.

"I must be costin' an awful deal," Linda said, anxiously. "When I get strong I'll work just as hard as ever I can for you, and the conjuring gentleman, and I wouldn't think of wantin' wages, not after all the things I've had, and the doctorin' and all!"

"Mais enfin—Monsieur will probably make it pay," said Nanette. "For you are decidedly not ugly, mon chou."

Linda looked up with the bright, surprised joy that so wonderfully enhanced what prettiness she possessed. It was new and sweet to her that any woman should take a motherly pride in her appearance!

Nanette turned away with an odd lump in her throat.

"It is not what one would choose for a girl, but at least I can take care of her," she muttered to herself. "The Holy Lady can put it down to my credit that I have nursed this child for a charity. It was entirely out of charity at first," she added half aloud, for it was as well that that should be clearly understood up above.

She had often declared that she thanked Heaven that she had never had a child to bother her, and probably to break her heart by taking after the husband of whom she had had more than enough.

Possibly the saints (at least those among them who were women) knew what such thanks meant. She put her brown hand on the little maid's head for a moment, and that caress was not "for charity;" nor did she consider that yearning impulse of protection a prayer. There were a good many things that Nanette never dreamt of saying even to the "Mother of God."

"He will not in the least desire that you should work hard for him. There is no need to promise that," she declared, and she fancied the matter settled. Linda was so very gentle, and so ready to listen to advice; and yet—and yet—she had a way of clinging to her own opinion at times. It is the very gentle people who occasionally do that most tenaciously.

As for Monsieur, he was in no hurry. To do him justice he was not a niggard, and did not grudge Linda food and board, nor did he want to throw his too susceptible medium into another fever by making her face an audience again too soon. It was the girl herself who first broached the subject of how she was to pay him.

She knocked at the door of his sitting-room one day, and, on being bidden to enter, came in with a pink flush on her cheeks, and with the delicate charm of returning health in her whole appearance.

She had been draggled and untidy when he had first seen her. She was spotlessly and daintily clean and neat now. Her black dress was simply made (Nanette had stitched it herself with goodwill in every needlefull), her little white apron became her. Monsieur Morèze smiled involuntarily, and with a sense of possession when he saw the change. She was much more fascinating than Hélène, and she was his own discovery!

"I am quite well now, please sir," said Linda. "And, please, I want to do some work, for it ain't right nor likely you should go on keepin' me for nothing."

She stood before him twisting her fingers in her apron rather nervously; her colour came and went quickly while she spoke.

Monsieur Morèze had a white pigeon in his hands. He was sitting at a table, and was engaged in tying up the bird's broken feathers, and was smoking the while. He glanced at Linda, and then went on with his work.

"Dis fool of a bird!" he said, between the puffs at his pipe. "For evairy night for a month has he been discovered in my pie dish, and has enjoyed de joke! But yes! I tell you, he has enjoyed it as well as ainy one! Last night, because only it was a new dish of a different colour, he did take it in his silly head to excite himself, and to flutter up in de wrong place and get hurt. But what were you saying? You are quite well? I make you my congratulations, mademoiselle. It ees time you recovered, hein?"

"Yes, sir," said Linda, blushing more deeply; for she was much ashamed of having indulged in so expensive a luxury as a fever. "And, please, I'd like to begin to do something useful now. I can be quite handy in the kitchen, and——"

"No, no!" said the conjuror. "Your hands are getting white and soft! I do not wish dem spoilt. Besides, I did nevair engage you for dat. Eef Nanette wants to be waited on she may come herself and tell me so."

"It wasn't her as told me to speak to you, sir," said Linda, with quickened breath. "It—it was that I've been thinking. The lady as was so angry said as how I took the bread out of her mouth! I didn't go for to do that, nor I don't wish to. I'd a deal rather scrub, and wash, and carry, please."

"Varry well," said the conjuror. He became apparently absorbed in his operations again, but Linda still lingered with a growing disquiet, of which he was very much aware, in her expression.

"Haf you more to say?" he asked at last. "No? Den I do not know why you wait. It ees settled, n'est ce pas? Nanette ees enough servant for me. I do not need more, but eef I did, I should not choose you. You can go to-morrow or de next day as you like."

He paused a moment. Linda's dismayed face was eloquent enough.

"Or, we will have de next performance at de beginning of May," he added quietly. "It matters leetle to me which you do. I do not force you. I can find another medium vary easily. Only I promise you it will nevair again be Hélène in any case. Do you still go?"

"No," said Linda in a low voice, "I will stay and do anything you like." Her voice trembled almost to tears; it "mattered" very much to her, poor child! though she quite believed the choice to be of no moment to him.

"Ainything I like! In a so frightened voice, as if I wanted her to cut off her head!" he cried, relaxing into a laugh (for, indeed, he had had not the faintest intention of parting with her). "Bien! but dere ees nothing at all to be alarmed of, and as for Hélène, she shall nevair disturb you again. Ah, you deserve I should wring your neck, Houdin!"

The last remark was addressed to the pigeon, which he had just released with a cleverly splinted wing.

"He is so tame and pretty," said Linda, with some anxiety.

But the pigeon showed no fear. He had known his master long and intimately, and was perfectly aware that though he pecked Monsieur's brown fingers ungratefully, his neck was in no sort of danger.

"Do you like him? You shall take de bother of him and of all de others too den," said the conjuror. "Come, you wanted work. Now I will show you. You will not wring de necks, hein?"

"Oh no, sir," said Linda, solemnly. She took all his remarks literally, for life had been a terribly serious affair hitherto, with no place for jokes in it. Her simplicity amused "monsieur." He introduced her then and there to a soft, stupid rabbit that cuddled in her arms; to a guinea pig that followed him like a dog; to an extraordinary little mere-cat that ran up his arm and sat on his shoulder. She loved all small animals, and these dumb claimants on the affection that had had little vent before, bound her closer still to her new home.

"Houdin will mope eef I do not feed him myself, but de rest I leave to you. It ees a bargain," said the conjuror.

The girl smiled, well pleased. There was nothing she would like better. This natural healthy interest put the terrors of the stage out of her mind for the time.

"You will find dem plenty of trouble, and you are vary welcome to it! For me, I do nevair pine for work," he declared; and Linda accepted the charge with enthusiasm.

It was perhaps *not* altogether the desire to save himself trouble that made him throw the care of his "assistants" on her hands, but she did not guess that Monsieur Moreze was clever at other things than conjuring.

CHAPTER IV

LINDA had been Monsieur Moreze's medium for a year and a half. She had proved a lucky venture for the conjuror. The success she had attained had surpassed her master's expectations. To have surpassed his ambition would have been impossible.

Monsieur Moreze could do wonders with her; but it was his genius for "effect," rather than his mesmeric powers, that made his mysterious "lady" the sensation of a London season. There was real art in his way of arranging backgrounds to the girl's delicate beauty. His advertisements were many and marvellous. The hall was full every night; fuller than it had ever been before.

He brought Linda on the stage only in the season. He sent her to the seaside with Nanette during the dull months. That, too, was a stroke of wisdom. He had no idea of letting her become "cheap;" besides, the sea air was good for her.

She had altered and improved in looks to an extraordinary degree. "Monsieur" was proud of the improvement; and, indeed, it may be said for him that, whereas he had found her a miserable and half-starved little drudge, she had developed into a beautiful and, on the whole, happy girl.

She had learned to laugh, and if she still hated the "performances," she had also learned to suppress any manifestations of dislike. Her early experience had impressed on her the fact that one cannot earn even daily bread without some pain; and "Monsieur" gave her more than daily bread—he gave her sugar into the bargain. He was kind to her, and kind in the little things that form so large a part of a woman's life, and are so infinitely dear to her heart. He liked to give her ornaments and knick-knacks, if only to see her smile and blush over them. When he had discovered by chance that she loved to read, he gave her books without end. He understood (perhaps by reason of his own artistic nature) that she was sensitive to an angry word, or even look; and, in spite of an occasional irritability of manner, he was generally careful not to frighten her. It was, perhaps, less to his credit that, although he made hundreds of pounds through her instrumentality, yet he paid her no wages; thus, she never possessed a farthing of her own. Linda was not likely to leave him, if her doing so would necessitate her facing the world without a penny in her pocket; and he knew that well enough. When it was a case of business, Monsieur had a very keen eye to his own advantages; but, on the other hand, he treated her with a respect that rather puzzled his acquaintances.

Aaron, for example, who had assisted at the advent of the new star, watched her course with a wondering interest. He was compelled to own that, though *he* had seen in the new medium little to rave about, yet her big, innocent eyes were acting like witchcraft on men's hearts—and purses. Her photographs took rank with the portraits of professional beauties in the shop windows; and there were times when Mr. Schonewetter found it profitable to drop hints suggesting that he knew all about the pretty maid, and could even, if it were made worth his while, introduce admirers to her at home.

Monsieur Morèze ostensibly discouraged visitors; but he occasionally allowed himself to be interviewed; at such times he would stand between Linda and Linda's would-be admirers, intercepting any covert glances at the girl, and deriving considerable amusement from the situation. The comedy was entirely on his side, but that made it the more entertaining. Linda never raised her eyes, and seldom spoke on such occasions. Monsieur Morèze treated her with a punctilious ceremony, and addressed her only as "Mademoiselle."

That, Aaron supposed, was all part of the absurd mystery in which the Frenchman chose to envelop her: he could understand it very well. But what fairly puzzled him was the fact that, even among his intimates, Monsieur Morèze never allowed the girl's name to be so much as lightly mentioned. The Augur, on meeting his brother Augur, refused to wink. Indeed, Aaron had even heard his host check himself in the middle of a sentence with a muttered "Je m'oublie, ce n'est pas pour les enfants," when Linda had entered the room. The incident had surprised and mystified the Jew.

Was there after all some secret about the girl?

Monsieur, it was well-known, was a man to whom no respectable father would trust his daughter for an hour; yet this fatherless waif had never heard a hurtful word from his lips.

Hélène had stories enough and to spare about him. It was ridiculous to suppose that his virtue was more than a mask. To what end was the mask worn?

Aaron sought the explanation in vain; it lay beyond him. Nine times out of ten Mr. Schonewetter perceived symptoms, and foresaw results with a sharpness born of long practice. In the tenth he was sometimes wrong. He was accustomed to reckoning on men's vices, but their virtues occasionally took erratic courses that he could not follow.

"Good, good!" Monsieur would cry triumphantly, when, to Linda's evident relief, the door had closed on some discomfited swain. "She does not care in de least for ces messieurs. She is like a real demoiselle!"

And, while he laughed in his sleeve, remembering where he had picked her up, yet, under the laughter, and the patronage, and the vanity, there was another sentiment that prevented him from himself making love to his pretty medium—a sentiment for which few people would have given Monsieur Morèze credit.

It was curious that, in spite of all his cleverness, one most obvious possibility never occurred to Monsieur's mind. He guarded the beauty that he looked upon as his own property, most carefully; he took every precaution that no rival showman should have the chance of tempting Linda with a golden bait; he protected her from the least breath of insult; but it never struck him that the girl, fast growing into womanhood, might give her heart, which was *not* his, to another. His medium was like a delicate instrument, on which he fancied he could play as he chose. Monsieur knew a good deal; perhaps not one man in ten would have understood so much; but he did *not* know quite every note.

One night there was an extraordinary scene at the Emperor's Hall: a scene that was graphically described in all the papers on the following day, and that added to Monsieur's growing reputation. What occurred was this. A huge, red-haired Scotchman stood up and denounced the "works of the devil," to the immense amazement of the onlookers. Unkind reporters hinted that he had been bribed to do so by Monsieur Morèze himself; but they were wrong. It was, strange to say, a *bonâ fide* attack, and the conjuror was as much surprised as any one.

The Scotchman had been delighted with the sleight of hand; but grew angrier and angrier during the "mesmeric experiments." The medium's face was connected with some vague memory that haunted, but yet eluded him. He was fascinated, he could not tear himself away, but he muttered in the broadest of Scotch, below his breath, and his light blue eyes glared fiercely.

Linda in a trance, dancing, singing, weeping, simulating every phase of emotion at this "black little foreigner's," bidding, seemed to him like a pure spirit bound by some evil spell.

He shouted "Shame," once when Monsieur Morèze apparently stuck a knife through the girl's soft palm. His freckled face became quite red, and he sprang to his feet. The man next him pulled him down with a good-natured injunction, "not to make a spectacle of himself;" but "Monsieur" had heard the shout, and it acted on him like a challenge.

Hitherto he had never let any one but himself either address or touch Linda while she was in a trance. It had been a sort of unwritten agreement between them. When the Scotchman attacked him, he broke his own rule. His vanity overcame him, or perhaps the spirit of opposition that was always roused by the strictures of the "vary respectable."

"Monsieur believes dat I sham? dat Mademoiselle ees not really asleep? dat she feels all I do, but does conceal her feelings, hein?" he said. "Eef Monsieur will do me de honour to come here, he may judge for himself." Thereupon the Scotchman, without a moment's hesitation, got up hurriedly, and came.

The people tittered as he walked between the benches, but under their breath, for there was something rather awe-inspiring in the intensity of his folly. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but mounted the steps that led up to the stage, not with the sheepish air of an amateur investigator, but in a very fury of hardly suppressed indignation.

Monsieur Morèze showed his white teeth in a polite smile, and glanced at his brawny opponent through his half-closed eyelids.

"Perhaps Monsieur would himself like to be experimented on?" he suggested, suavely.

"If you try," the Scotchman said, with a directness that carried conviction, "I'll tak' the leeberty of knocking ye down—but ye may try if ye like."

Whereupon the audience, that always sees a joke in knocking down, roared with laughter.

"Ma foi! I should not, perhaps, get up

again in a hurry! I am no professor of de British box," cried Monsieur. He, too, laughed, knowing that he had the best of the contest. Besides, it was an excellent advertisement.

"I take good care of my bones. I haf too great a respect for dem to fight with you," he said. "But Mademoiselle, she will not knock me down. Now leesen, Mademoiselle!" (turning to Linda) "Here voyez-vous, ees an old woman who has stolen my watch. She ees vary aged, and full of de rheumatism. I do tink I will send her to gaol, where she will sleep on a plank bed, and eat of bread and water. You are fond of dis poor old woman. You haf known her for years. You call her 'Granny.' Go now! advise her to gif me back my watch, so dat I may let her off."

He pointed to the Scotchman while he spoke. The girl followed his lead at once, and regarded her indignant would-be champion, with wide open, seriously pitying eyes.

"You should not have stolen Monsieur's watch. You had better give it up," she said earnestly. "Oh, indeed, that would be much the best thing for you to do. I am sure that Monsieur will let you go, if you return it to him quickly. Do please listen to me, granny."

She put her hand on the Scotchman's arm, and he started as if her light touch had shocked and thrilled him.

"You know that, at your age, you could never bear the gaol. The plank bed would be very bad for your rheumatism," the gentle voice persisted.

The Scotchman clenched his fist and breathed hard. "I'm no auld wife! God save us, lass, has he blinded ye—or are ye shamming?" he cried vehemently.

"Her granny had better take a kiss," a wag shouted from the gallery. But not a trace of embarrassment appeared on the medium's calm, sweet face.

Monsieur, however, frowned. The jest was excellent, but it had gone far enough.

"C'est bien assez," he exclaimed. "Monsieur ees, without doubt, satisfied dat she feels nothing. I will wake her now."

But, alas! it is never so easy to lay a spirit as to raise it; and Monsieur had roused a potent one that day. The Scotchman threw his arm round the medium's waist; he glared defiantly at the conjuror over her head. When the Frenchman bade him, "Let her go." He laughed grimly, and tightened his hold. Monsieur, however, had kept command of his temper, and saved the situation.

"I tink de old granny has been drinking a leetle too much whisky. Leeve her den, Mademoiselle," he said.

And, to his relief, Linda gently extricated herself from the man's grasp.

Monsieur made a few passes with his hands, and awakened her. There had been, he felt, more than enough of this scene; he would have taken her off the stage at once, had it been possible, but the Scotchman intercepted him.

"Do ye know what ye ha' been saying to me?" he asked Linda.

The girl looked up startled. The sternness of his tone frightened her. She put her hands to her head, trying to recall her broken dream.

"You haf no more to do with my Mademoiselle, when you are no more an old woman to her," Monsieur cried, with unwonted anger in his voice.

But the Scotchman persisted.

"I've this to say, and I'll say it," he declared, with an obstinacy bordering on passion.

"Listen, lass! Perhaps, no one has told you this before. You aren't much more than a bairn, I suppose. Listen! *You had better clem* than put your soul into any man's hands, let alone a Frenchman's."

Then he turned and faced the astonished audience. "It's a verra shamefu' and ineequitous thing that we ha' been watching this day," he shouted. Then he stumbled over the plank and went out of the hall like a drunken man. But if drunk it was not with whisky, but with righteous indignation and impotent rage, and love—love at first sight, if ever there was such a thing.

The audience sided with Monsieur Morèze; it very naturally objected to being preached at; and the conjuror went home apparently triumphant, but at the bottom of his heart (for he, too, possessed one) a trifle uneasy.

Linda never dreamed of remonstrating with him, but he knew that she had been shocked. He bought a cornelian necklace for her the following month, and he proffered a sort of half apology for his behaviour.

It is unfortunate that the Fates will not be bribed.

"Hélène would never haf minded, and I tink I forgot it was you, petite," he explained. "I will never again let any one come near you. Pouf! How red and hot ce monsieur was! He nearly set de curtain in a blaze; I was afraid dat his head would touch it. Look, however, what he has done for me!" He held out a copy of *Truth* to her. Linda took it rather unwillingly. All the bangles on her pretty white wrist jangled like silver fetters when she raised her hand. One of the articles in the paper was headed "A White Slave." The girl glanced through it; then, with an impulsive movement, the very opposite of her usually languid manner, tore it in two.

Monsieur laughed and raised his eyebrows. "Do you not like it, but dey speak vary well of you! Leesten now to this," he said, and began to read aloud.

It was odd how the injunction had brought the colour to Linda's face. Some one else had bidden her, "listen;" his voice was ringing in her ears still.

"Whether de girl, whom dis clevour prestidigitateur introduces nightly to crowded audiences is of gentle birth or not, dere ees at least no doubt of her singular grace and vary sympathetic (ma foi! what a word) beauty. Dis kind of entertainment has no attraction for me (he ees so vary good, you observe, de writer of dis paper!) And the rumours that are afloat as to Monsieur Morèze's treatment of his medium, though possibly exaggerated, give an unpleasing flavour to the whole performance."

"It is a shame!" cried the girl; "you don't ill-treat me! I'd like to tell the gentleman as writes in that paper that he makes a great mistake."

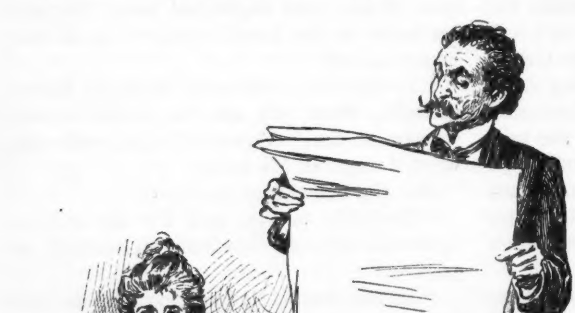
"Mon Dieu! you would lose me pounds. Do noting of de kind. Will you ruin me?" said Monsieur in affected alarm. "De English public enjoy to be horrified! 'De poor creature,' dey say, 'sans doute, he beats her evairy night.' It ees most shocking! and dey buy more tickets. But de joke is on your side. I do not see why you look so grave. I do not beat you, hein?"

"No, no, I've been very happy here," she said. She turned to him impulsively; a revelation was on the tip of her tongue. She was more moved than the occasion warranted.

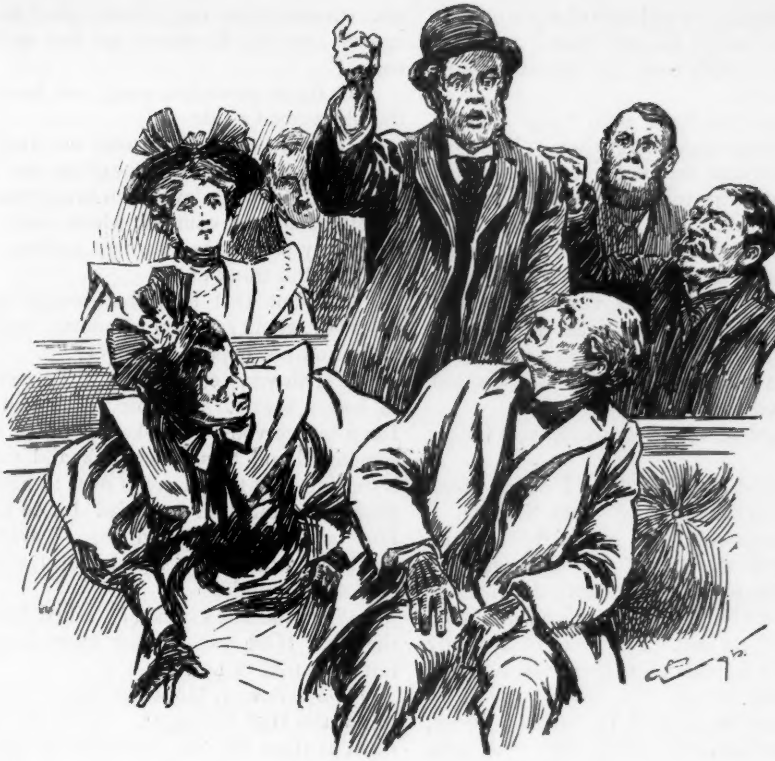
"You are a vary foolish girl," said Monsieur; "I do believe dat you care what ees said of me."

And the confession died on her lips.

He never guessed, magician though he was, that it was not indignation on his behalf that had excited her, but the efforts to tell him something that remained, after all, untold. It was odd, but he thought of that little episode a good deal. The remembrance of



"'Leesten now to this,' he said, and began to read aloud"



"He shouted 'Shame!'"

her emotion came across him at all sorts of times (as the smell of violets assails us suddenly in the spring), bringing a distinct sensation of its own. The child's eyes had actually filled with tears. What an absurd child to care so much! Ah, it was lucky he had the charge of her; he understood so well how sensitive she was; a clumsier hand would have jarred, would have drawn no music from that fine instrument. Monsieur congratulated himself handsomely. Indeed, there was no doubt that he had been very discriminating. Unluckily there were several things he did not quite take into account.

In order to understand a girl, even in a small measure, a man must bring into play something besides his intellect. Monsieur gave his brains the entire credit for what was, at least, partly due to his heart. Now that is an unsafe thing to do. A slighted faculty, like a slighted woman, revenges itself in curious ways at times.

Also he made too light of a false step that would cost him dear.

Linda did not speak of that episode with the Scotchman. Nanette heard of it by chance. Nanette was by no means so clever as "Monsieur;" but, being a woman, she knew that the girl's silence was a good deal more pregnant of meaning than would have been speech.

Nevertheless, she taxed Linda with reticence one day.

"Dear Nanny I didn't tell you about that because—I suppose it was because I minded it so," said Linda. The two women were sitting by the window. Billows of soft, creamy muslin lay between them, and both were hemming busily. The muslin would make a stage costume, and Nanette took pleasure in the task. She loved to array Linda in dainty attire. The old woman felt a keen delight in the beauty that she had rescued from the grave. Linda would have died but for her; though Heaven had denied her the crowning joy and pain of womanhood, yet had she fought for and gained this life. She looked sharply over her spectacles and shook her head.

"It is not fair," she said, "your Scotchman had some reason, mon chou. You give way to Monsieur too much. I do not say, indeed, that what you let him do is wrong. One must live. And le bon Dieu has clearly put this way of living in your path; but, at least, you should insist on being paid. What if Monsieur were to be run over in the streets; what if he were to die to-morrow? You have been a success, without doubt; the first success in London, but where would you be then?"

"I should be very, very sorry," said Linda, simply.

"Ah! and I also; but I have saved enough to dry my eyes on," said Nanette.

Her shrewd old eyes twinkled while she spoke. The thought of her nest-egg was joy and pride to her. It meant independence and a decent burial, for which she would be beholden to no one. She came of a sturdy race, but in Linda's veins there was no such good peasant blood.

"See, now he is good to you as a father, and I make him my compliments; 'de bon cœur,' on that. It is more than I expected, and ce Monsieur is not bad-hearted; but, enfin, he is *not* your father."

"Oh, I know that," said Linda, under her breath.

She sewed on silently, seeing her needle "double," and pricking her fingers while she worked. Nanette, having delivered herself of her advice, held her peace for a time. But the tears in Linda's eyes disturbed her.

"I did not mean to scold you, mon chou," she said at last.

Linda looked up.

"Oh, Nanny, I daresay I had ought to, but I *can't* ask Monsieur for money," she cried.

Her needle broke against a spangle; she tossed the bits into the street and put her pricked finger into her mouth.

"I don't want to be thrown away like that!" she said with a shiver.

Nanette laughed—a hearty, guttural laugh. "Ah, bah! he knows better!"

"He would look at me," said the girl, "and he would not be angry at all, or raise his voice; but he would say, 'Eef you are not content, you can always go;' and I cannot bear it! It makes me feel cold all over!"

She threw down her work, and knelt by the old woman's side.

"I wish I belonged to some one *really*!" she said, "girls with belongings are very lucky! I'd love to 'ave been brought up in a cottage in the country, where there was never any staring people, nor nothing that one couldn't think of"

"Ah—but what is it that you are afraid to think about?" said Nanette, quickly. "Are you not happy, my angel?"

"Yes, oh yes," cried Linda, "I never was so happy before. I s'pose that's just why I'm a bit nervous. I wake up in the night sometimes and think how dark and cold it is outside, and then I creep near to listen to your breathing, and am glad I am here." Her face quivered, "and then I think of that other woman who said I took the bread out of her mouth."

"When did she say that?" asked Nanette sharply. Here was another story that had not been told to her.

"She followed Monsieur when we came out of the Hall one night. It was the same night as there was the row with the Scotchman. She looked so hungry. No, I don't mean that she was wanting food. It was her *eyes* was hungry, and Monsieur laughed. He was angry, cos she spoke to me; and his voice was so hard, it scared me. He said, 'I will call de police, eef you follow me one more step! de poor foreigner must be protected.' I want to forget it, Nanny."

Nanette shrugged her broad shoulders with a sigh. Linda, she felt, should have been born in the sheltered home that her soul craved.

"Eh, well, Hélène had her turn," she said. "A man has always one side for that kind of woman, and quite another side for the other sort; and one may choose which part one will have. Hélène is not your kind. Mais, enfin, she enjoyed herself while it lasted, and got plenty out of him, too. You trouble yourself too much, petite."

Linda rose from her knees and picked up her work again, with a smile.

"I know I'm uncommon lucky, Nanny," she said; "and I don't mean to talk no more about such things; only, sometimes it comes over one to just fancy what it would be like to be in a family of one's own, where one just couldn't be turned out, and where there was no call for any one to say: 'It's a shameful thing that you're doing,' and to feel quite, quite, safe! It would be like heaven," concluded Linda in a whisper; and Nanette nodded thoughtfully.

Safety and peace and respectability—these were what the child longed for—the child who had been born nameless, and who was "Monsieur's Medium."

Well, one would like to be able to give one's dearest their heaven, even though it may not be at all the sort of place one would choose for one's own delectation.

"THE WONDERFUL VISIT"

By ROBERT F. HORTON, M.A., D.D.

MR. WELLS' book, "The Wonderful Visit," would make a good text for a sermon. Perhaps a sermon was running in his brain as he wrote it. But who can tell? For certainly all imaginative literature of a high order touches the sacred boundary lines, and the writer, whether he thinks of it or not, is laid hold of by God for purposes of His own.

An angel from a serener and lovelier sphere of being found himself immeshed in this life of the world. Mr. Wells is particular to say that the angel he intends is not of a Biblical or theological kind, but only one of the artistic creations that we meet with in Italian pictures. This he says to avoid the charge of irreverence. But in any case, here was a being from a world of beauty, where the tyranny of the senses was unknown, caught in this world of ours, brought down by a chance shot of the vicar's as a rare and curious bird. Led into the village and the rectory—his iridescent wings faded, shrivelled, and tucked away, under the vicar's cast-off suit—he makes his disconcerting experiences of life as it is lived in the world. To the curate's wife he seems indecent, to the curate himself incredible; to the yokels he seems impertinent, and to the boys a subject for stoning; to society he is at first interesting for his power of playing on the violin, but is immediately tabooed, because, for one thing, he does not play from music, for another, he does not know the conventions of the drawing-room.

Saddened and troubled he finds no comfort in this singular world except in the pure love of a young maid-servant, and his happy issue from his sorrowful incarnation is only gained by entering the flames of the burning vicarage to rescue her from death, and perishing there with her.

This, I say, is a striking text for a sermon, if it is not itself a sermon. The writer seems to be incredulous of God, touched rather by beauty than by holiness. And yet he has entered sufficiently into the realms of the Imagination—they are of course coterminous with those of truth—to find himself unconsciously preaching to his generation, preaching possibly to himself. And yet he does not preach, or preaches only by implication. Some one else must do that for him, if his remarkable book is to get its due meed of recognition.

Over society, over life, there is a curious veil. We live behind it and yet in front of it. That is to say, we all affect to live in front of it; we speak, write and act as if we all knew only the picture upon it. And yet each of us knows what is behind. Our own life is always lived, to some limited extent, behind. But it is singularly difficult to be quit of the veil and to obtain any complete and adequate view of the reality. It is therefore a notable device to bring in a creation from another world, who knows nothing of the veil, and thus by every word and act calls our attention to the reality. It is well, for instance, to recognise the absurdity of the situation which we have made for ourselves, when the most of us dare not walk out in the streets without a hat, from no fear of the elements, but from deadly fear of things more terrible than earth or air or fire or water; when pro bably none of us dare seat himself on the floor when making a call, however comfortable it may be, from the dread of being thought deranged. Society is not a tissue of lies or absurdities. But it is a tissue of conventionalities. And however important it may be to observe the conventionalities, it is still more important to know what they are, and never to confuse them with the reality of things. William Law, in his inimitable way, tells of Matilda, that she had brought up her daughters in an equal observance of devotion, and of a care for personal appearance, so that if they had a pimple on their face they were as much ashamed, and as reluctant to enter into her presence, as if they had committed a sin. Many people are in a far worse case. They have been brought up with an exclusive dread of breaking the mere conventionalities. Conscience will hardly give them a twinge for a slander, an insincerity, or a flood of impure thoughts, but they will be overwhelmed with confusion if they break the least punctilio of etiquette or have an article in their attire which is not *à la mode*.

Now it may be safely said that few will escape the snare of artificiality who are not on their guard against it. The world is inconceivably subtle, and obtains an easy mastery over its severest critics, unless the critics are engaged in a constant self-examination. Carlyle, lionised for his literary success in denouncing shams, is drawn into amicable relations with a game-preserving aristocracy, and finds himself silenced while he is delivering his thunders amid the applause of the abused. Who but a saint, nay what saint even, could go through a London season, and come out uninjured? So much careful watching, and pertinacious prayer, would be necessary, that one would always be forgetting the At Homes, be late at the dinners, and be retiring from the dances for secret devotion. And yet, if one lived in the reality and fully understood that the conventions are only conventions, little harm would happen. To see everything with God's eyes, to understand His point of view, to persistently live behind the veil, and keep everything there under His direct control, would go a good way not only towards personally escaping the snare, but also towards modifying the conventions themselves.

But to pass on to an even more interesting theme suggested by the text. Angels with iridescent wings are not so rare as the proverb suggests. Large numbers of souls stray into this world, thank God, with the unchangeable love of beauty and order, holiness and truth, in their hearts. Their wings, it may be, are hidden, but none the less they are there.

What is, and must be, the fate of these wonderful visitors? They are in the world, but not of the world. It would be impossible for the world to understand them. To be at home here would strike a pang to their heart, to hear the applause of the world would fill them with indescribable pain.

> "They come among us child-like, glad, and wise,
> With haloed heads, with gleaming feet unshod,
> Walking this glorious earth without surprise,
> And kindling Nature with a thought from God."

Yes, so far as the earth is glorious, they are without surprise. Native and inevitable to them seems the splendour of sky and sea, the variety of the flowers, the unexpected sweetness of birds. But their surprise is moved by the strange ways of men. Why are men so gross, so selfish, so sordid? Why are they envious and jealous? Why do they make themselves such tyrannical customs to live under? Why, despising the Law of God, do they accept the "futile decalogue of mode?" These souls, akin to the majesty and beauty of things, but shocked with the disorder and meanness of sin, are very numerous among us. Most of us know some of them. They are not known to the world. Society ignores them. Senates have no room on the benches for them. They can occupy no thrones. If they write books, the reviewers do not criticise but sneer.

They do not complain of their lot, knowing that it is in the main inevitable. But surely "The Wonderful Visit" has been written in vain if it does not set us all seeking for these unrecognised ones, and bending our habits and thoughts to the recognition of them.

I would venture to get behind the allegory, and very reverently I would touch on the most amazing instance of these visitations.

Now, setting aside the allegory, it is to be observed that wherever we find a human soul dwelling a little apart, incapable of adapting itself to the ordinary conventions of life, awkward, retiring, uneasy, it is worth while to inquire. For though such an one may be simply an ill-formed, or ill-balanced creation, demanding discipline rather than recognition, this may on the other hand be one of our angel visitants.

The adaptation and the glibness which make men popular in the world are frequently only marks of their natural worldliness. In a world like this, good souls will almost certainly be shy. Some people may be silent and *gauche* because they have no ideas, nothing to say. But others may give just the same impression because they teem with ideas, which they find are inexpressible and perhaps unintelligible to their fellows.

Now it was the idea of Socrates that while he was no thinker himself, he was divinely commissioned to preside at the birth of other men's ideas. His life was occupied in eliciting and bringing to the light by question and comment the truths which were formulating in the brains about him. It is a noble and delicate task to go through the world ready to help the superior, inexpressive, and shy souls whom the world is too impatient to notice.

I am not speaking of geniuses. We may seek to bring out obscure talents, as it is said men will grow orchids, from mixed motives. But I am speaking of *souls*, rare and beautiful souls, that in an ideal sense belong to another order, and are shyly ill at ease in this. Many of them have no particular intellectual gifts, and will bring no *kudos* to themselves or their discoverers. But they are redolent of another and a sweeter country. If you will allow them to expand and utter themselves, you will find in them unsuspected evidences of God and of an Eternal Life. Their language, for all its simplicity, is that of heaven, rather than that of earth. Like the language of St. John, to the open-hearted it appears profound, to the worldly-wise it appears childish.

It may be safely said that the companionship of these elect but despised souls is more salutary than that of the great. Strictly speaking, though it is never known at the time, and is only recognised slowly afterwards, they *are* the great of the earth. Here is a simple test. The society of the great is tedious even to themselves and one another. What a tedium, what a stale loathing, what an inward contempt does the fashionable intercourse of the world leave behind it. The companionship of these visitants, on the other hand, though quite unexciting—and as it would seem not very informing—leaves behind it the sense of peace.

It would surely be time well spent to search out this lowly company, just as it is time and effort ill-spent to seek an entrance into what is called *society*. If you are *in society*, rejoice with trembling. If you are not, rejoice with confidence. For with regard to *society*, that may be said of all sane and truthful souls which Ruskin has said of the artist, that "he should be fit for the best society, and then—keep out of it." But it is worth anything to discover and to know one—yes, even one—of these visitant souls, to visit, to greet, to correspond with one who beyond all doubt has visitations and greetings from the eternal world, and secretly corresponds with God.

Nor are they few or hard to find if one has purged eyes. It was supposed that when Goethe wrote that "Confession of a Beautiful Soul," in *Wilhelm Meister*, he was creating the picture from his poetic imagination. But that makes too heavy a demand on credulity. He—that curious *Wilhelm Meister* himself—had certainly met and known a Beautiful Soul. And if he, in the improbable ways that he followed, why not any or all of us? Yes, I would venture on the assertion that there is no city, town, or hamlet, in Great Britain, where diligent search would not disclose one of these whom we call visitant souls. Nor are they necessarily poor and widowed women, and such as have missed the ripe fruit of life by chance or refusal. Many of them are young; some are rich and fortunate; some have charms of the worldly order to boot, but think nothing of them. In any case, while it may be laid to the charge of any one in England that he has despised and stoned the angels, no one in England can plead that he was out of their reach, or missed their instruction and society because the door was closed against him, or their sweet lips were sealed.

But when we are set on the discovery of those beings who, moving among us, breathe the spirit of another order, it is inevitable that before long we should light on the chief of them.

For who can walk through England, its thronged streets and humming factories, its lovely highways and deserted fields, without frequently catching the gleam of a strange yet familiar form? That He is a stranger to the whole order of things here needs no proof, and yet His name, His influence, His temples, His priests, are the most familiar constituents of English life. But He and His name are not coincident. His temples are not necessarily His dwelling. His priests are not all His friends. Very singular and pathetic, at times even tragical, is the presence of this visitant in the country we love, and the society we frequent.

I move among my fellow-countrymen. I distinguish between the name and the person, the temple and the occupant. And I find here men who have such a reverence for the name that they never mention it in their social gatherings; but that is combined with such a contempt for the Person that they never admit Him where they assemble.

On the other hand, there are men who utter the name with a rough familiarity, which jars, and you expect blasphemy and rejection. But Him they love; they appeal to His authority, quote His words, venerate His laws, and sometimes walk in His steps of martyrdom. Or here I find a temple dedicated to Him, but what suggestion of His presence is there?

"What church is this?" asks a poor man of the verger, who is putting the lights out after the day's services are over.

"Christ Church," is the answer.

"Christ's, indeed? Then is the owner absent?" is the surprised retort.

But on the other hand, here is a priest who frequents no temple, and knows no altar, and yet leaves on his fellow-men the constant impression that he is an interpreter of the Invisible Lord.

The tragedy appears in this. Many of those, who pride themselves on their discernment and even on their religion, are precisely those whose indignation against the Visitant would be most violent if He were to present Himself just as he is, stripped of the robes which convention has flung about Him. In untroubled serenity they masquerade and mumble; they carry through the tedious routine of services; they teach what they were taught. Their churches are decorous, harmonious, musical, crowded. And if Jesus of Nazareth were to step in and speak, the sensation would be as great as when George Fox entered a steeple-house, and lifted up his prophetic voice.

"Lord, what are these wounds in Thy hand?"

"They are what I have received in the house of my friends."

But there gleams the vision. There is the flash of iridescent wings. There is the unearthly music—a symphony of "Glory to God, and peace upon earth." For, down in the slums of the city, gentle hands are ministering to the sick. The priest has forgotten his cassock and his sacrament. He kneels by the bed of death, and holds the clammy hands, sobbing out a prayer for the dying. The gleam of His presence is in the room. There again in the unwholesome factory, a brave man stands up against the threats of dismissal and ruin, demanding that the law should be fulfilled, and greed should bow to mercy. And all the music of the heavenly spheres mingles with the roar of the wheels. Christ passes through the building like the vision of the Grail in a shaft of light.

And, poor, sensual, selfish men in the street there, why are you stoning Christ? Why do you sneer at Him? Why do you reject Him?—It is because you do not know that He is really what He is. Doubtless to you, He is a grotesque figure. The wings make Him humpbacked. The note of the other world does to your ear violate common sense. As you pelt Him through the street, and thrust Him out of His Church, and say in your serious way, "What shall we do, for certainly the world is likely to go after Him," I do not for a moment suppose that you are conscious of any blasphemy. Your blindness is, in a deep unutterable sense, your misfortune. I imagine no one feels that more than He, as He prays, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." Yet, how is that to comfort you? For suppose the blindness is incurable—and you are to go for ever through the universe, pelting all angelic or divine forms? There is small comfort in that. But try the other side. Suppose you should awake, and the crass heart should *feel*, as the unstopped ear *perceives* the musical thunders of the divine voice. Suppose, I say, that the unknown future should mean for you just one unavoidable discovery; that in this human life, where God could be known only through human forms, you had, wrapped in deadly conventions, never known heavenly visitants;

you had contemptuously rejected the unworldly souls that were alone of lasting worth; you had dismissed as a myth, or revised as a legend, or scorned as a hallucination, but in any case had utterly rejected Jesus Christ, the eternal vision of beauty and life, of light and truth, that had come into our world, and walked its weary ways:—Suppose eternity should be the awaking to that discovery; O souls of men, what then?

MAIDSTONE

BY GEORGE PAYNE, F.S.A.

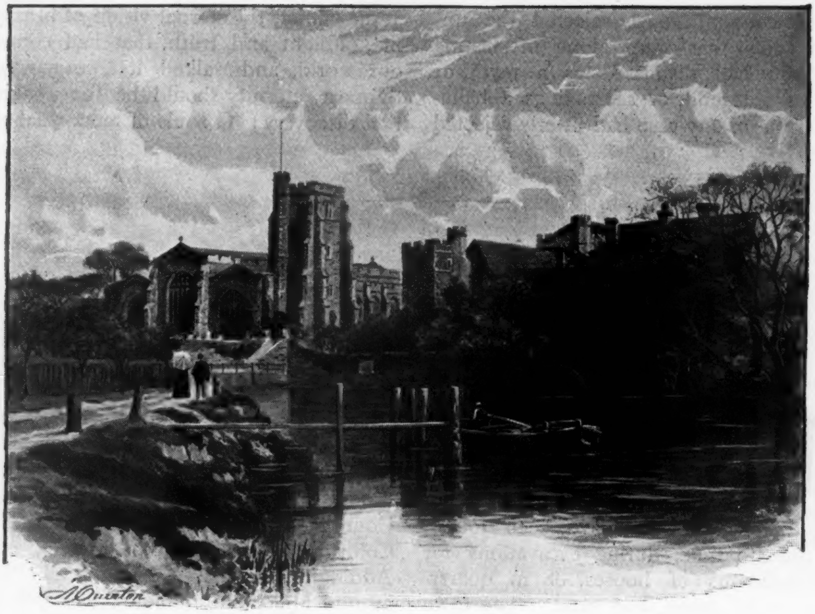
ILLUSTRATED BY A. R. QUINTON

MAIDSTONE can lay claim to being a centre of occupation from the earliest times. Everywhere in the immediate vicinity remains of the first settlers in Britain have been found, from time to time, during excavations for the foundations of houses, or in quarrying for stone, gravel, and sand. The town derives its name from its position on the river Medway. It was called in Saxon days "Medwegston," which is near enough to the present spelling to satisfy the most fastidious student. It occupies a position about three miles from the base of the great chalk hills, better known as the "Backbone of Kent."

Lying as it does near the outskirts of the Weald, which was once covered with the Forest of Andred, the chief home of the Celtic population in these parts, we can well imagine that every acre of ground now constituting the borough of Maidstone was for centuries before the Christian era thoroughly familiar to generations of ancient Britons. Some of the old track-ways which they used still exist in the locality, notably the famous way popularly called the "Pilgrim Road," which runs at the foot of the chalk range already mentioned. The rude but formidable camps they constructed may too be detected here and there along these worn ways or upon the hill-top overlooking them. Now and again rude gold coins are turned up by plough and spade. They bear no inscription, but have upon them the disjointed figure of a horse copied from the superb coin of Philip of Macedon. The neighbouring fields are likewise rich in the stone weapons and implements of these primitive folk. Outside the boundary of the county town, within easy distance, may be seen the colossal tombs of some of their "mighty dead," such as Kit's Coty House and the Countless Stones, both by Aylesford; the Coldrum Stones at Trotterscliffe, and the Addington Stones. Nor is this all. In and around Maidstone numerous vestiges of the Roman colonists are continually being brought to light, showing that it was a place of importance during their occupation. The great highways which intersect the district may be regarded as distinctly Roman, although one or two of them may have been laid down upon anterior ways. In the absence of documentary evidence the antiquity of roads can only be determined by finding along their respective routes ancient sepulchral remains, foundations of Roman buildings, and so on. The cemeteries were always placed near the roadsides, and it is hardly likely that a villa would be erected at a spot where no road passed. Throughout the district in question antiquities have been turned up in such close proximity to the present ways that there can be no doubt about their early origin.

From whichever route the traveller chooses to approach Maidstone he will find little to mar the beauty of the landscape; the entire district is essentially rural, being dotted over with well-timbered domains, interspersed with rich pasture lands, fields of waving corn, and a vast acreage of hop-plantations.

From Aylesford to Tonbridge the river Medway is exceedingly pretty, and during the summer months is a favourite resort with those who are fond of boating. Hereabouts it meanders at places through miniature



THE CHURCH AND COLLEGE

gorges, the high banks on either side being covered with a wealth of foliage which forms its chief charm.

On entering the town of Maidstone, if there is one thing more than another to impress the visitor, it is probably the well-to-do, business-like look of the place. Great warehouses rise up from the water's edge, which are filled from basement to roof with the produce of the land. Huge breweries and malt-houses tower aloft, testifying to the drinking propensities of the Anglo-Saxon race. The shops and houses of business in the chief thoroughfares are well-appointed and imposing in appearance, and many a fortune has been and is being made in them by worthy men, whose names will ever be mentioned with honour and respect.

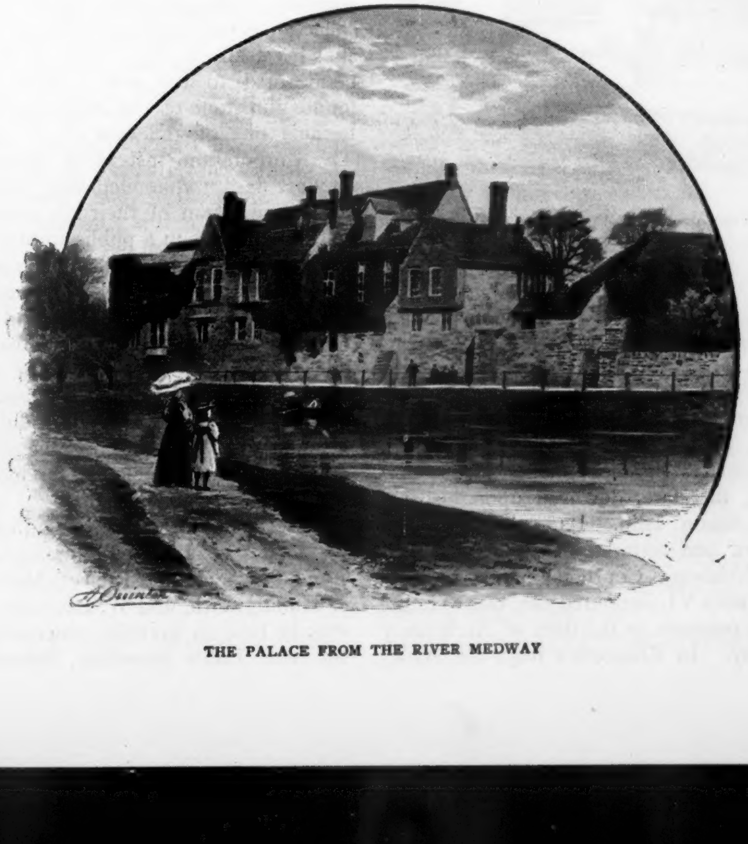
Maidstone is one of the principal trading centres of the county, and on Market Day especially it presents a very busy scene. The Weald of Kent is not yet intersected by many railroads, hence it is the custom for numerous caravans and extremely uncomfortable-looking omnibuses to ply between the Weald and the county town. The caravans are allowed to stand in the Broadway of the High Street for the convenience of the carriers. It is not an uncommon thing to see some of the older husbandmen come to market clad in the old-fashioned gaberdine or smock-frock, and it is very interesting to hear them speak the Kentish dialect in all its purity.

During the season of hop-picking the borough is besieged by thousands of pickers, who swarm in from the lowest slums of London and elsewhere. These are moved off by road and rail to their various destinations as soon as they arrive. On Saturday nights they come into the town for shopping and amusement. After the "hopping" is over it is a revolting sight to see the London contingent returning to their homes, the majority frenzied with drink, and one asks, Can these terrible creatures possibly be human?

But let us pass on to something more pleasant.

We learn that there was a church at Maidstone when Domesday book was compiled, which was dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin. The present noble parish church of All Saints' evidently stands upon the site of it, as several interesting encaustic tiles were found *in sitû* on the same level with an ancient plinth about a foot below the present pavement. Most writers, following each other, have ascribed the erection of the existing fabric to Archbishop Courtenay in the fourteenth century, while a later authority inclines to the opinion that Courtenay left the walls of the original church undisturbed, inserting windows of his own time, rebuilding the chancel, and erecting stalls for the use of the Master and Fellows of his college, according to the terms of a licence granted him by Richard II. These richly carved stalls originally numbered twenty-eight, of which twenty remain, five bearing heraldic devices, and the others are adorned with flowers and figures.

There were formerly three altar-tombs standing within the chancel, each having a brass effigy upon the slab; that on the south side being Dr. John Wotton's (1417), on the north side Sir Richard Wydville's (1442), and in the centre of the choir that of Archbishop Courtenay (1396). The two latter are now level with the pavement. Wotton's tomb is very elaborate and covered with a richly carved canopy, once beautifully coloured. Behind this tomb a later wall appears to have been inserted. It bears traces of fresco painting. The several figures are supposed to represent the Virgin upon a throne, with St. Catherine behind. In front of the Virgin is an angel presenting the soul of John Wotton. On the side-canopies are the figures of an archbishop and a bishop. Besides the three tombs mentioned there are monuments to the families of Beale (1399 to 1593), Tufton (17th century), Astley (16th to 18th century), Knatchbull (17th century), and many others. On the south side of the church are the remains of the collegiate buildings erected for secular canons in the time of Richard II. The building of the college was commenced by Archbishop Courtenay, and after his death continued by his successor, Archbishop Arundel. It was dissolved by the Act passed for the suppression of this and similar religious houses in the time of Henry VIII. On passing from the vestibule to the right is a long room, which was the refectory, next is a kitchen, and beyond a scullery. The passage adjoining communicates with a tower next the river. The upper apartments comprise a bedroom, an infirmary, and other chambers. There is

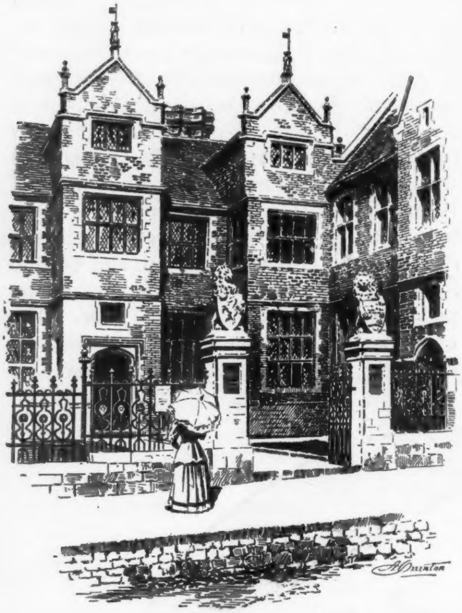


THE PALACE FROM THE RIVER MEDWAY

also a cloister and a corridor above it, which extend the entire length of the upper floor. On the left hand of the gateway is the bakehouse. The Master's house is thought to have stood towards the river. It contained two sitting-rooms and two bedrooms.

The Archbishop's manor-house, or palace, as it is erroneously called, next claims our attention.

There was apparently no house at Maidstone for the use of the archbishops until William de Cornhill, Rector of Maidstone, *tempo.* John, gave his residence to Stephen Langton for his use and that of his successors. The house was pulled down and its re-erection commenced by Archbishop Ufford in 1348, who died six months after he became primate. The completion of the new building, therefore, devolved upon his successor, Simon Islip. Its subsequent enlargement and restoration was carried out by Archbishops Courtenay and Morton. King Henry VI. honoured the manor-house with his presence in the days of Archbishop Chicheley. In Elizabeth's reign the Astley family became possessed of it and used it as a residence until the time of Queen Anne. Baron Astley, a great general of Charles I., died here. The house was purchased by the first Earl Romney in 1719. It is now the property of the Corporation.

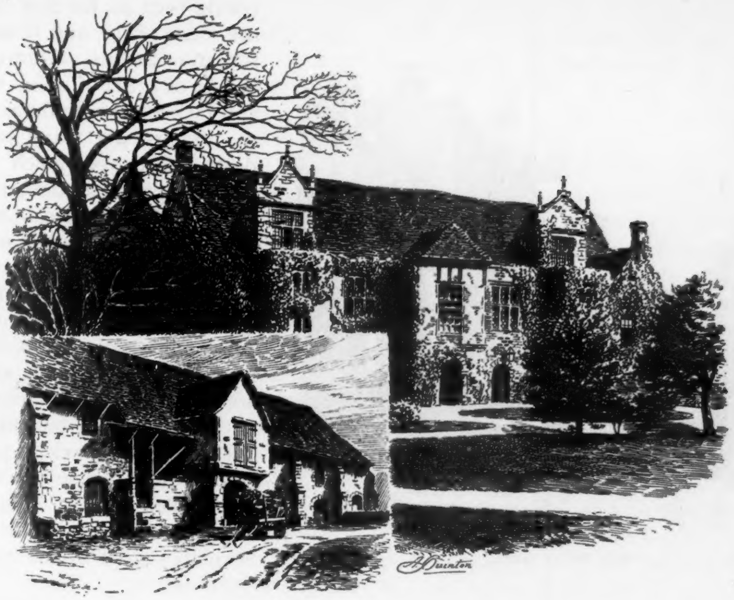


CHILLINGTON HOUSE (NOW FREE LIBRARY AND MUSEUM)

The large barn, with its outer staircase, to the east of the manor-house, is said to have been built by Archbishop Morton.

Maidstone happily still retains some of its fine old timber houses, but the basements of many of them have been adapted to modern requirements. The most interesting of all is Chillington House, in St. Faith Street, now used as a Public Library and Museum. Chillington was a manor and formed part of the possessions of the Cobhams of Kent, in the reign of Edward III. It afterwards came into the hands of the Maplesdens of local celebrity, but in consequence of one of the family having been mixed up in the Wyatt rebellion, the estate was forfeited to the Crown in the time of Queen Mary. From that period it was continually changing hands, until the early part of the present century, when it became the property of one Thomas Charles, a medical man. In the prime of life he withdrew from his profession and devoted himself to antiquarian researches. He gathered together a small collection of curiosities and antiquities, which, after his death in 1855, it was found he had bequeathed to the town. This was the foundation-stone of the Museum, which has become one of the best in the provinces. The Corporation, instead of regarding the bequest as a "white elephant," followed up the consideration of their late townsman by setting to work in a public-spirited manner to purchase the house which contained Mr. Charles's treasures. This was accomplished in due course, and the safety and preservation of the grand old Elizabethan manor-house henceforth ensured. The place was terribly out of repair, and a general restoration ensued. The Corporation did its share, being backed by the unparalleled liberality of the wealthy inhabitants, foremost among whom was Alexander Randall.

Associated with this magnificent work the names of Julius Brenchley, Alexander Randall, Samuel and Richard Mercer, T. and J. Hollingworth, and W. Laurence, will also ever be held in grateful remembrance. To the late Julius Brenchley, however, Maid-



THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE AND STABLES

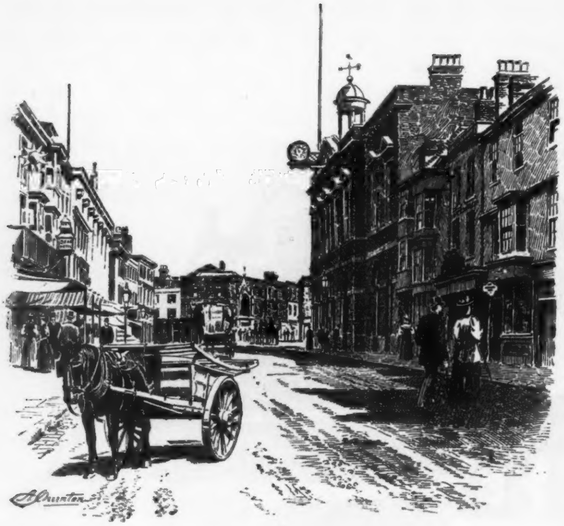
stone is mainly indebted for his unbounded munificence in connection with the Museum. On his return from many years of travel all over the world, he placed most of his splendid collections in Chillington House. He gave large sums towards the purchase and restoration of the fabric, bought all the property in rear of the Museum, and caused it to be laid out as a public garden. When all this had been accomplished, the benefactor passed away in the prime of life. But his glorious work did not end here, for it was found that he had bequeathed his china, bronzes, books, pictures, and other costly articles of *vertu* to the town, together with an endowment of some thousands of pounds.

During the past few years another of Maidstone's wealthy traders, Mr. Samuel Bentlif, has erected at great cost an additional wing to the Museum in memory of his late brother, and richly endowed it. This is devoted to the Fine Arts, and very properly bears the name of the "Bentlif" wing. Happily the kindly-hearted donor is still with us to witness the public appreciation of his munificence.

Besides those names already mentioned Maidstone is indebted to a host of other residents for liberal donations in money and collections. Last year saw the completion of the technical schools, which have been erected at enormous cost in the old garden of Chillington House. Thus in St. Faith Street are centred institutions of which any town might justly boast, and which cannot fail to be of incalculable service to the community for all time. There is a fine specimen of domestic architecture in Bank Street, of Jacobean date. The entire front of the house is elaborately decorated in the style known as "pargetting." The arms of England and the Prince of Wales' badge, with the letters I G L on a shield, appear, while between the windows are garlands and other floral devices. It is supposed to have been built by John Green, who was a member of the Corporation.

In Week Street there is another good example of "pargetting," with the date 1680. Opposite is a coffee-house, which was the manor-house of the manor of Wyke, *alias* Week. It has a good Elizabethan mantelpiece and moulded timber ceiling still remaining in the front room.

Like all towns, the beautiful houses of the



THE TOWN HALL

past which adorned the streets of Maidstone have given place to structures of bricks and mortar. Here and there a few of them are left, just to let us know what we *have* lost by having been born a couple of centuries too late. As we glance above the modern shop fronts we observe occasionally the gables of former structures, with their cunningly carved barge-boards, and we groan as we pass to think of the choice bits of ancient work that have been torn out by the workmen of to-day.

At the southern end of Earl Street may be seen the hall of the ancient Corpus Christi Brotherhood, founded in the reign of Henry VI. It is now used as the cooperage of Messrs. Fremlin's brewery. In the fifteenth century the Fraternity or Guild consisted of two hundred brethren and sisters, who observed certain religious services and administered relief to the members who were sick or infirm with age. The Fraternity was suppressed in 1547. The building afterwards served the purpose of a Grammar School for two hundred years.

The Town Hall was erected after the old common hall, prison, and bridewell were pulled down in 1763. The premises were largely extended in 1853.

The streets of Maidstone are proverbially quiet and well-ordered, but it has not always been so, for they have been the scene of riot and bloodshed on several occasions. During the rebellion of 1381, of which Wat Tyler and Jack Straw were the ringleaders, the rioters put many persons to death, destroyed much property, and the cattle in the archbishop's park, and succeeded in setting all the prisoners free that were in the gaol.

In 1450 Jack Cade promoted a general rising of Kentish men, numbering not a few Maidstone men. The town does not appear to have suffered in consequence of this rebellion, on the contrary, for after that plucky squire, Alexander Iden, came up with Cade and killed him at Heathfield in Sussex, Maidstone and her sons who took part in the tumult were pardoned.

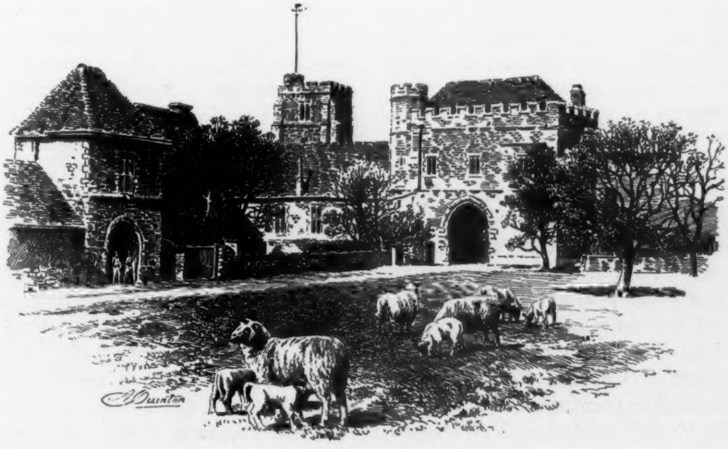
A hundred years later, Sir Thomas Wyatt of Allington Castle, a little over a mile from Maidstone, thought fit to endeavour to prevent the alliance between Queen Mary and the Archduke Philip of Spain. He succeeded in bringing about an insurrection of the Kentish men, who set up the standard of rebellion at Maidstone on the 25th of January 1554. Rochester seems to have suffered most over this affair, as its castle was seized by the insurgents, and much damage was done to the bridge. The revolt ended in the leading conspirators being either hanged or imprisoned, while Wyatt was beheaded, his head stuck on a pole in Hyde Park, and his body quartered. For the part Maidstone played in this disturbance the borough was disfranchised for a period of five years.

During the terrible struggle between the Royalists and Parliamentarians, the inhabitants of Maidstone were brought face to face with the horrors of civil war. On the 29th of May 1648, Fairfax, the Parliamentary general, commenced his march towards the Medway; two days later he was at Meopham. We can readily imagine the excitement and consternation which the news of his approach caused at Maidstone. Defensive operations were going on all round the town, earthworks were thrown up, stockades raised, streets were barricaded with timber, and every vulnerable place blocked with all sorts of *impedimenta*. Meanwhile Fairfax was pressing on, and had already reached Malling. The same day (June 1st) he and his force of 7000 men passed over East Farleigh Bridge, only two miles from Maidstone.

Possibly the inhabitants did not till then fully realise the extreme danger of the situation, for no sooner had the intelligence been made known, that Fairfax had crossed the river, than the whole town became in a state of confusion. The majority of the principal families had already left the town, and the streets were filled with armed men only. Every doorway and window was guarded by a musketeer, and heavy guns were placed at the cross-roads at the top of High Street, with their muzzles pointing down each of the four principal streets. Between seven and eight o'clock on that memorable summer evening, Fairfax's dragoons tried conclusions with the Royalist's outposts and succeeded in forcing them from their position. The onslaught now commenced in real earnest. The Royalists sallied forth from the town and so furiously attacked the dragoons that the lost position was recovered. At this juncture Colonel Brockman arrived with eight hundred cavaliers, which swelled the ranks of the defenders to about three thousand men. Fairfax's men were pressed so hard that he found it necessary to alight from his coach, mount his horse, and lead the attack in person, although he was suffering from the gout and had his right foot bandaged up. This brave general's fearless and prompt action turned the tide of events, and the Royalists were defeated at all points. They retreated to the town, followed by the Parliament troops, who were received with a perfect rain of bullets from every window and doorway. A fierce struggle ensued until the High Street was gained, where a deadly hand-to-hand encounter took place. For five hours, from first to last, the battle raged, and at midnight the Royalists were driven into the churchyard and church, where they surrendered. Thus ended the storming of Maidstone, which is described by Von Ranke as "one of the most murderous conflicts of the whole war."

As we turn over this blood-stained page in the history of the county town we cannot fail to contrast it with the state of things at the present day, and to reflect in a spirit of thankfulness upon the blessings of peace that we enjoy both within and without our borders.

For want of space we can only refer to such places as Leeds Castle, Allington Castle, Malling Abbey, St. Leonard's Tower, and the Carmelite Priory at Aylesford, all within easy distance of Maidstone. These abound with interest, and tempt the antiquary, the artist, and the tourist to sojourn in the locality for a lengthened period.



ALL SAINTS' COLLEGE

THE USE OF SCIENCE TO CHRISTIANS

By EMMA MARIE CAILLARD

SECOND PAPER

How, from the Christian standpoint, Science shows all Nature to be spiritual and divine

IT must be borne in mind by the readers of these little papers, that they are addressed to Christians. Science does not show from the agnostic, still less from the atheistic standpoint, if indeed there be such an one, that nature is spiritual and divine. She does, however, show something which, if we believe in there being any spiritual and divine principle at all, clearly indicates that it must be present throughout the whole "material" universe. This something is the organic unity of nature. An organic unity means a unity which is developed from within, not impressed from without; such a unity as we find in a plant or in the body of an animal whose "organs," despite their distinctiveness, are pervaded by a single life, and subserve each in its own measure the maintenance and furtherance of that life, but not in a building or a mechanical contrivance, or in fact in any object which is *made*. Organic unity belongs only to that which is "made to make itself," and what science shows, as with ever-increasing clearness she points out the organic unity of nature, is just this very fact, that the universe has not been made, but has been made to make itself. It is, so far as we can see, the result of *evolution*, not of manufacture.

It is necessary to speak with caution on this subject, because there are gaps in the history of evolution, and we cannot say whether they will ever be filled up. Many details, some most important details, of the process are unknown, but the process itself is undoubted. To put the matter briefly, we are in the same position with respect to the history of the universe, as we should be with regard to the history of any nation of whom sufficient and sufficiently trustworthy chronicles existed, to convince us that they did indeed refer to that nation, and contained, though in a fragmentary condition, its true story. We might under such circumstances make great mistakes in detail, but we could not so far misinterpret our documentary evidence as to suppose it referred to some other nation, or was pure fiction. In the same manner, we have fragments of the history of the universe, or rather we have the history itself with many pages missing or undecipherable in our present stage of knowledge, and under our present conditions of existence, but its main outlines are unmistakeable, and those main outlines indicate, as we have said, a history of development, not of manufacture.

If we want to know what kind of life is developing itself throughout this process of evolution, what capacities are being gradually unfolded, we shall learn most by studying the highest stage attained; just as we should understand the nature and capabilities of vegetable life better by examining a full-grown plant than a seed. Now, the highest stage which nature has reached is, so far as we know, the human; and the life of man is *spiritual*, by which we mean, first and foremost, that it is a life of self-conscious intelligence and will, the life of a *person* not of a thing. Spiritual life is often understood to mean more than this, to mean a life of conscious communion with God, and to this extended signification we will presently return; but it is of importance to notice that the possibility of such communion depends on personality. A *thing* cannot enter into conscious intercourse with any other thing. A *person* of course can do so with another person.

The difference between a person and a thing is so enormous that it appears impossible the former could develop from the latter, and yet in the life-history of every human individual this marvellous process actually takes place. Each one of us begins life as a single minute "cell" or aggregate of protoplasmic matter, indistinguishable in its earliest stages as animal or vegetable, and in which the most fertile imagination could discover no trace of what we understand by human personality. From this by a series of developments, of which want of space forbids our attempting even the briefest description here, but which commence by the multiplication by subdivision of the single cell into a number of separate and similar cells, the distinctively animal, and then through further modifications passing stage by stage from lower to higher animal forms, the distinctively human embryo is developed. This, after attaining a certain stage, opens its eyes on the outer world as a perfect human infant. The difference between a baby and the single cell which was its origin is already incalculable; but the capacities of a full-grown man are vastly greater than those of an infant, and the latter has to pass through many further stages of progress before the dim consciousness

> ". . . . I am not what I see,
> And other than the things I touch,"

has attained to the complete, self-conscious life of reason and will, which is characteristic of mankind, and gives to each individual who attains to it the rights and dignity of a person.

The original cell can scarcely be regarded as more than a thing, a living thing certainly, but still a thing. In a few short years this thing has developed into a being endowed with the spiritual life of a human being. Can we exaggerate the deep importance of rightly understanding such an object-lesson in God's manner of working?

On the theory of evolution nothing can be unfolded from the germ which was not potentially there from the beginning, needing time and development only to become actual. If, then, man, a spiritual being, is the outcome of the minute mass of protoplasmic matter which we call an organic cell, to what conclusion can we come save that the life of such a cell, germinal though it be, is a spiritual life?

Granting this, we turn to compare organic with inorganic matter, and we find that, reduced to their elements, they are absolutely identical. The body of one of the higher animals, nay of man himself, contains no elementary* substance which is not also contained in the inorganic environment, in what is often thought of as *dead* matter. This, as science teaches us, was in existence long before "living" matter, and knowing as we do that in passing from the study of one to the study of the other, we find no physical law abrogated or suspended, that the one has its roots in the other, nay, that it *is* the other touched with new power and endowed with higher capabilities, we can but regard the apparently impassable chasm between the two as existing only to our ignorance, as a mere gap in the history of the universe which clearer insight into the mysteries of nature (but another name to the Christian for the "deep things of God") would certainly bridge over.

The fact that man, with all the faculties which mark him out as man, has developed from a tiny speck of living jelly—long, though erroneously, supposed to be "structureless"—points to three important conclusions:

(1) That the life-history of the individual is the life-history of the race in epitome—because many of the gradations through which the individual passes in his embryonic stage are found as existing forms of adult animal life.

(2) That it is highly probable life has developed from what only appears to be not life on account of our limited faculties.

(3) That since life in its highest manifestation is personal, personality was implicit from the first; in other words that the whole order of Nature is a spiritual order, fitly culminating therefore in self-conscious spiritual beings.

This is a vast subject upon which to touch in the short space at our disposal, and the few concluding remarks must be confined to its practical bearing on our faith as Christians.

God has revealed Himself to us as a personal being—the source and reason of all personal life; science teaches us that personal life is the outcome of evolution. Seen from the Christian standpoint, therefore, modern science shows us that the whole aim of creation has been the production of beings whose personality stamps them as sons of God, and who are capable of conscious communion with Him—*i.e.*, of the highest and fullest spiritual life. Man is thus shown to be not a mere inhabitant of the universe, but its expression and its interpretation. In him the Godward tendency of the whole creation becomes apparent and finds utterance; nor is his origin less divine because it is identical with that of the rest of nature whose destiny he accomplishes by finding his goal in God.

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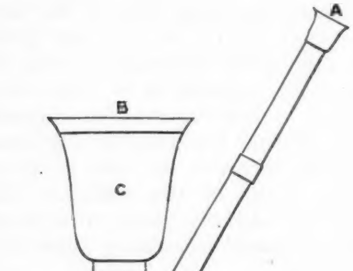
* An "element" is a substance which cannot by any process known to science be further decomposed, and which, therefore, appears to be absolutely "simple."

VOICE FIGURES

By MARGARET WATTS HUGHES

SINCE the publication of my pamphlet entitled "Voice Figures"* in 1891, a large number of communications have reached me from various sources respecting the manner of production of the forms now known as Voice Figures. In these communications it has been interesting as well as pleasing to notice how universal the suggestiveness of these figures has been to those who have seen them in their varied and original forms.



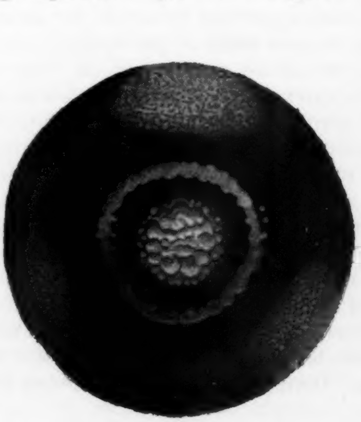
1. THE EIDOPHONE

These sound forms were called "Voice Figures" by Professor Tyndall when they were first seen by him a few years ago at the Royal Institution, and they were rightly so called, because it is certainly to the great scope which is given to the human voice above other musical instruments, in regard to the properties of sound, that the *variety* of the forms produced owe their origin. It must, however, not be forgotten that without other acquirements, circumstances, and conditions, apart from the voice itself, no figures can be sung into shape. What are the requirements? First of all an apparatus called the Eidophone, which contains a receiver C, on the top of which is stretched the elastic membrane B (Fig. 1). On the surface of the membrane a little sand, lycopodium, or some semi-liquid substance is placed. A note is sung into the mouth of the tube A, and now, if sand is strewn on the disc, and the latter be thoroughly flexible and evenly stretched, the sound waves will cause it to vibrate regularly and to divide and subdivide so as to give a series of different figures which will vary in appearance according to the pitch of the notes sung (Fig. 2).

To produce a voice figure *one* note only is needed from the singer—not, as some people imagine, a melody, a song, or an anthem. But what *kind* of note? It must be a note under the most perfect control of the singer in regard to its properties. What are the properties of a vocal note? They are pitch, intensity, quality, vowel, form, and duration.

Every figure sung records not only the number, but also the movements of the vibrations of a note during its sustentation. Any singer, therefore, attempting to sing voice figures without having acquired the requisite mastery over the *one* note had better not attempt the task with any hope of immediate success.

A change in the substance placed on the vibrating disc demands a corresponding suitable note from the singer, the *kind* of note being dependent upon the weight of the



2. FIGURE IN LYCOPODIUM SHOWING CENTRES OF MOTION ON VIBRATING MEMBRANE

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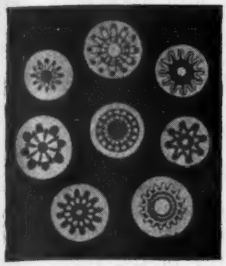
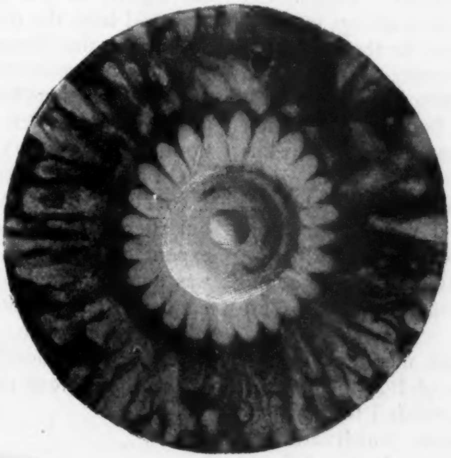
* Hazell, Watson & Viney, 1, Creed Lane, London, E.C.



3. TINY GEOMETRICAL FIGURES

disc and the mobility of the substance to be controlled.

When the surface of the disc is flooded with water, and a suitable note is sustained through the tube, the whole of the surface is covered with beautiful crispations, or tiny wavelets, in straight or curved lines, forming beautiful and complex patterns. Adding a small quantity of powdered water-colour to the liquid, a very different result is seen. The colour liquid changes its forms not with each change of pitch, but with the slightest variations of intensity. Some of these figures are so peculiar in behaviour that they seem to invite special scientific investigations.



4. DAISY FORM

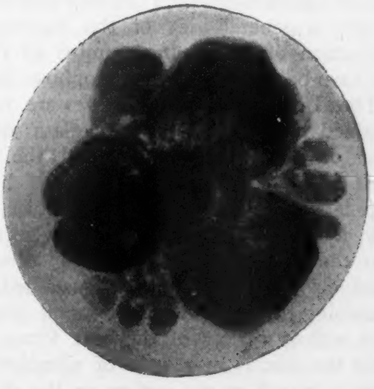
When a larger quantity of powdered water-colour is added to the water, and a small quantity of the thickened liquid is placed on the centre of the disc, a variety of tiny figures can be produced, some star-like in appearance, varying in the numbers of their rays from six upwards (Fig. 3). Some of these have lines and delicate markings on their surface. In dimension and circumference they vary from the size of the top of a small pin to the size of the little flower the "forget-me-not." The smallest figure belonging to this class which I have been able to shape with a high note when examined afterwards through a magnifying glass, revealed fifteen tiny petals arranged in the most perfect order around its centre mound, and its general appearance was a miniature copy of another familiar flower of the field.

By altering the quantity of colour in proportion to the water we have further results.

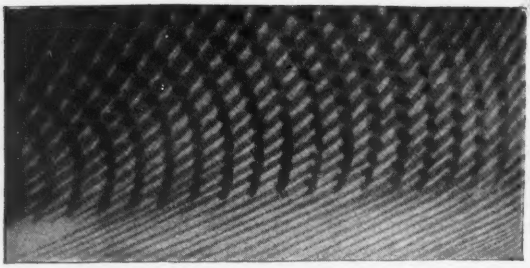
Placing now a still larger quantity of colour paste on the centre of the disc, when a suitable note is sung, we first see the heap gather together, but after a short time it will be seen slightly agitated around its edge, and ere long, in obedience to a gradual crescendo, beautifully shaped petals dart out, and the whole heap assumes a floral form which, when fully developed, resembles a daisy (Fig. 4).

In all the variety of figures which the eidophone disc is capable of yielding in obedience to sustained vocal notes, it will be found that intensity plays a most important part. Sound cannot exist without pitch, but it must not be forgotten that pitch cannot exist without intensity, and it will be well for the eidophone singer to further remember that, although pitch, of necessity, must remain stationary during the sustentation of a note, intensity, quality, form, and vowel can vary to any extent.

In the production of all the figures mentioned so far, excepting the daisy,



5. PANSY FORM



6. FIGURE SHOWING CROSS VIBRATIONS

intensity is equal; but in order to form the daisy floral form some very gradual crescendos and diminuendos are required. The sudden appearance of the daisy, as it springs into full development in obedience to the crescendo and diminuendo of intensity, seems like a revelation to the singer who sings these floral forms for the first time. Some daisies exhibit two, three, and even more rows of petals overlapping each other.

The pansy floral form shoots out when its centre mound is flooded with water. The pansy may be correctly termed a water flower, but to sing it into shape some pianissimo intensities, as well as gradual crescendos, are needed (Fig. 5).

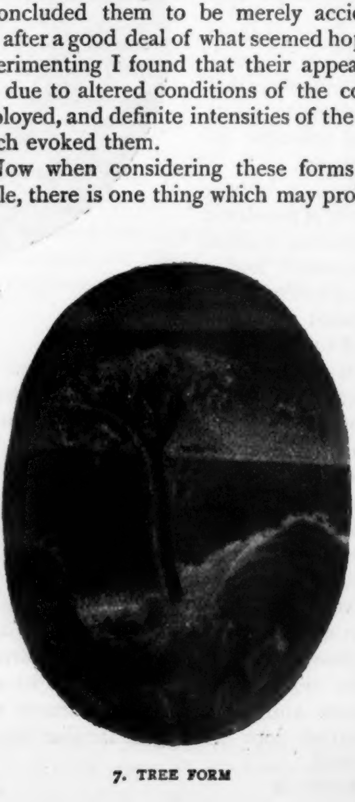
All the figures hitherto mentioned are to be obtained by means of free membranes, but there is a variety, which I have named Impression Voice Figures, which are produced in a different way and give different results. As, however, it is impossible, without practical demonstration, to describe one class of figures minutely, I can only endeavour to give a general idea of the manner of production of the greater number of those that have been sung on the eidophone disc.

The Impression Voice Figures are to be obtained by coating a plate of glass with a layer of moist water-colour, and the disc must be similarly prepared, after which the plate is laid on the surface of the disc, and now, if a note of suitable intensity is sung into the tube and the plate is carefully lifted off while the note is sustained, on examining the plate it will be found covered over with a variety of different forms. If while the disc is in a state of vibration the plate is moved on the surface, or the disc is moved while the plate is stationary, the plate will be marked with lines recording each vibration during its contact with the disc. If notes of different pitch are sung, and the process repeated at the same ratio of movement, an approximate record may be ascertained of the number of vibrations of each note in a vocal scale.

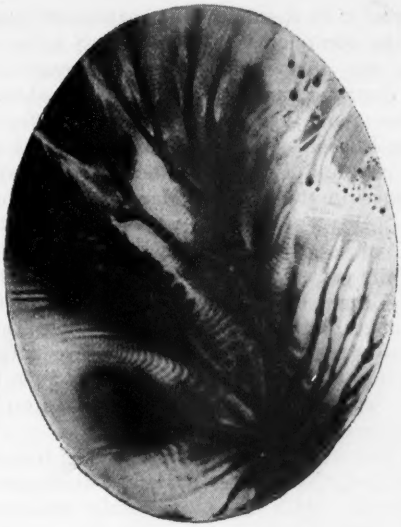
The variety of the forms thus produced is due not only to the differences in quantity of the substances employed, but also to a new element not encountered in the production of the free membrane figures. In forming the Impression Voice Figures the vibrations come in contact with opposing forces, which are met with in the weight and the rigidity of the plate. As the plate is detached from the disc, the latter records on its surface the history of its struggles and resistance, sometimes by leaving on it an appearance resembling a volcano, or a fern, a tree, or a complex pattern of cross vibrations (Figs. 6 and 7).

On first meeting with these different forms I concluded them to be merely accidents, but after a good deal of what seemed hopeless experimenting I found that their appearance was due to altered conditions of the colours employed, and definite intensities of the notes which evoked them.

Now when considering these forms as a whole, there is one thing which may probably



7. TREE FORM



8. FERN VARIETY

have struck the reader who has followed this brief explanation, and that is, the simplicity of the means employed in their production. That *one* note of the human voice should be the chief factor seems, at first thought, impossible, and yet when we come to consider the whole world of sound, what is it but one note, out of which a great variety of notes are evolved, the variety being created by means of the slightest alteration of one or two of the properties of the *one* note. In this manner alone the world of sound seems to indicate its method of supply of that exhaustless material which is ever found ready at the disposal of the composer, and by whose skilful arrangement it is transformed into a world of music, and made capable of conveying definite thoughts and ideas to human beings.

It is in these six properties of sound, the first three of which may be termed primary, the other three secondary, we have also to search for an explanation of the characteristics which mark the distinction between one department of the world of sound and another, between sounds as heard from nature, and sounds heard from musical instruments, between sounds produced by insects, birds, animals, and the tones of the human voice. The explanation will be found in the *ranges* of the different properties of sound. When these are compared they are found to differ both as to length, as well as the particular *place* which they hold in the great sound-world scale.

Some birds begin to sing on notes above the limits of the highest soprano, and there are animals who use notes below the deepest male voices. The human voice is limited in strength when compared with some animals. If man had in his possession the range of pitch of some birds, and the intensity of some animals, he could cause his voice to travel with messages some miles distant. If he had the intensity of the lion's voice he could sing into shape several pounds of semi-liquid substances. But it is not given to man to perform such miracles, because of the command which has gone forth to every part of the sound-world, "so far shalt thou go and no farther."

To each department, however, is allotted the *portion* and the *place* in the great scale. But to the human being alone is given the power which enables him to make the highest and best use of *all* the properties of sound, and to cause each to appeal to the souls of human beings, who are destined to take part in the *last* element of sound—duration—in the eternity to come, which fact has been declared by the voice that spake at the "beginning."

RELICS OF THE BRONTË FAMILY

By HERBERT E. WROOT

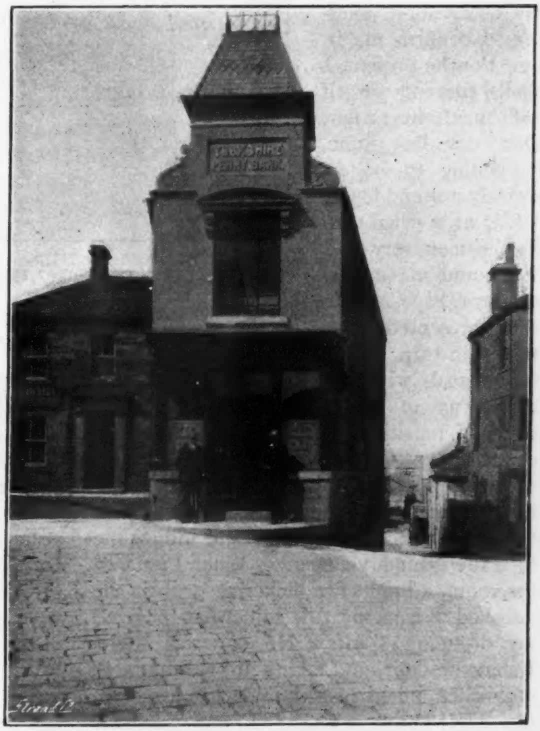
IN the autumn of 1893 a proposal was made in Yorkshire, for the formation of a Society to promote the study of the works of the Brontës, and to collect and preserve such material relics as existed, and such traditions of their personalities as were still cherished by old inhabitants of the Brontë country. The proposition was received with the utmost favour, and a few days before Christmas in that year the Society was formally inaugurated. Although most of its meetings are held in the places chiefly identified with the Brontë memory, yet the organisation aims at an international character, and its members, who now number about 250, are representative of the whole English-speaking world, whilst several French and German literary men have also joined in the movement.

The first publication of the society, issued at the beginning of the year 1895, was fittingly a bibliography of Brontë literature. Some evidence of the interest, which has been taken by successive generations of readers and writers in the Brontës and their books, is afforded by the circumstance that the little volume contains some 440 entries, whilst the cosmopolitan character of their reputation is shown by the fact, that besides the reprints of their novels which have appeared in England, the United States of America, Canada and Australia, translations of one or more of the novels have been published in France, Germany, Austria and Russia, and dramatised versions have been printed in the United States, France, Germany, Italy and Denmark. It is, however, somewhat curious that on the European continent the name of the Brontës is altogether unknown, and the sisters are still distinguished only by their early pseudonyms "Currer," "Ellis," and "Acton Bell"; whilst in England, on the contrary, the true name of the Brontës has almost entirely displaced that under which the books were originally published, perhaps in consequence of the general interest in the personalities of the authors excited by the publication of Mrs. Gaskell's masterly biography. The second of the Society's publications, was a paper by an American author, Mr. Claude Meeker, the United States Consul in Bradford, and the third is now in the press.

The honour of affording a shrine for the Brontë relics was contested on behalf of several places associated with their memories. The little village of Haworth, "in the bogs and mountains of the West Riding of Yorkshire," was the scene of the greater part of their lives, and it is visited yearly by many hundreds of Brontë admirers, a very large proportion of them being Americans. The Brontë genius was doubtless not the product of the soil in the same sense that Burns is associated with Ayrshire. The Brontës were not natives of Yorkshire by descent, and in their Irish father and Cornish mother can be traced many of the salient features of their individualities. But few authors have been more affected by their environment than the Brontë sisters, and the influence which the scenery and social conditions of Haworth had upon them makes the village without question the most suitable place for such a memorial as the Brontë Museum. In Haworth, therefore, within bow-shot of the home in which they lived and of the church where they lie buried, the Brontë Society have gathered together, in a convenient room, a large collection of relics, some received on loan, many as gifts, to the Society.

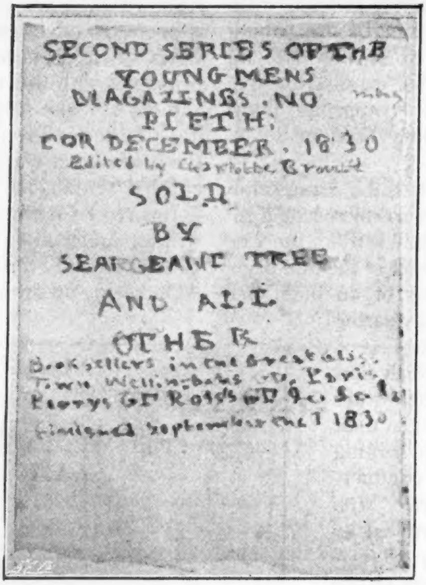
The chief treasures are among the manuscripts, which are both numerous and intrinsically interesting. Round one of them—the plain, calf-bound volume which contains the original manuscript of the first volume of "Jane Eyre"—the whole exhibition may be considered to centre. It is written in a tiny hand on the quarto letter paper in general use at that day, and fills 255 pages. The date, "March 16, 1847," written at the top of the opening page, shows that it was not the first copy, but a transcript. The first copy of the novel had, we know, been commenced seven months before, in the chilling solitude of a lodging in a back street in Manchester, whither Charlotte Brontë had accompanied her poor blind father, who was about to undergo an operation on his eyes. The story was first written in pencil in little square manuscript books, and thence transcribed so carefully, that in the whole volume in the exhibition scarcely half-a-dozen erasures are to be found. To London it went, in the early summer, and after wandering backwards and forwards among different publishers—rejected, and probably unread—it went in August to Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., was accepted, and made its appearance in the following October. Mr. George Smith, the veteran head of the firm, the history of which would be almost a history of the best modern English literature, now lends the book to the society, and with it the first volume of the MS. of "Villette." This extends to 272 pages, and is probably the first and only copy. Corrections are more numerous, and there are several excisions of sentences and long passages, not merely deleted with the pen, but cut entirely out of the paper, leaving a hole of larger or smaller size in the leaf. Throughout the manuscript the name of Lucy Snowe is written as Lucy Frost, the alteration having been made in proof.

A very curious little relic is the manuscript magazine. The writing is so microscopic as to be almost entirely illegible without the use of a magnifier, and the whole of the title-page measures only $1\frac{3}{16}$ by $1\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch, the other pages being about a quarter of an inch longer. They were strange children at Haworth Parsonage, and at an age when other children had not yet forsaken their dolls, the Brontës were writing stories and poems, and conducting miniature magazines. Mrs. Gaskell prints a list compiled by Charlotte, on August 3, 1830—when she was but 14 years of age—in which mention is made of "The Young Men's Magazine in six numbers, from August to December, the latter months double number, completed December 12, 1829." Immediately after completing this list, the child must have set about the preparation of a second series of the magazine, for this little volume of ten leaves, sewn into grey paper covers, was finished on September 1. The title reads as follows: "Second series of the Young Men's Magazines. No. Fifth. For December 1830. Edited by Charlotte Brontë. Sold by Seargeant Tree and all other booksellers in the Great Glass Town; Wellington's G. T.; Paris, Parry's G. T. Ross's G. T. &c. &c. &c. Finished September 1, 1830." The title is somewhat enigmatical, but the "Great Glass Town" was probably some "Vanity Fair," existing only in the active imaginations of the children, or it may have been that fascinating, but as yet unvisited city, London, where might be seen in the streets great heroes like the Duke of Wellington, and the Polar explorers—just then at the height of their fame—Sir John Parry and Captain John Ross—soon afterwards to be also "Sir John." On the reverse of the title is a brief advertisement — "This second series of magazines is conducted on like principles with the first; the same eminent authors are also engaged to contribute for it.—Charlotte Brontë." The contents of the magazine are a story of the supernatural entitled "Strange Events by Lord Wellesley"—(many of Charlotte's youthful stories were written under the nom de plume of Lord Charles Arthur Florian Wellesley):—A poem; "On seeing an ancient dirk, in the Armoury of the Tower of all Nations, stained with three distinct spots of blood, which marks none have yet been able to erase"; an article entitled "A Frenchman's Journal"; and finally, a chapter of "Conversations" between Lord C. Wellesley and Lisle, a dramatist. As a specimen of the literary style, we may transcribe the first paragraph of Lord C. Wellesley's" story, which opens as follows:—



THE BRONTË SOCIETY'S MUSEUM

(Over the Yorkshire Penny Bank, Haworth.)



SECOND SERIES OF THE
YOUNG MENS
MAGAZINES . NO
FIFTH;
FOR DECEMBER . 1830
Edited by Charlotte Bronte
SOLD
BY
SEARGEANT TREE
AND ALL
OTHER

TITLE-PAGE OF "THE YOUNG MEN'S MAGAZINE" FOR 1830.

"It is the fashion now-a-days to put no faith whatsoever in supernatural appearances or warnings. I am, however, a happy exception to the general rule and firmly believe in everything of the kind. Instances of the good foundation I have for this obsolete belief often meet my observation, tending to confirm me in it. For the present, I shall content myself with mentioning a few. One day last June, happening to be extremely wet and foggy, I felt, as is usual with Englishmen, very dull. The common remedies of razor, rope, and arsenic presented themselves in turn, but as is unusual with Englishmen, I did not relish any of them. At last, the expedient of repairing to the public library for diversion entered my head. Thither I accordingly went, taking care to avoid crossing the great bridge lest the calm aspect of the liquid world beneath it might induce me to take a summary descent. When I entered the room, a bright fire flickering against the polished Sienna hearth, somewhat cheered my drooping spirits. No one was there. I shut the door, and taking down Brandart's unfinished poem placed myself in a seat in the Ingle-cheek. Whilst I was restlessly turning over the huge leaves of that most ponderous volume, I fell into the strangest train of thought that ever visited my mind, eccentric and ecstatic as it is said by some insolent puppies to be. It seemed as if I was a non-existant shadow, that I neither spoke, nor imagined, nor lived of myself, but that I was the mere idea of some other creature's imagination."

It has been before observed that the earliest works, and the mere juvenile exercises in composition, of great authors in their youth, are usually more full of biographical interest than the works of their later life, when the imagination is trained, and sources of inspiration, impersonal to the author, have been drawn upon. This is largely true of the little work under notice. The strange weird spirit, the quaint manner, the firm belief in "obsolete" superstitions, the intense love of books, and one may add, the depression of spirits, all are characteristic of the little authoress herself, though attributed to her hero Wellesley.

Charlotte Brontë's letters are, of course, our sole source of knowledge of her inner life, and nearly all that have been preserved were addressed to her bosom friend and confidant, Miss Ellen Nussey, of Birstall, near Bradford, of whom we give a portrait from a photograph in the exhibition. One day, doubtless, the world will be gratified with a reprint of the whole collection of letters. It it not generally known, that some years ago such an undertaking was actually carried out and a thousand copies were printed, but that the whole of the sheets have since been destroyed. When the story of this undertaking comes to be fully told, it will make a fascinating chapter for some future continuation of D'Israeli's "Curiosities" and "Amenities of Literature," but the circumstances are too delicate to be made generally public in this generation. A considerable number of the letters, many of which have passed through Mrs. Gaskell's hands, are included in the exhibition, and fully bear out Sir Wemyss Reid's contention that the notion which Mrs. Gaskell conceived as to the settled gloom of Charlotte Brontë's temperament and life, caused her to misrepresent in her extracts the tone of the letters with which she dealt. The point has been a source of much controversy, and it may be interesting to print the following letter written by Miss Mary Taylor, one of

Charlotte's earliest friends, constantly mentioned in Mrs. Gaskell's life, and vividly characterised by Charlotte Brontë as the "Rose Yorke" in "Shirley." Writing to Mrs. Gaskell on July 30th, 1857, from Wellington, where she had settled, Miss Taylor said:

"I am unaccountably in receipt by post of 2 vols. containing the Life of C. Brontë. I have pleasure in attributing this compliment to you, and beg therefore to thank you for them. The book is a perfect success, in giving a true picture of her melancholy life; and you have practically answered my puzzle as to how you could give an account of her, not being at liberty to give a true description of those around. Though not so gloomy as the truth, it is perhaps as much so as people will accept without calling it exaggerated, and feeling the desire to doubt and contradict it. I have seen two reviews of it. One of them sums it up as 'a life of poverty and self-suppression.' The other has nothing to the purpose at all. Neither of them seem to think it a strange or wrong state of things that a woman of first-rate talents, industry, and integrity, should live all her life in a waking nightmare of 'poverty and self-suppression.' I doubt whether any of them will.

"It must upset most people's notion of beauty to be told that the portrait at the beginning is that of an ugly woman. I do not altogether like the idea of publishing a flattered likeness. I had rather the mouth and eyes had been nearer together, and shown the veritable square face and large disproportionate nose.

"I had the impression that Cartwright's Mill was burnt in 1830, not in '12. You give much too favourable an account of the black-coated and Tory savages that kept the people down, and provoked excesses in those days. Old Roberson"—[the eccentric clergyman who formed the prototype of Parson Helstone in "Shirley"]—"said he 'would wade to the knees in blood, rather than the then state of things should be altered,' a state including Corn law, Test law, and a host of other oppressions.

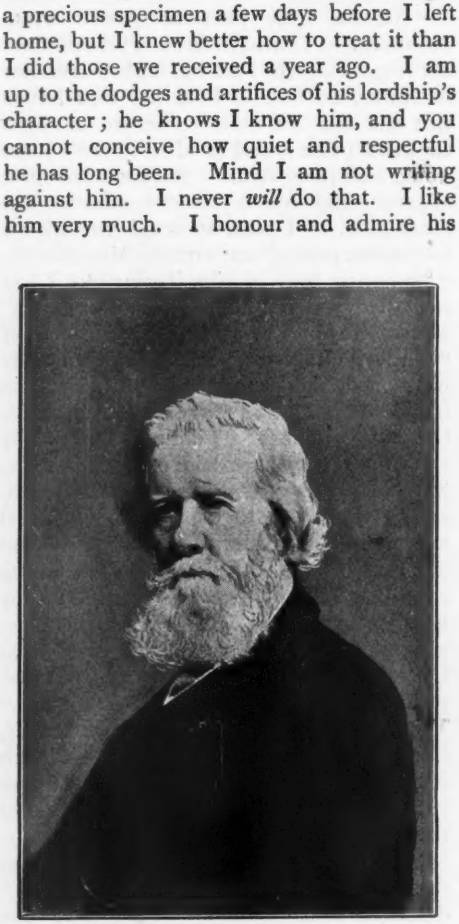
"Once more I thank you for the book, the first copy I believe that arrived in New Zealand.

"Sincerely yours,
"Mary Taylor.

"Wellington, July 30, 1857."

Who that has read "Shirley" can fail to recognise in this vigorous letter the hand of Rose Yorke?

"Austere little Joan of Arc!" wrote Swinburne of Charlotte Brontë, yet one does not respect her the less, but rather love her the more, on finding from her own letters that she was not quite so severe as Mrs. Gaskell's picture, and as Miss Taylor's letter would lead us to think. She was a girl after all, and could enjoy a joke or a valentine like other girls. "I wish to scold you with a forty-horse power," she wrote to Miss Nussey, "for having told Martha Taylor that I had requested you not to tell her everything." Martha Taylor was the "Jessie Yorke" of "Shirley," the sister of Mary Taylor already mentioned, and the bright, dancing, laughing friend of Charlotte's who died in Brussels. Charlotte continues: "I desire to take off any embargo I may have laid on your tongue, which I plainly see will not be restrained, and to enjoin you to walk up to Gomersal and tell her forthwith every individual occurrence you can recollect, including valentines 'Fair Ellen, Fair Ellen,' 'Away Fond Love,' 'Soul Divine,' and all; likewise, if you please, the painting of Miss Celia Amelia Weightman's portrait, and that young lady's frequent and agreeable visits." This note is signed, "Yours unutterably, Charivari." "Miss Celia Amelia," though referred to throughout this and many other letters in the feminine gender, was no other than one of her father's curates—the Mr. Sweeting of "Shirley." It was he who, at the time of "the bustle about church-rates," described so spiritedly by Charlotte in one of her letters printed by Mrs Gaskell, "delivered a noble, eloquent, High Church, Apostolical Succession discourse in which he banged the Dissenters fearlessly and unflinchingly," so as to make Charlotte remark that had she been a Dissenter she would have taken an early opportunity of kicking or horse-whipping him for his attack on her religion. But Charlotte and Mr. Weightman were very good friends, and the many occasions on which she explains to her confidant that she is not "in love" with him, shows that evidently other people had some ground for thinking she was. "Let me have no more of your humbug about Cupid, &c. You know as well as I do it is all groundless trash," she wrote in April, 1840. Eleven months later she wrote: "I daresay you have received a valentine this year from our bonny-faced friend, the Curate of Haworth. I got a precious specimen a few days before I left home, but I knew better how to treat it than I did those we received a year ago. I am up to the dodges and artifices of his lordship's character; he knows I know him, and you cannot conceive how quiet and respectful he has long been. Mind I am not writing against him. I never *will* do that. I like him very much. I honour and admire his generous, open disposition and sweet temper; but for all the tricks, wiles, and insincerities of love, the gentleman has not his match for twenty miles round. He would fain persuade every woman under thirty whom he sees, that he is desperately in love with her." Mr. Weightman, it may be mentioned, died in the September of the following year, 1842.



MR. W. SMITH WILLIAMS

I have selected these passages of gay, girlish chatter from letters hitherto unpublished, because they show a side of Charlotte Brontë's character which is little recognised. Joans of Arc are noble, doubtless, but few men desire to marry them. Charlotte Brontë, however, we know, received no less than three offers of marriage. The first from the brother, Henry Nussey, of that friend who knew her best; the third from a man who patiently waited eight years for the honour of calling her his wife. Charlotte Brontë, I am convinced after reading many of her unpublished letters, was no austere Joan of Arc. Sorrows she had, doubtless. They were necessary for the full development of her powers.

> "What! dost thou judge it a strange thing,
> That poets, crowned for conquering,
> Should bear some dust from out the ring?"

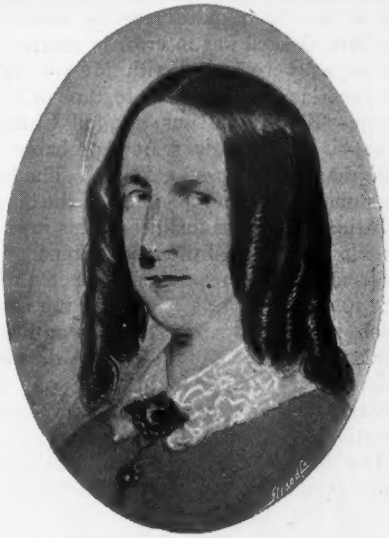
wrote Mrs. Browning—that other poetess whom Swinburne has united with Charlotte and Emily Brontë as the trinity of greatest English women authors.

The length of these extracts leaves little space to deal with other objects in the Museum. Among the most interesting is a portrait of Charlotte Brontë, painted by her brother Branwell with brotherly candour, and confirming the suggestion of Miss Taylor that Richmond's portrait was a flattered likeness. Hitherto it was not known that reliable portraits of either Emily or Anne had been preserved, but the exhibition has resulted in the discovery of a drawing which, though hardly prepossessing, has been certified by Miss Nussey to be a good likeness of Anne Brontë. There are also portraits of the father, of Charlotte, of the brother Branwell, an alleged but doubtful portrait of Emily, a very slight pencil sketch by Branwell of himself and all three of his sisters, and portraits, more or less accurate, of very many of their associates and contemporaries.

By the kindness of Miss Anna Williams, whose name and abilities as a vocalist are familiar throughout England, I am enabled to print, for the first time, a portrait of her father, the late Mr. Smith Williams, the "reader" for Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., to whose keen insight and literary acumen was due the acceptance of "Jane Eyre" by that firm. During the later years of her life, Charlotte Brontë put herself very much under Mr. Williams' guidance, and in letters published by Mrs. Gaskell, and still more emphatically in letters yet unpublished, she showed how deep was her gratitude for Mr.

Williams' recognition and encouragement, his courteous criticism and his advice. Mr. Williams was by his position brought into touch with many literary men of the day, but from a letter full of interesting reminiscences of Leigh Hunt, and his son, Thornton Hunt, of George Henry Lewes, and of Ruskin, with which Miss Williams has favoured me, I have room only for a short extract. "My mother," Miss Williams says, "well remembers how my father sat up very late at night reading the manuscript of 'Jane Eyre,' and his saying to her, how in spite of the tiny cramped writing he could not leave the story, so thrilling and exciting was it, and how he thought it would make a great sensation when published. There was much excitement day by day, as he came into the house, saying to my elder sisters, 'More proofs of Jane Eyre, girls!' and waving them in his hand. My sisters could not imagine why my father brought home those funny little ladies he described as country cousins, who were so quiet and retiring at the family tea. These were Charlotte and, I believe, Emily Brontë. My mother guessed the secret, and being a woman of keen intuitive judgment, said the next day, with a twinkle in her eyes, 'Your Miss Brown is, I believe, Jane Eyre?' My father hushed her down, but being so amused at her woman's wit, could not control his expression, and his tell-tale face proved her power of discernment had not been wrong."

MISS ELLEN NUSSEY



ANNE BRONTË

Mr. Williams, it may be added, was a man of wide culture, deeply susceptible to the charms of country life, a passionate lover of music, a student of art, and the editor of a volume—now becoming scarce—of extracts from the works of Mr. Ruskin. For some years he had a large share in the management of the "Cornhill" magazine in the days when Thackeray was the nominal editor, and many living writers yet remember with gratitude that they owe their first steps up the ladder of Fame to the encouragement and assistance of Mr. Williams. He died in August 1875.

Among the personal relics is a copy—the only one now known to be in existence—of a circular issued by the sisters in 1844, when after Charlotte's return from Brussels, the project of starting a school was revived. But there were no pupils to be obtained, and somewhat to the relief of the sisters, "The Misses Brontës' School" fell through.

Among the books are Charlotte's copy of Milton, with autograph and manuscript notes, and lines emphasizing striking passages; and Emily's own copy of the poems, with the date of the composition of every one of her own contributions written in. The copy is one of the first issue, which are now so scarce that it has been quite recently contended that Mrs. Gaskell was in error in stating that any copies were issued with Messrs. Aylott and Jones' imprint. The autograph of Emily Brontë—Emily Jane was her full Christian name—is exceedingly scarce, probably not more than half a dozen existing. The book has, unhappily, been rebound, and the binder, with the sacrilegious instincts of his race, has shockingly mutilated the inscription.

Space does not permit of a detailed reference to the many other relics of the family, which include toys, ornaments, and even articles of dress, their books, drawings, and paintings, and more than one memorial of the eccentricity of the Rev. Patrick Brontë.

The Museum, it is hoped, will enable many generations of visitors vividly to realise the personal aspect and surroundings of a very remarkable family. For their literary reputation, Charlotte and Emily need no such adventitious support. They have earned for themselves "that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which," as Milton eloquently declared, "God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labours advanced the good of mankind."

NOTE.—We are indebted to Mr. J. J. Brigg, and the Council of the Brontë Society, for permission to reproduce the portrait of Anne Brontë; to Mr. W. Law, of Littleborough, Lancashire, for the title-page of the manuscript "magazine"; to Miss Anna Williams for the portrait of Mr. W. S. Williams; to Mr. John Waugh, C.E., of Bradford, and Mr. J. Horsfall Turner, of Idle, for permission to print unpublished letters, and to Mr. J. J. Stead, of Heckmondwike, Yorkshire, one of the members of the Council of the Brontë Society, for preparing most of the photographs.

THE LOST AMBASSADOR

By MARGARET HOWITT

CONCLUDING PAPER

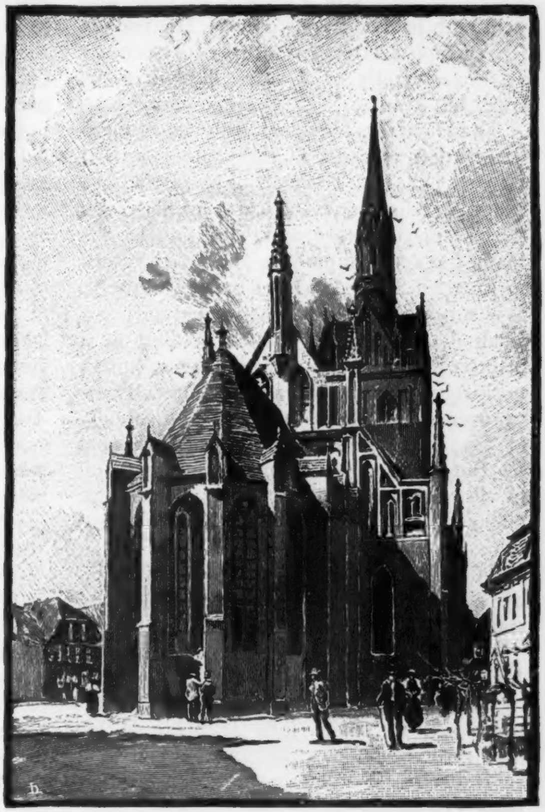
ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. M'CORMICK

ON Thursday, November 30, 1809, the Commandant of Perleberg, by order of the Prussian government, issued a proclamation for a public search for the missing merchant, Koch; with a reward of ten *thaler* (thirty shillings!) to whomsoever should produce him dead or alive.

In consequence of this official proclamation, citizens, peasants, foresters, huntsmen, scoured the country with dogs, with poles and with pikes. All the barns, the hedges and ditches, and the forest-lands, were searched. The waters of the river Stepenitz were let off, and the dry bed was explored step by step. Bailie Phutzenreuter and his three colleagues were equally assiduous within the walls of the town. They hunted in the houses, and in the gardens. They made a special point of carefully visiting every public place of resort, where Augustus Schmidt had ever drank or danced. They pried into every hole and corner of the post-house. They had every chest and box opened, and every loose plank lifted with crowbars. They were just as sedulous and minute in their inspection of every disreputable house. They had all the drains and open wells dragged; but not a vestige of the missing merchant was ever discovered; and that notwithstanding the town-crier having made known by voice and by bell the government reward of ten *thaler*, which it seems was regarded as a tempting bait in those frugal days.

On December 9, when these manifold searches had proved futile, the magistrates were officially informed that the travelling companion to Koch, the merchant, was desirous to continue his journey on the following morning, and as he had made important disclosures regarding the missing man, they were to accede to his request. What these disclosures were never publicly transpired. A new passport is given him under the fresh alias of *Kaufmann Krüger*, with which, instead of continuing the journey to Hamburg, he proceeds to Berlin, and there vanishes as totally as Bathurst himself. No one, it is asserted, on this ill-fated journey, ever knew his real name. At the same time, Hilbert takes himself off.

Ten days later a single woman of the lower class, named Wiede, gathering sticks in the Quicksowshe pinewood near the beech forest marking the frontier of Westphalia, saw a something lying in a thick fir plantation, which she at first mistook for a cast-off garment of a beggar. But on turning it over with her foot, found it to be a pair of excellent grey trousers, drenched with rain and snow. Then it struck her that they might actually have belonged to the missing stranger. She called her companion, Grundman, the wife of a Perleberg cobbler, and they lifted up the garment, which had been stretched out at full length on the ground; and they found in one pocket a letter saturated with wet. Startled by the discovery, they left off collecting firewood and returned to town. And after cobbler Grundman had taken a good look at the letter, which he thought he could read, but was mistaken, and at the pantaloons, Wiede conveyed them to Bailie Phutzenreuter, and received for herself and her companion, two *Friedrich d'or* and two *thaler*, a larger sum than the ten *thaler* offered for the recovery of the missing man's body.



CATHEDRAL AT PERLEBERG

A second search was now officially commanded, to be made in the Quicksowshe wood, and the region roundabout; all the peasantry in the district joining in it, but again without result. The trousers had been pierced by two balls. Experts, however, proved that it must have been done when the garment was not on the person of the wearer, and before being laid out on the ground; and there were no marks where it had been found to lead to the conclusion that a murder or any act of violence had been there committed.

Only one thing was certain. The letter found in the pocket was addressed to Mrs. Benjamin Bathurst. It reached England together with all the other papers of the missing ambassador. Besides matters of a private nature, the writer says: "I am beset on all sides by great dangers, and may never live to return home." How touchingly true was the sad augury!

In England, the widow and other relatives were attired in deep mourning for Mr. Bathurst, when the following fabrication, under the heading, "London, January 6," appeared in the supplement of the *Hamburg Correspondent* of January 23, 1810:—"Sir Bathurst (this was the first time that the name of the missing man had ever oozed out from an official or semi-official source), the English ambassador to the Court of Austria, whom a Berlin paper of December 10 stated had destroyed himself in an access of madness, is alive and well both in body and mind. His friends have received letters from him of December 15, consequently of a later date than his supposed death.

The *Times* newspaper, with its wonted penetration, remarks in the same month of January 1810:—"The facts of Mr. Bathurst's death or disappearance cast suspicion on the French Government. He took the Hamburg route, intending thence to return to England, but he did not reach Hamburg. It is supposed that he was carried off by a small detachment of French soldiers at a frontier town of Westphalia. No one knows positively what then became of him. Those who remember the kidnapping and robbery of the King's Messenger, Wagstaff, almost on the identical spot, and the carrying-off of Sir George Rumbold* near Hamburg, may easily arrive at the source of the fresh crime."

This article in the *Times*† was answered by the wily Emperor with the following false statement in his official organ, the *Moniteur:* "It is evident by the report from Berlin that Mr. Bathurst was insane. It is the custom of the British Cabinet to select persons distinguished for their folly or madness for diplomatic missions. Instances of mental aberration exist solely in the English diplomatic corps."

Bonaparte thus proclaims it his supreme will that Mr. Bathurst should be regarded as a lunatic. An assertion which he followed up by addressing a letter to Mrs. Bathurst at the end of March, 1810. He assured her that he was totally ignorant of the circumstances which had led to the disappearance of her husband; and to satisfy her of his sincerity, and that she might discover the real author of the crime, if such it were, he gave her and her brothers passports to Perleberg, in which they were described as the relatives of a suicide. Mrs. Bathurst's persistent belief in Napoleon's honesty of purpose, and the cruel stress of circumstances, led her to submit to this bold and arbitrary assumption. A very absurd assertion it was, forsooth, for had our ambassador been a *felo de se*, he was no magician to spirit away his mortal remains. They must have witnessed to the awful truth. How little the bearers of these lying passports acquiesced in the fable thrust upon them, is proved by the fact of their causing, after their arrival in Perleberg, the arrest on April 7, 1810, of Augustus Schmidt and some suspicious associates on the charge of murder. A judicial commission tried the case in Perleberg for more than a year, Augustus Schmidt dying in the meantime in prison, without their arriving at any verdict.

From the moment that the startling news of Mr. Bathurst's disappearance had reached England, his relatives had taken active measures to obtain some clue. Already at the end of December 1809, in those days of tumult and difficult communication, a stranger had arrived at Perleberg, and who, preserving his *incognito*, had in the name of the family of the missing man, personally thanked and remunerated the indefatigable bailies, and doubtless Wiede and Grundman, as well as the town constables. This representative of the Bathursts happened to be Röntchen, a well-known African traveller, who, on arriving in England from his native Prussia, had made their acquaintance, and at their expense had retraced his steps to Germany to investigate the mystery. It would be interesting to know the story he took back with him to England. Having completed the bootless mission, he immediately embarked for Africa, and in trying to reach Timbuctoo met with his own death in as dark a manner as that of Mr. Bathurst.

On March 19, 1810, a member of the Bathurst family, also preserving his *incognito* had arrived in Perleberg, and offered a reward, this time of five hundred *thaler*, to any one who could find the body or give certain information regarding the disappearance.

But neither this offer, nor the money which Mrs. Bathurst and her brothers distributed with lavish hands, produced any result. The sojourn of the wealthy distinguished foreigners caused much sensation and gossip in the small town. Mrs. Bathurst, an accomplished equestrian, was constantly on horseback, attended by a number of dogs; and thus furnished an unusual spectacle in Perleberg, whose female inhabitants were never seen in the saddle. She had doubtless the dogs for safety, and rode for the same reason.

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* Sir George Rumbold, our agent at Hamburg, was particularly hated by Napoleon, who made a sudden dash at him, as he had done earlier at the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien. Although Hamburg was a free and independent city, the Emperor had Sir George seized in the dead of the night (Oct. 25, 1804) by a detachment of French soldiers, conveyed to Hanover, thence to Paris, where he was thrown into the Temple. Nothing to criminate the prisoner being found in his papers, and his lawless arrest causing great indignation in Europe, he was liberated at the intercession of Prussia, and allowed to return to England, but not to Hamburg.

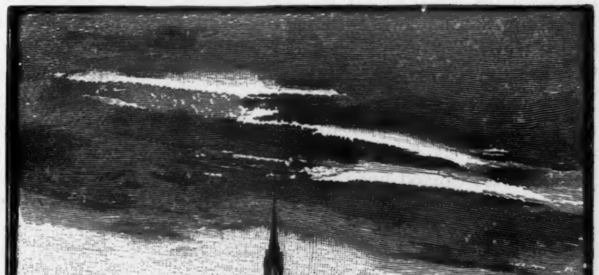
† We can, unfortunately, only give the substance of the statement in the *Times*, and the reply in the *Moniteur*, as they are taken from a translation that appeared in the *Hamburg Correspondent* (No. 21, Feb, 6, 1810).

On July 10, she thus sallied forth at noon, her dogs following her, through one of the town gates, which, like those of so many other German towns, had cells in the tower above for the safe detention of criminals. A female prisoner looking forth through her grating was then told by the gaoler (who had probably just brought her dinner): "It was the poor young lady riding along, who was in such dire distress about her missing husband." Whereupon the woman hinted that "she herself might have it in her power to convey important information about the lost gentleman."

This prisoner, named Hacker, was the wife of a disreputable individual, and she herself was confined for swindling. They had up to the end of November of the previous year, dwelt at the end of the Quergasse by the river. Three days after the disappearance of Mr. Bathurst, and before the domiciliary visits ordered by government, they had suddenly quitted Perleberg, with all their belongings, had gone to Holstein and there bought a farm. These suspicious circumstances, added to the hint thrown out by the woman to the gaoler, induced Bailie Phutzenreuter and his colleagues to have Frau Hacker brought before the magistrates.

Her very circumstantial evidence was as follows: "Just before Christmas she had left her new home in Holstein to return by way of Hamburg to Perleberg. On reaching Seeberg, she had put up at the inn for the night, and there had stepped out of the ballroom the well-born shoemaker's apprentice Goldberger, a young man about twenty-five, whom she had known intimately at Perleberg. He was much better dressed than she had ever seen him before. He wore a hair-chain that hung from a watch pocket to which was attached a gold key, seal and the like. Also his silk netted purse was heavy with Prussian *louis d'or*."

It is worth remarking *en passant*, that Mr. Bathurst had with him the hair of his wife and of their two little daughters braided together in a locket, and two watches, his credentials, a snuff-box set with diamonds, and a few pieces of gold.



PERLEBERG FROM THE RIVER

"When Frau Hacker questioned Goldberger how he had become possessed of so much wealth, he answered: 'I came here when the English stranger was struck dead; and I received the watch and five hundred *thaler* for not peaching.' If any one doubts my assertions," continued the prisoner energetically, "let him question the landlady at Seeberg. She was standing at the door of the parlour and in part heard our talk. But when I learnt in Perleberg from my sister Catherine Brünnig the frightful story (the hypocrite had known it all along), and related to her what Goldberger had said, she had cried: 'Don't speak of it! don't repeat it. He has deceived you!'" Hacker proceeded to say: "Goldberger had never told her how, when, or where the Englishman was murdered. But the court could easily procure Goldberger and examine him. She remembered his telling her 'there was a name on the seal, which he had altered in Hamburg.' She swore to having told the whole truth and nothing but the truth; and that for the sole motive of helping the unhappy young lady; that the relatives of the deceased might proceed with the inquiry if they wished; as for herself, her present revelation had caused her many a qualm."

The bailies having warned the bench that the witness was an incorrigible liar and swindler, the magistrates came to the conviction that Hacker's evidence was not worth a straw; whereupon the woman, with impudent audacity, wheeled round, declaring their worships to be perfectly correct in their surmise, she had simply hoaxed them in the chance of getting out of prison.

No one could refuse to believe Frau Hacker's asseverations that she had been lying: but almost every lie possesses some grain of truth. Imposters of her stamp do not spin their webs out of pure fiction, but some gossamer thread of fact. It seems a pity, therefore, that Goldberger, who was a real individual, was not legally examined.

Amongst the numerous conjectures rife at the time of our envoy's disappearance, we find in the *Hamburg Correspondent* of January 23, 1810, the following: "We have heard it surmised that, being in possession of an oral secret, he was entrapped into some house by the French secret police; that it was wrenched from him by torture, and he was ultimately allowed to escape on oath never to divulge the aggression and never to return to his home."

Such mere guesses at truth served to engender the fables of Mr. Bathurst living *incognito* in India, even in England, of his having been recognised in the guise of a pilgrim in Jerusalem after thirty years spent as a carpenter.

But he was gifted with too high a sense of honour ever to have bound himself by a secret oath. He would rather have died than betray his trust by divulging the secret of his mission; and he of all men would have been the last to leave his important dispatches to the mercies of a foreign secretary and valet. Even supposing he had fled in a panic, what would have prevented his revealing himself when in safety, and when he had learnt the fact of all his private papers having arrived intact in London at the Foreign Office.

He had a brilliant career before him. He might have aspired to the highest embassies or a post in the administration. He had a cherished wife and two lovely children. He had a fortune, which remained unclaimed. Would he have forsaken all these earthly blessings, and wilfully, persistently tortured those he loved, to lead a life of niggardly privation or even of romance and adventure?

About the year 1830, there was found in a long-abandoned marl-pit, overgrown with bushes, near Perleberg, a human skeleton. It was that of a very tall man, and, according to the opinion of a surgeon, must have lain there some thirty years. An English officer deeply attached to the Bathurst family, and absorbingly interested in solving the fate of its missing member, determined to encounter all risks and all costs to procure that skeleton; and, to quote his own written statement, if able to identify it "as having been part and parcel of what was once one of the noblest, handsomest and most talented of human beings, to restore it to those to whom it belonged; and after Christian burial rite, place it in that vault wherein repose his honoured parents."

This generous, chivalrous resolve was, however, frustrated by the information that the skeleton had no connection with his much-mourned friend, but was rather that of another individual missing about the same date. Indeed, had it been secreted in the marl-pit before the great searching under government authority, it could scarcely have escaped detection.

In making recent inquiries, in order to bring the much-vexed question up to present date, I have been favoured with the following intelligence. A German noble, who of recent years held a post of great authority in Perleberg, considers that Mr. Bathurst, after leaving the Commandant's habitation, was undoubtedly murdered by French agents in a low inn near the Post. He gives this as the belief of past generations of Perlebergers; although he expressly adds that no proofs to substantiate this popular belief have ever been forthcoming. On the other hand, a scholar of high rank assures me that he has read a declaration, but cannot recall how or where, that Mr. Bathurst was privately tried by a French court-martial in Brunswick, and there executed.

Thus, with research and affection both baffled in every attempt to solve the dark mystery, the disappearance of an English Ambassador, which is a fact belonging to history and the world, remains, and probably will ever remain, an inscrutable enigma.

The feeling of melancholy roused by the fell doom of Mr. Bathurst becomes intensified, when we remember that but a few years later his young, beautiful and accomplished daughter Nora was drowned with her horse in the waters of the Tiber near Ponte Molle at Rome; and that she lies buried against one of the ivy-clad towers of the Aurelian wall, near to the much-frequented grave containing the ashes of the heart of Shelley, in the Protestant Cemetery of the Eternal City.

"THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME"

By JOHN MACLEOD, D.D.

LORD JESU, form that mind in us,
The Father found in Thee:
What time Thy hands before Him wrought
This sacred mystery.

The love to God, the love to man,
Thy sacred acts expressed:
The joy in God ineffable,
Which glowed within Thy breast.

Thy faith, in death foretasting life,
Thy zeal that knew not bound;
Thy deep tranquillity and peace,
In meek obedience found.

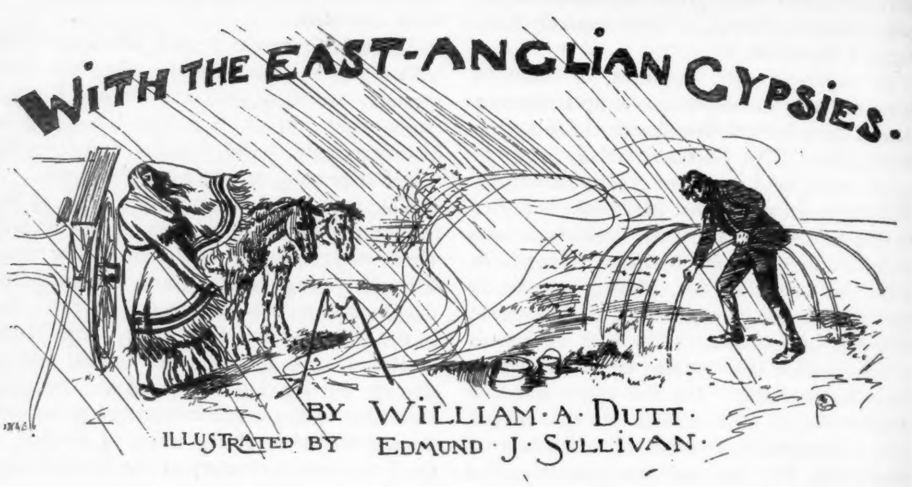
Thy will for sins of men to bow
Thy blessed head in death;
The interceding tenderness
Breathed on Thy latest breath.

Let these be ours, then one with Thee,
We worship God aright;
And still prolong the Eucharist
Of Thy betrayal night.

Jesu! Thy Presence we discern
By Thine appointed sign,
We hear Thy consecrating Word,
We see the Bread, the Wine.

With Thee one worship we present
Before our Father's face;
And thus the richest marvel know
Of Thy redeeming grace.

To Thee, O Jesu, Son of God,
O Father, unto Thee;
O Holy Ghost, one God, one Lord,
Eternal glory be. Amen.



WITH THE EAST-ANGLIAN GYPSIES.

BY WILLIAM A. DUTT

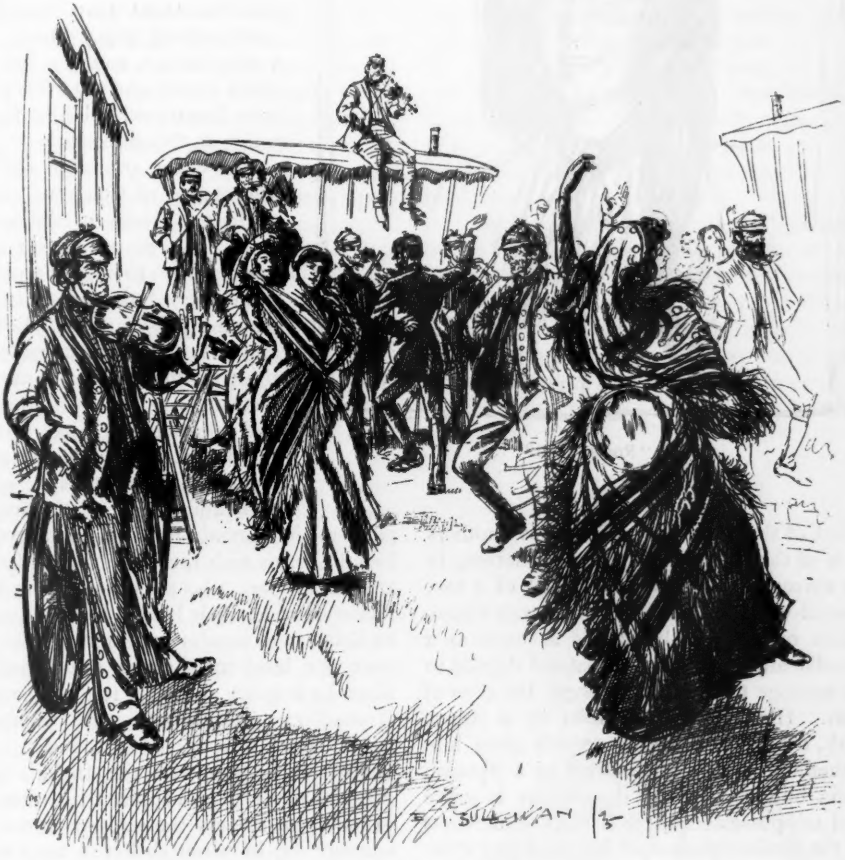
ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND J. SULLIVAN

THERE is something to be regretted in it, but the fact, nevertheless, remains, that the English gypsies, that is to say the real Romanies, who centuries ago found their way from India across Asia and Europe to England, are fast becoming extinct. As the years go by the swarthy descendants of the original wanderers from the East decrease in number, and their faces are seen less frequently at their old haunts on the village greens and in the secluded dells of rural England. There are several causes for this disappearance of a strange and alien race from our midst, and the chief of these is intermarriage with those who are not of the true gypsy blood. At one time the gypsy laws or rules applying to marriage were firmly enforced and seldom disregarded. The Romany *chal* or *chi* who sought for wife or husband a *gorgio* mate was cast off by kindred, and banished from their tents. But now, it is no unusual thing for a gypsy to marry outside the Romany pale, and many of them, when they do so, give up the old life and settle down in town or village for the rest of their lives.

And so the old race of genuine gypsies is dying out, and the distinctive features which mark them out wherever they are met with are becoming less and less pronounced and distinguishable. One cannot help a feeling of regret at this, for, in spite of the reputation they have nearly always borne, they are not without their good qualities, and for centuries they have been a recognised feature of English country life. Their picturesque encampments will be missed from the village green; their flickering fires casting curious lights and shadows on swarthy faces will no longer startle the wayfarer in his evening rambles through the woods and lanes; village mothers will lose a familiar bogey with which to frighten into subjection their erring little ones; and the country will be without a race which has been a source of interest and surmise to the student and philologist for many generations.

But the true Romanies have not yet wholly gone from amongst us. There still linger here and there some few of the old families that have not yet so intermingled with the house-dwellers of England as to lose their identity. A few months ago, in the East Anglian Broadland, I fell in with an encampment of the Grays, a gypsy family which has long been connected with that district.

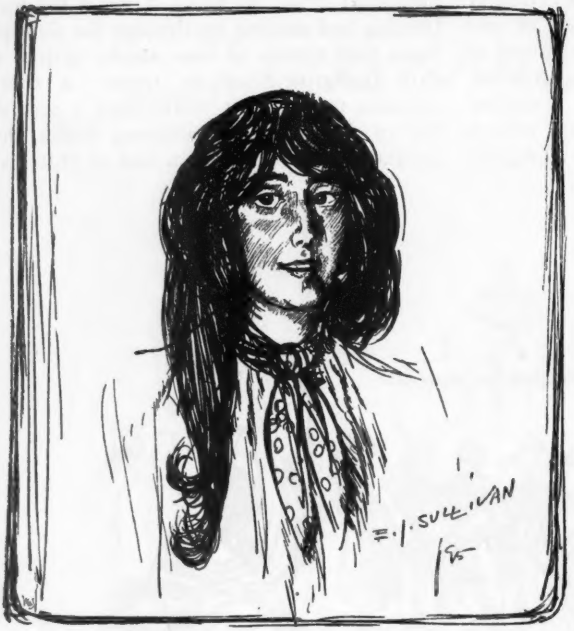
The camp consisted of four dwelling-vans, such as are familiar to those who visit the fair-ground, drawn up on a small green that sloped down on the south to a winding roadway. A well-trodden pathway leading towards the steps of the vans indicated that the latter had occupied the ground for several weeks, while half-a-dozen rough-coated horses, which had evidently not known the restraint of harness for some time, were grazing round a small pond in the centre of the green. Through the open door of one of the vans a glimpse was to be obtained of its neat and economically-arranged interior. A gleam of sunlight penetrating a window curtained with art-muslin, lit up with a brilliant glow the copper fittings of a brightly-burnished stove, in which a wood fire was burning and sending up through the slender flue a faint stream of blue smoke against a dark background of fir trees. A short distance to the right of the vans a second fire of twigs was smouldering upon the ground in the midst of a bed of whitened ashes. Seated around, on sacks and heaps of gathered branches, were four descendants of the Gray family.



A ROMANY DANCE

For many generations the gypsy bearers of the name of Gray have wandered over the wide-stretching marshes, and along the winding highways of East Anglia. They are of the true Romany breed, as may be seen by a glance at their wiry figures and swarthy faces. In all their wanderings they have lived a life apart, and until within the last few years no Romany *chal* amongst them has sought a wife amidst the pale-faced *gorgios*, nor has a daughter of their tribe so far forgotten her heritage as to wed a house-dwelling lover.

Three of the group are brothers—Joshua, Esau and Gus Gray—the fourth is their sister Eva, a dark-eyed gypsy with long raven hair. The eldest brother, Joshua, is the



A "Romany Chi"

tallest of the three men. Like his brothers he is of thin build, but there is something in his movements that seems to tell of a vast reserve of strength in his slim, wiry frame. When on his feet he stands as erect as a guardsman, and there is a natural dignity in his carriage that is rare amongst the sons of men. His mouth is hidden by a heavy, dark, drooping moustache, which gives him something of the appearance of a Spanish don; but, though his demeanour is grave and self-possessed, there is marked alertness in the restless glances of his clear grey eyes. His dress consists of a long dark coat and vest, tight-fitting corduroy breeches, and light box-cloth leggings. He wears a small peaked cap tied up over the crown of the head, and a coloured silk handkerchief fastened loosely round his neck.

Esau and Gus are not quite so tall as their elder brother, but their clothes are smarter and of a more pronounced pattern. The ends of Esau's moustaches are waxed to a point, and he grows a carefully trained imperial. While Joshua is content with the humble cherry-wood pipe, Esau smokes his insubstantial cigarette. But notwithstanding these signs of the times there is little to indicate degeneration in this swarthy rover. His reputation as a boxer is widespread amongst the sporting fraternity of Norfolk and Suffolk, and more than one drowsy yokel of the marshland has had cause to regret the taunt that stirred the quick-pulsing gypsy blood. As a clog-dancer, too, he has not many equals, and not a few prizes have been awarded him for his agility in this direction.

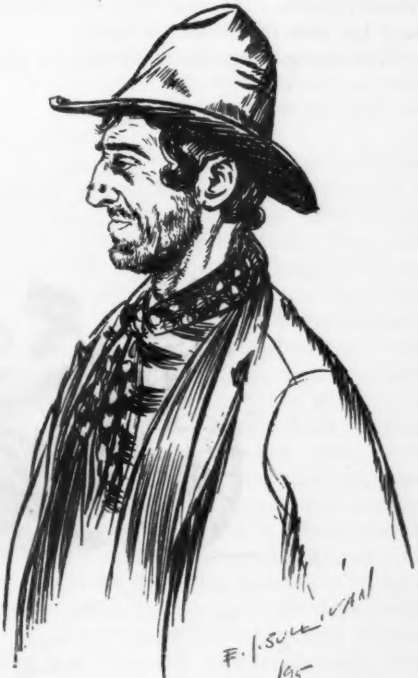
Gus is the owner of the van, the interior of which we saw lit up by the beams of the setting sun. He is a married man, having taken to himself a partner from one of the other still remaining gypsy families. Both he and his wife take considerable pride in making their movable dwelling a model of smartness and cleanliness. Gus Gray is the Romany Rye of the camp, and is an enthusiastic sportsman and angler. Wherever he pitches his moving tent he soon gets on friendly terms with the neighbouring farmers and landowners, who are often willing to let him shoot over their land. Gun under arm, he delights to wander in search of wild fowl over the level marshes of the Broadland. Here he is quite at home, for he loves the far-reaching solitudes through which the silent rivers flow lazily to the sea. Very familiar is he, too, with the angler's subtle art, and never is he happier than when, rod in hand, he spends the drowsy hours of a summer day in some sheltered nook at the bend of a winding stream.

One of the most striking features of the genuine Romany is his preservation of the ancient tongue which has been handed down from parent to child through the long centuries that have elapsed since it was the common language of their people. Wherever true gypsies are found, whether in Spain or Hungary, Greece or England, they still retain some knowledge of the Romany tongue. Their possession of this old-time language was the subject of several interesting conversations between myself and my roving friends. They seldom or never used it amongst themselves, they told me, though they had picked it up from their parents in their youthful days. Sometimes they made use of it when engaged in horse-dealing, finding it convenient for making certain matters understood to each other, which it would not be to their interest for the purchaser to understand. But, apart from such occasions, words of the Romany tongue hardly ever cross their lips. I made a point of testing their memory and instruction by means of George Borrow's "Romano Lavo-Lil," or "Gypsy Word Book," and found it a very difficult matter to puzzle them.

A curious incident occurred to some of the Grays who not long ago were encamped in a meadow a short distance from Leeds. A number of Greek gypsies, who had left their native land for the New World, but were not permitted to land and were sent back to Europe, had, a short time before, landed at Liverpool, and were making their way across country to the East Coast. On their way they fell in with the Grays, and took up their quarters in the same meadow. Attempts were made by my friends to enter into conversation with them, but as, of course, the Grays could not speak Greek, nor could the strangers speak English, little headway was made. At length, one of the Grays fell back on the old Romany tongue, and, in an instant, the light of intelligence gleamed in the eyes of the wanderers from a far land. As was but natural, there was some confusion and misunderstanding, but for all that each of the parties was able to arrive at a fair idea of the other's meaning.

But there is no one amongst the East Anglian gypsies who has such a knowledge of the Romany language as old Mrs. Gray, the mother of the three brothers. I have sat in her van and heard her chatter Romany by the hour. Sometimes she would crone out the words, rocking herself backwards and forwards and uttering the sentences in a kind of chant, now and again breaking into a gypsy song, sung in low, modulating tones. Then, suddenly, she would lean forward, and jerk or hiss out her words, shaking her head violently, and opening and shutting her eyes with a snap. When I first made her acquaintance, I found little favour in her eyes, as she laboured under a delusion as to my identity. Her sons who were unable to read were fond of looking at pictures, and on several occasions I took some illustrated magazines to their encampment. One day Mrs. Gray caught sight of me just as I was handing over a budget of pictorial literature, and she at once jumped to the conclusion that I was a clergyman distributing tracts. Thrusting her head through the upper part of the doorway of her van she commenced to hurl at me a torrent of Romany. Explanations followed, her wrath was speedily appeased, and she invited me inside her van. A few words in Romany soon put us on friendly terms, and in a very short time I was a *Kooska rye*, who was bound to be lucky in whatever I might undertake.

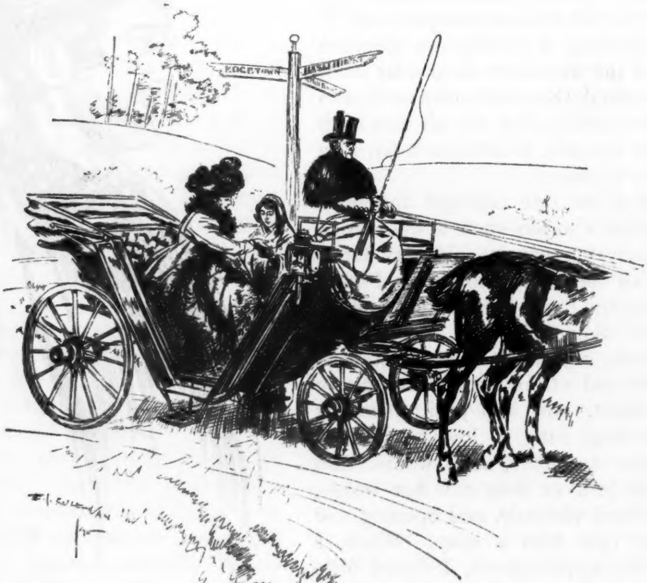
"Ah, I'm a funny old woman," she said to me. "True Gypsy—I was born at sea, coming over from Egypt—from the desert—all sand and palm trees. You're a *Kooska rye*, you'll be lucky—you've got a lucky face. Ah, they used to let us tell fortunes at one time—*dukkeripen*, you know. I remember at Battersea Fields—Battersea Park, they



A "Romany Chal"

call it now—near the Red House, we used to make five guineas a day telling fortunes. I've sat up all night, from eleven till twelve, from twelve till one, from one till two, from two till three, all night reading the stars. I'm an astrologer. I'm a niece of Sylvester Bosvile. He was a clever man, Sylvester Bosvile. He could read and write, and he wrote all about the gypsies. Ah, the true gypsies are getting scarce now—they marry out of the tribe—but I'm a true gypsy. I could sit here and talk to you all day and you would not know the meaning of what I said. But I forgot—you might know. You have read the *Lavo-Lil* and know the gypsy words. Some people say it is gibberish, but no—it is a true language, just as much as that I heard a young French lady use at Brighton. It was beautiful. She would like you, that young lady, for you can speak as she could. I don't like this life—living in vans. I never sit on seats like the "mumpers." I like the gypsy tents, with the fire in the middle, where we can sit all round on the ground, and not in front of fires in stoves. At one time we could do so; but now things are changed."

Yes, many things have changed in gypsy life and customs, but still old Mrs. Gray, with all the steadfastness of the true Romany, adheres to the wandering life she has been accustomed to from her earliest days. In spite of her years, her face possesses all the ruddiness of youth, and she is as active as though she was still young, and the winters of three score years and ten had not passed over her head. I can call up a picture of her even now as she appeared one evening, towards the end of April, when I paid a visit to her camp. It was one of those still, fine evenings of early spring when the buds of the trees and the hedges were just bursting out into leaf, and from the midst of a pine coppice came the "joug, joug" of the nightingales, between the rippling notes of their joyous song. Round a smouldering fire which sent up a thin stream of white smoke were seated several members of the gypsy family, and amongst them, smoking a short clay pipe, was old Mrs. Gray. The flickering firelight, as the dry twigs flared up from amidst the ashes, lit up her wrinkled face, and brought into relief its lines of drowsy contentment. But although she was under the soothing influence of the fragrant weed her brain was



"Dukkeripen"

active, and she sparkled out at intervals into quite a jocund mood. Many a merry quip and joke, interspersed with old-time saw and adage, fell from her lips. Her star—whichever it was—was evidently in the ascendant, and the rest of the company listened to her words in respectful silence. Had there been those present who willed it, she would, no doubt, have told some curious fortunes to those who crossed her hand with silver in that quiet, sheltered nook beneath the fir trees.

Although the Grays look upon Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridge as their own particular district, they do not always confine their journeyings to the three counties. When I first knew them, two members of the family—Charles and Reuben Gray—were absent beyond the Tweed. The greater portion of their lives, however, has been spent in East Anglia, and they speak of Norfolk as their home. Occasionally, after encamping together for some weeks, they will separate for a time, arranging to meet again at a future date. Should it happen that one party decides to follow another by the same route, resource is often made to the old method of the *patrin* or *pateran*, which has for centuries been adopted by gypsies as a means of indicating the movements of the party in advance. The *patrin* formerly used to consist either of a specially-built heap of stones, certain marks upon the road, or severed twigs laid in a peculiar position upon the ground. Nowadays, however, a sod of turf or a handful or two of grass plucked from the roadside bank is generally used. For instance, if in the course of their journey, the occupants of the advance van arrive at four cross-roads a sod is dug from the bank and placed in the centre of the crossways to attract the attention of those who are following behind. A further sod is then laid a short distance along one of the branching roads to show that that is the route the first van has taken. Stories are told of how certain wrong-doers of the Romany tribe have been tracked down by astute detectives who were familiar with the secrets of the *patrin*. Very little faith, however, is to be placed in such tales, as the signs used are often changed, and in cases where there was a possibility of pursuers being put upon the scent some unusual method would be adopted, or the *patrin* would be omitted altogether.

It is not surprising, considering the life led by the gypsies, that there still exists a good deal of superstition amongst them, nor that, now and then, one may come across a Romany who believes in ghosts. Many of the old sayings as to the good or ill luck of encountering certain objects, animate or inanimate, are often used by them. Frequently, their surroundings are of a nature to foster a belief in the supernatural. The dark plantations and pine ridges of East Anglia, through which the wind sighs and sobs as it sweeps across the marshland from the sea, and the dense fogs that hide away the lowlands and envelop the gaunt windmills and bushy-headed, spectral willows, tend to awaken strange fears and forebodings in the hearts of these simple children of nature, and familiar things often assume strange forms to their eyes. It is the indistinctly heard sounds and the half seen objects that make such an impression upon them, and in this respect they are not unlike some people who have less excuse for their fancies. One strong, swarthy gypsy, who would have held his own, single-handed, against any other three men, told me he was sure he could never remain any length of time in the next room to that which contained a corpse. He would rather, he said, be in the room with it, *so that he could keep his eyes on it!*

At one time a great deal of indefinite glamour was woven about the persons of gipsy kings and queens, but their dignity was rather titulary than actual. Nowadays, the Romanies only elect a king and queen on the rare occasions on which they give a gypsy ball. These gypsy balls were formerly celebrated amongst themselves on some sequestered country green, where, around leaping fires and beneath the silent stars, high revel would be kept up from the dusk to dawn of a summer's night. One of the last of such gatherings was that held near Bungay in Suffolk to celebrate the acquittal of a well-known gypsy who had been charged with sheep-stealing at Norwich Assizes. On the eve of the day of his release the encampment to which he belonged was the scene of much activity in the way of cooking preparations and personal adornment, and when night came on the fiddles were tuned up and dancing was commenced and kept up till daylight. All the men wore their best clothes, while the girls and women were dressed in black and had their raven locks bound up with blue ribbons. But all this has changed. Now, gypsy balls are held only when a larger number of Romanies than usual collect together, and then a hall is hired at the nearest town, and the whole affair is merely a novel expedient for making money. True, a king and queen are elected as of old from amongst the finest-looking Romany *chals* and *chis* of the party, but this is only done to add a further attraction to the handbills that are circulated about the neighbourhood. Not very long ago such a ball was held at South Shields, and my friends the Grays were amongst those who were concerned in its organisation.

WASTWATER

Deep is the lake and dark;
Like glass its waters lie,
Mirroring a grey sky
Unsung by any lark.

"The Screes," a slippery stair,
Sink sheer into the deep;
The mists along them creep
And muffle all the air.

An awful stillness broods,
As if some secret sin
Lay far the lake within,
Or trembled in the woods.

Yewbarrow[*] *knows it all—*
The meaning of this gloom!—
He gives nor place nor room
For heaven's light to fall.

Following the mountain rills,
The world comes with its smile;
It bears a little while
The sadness of the hills

And then departs. Once more
The lake is left alone!
One bird, and only one,
Flies white from the dim shore.

J. P. S.

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[*] Yewbarrow, the high hill at Wastdalehead.

UNDER THE TRICOLOUR

By P. de NANTEUIL

ILLUSTRATED BY MYRBACH

CHAPTER IV

AT DAME RAIMBAUD'S FARM

SOME hours after Martine's flight, which had caused so obstinate a pursuit, the sun began rapidly to decline; and as the market-gardeners had to get out of Paris before the gates were closed, they began to replace in their carts and barrows their unsold goods, while the horses were yoked amid loud cries, and disputes were carried on with the last purchasers, who had come in the hope of getting bargains at the close of the market.

Meanwhile the beggars of the neighbourhood gathered up the refuse, damaged vegetables and fruits—much damaged as a rule, because the peasant is slow to abandon that which he has obtained from the soil by the sweat of his brow.

One woman proceeded in a more liberal

manner than her neighbours, for she mounted on her tilted cart, and distributed with both hands, cabbages, carrots, and turnips to a family who crowded round her. She said, "This is for you, little mother; and that for you, my good girl; here, my lad, is something to make soup with, and a piece of bread to dip in it."

When the cart was empty, "Gee-up, Roussotte!" cried the market-woman, touching with the lash of her whip the croup of her sturdy mare, which set off at a trot, neighing with pleasure at the thought of going home with such a light load behind her.

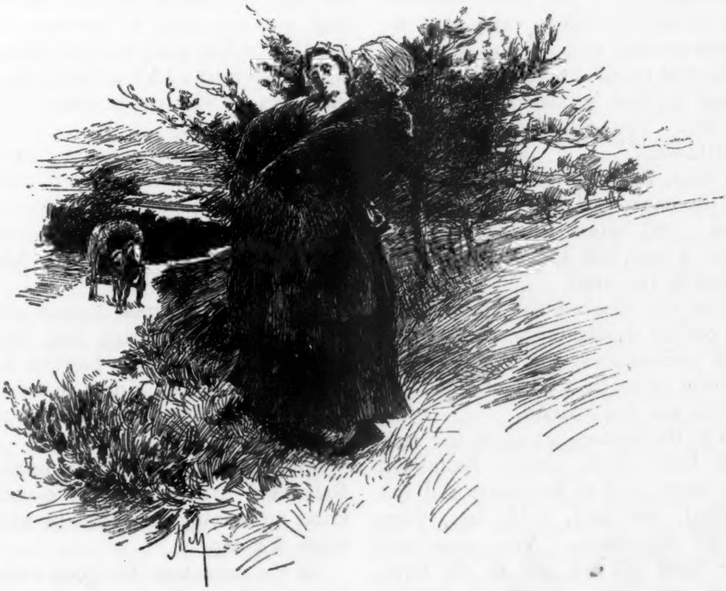
Roussotte was still on the road when night began to fall. Paris and its suburbs lay far behind. After having climbed the heights of Meudon, they entered upon a cross-road shaded with tall beeches, where the ruts caused much bumping. The countrywoman attempted to restrain the ardour of Roussotte, but the mare shook her ears and refused to obey; in vain Dame Raimbaud pulled at the reins, repeating such words as she thought likely to check her headstrong mettle. "Now, now, my lass; now, Roussotte, don't you see I am all out of breath? Oh, we'll get there in plenty of time! The oats won't run away, and nobody is going to eat them. What a temper! she'll smash something before she's done."

The prophecy was not long in being fulfilled. As Roussotte tore away, with the cart thumping along the ground behind her, a trace broke, the mare flung out her heels, and a shaft was splintered.

Immediately understanding what she had done, Roussotte stood stock still, with her head down, "for," said her mistress later on, "the creature is always terribly cut up when she does anything wrong. Good beast; if it is a little fresh, it's heart is in the right place."

Meantime, in the twilight, Dame Raimbaud attempted to mend the breakage with rope, of which she always carried a supply. But that took some time. When the shaft and the trace were mended in a kind of way, and Dame Raimbaud was about to resume her journey, a cry, accompanied by a plaintive groan, came to her ears.

Listening only to her own good heart, Dame Raimbaud jumped to the ground, saying, "Stand still, Roussotte, I'll be back



"We are starving"

in a minute." Then she climbed the bank, which was covered with brushwood. At the top there was a field still lit by the last light of day; and in the midst of it a shapeless heap attracted the attention of the countrywoman. "Mercy!" cried she, as she went forward. "A woman and a child, murdered perhaps. I must have disturbed the robbers. But they are certain to return. Never mind, God will help me."

Still speaking, she knelt down, and, having propped the woman against the trunk of a neighbouring tree, and taken the child, quite an infant, in her arms, she said in a low voice, "Citizeness, are you ill? Have you been attacked? Do speak."

Almost inaudibly the woman replied, "We are starving."

"How do you come to be here? Ah! how stupid of me to be questioning you! Poor thing, come with me; my cart is quite near. In a quarter of an hour we shall be at the farm of Raimbaud, and there we will soon bring you round. Little one, don't cry so," added the good woman, trying in vain to quiet the child. Then, seeing that the mother was unable to rise, she resumed, "Keep still, then; I will go and place this little cherub in my cart, and come back for you. I am strong enough to carry you; so lie where you are and wait. Good heavens! is it possible that people are dying of hunger, while I have my four meals a day? Don't cry, little one. You will have something nice in a little while."

Talking thus, the countrywoman, having descended the bank, laid the child upon an empty sack; and before leaving, she tied Roussotte to a tree, lest she should take it into her head to run away.

Once more she climbed the steep bank, and lifting on her shoulders the woman, who was almost unconscious, she made a short *détour* in order to reach a part of the bank where the fall was less sudden.

As soon as the woman lay upon the sack beside the little child, Dame Raimbaud seized the bridle, and as Roussotte did not seem satisfied, she said, "My lass, there must be no objections. You must not have your head till we get to the farm, because you are quite capable of running off and killing these poor creatures by jolting and knocking them about. So, fair and easy."

Roussotte seemed to understand, and at a quieter pace descended the steep way, which led to a more passable road, and which in its turn brought them to a long avenue, at whose further end some lights appeared.

In the avenue, Roussotte showed such signs of impatience that her mistress was forced to mount into the cart again in order better to control the animal. Then they started off at full gallop, and with a dizzying rapidity Roussotte soon whirled through a great door, which was happily wide open.

Having circled a large courtyard, the beast stopped sharply before a moss-grown staircase of stone, on which were grouped some men and women servants. One of the men-servants, who held in his hand a lighted torch, exclaimed, "Hallo, mistress, what has happened? We never saw you so late before; and Gros-Bois has gone to look for you."

"Be quiet, Claude, and light us instead of babbling. You, Fanchon, look after this little 'pickle'; and you, Gothon, help me. You can be astonished later on; this isn't the time for it."

Stifling their exclamations, the servants hurried to obey. Claude let the red light of his torch fall inside the cart, and Fanchon held out her arms to receive the wailing child. On her part, Gothon lifted the feet of what seemed a lifeless body, the head and shoulders of which were borne by her mistress.

"Claude," said the dame, "set down the torch, and lead Roussotte to the stable: you can send for the cartwright to-morrow morning. Gothon, we must warm these poor creatures at the fire; but first, a truss of straw, Fanchon."

A minute after, upon a good bed of straw, before a bright, blazing fire, the starving woman drank eagerly a bowl of warm milk, which, without the aid of Fanchon, would have slipped from her hands again and again.

On the other side of the fireplace Dame Raimbaud sat with the little child on her knee, moistening its livid lips with the contents of a cup.

At the same time the good woman's mind kept working. She thought how things could be managed; she saw her way, and made a generous resolution. Yes, cost what it might, she would save those whom Providence had brought to her door. In order to succeed, she would require to use craft, especially with Gros-Bois; but, thank goodness! one wasn't altogether an idiot, and when a woman is not altogether an idiot she is more than a match for any man, even although he be the deputy-mayor of Meudon. All that she had to do was to warn the woman, a "suspect," a fugitive, perhaps. Whatever she was, she was clearly the woman who had fled in the morning, pursued by that man with the villainous face. Good heavens, were there ever such times! Then, addressing the two servants, who were looking curiously at the woman and child, Dame Raimbaud said:

"You, Gothon, take the little pickle—it sleeps now—and lay it in Jacques's bed. I will call you when supper is ready. You, Fanchon, go and set the table, then put the bread in the soup: you don't imagine that the bread will jump into the pot itself, while you stand staring your eyes out there, eh?"

The two servants went about their duties, and Dame Raimbaud, sure now of not being overheard, leaned towards the woman, who seemed a little recovered, and whispered in her ear: "I suspect how it is, and you must do the very utmost to save yourself. Say what I say, and don't speak if you can help it. I am your aunt; you are the daughter of my dead brother. Above all, distrust the man who will come in shortly with his hat on; he is not ill-disposed, but the ideas of the day have turned his head: he would think he did his duty in delivering you up."

Without understanding all that was said to her, Martine nodded her head in sign of acquiescence, and, soon overcome by the pleasant warmth of the fire, she fell asleep. Her sleep was disturbed. She cried out, dreaming of what she had come through. She seemed to feel herself sinking in icy deeps, from which she endeavoured to pluck the unfortunate little Russian, while Duclot, with a long boat-hook, the point of which stuck in the child's head, thrust them down deeper and deeper.

It was broad day, and the bright sun shone into the room, very simply but neatly furnished, in which Martine opened her eyes.

As her glance passed from one thing to another, she thought: "I am still dreaming, for I never saw this room before. Where was I yesterday?" Little by little her memory recalled the scenes of the preceding day: her wild rush across Paris, when she had found that the child had been taken from her side; then her terror at hearing herself rudely addressed by belated revellers. She remembered running against a parcel from which issued cries. . . . . Ah! the child, the child! where was the child?

Dame Raimbaud, who had entered the room while Martine was speaking, replied: "Don't be frightened; the baby is below, warming its toes at the fire after a plateful of pap. Gothon has washed it and dressed it in the clothes of a little one of my own which I lost long ago. I have treasured them carefully; and I am very glad to find a use for them to-day. And see, here are some clothes for yourself, quite good. Perhaps they are not so fashionable as those you used to wear; but, as my son, who is a brave soldier, says, 'One must take things as they come.' Isn't that so, madam?"

"Oh, thank you, thank you. I remember everything now. You saved me, you saved the child. But why do you call me madam? I am not a lady; I am only an unhappy girl, with no home and no friends."

"And what are you called?"

"Martine."

"Martine! what else?"

"Just Martine. I—I—have no other name. Oh, please do not ask me my other name, nor—nor why I ran away."

In saying this, Martine obeyed a very natural feeling of shame; it seemed to her that it would be dreadful to reveal the condition of her father, and, above all, to reveal the crime which that unworthy father had wished to commit. If this excellent woman were to be told all, she would, without a doubt, send her packing—the daughter of the gaoler of Saint-Lazare. In the neighbourhood of Saint-Lazare, did not all honest people look with aversion on the gaolers and turnkeys of the prison, where so many innocent people were shut up?

The hesitation and confusion of Martine put Dame Raimbaud on the wrong scent. Thinking only that this unhappy woman was afraid of being denounced if she were to avow her name and her social position, the countrywoman said: "We won't force your secret from you; we live in such times that one can trust nobody. So, get up. Here are soap and water. The shoes are perhaps too big, but I have no others: put a little straw in the toes. When you are ready, come downstairs and go into the room on the left; there you will find a good breakfast and your baby—he is yours, is he not?"

"Yes—yes. . . . . "

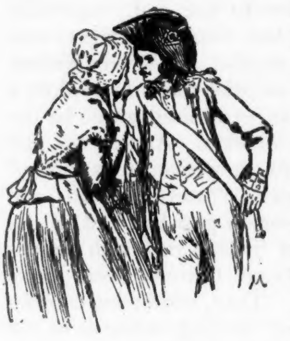
"Ay, ay! you're a very young mother, I must say. How old are you, if I may ask? And where is your husband?"

Regretting already her want of candour, Martine trembled, and blushed and paled in turn. Again deceived by anxious looks, which she took for the expression of a great sorrow, Dame Raimbaud exclaimed, with a penitent air: "He is dead then, a victim of these awful times? Forgive me, madam, and count on my devotion. Now let us arrange what we are to say: You will pass here for the niece of the late Raimbaud, my husband, a young girl who married while still almost a child, against the will of my dead brother-in-law, Jean Bertrand. Your husband has forsaken you, leaving you and your son in great misery. As for me, I met you by chance on the road begging for bread. This is not a very flattering account of you, but again, one must take things as they come. Is it not so, madam? Ah, and we mustn't say madam any more, but citizeness and citizen. To-day there are only citizens and citizenesses—don't forget that—don't you forget it, citizeness Marie Jeanne Bertrand. Moreover, it will be best for you to speak as little as possible, above all in the presence of Gros-Bois, the deputy-mayor of Bas Meudon and my overseer. He sees conspirators everywhere, and seeks for them even under cabbage blades and in pea-pods. He reads the newspapers and the bulletins; and, indeed, if he had not been my companion in childhood, and if I were not a bit afraid of him, I would have sent him away long ago to seek for his *ci-devants*, as he calls them, in some other quarter."

As she uttered this harangue, Dame Raimbaud showed her big white teeth in a pleasant smile. She was a powerful woman, about fifty years of age, with marked features, and hair turning grey; she must have been very pretty, and her expression was still very attractive. Upon her honest face one read charity, courage, and candour.

CHAPTER V

DENOUNCED



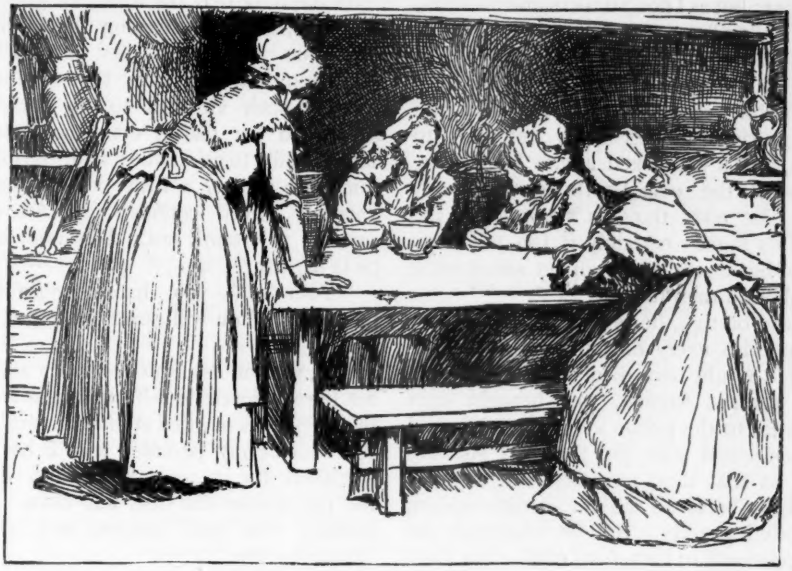
LEFT alone, Martine had much difficulty in dressing herself, as she was still very weak; her limbs and her hands trembled, and her head spun round. She tried to recall the instructions she had received, but they had got mixed up in her head—an aunt, a niece, citizens, Gros-Bois!

Dressed at last, washed, and her hair combed, she felt great comfort in finding herself neatly and becomingly attired, and as she went downstairs she said to herself, "I will follow the advice of Dame Raimbaud; above all, I will say as little as possible, and I shall soon tell her the whole truth; yes, I ought to, and I will, she seems so good. She will pity my distress, and perhaps find some work for me. Oh! and she may help me to discover the friends of the poor child. Heaven keep my father from getting upon our track!"

On entering the large kitchen, Martine experienced a delightful sensation. Everything was in its place, everything breathed of peace and order. Large windows opening on the fields admitted the rays of the rising sun. About a colossal table men and women servants supped milk soup out of immense porringers. From the large beams of the ceiling hung hams and dried vegetables; the floor, the walls, the table were spotless. In the high chimney a fire of vine branches burned, before which Gothon was dressing a little child, who, although not looking well, laughed and crowed to the dancing flame, a new and charming sight.

Martine approached the fireplace, and kneeling beside Gothon, embraced the little Alexander. He threw his arms about the neck of the young girl, and pressing his pale cheek against hers, equally pale, murmured, "Mamma, mamma."

"How old is the little darling?" asked Gothon, much affected by the recognition.



"How old is the little darling?"

On the point of answering stupidly that she was not very sure, Martine stopped in time and replied in a natural tone, "A year and ten days, citizeness."

"Poor little thing; he is behind for his age; at eleven months mine could run alone, and he was big besides; but of course I am much stronger than you. How old were you when you were married? You look just like a little girl."

Again taken at a disadvantage, Martine repeated, "How old, citizeness?" But Dame Raimbaud replied for her, "Now Gothon, stop this prating. Haven't I already told you about my niece, and how she was dying of hunger? Marie Jeanne, there's a basin of soup for you on the end of the table. Gothon, give the baby to me, while its mother and you take your breakfasts. And look sharp, for the hens are waiting for theirs." Then, seeing that the child would not leave hold of its "mother's" neck, Dame Raimbaud added, "Marie Jeanne, keep your son; he won't prevent you from supping your soup, and he is too delicate to be allowed to cry."

Martine, with Alexander in her arms, obeyed. She took the seat assigned her between Fanchon and a man of middle age, better dressed than the other servants, who had already filled the wooden dish with the smoking soup.

"Citizeness," said he, "enjoy yourself at this hospitable table."

It was not necessary to repeat the injunction. Thanks to the hearty appetite of youth, she emptied her porringer, and sent it in a second time. The baby, dozing, lay with its head upon her shoulder. Having studied the appearance of the poor child, so pale and thin, Fanchon, with much candour but little tact, said to the supposed mother: "You will have great difficulty in bringing it up; it is only skin and bone. And look at the black rings round its eyes, and its sharp nose: it makes me like to cry."

Examining in her turn the little drawn face and the thin hands, Martine felt her heart rise into her throat. She remembered a child, rosy, bright, and full of life and strength, which her father had placed in her arms one day, saying, "Look after it till its parents come to claim it."

"Who are its parents?" Martine had asked.

"Two strangers who have just been sent to the Conciergerie, or rather to the guillotine. At the last moment, I was fool enough to take charge of the child, until it should be reclaimed; the mother called it

Alexander; but as I don't understand children, it's your affair."

At first Martine had been very tired of the task she had undertaken. The child cried without ceasing, refusing also all food; the improvised mother knew not how to quiet it, and if she asked advice from some matron of the neighbourhood, the reply was: "The poor thing is starving for the milk of its nurse; certainly it has not been weaned, but doubtless it will get accustomed to drink, and then to eat."

Instead of that, however, Alexander grew more peevish every day, and dwindled visibly. He would have died of inanition if a young peasant woman, who brought eggs and butter to the prison every morning, had not been seized with pity; and as she was herself at that time nursing a fine boy, she offered her breast to the unfortunate orphan, who took it eagerly. Still he cried, only the more obstinate in his refusal of all other food.

In spite of long watchings and increasing fatigue, Martine soon loved passionately this pitiful, whimpering creature, who was at rest nowhere except in her arms. Soon, however, Duclot regretted his quasi-adoption; and at last listened to his own vile instincts and the advice of his comrades. The reader knows the rest.

Now that she thought herself safe, Martine felt that she would willingly resume her yoke of wretchedness if she could again see the little fellow fresh, rosy, and lively. Great tears ran down her cheeks upon the blonde hair of the child, and Claude, one of the servants, moved by her weeping, said, "While there's life, there's hope, citizeness. Don't be cast down. Look at me, now. Well, till I was two years old, it seems that I was so puny, so ill-thriven, that many a time my life was given up, but that did not prevent me from growing strong and hearty."

As she looked at Claude, Martine could not keep from smiling. He was, indeed, very stout and well set-up; his bursting cheeks looked like rosy apples, and his arms like the forelegs of a bear.

Gros-Bois said: "That child cannot be yours, citizeness. I would swear, for my part, that you are not a mother. Tell us, then, the names of its parents. Ah! doubtless it is the child of an *émigré*."

Martine was at first terribly embarrassed, understanding that she must not give rise to suspicion, and remembering the injunctions of Dame Raimbaud. An *émigré!* She knew too well the risks that one ran in allowing such an idea to be entertained. She dried her tearful eyes, and used her handkerchief to gain time; and, having overcome her anxiety a little, she replied in a tone of forced confidence, "An *émigré*, citizen? Certainly not. Alexander is mine; he is my son."

"Your son—you, hardly more than a little girl! You will never make me believe that."

But, with an assurance of which she would not have believed herself capable, Martine replied: "I was married at fifteen years, against the wish of my parents; and I have been punished for it, for my husband deserted me just before the baby was born. I have suffered cold and hunger, and my little Alexander too."

All the servants listened with a look of sympathy; Gros-Bois alone seemed incredulous, as he rejoined: "Alexander is not used among people like us; it is liker the name of a noble."

"My husband chose it, I don't know why; besides, I think it pretty—Alexander."

"And, may I ask, citizeness, if this youngster takes after its papa? He is certainly not like you."

"Yes; in fact, he resembles his father in every feature."

Dame Raimbaud had listened anxiously, not daring to interfere, lest she should rouse the suspicions of her head-servant, whom she wished to conciliate; for Gros-Bois, the deputy-mayor of Bas-Meudon, the crack village orator, was much feared by the country folk, whom he made to vote as he chose, and to whom he explained their rights as citizens. He was also known to be quite capable of denouncing any one who seemed to him lukewarm, or attached to the *ancien régime*. Dame Raimbaud, however, judging that the conversation had lasted long enough, and that the stranger might easily betray herself, advanced to the table, and said: "I think the poor thing deserves a little pity, and that it is very unkind to remind her of her scapegrace of a husband. Eight o'clock already, and not a grape gathered yet! Come, to work, my children, all of us, and me first; we shall begin with the vine at the top.

Marie-Jeanne, you stay where you are, and rest with your baby. When you have got back your strength, you will work like the rest of us, won't you? Every one here must do something for their bread. Is it not true, Gros-Bois, that we are all equal when it comes to work?"

"Indeed it is, citizeness farmer; you say well."

"And I *do* well too, don't I, my children?"

"Yes, yes," they cried with one voice.

When the grapes had been gathered, and the wine-press had done its work, a weak-bodied sour wine—still esteemed in those days—filled the large casks, arranged symmetrically, and awaiting purchasers, in the cellar of the farm.

Twice a-week Dame Raimbaud went with Roussotte to the market in the Rue de Sèvres. But she returned more anxious every time, having heard tell of terrible things, and having seen the dreadful red machine again erected on the ex-Place Louis XV.; and she asked herself if there was never to be peace, and if these massacres were to go on always.

All the love and hope of the good woman were centred in her son, the only child God had left her out of a large family. This son, Jacques Raimbaud, a good-hearted fellow, with no head to speak of, had enlisted at the first call to arms. He was still at Paris—alas! who could say for how long?—cannoneer in the 6th Artillery. Every holiday Jacques came to the farm and filled it with the sound of his open-hearted merriment. He never lingered at the tavern—he never left the house indeed; and, giving himself entirely up to his mother, he left her, as she said, "with sunshine to last her for the week."

Now, however, they were fighting, and the war spread all along the frontier. Jacques burned to see a battle and fire his gun; and his mother thought every ten days that she had embraced her dearly-loved son for the last time. Latterly, she had confided to him her fears regarding her guests and herself; for a serious danger threatened both protectress and *protégés:* a denunciation hung over their heads; and in those days to be denounced was to be arrested.

One evening, as the sun was sinking behind the great trees of the avenue, Gothon, descending to the cellar with a candle in her hand, uttered a stifled cry, and trembled so much that the candlestick fell from her hand. Appearing from behind a cask, a man advanced towards her. He picked up the candlestick, in which the candle still burned, and whispered: "Hush, you great fool! Did you take me for a ghost?"

"You, Jacques, here at this hour! Who would have thought it? Why are you here?"

"There's nothing wrong. I know the entrance to the old vault. Formerly we used to play pranks here instead of going to school, so I like to recall the place sometimes still, although the briars have grown a bit. Ah! it was no easy business, I can tell you, to get through the thorns."

"For me, I never think of the vault. And indeed, Jacques, if you are in hiding it must be because you have done something wrong—perhaps deserted. They say that many desert rather than go to the wars. I understand you, and you can count on my help."

At first Jacques was on the point of replying angrily that he was incapable of anything so infamous; but he thought better of it, and left the servant in her mistake—a mistake which would probably insure her discretion, as she was entirely devoted to the Raimbaud family. So he replied: "You have guessed about right, and I would be lost were you to tell a single soul that you have seen me here. I hoped that my mother would descend to the cellar. When she is alone, beg her to meet me in some secluded place. It is not very warm down here, and it mightn't be good for her health."

"Well then, have you, in your turn, forgot the old pigeon-house, where nobody goes now?"

"And the stair to which is close by. Does it still hold together?"

"Yes, just as before. That's arranged then. Are you hungry or thirsty?"

"I could eat something."

"Very well, I shall put something into your mother's apron. Let us get out of here now. There, I have locked the door. Can you find your way, or do you wish my candle?"

"No, they would see the light from outside. Light me only till I reach the first step. Here it is. Now I can find my way easily. *Au revoir*, Gothon, and hold your tongue like a good girl."

"Don't you be afraid, Jacques! Wait quietly for your mother and your supper."

An hour later, when all the inhabitants of the farm were asleep—they go to bed early in the country—Dame Raimbaud, carrying a serviette full of provisions, descended the old stair, and reached the deserted pigeon-house, where on the threshold she coughed slightly.

Jacques recognised at once the little cough, which was habitual with his mother, and stepped forward, saying: "I am here. Good evening, mother."

"Good evening, Jacques. Take this rug and hang it before the window while I strike a light. Ah! Jacques, is it true that you have deserted?"

"No, indeed. Gothon having imagined that, I thought it best not to undeceive her; but calm yourself; my conscience is at rest, and if I have hidden myself, it is on account of the poor girl whom you have befriended." Having thus reassured his mother, Jacques hastened to stretch the old rug of black wool before the only window in the loft. Then, turning round, when he saw the candle lit, and the materials of a good supper set out on the floor, he said: "Guns and gunpowder, but I am hungry! It will be delightful to demolish these good things." Then, with a sigh: "Dear mother, you are spoiling me. Ah! but you will not have me long to coddle now."

"Not long, Jacques? are you going then? Has your regiment received the order? *Mon Dieu!*"

Dame Raimbaud had become very pale and fell a-trembling, whilst the cannoneer, suddenly saddened, thought: "No, I haven't the courage to tell her *that* along with the other bad news; she will know soon enough when we are sent to the frontier." Then he said: "There is nothing certain; we shall have to go some day or other, and I shall return—why, I shall not let the grass grow under my feet, and I shall return a corporal—who knows? perhaps a lieutenant."

"But you won't have to go to-morrow—this week or the next? Ah! *Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu!*"

"Don't cry mother; neither to-morrow nor next week. Come, kiss your soldier, and let him tell you what has brought him back."

"Go on, then."

"Well, this morning, I came joyfully through the wood, because I had a three days' furlough, and it seemed to me the jolliest thing in the world to spend three days at the farm."

"Oh, Jacques, if you could have made up your mind never to leave it!"

"I walked quickly; and to shorten the way, I cut across the thicket which borders the snipe pond. All of a sudden I was thunderstruck to hear the name of the citizeness Raimbaud pronounced several times. Wishing to know why they talked of you, I glided noiselessly down to the bottom of the path. There, hidden in the bracken, I saw and heard Gros-Bois and that old pantaloon, Couturier, the Mayor of Meudon. Gros-Bois said, 'Citizen mayor, I don't think that the citizeness Raimbaud suspects that her pretended niece is a female imposter.' And the other replied, 'You must at once denounce her to the Commune; it is your duty as a citizen to procure the arrest of ex-princesses?' Then Gros-Bois: 'One never knows what may happen, and I shouldn't at all like to see the gendarmes in our house?' Says the mayor: 'Does Dame Raimbaud go to market to-morrow?' 'She does,' said Gros-Bois. 'Very well then,' replied his companion, 'It's a very simple matter. You can tell the accused that she is wanted outside; then you will take her into the avenue, where the gendarmes, lying in wait, will apprehend her. After that you can arrange the matter so that your mistress will never dream how the thing was done. Besides, for fear of compromising herself, she will not dare to interfere, and we shall have deserved well of our country. As to the jewel you mentioned, you must send it to me, and I will keep it as a piece of evidence. Do you know where it is?' 'Yes, citizen mayor; it is in the accused's drawer. There is no key to the drawer, and I will take the article in question when the ex-princess has been arrested.' 'Don't forget it; for if it should be found there, it might be a very serious thing for the inhabitants of the farm. And then, mother, the knave and the fool went off together towards the village."

"Oh, Jacques, they want to arrest Martine. Princess or peasant, innocent or guilty, what does it matter? We are responsible for her as long as she is under our roof. Ah! but what are we to do now they have denounced her?"

"For one thing, that young woman is no more a princess than you are. Is she the least like those grand ladies who used to come to drink milk at the farm? But to end my story: I tell you that I have sworn to save her, and that I will save her. And now, there isn't a minute to lose; in these times things don't move at a snail's pace, and one might as well be executed as suspected. So, instead of coming here in the daylight, I hid myself in the wood beside the osier-bed that borders the Seine. As I had hoped, old Brochet was already there with his barge, moored for the night, his mate having gone for provisions. After I had saluted him, I said: 'Father Brochet, you are a brave man, and my mother has need of you.' 'Ahoy! What's the matter?' 'Father Brochet, there's a mother and son at our house, suspects whom we wish to save.' 'Ahoy!' 'Can we count on your help. In that case, give me your advice. I know very well that without being a babbler, you are as cute as a lawyer——' 'Ahoy!' says he, for the third time. 'It's not a matter of ahoy,' said I. 'Answer yes or no.' With his head he signed yes; then with much effort, and grimacing like a monkey, he replied, 'Bring the woman and child here at midnight: after that, with God's help, it's my business. No moon, so much the better. Take care that nobody sees you.' With that he turned his back and sat down with his eyes fixed on the stream. I knew perfectly that he would not say another word; already he had made a big speech for him. So I came away, and without meeting a soul reached the entrance to the vault under the briars, although the thorns have grown, I can tell you, since I was a boy. I had a fight with them before I could get in."

"And after?"

"After, instead of you it was Gothon who came for the wine for supper. We can trust her, can't we?"

"Yes, she told me when nobody was about. She is not like her companion, Fauchon, who, when she found a valuable jewel in the lining of little Alexander's old robe, shouted the news from the top of the house, instead of telling me secretly about it. It was quite clear that a gold cross inlaid with diamonds could not belong to a woman whom I had called poor and deserted. There is the germ of the suspicions of Gros-Bois, who, putting two and two together, has made up his mind that he is on the track of a princess, whose flight from the conciergerie was recounted in the newspapers the other day."

"Have you any notion of the actual truth about the poor girl?"

"Not a glimmer. She told a story so mixed up that I could only get out of it a pack of lies. You can't compel trust; and while she is full of gratitude she is afraid lest I should question her. Besides, after a day or two I left her alone. It would be ill done to torment her because I had helped her. Now I shall go and waken her and tell her how things have gone. A sad awakening, and just as her little boy seemed to be getting well and strong."

"Don't you think her very young to be a mother?"

"Yes indeed; however, people are sometimes married before they are out of their childhood. In any case, I will propose to her to take charge of her little boy—and take the greatest care of it too."

"Mother, you are as good as gold. That's the very thing. Keep the child; it will be company for you and take my place for a while."

"Jacques, can anything in the world take the place of a son? Don't upset me by talking about going away. You are not hungry, now?"

"No, I've eaten everything, just like a wolf."

"Poor boy, you have a fine appetite. Now we must go back to the cellar, and I will bring Martine, if she makes up her mind for flight."

"She must fly, or else——"

"I will frighten her into doing it. Come on; put your hand behind the candle. Ah! can Martine get through the thorns as you did?"

"Of course; she is much slighter than am. Only she must fasten up her skirts, or they will get very much torn. And let her make up a little bundle of those things she must have with her. I know you have given her things."

"Yes, and she thanked me in a way which showed that she had never possessed such good clothes before."

CHAPTER VI

FLIGHT

About an hour and a half after the secret council recorded in the last chapter, two shadows emerged from a thicket of brambles, the one supporting the other. They moved along by the outside wall and then entered into a little coppice-wood near the farm.

Suddenly Jacques uttered a stifled exclamation, to which Martine replied by saying, "Ah! Heavens! The dogs will waken them."

As a matter of fact, the watch-dogs, scenting something unusual, bayed furiously inside the yard, while from within doors the house dogs responded with sharp yelps.

Jacques and his companion stood still, motionless and undecided. Holding their breath, they listened, ready to plunge again into the thicket and return to the vault, if any further noise announced danger. At that moment, the little Alexander, tired out, began to cry piteously in the manner of sick children.

By every means in her power, Martine tried to quiet the child, whom she had stoutly refused to leave behind. Imagining that this obstinacy proceeded from maternal love, Dame Raimbaud had not dared to insist too strongly. With feverish haste they had prepared for the departure. At the dame's suggestion, Martine had dressed herself like a boy, in grey stockings and small-clothes, and vest and jacket of frieze, with her hair powdered, done up in a black silk bag-wig, and covered with a little three-cornered felt hat; in a word, in the costume which the men of the middle-class usually wore at the end of the last century.

When Martine arrived in the cellar, Jacques had not recognised her, until his mother said, laughing: "It is really her, Jacques, in the clothes you wore when you were ten. At that age you turned ill and grew a head taller, without having been able to wear these clothes, which were then new and which I have preserved by chance."

"But why should she disguise herself so?"

"In order that she may be less easily detected on the barge. God grant that the baby may not betray her! Here is a bundle in which Martine will always find her girl's dress and the clothes intended for her baby. You will tell father Brochet to hide them very carefully."

At last, and not without shedding many tears, Martine had embraced Dame Raimbaud, endeavouring at the same time to express her gratitude; then, urged by Jacques, they had quickly separated, the good dame to return to her house, and the young wayfarer to plunge into the unknown.

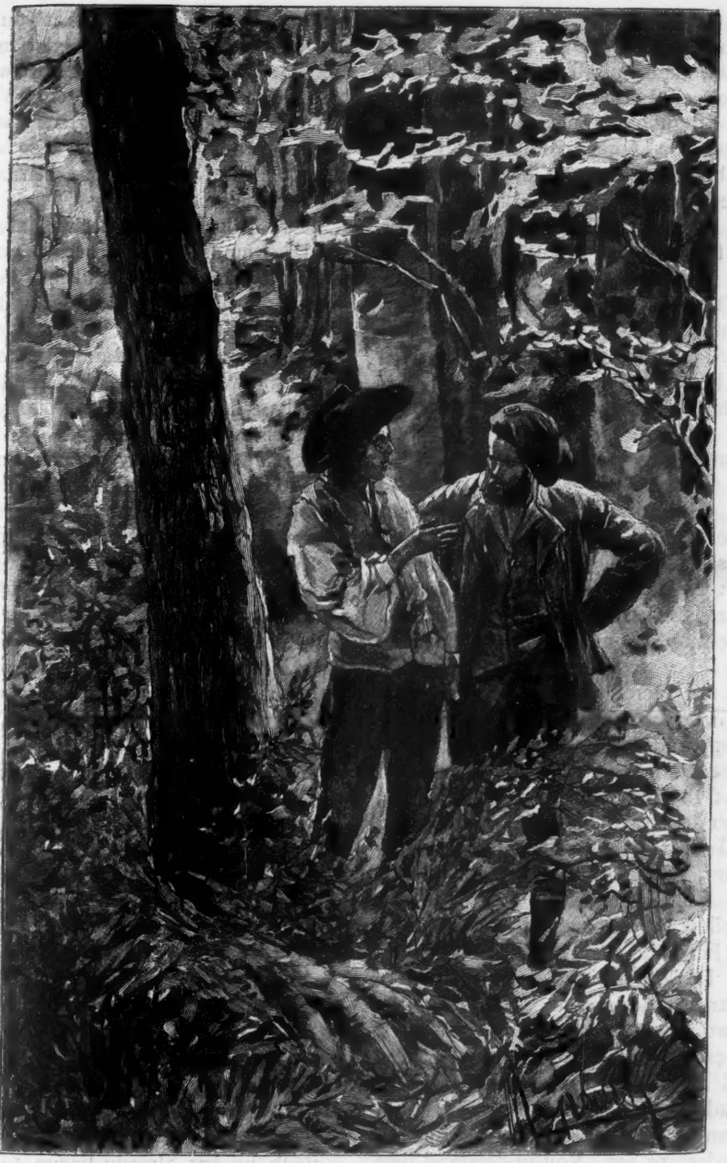
Hardly had the child fallen asleep again and the dogs ceased barking, when the fugitives heard the noise of rapid steps. The dry leaves were violently scattered behind them under the wood; and Jacques thought that the wretched Gros-Bois, having spied upon them, had let loose the dogs. These half-savage animals would, he feared, throw themselves upon the unfortunate woman and tear her in pieces; they hardly knew even him.

With a horse-pistol in his right hand, and a large knife in his left, Jacques could not help saying to himself, "I am perfectly willing to die, but that will not save the others. Guns and gunpowder, if one could only see in this diabolical darkness! Ah! here they come, open-mouthed! If I shoot, we are discovered. Oh! Oh! Ah! Médor, silence silence! There, there, down!" These last words were addressed to a great fawn-coloured wolf-hound, which, obeying the command of the young soldier, crouched down, wildly wagging its tail.

After Médor had rejoined his loved master, no sound broke again the profound silence of the night. And in the morning when Jacques had re-entered the house, Dame Raimbaud, having discussed all the ups and downs of the flight, said to her son: "Médor was so excited, and howled so loudly, that I let him loose. He had already aroused the house-dogs, and I feared that Gros-Bois would scent something in his turn if he were awakened—which, God be thanked, did not happen."

When they had set out, as Martine stumbled at every step, Jacques relieved her of the sleeping child, while Médor followed in silence.

In this manner they climbed the heights



"The knave and the fool went off together to warn the village"

of Meudon. Then Jacques invited Martine to rest, because it was necessary to wait until they should be able to see their way clearly and reach the river at as short a distance as possible from the place appointed by old Brochet.

When they were seated under a moss-grown tree, Jacques laid the infant on Martine's knees, and said, laughing: "Here is your little man. I must say he felt heavier than he ought to have done. I feared either to squeeze him too tightly or to loosen the bundle. My word, I would sooner have carried a carronade at arm's length, than such a little mite of a thing! Do you know that he is not like you—not in the least? Do I bother you, speaking to you in this way, madam, mademoiselle, citizeness? Indeed and indeed, I don't know how to address you; and, without offending you, I assure you that I think you more agreeable than your son, with his light eyes, so light that they seem to be all white. I prefer blue eyes and nut-brown hair like yours. Your husband is doubtless fair, and the little one is probably like him. Am I right?"

"I don't know," said Martine, who blushed and was much discomposed. She then decided to tell everything to her guide, but did not know how to set about it.

Meantime Jacques repeated, "You don't know?"

Then, mustering up her courage, Martine rejoined: "Oh, Monsieur Jacques, listen to me, for I cannot leave you, you and your mother, perhaps for ever, without letting you know my sad story."

"Tell it then. We have at least a quarter of an hour. Be assured that I will give you all the attention one gives a sister. Be quite confident, I beg you. We felt certain that you had a sad secret. Whatever it may be we shall love you none the less. Are you not unhappy and deserted?"

Thus encouraged, Martine concealed nothing of the antecedents of her family; her mother had died miserably; her father, harsh and coarse, had neglected and ill-treated her, especially after he became a widower. Still she had tried to do her best, and to follow the advice which her mother had given her while she lived. She told him also how Duclot, having become gaoler of Saint-Lazare, undertook the charge of the child of two prisoners, probably on the point of being executed. And then, after having recounted all that the reader knows already, Martine added: "Your mother took me at once for an escaped prisoner, and I did not dare to undeceive her. You understand how horrible it appeared to me to have to accuse my father. Afterwards I regretted that white lie, without having the courage to correct it. That is all, Monsieur Jacques. Will you despise me now?"

Jacques, who had listened very attentively to Martine's story, replied: "No, indeed; on the contrary, my mother and I will hold you in the highest esteem as a brave, courageous, and devoted girl. If you had spoken sooner we would have shown you that you are in no way responsible for your father's faults. Give me your hand and take this box, which contains the cross found in the child's robe and some louis d'or and assignats, which my mother sends you with all her heart: she is unable to give you more, because money has become scarce with us."

"Oh, Monsieur Jacques, you are both too good. I am so sorry to leave you. How unfortunate, too, that I did not know of this jewel! But for it I should not have been denounced, and could have stayed at the farm. When Dame Raimbaud learned the truth, she would perhaps have employed me—perhaps have loved me. Nobody has loved me since my mother died."

Martine finished by crying; and by the light of dawn, Jacques, ready to cry too, saw at last the poor girl, whom he pitied from the bottom of his soul.

"Why," said he at length, "have you burdened yourself with this little child, which is nothing to you, instead of leaving it with us?"

"Because I love him," said Martine, in the midst of a great sob.

Jacques never forgot the sob and the look which accompanied these words, "Because I love him;" and it never entered into his head to say to the girl, what sensible people would doubtless have said, that her love was not very wise, since Alexander would have been a thousand times more happy at the farm than in the care of a creature without a home and without resources.

Jacques and his companion now took the road again, the former once more carrying the child, which had wakened, and was prattling as the birds prattled in the trees by the wayside.

"After all," resumed the artilleryman, "he is not so very bad this youngster, and I haven't done him justice; only he would be the better of a little more flesh on his bones.'

"Oh, he has already begun to improve! Your mother showed me how to manage him; before, I had no experience. I hope I shall find good milk everywhere."

"I hope so too. Can you trust me with the name of the parents of the youngster?"

"I never knew them. My father said they were foreigners, rich nobles, not wishing me to know anything more about them."

"Ah!" rejoined Jacques, with a serious air, "it will be a very difficult thing to discover a family with no better clue than that. But here we are on the bank of the river; the barge is already out in the channel, and Brochet is coming to us in his wherry. I wish you a prosperous voyage, Martine. Good morning, father Brochet."

These last words were spoken to a man in the dress of a waterman, who approached the bank where Jacques and his companion awaited him.

Brochet, an old man of about sixty years of age, was wrinkled, tanned, inconceivably lean, and very tall.

"Ahoy!" he cried, as his little grey eyes, bright and piercing, examined Martine.

Then, lowering his glance, he muttered, "Hey-day, you in the disguise, jump in; and for you, my boy, be off at once; the people yonder will wonder at seeing a soldier here."

Jacques felt the wisdom of this brief advice. His uniform would certainly attract attention to the fugitives; so he turned away after crying, "*Adieu, au revoir.*" And the girl with her heart in her mouth repeated, "*Adieu, au revoir.* Thanks again and again."

Then, in the most cautious manner Brochet helped Martine to jump into the wherry, and seated her comfortably in the stern. In a second or two they arrived at the barge, anchored at a little distance from the bank.

This towing-barge was a long vessel, with two deck-houses, fore and aft. Upon one of the decks was the steering gear; upon the other was a platform fenced off with netting. Goods of all kinds littered the boat, which had neither sail nor oars. The cabin of the captain was in the after-port, while passengers were accommodated forward—that is to say when there were any, which was not often, because other and better appointed barges had for some time plied on the same route.

At the end of last century numerous towing-boats threaded the rivers and canals of France. All were drawn by horses, which followed the towing path. Stout ropes ran from the bow of the barge to the collar of the horse or horses. A conductor attended to the team, and, jogging along, now at the edge of the stream, now in the channel, sometimes stranded, sometimes also in stormy weather driving against the piers of the bridges, or breaking its ropes, the barge generally ended by arriving at its destination sooner or later. Those delays, although they annoyed, never astonished our grandfathers, who would have been very much surprised at that proverb, destined to be the watchword of a great people, "Time is money."

Time never meant money to our ancestors; they regarded it as of little account, and were never in a hurry to finish anything. The construction of a building lasted for a century; commencing in one style it ended in another. Then there was the Hundred Years' War, the Thirty Years' War, and others. People took years to make the tour of the world, months to cross Europe, and weeks to run through France. The fashions themselves would not change during an entire reign. Daughters were married in the bridal dress of their mothers, without a single stitch being changed.

The sun, mounting above the horizon, lit up the river and the neighbouring slopes, where Jacques paused upon the wooded ridge to look about him.

The barge descended the stream. Upon the bank a large stout man led by the bridle a very lean horse, which tugged along slowly. Upon the bridge of the barge he saw a long outline—that of Brochet manipulating the wheel.

From one deck to the other Martine came and went, rocking in her arms the little Alexander. The child was crying, but its cries ceased gradually as the young girl sang a well-known song. The clear atmosphere bore every word to the ears of Jacques:

> "The lady climbed her tower,
> Mironton, mironton, mirontaine.
> The lady climbed her tower,
> The highest she could gain.
> 'What news, my page-boy, say?
> Come, tell me once for all.'
> 'My news, alas the day!
> Will make the salt tears fall.'
> Mironton, ton taine tonton."

His feelings touched by the song, the artilleryman stood motionless upon the ridge, and remained there as long as the boat was in sight, as long as he could hear the well-known tune.

In a little while the barge disappeared behind a curtain of trees at a bend of the river, and, growing faint and more faint, the voice of the singer was gradually lost in those of the birds about him. Then Jacques resumed the way to his mother's farm.

Long after, in the midst of the noise of battle, while the cannon resounded from the hills, and while Jacques was pointing his own gun at the enemy, the memory of that sunny morning returned to him, and at the very moment of discharging his piece he hummed,

> "'What news, my page-boy, say?
> Come, tell me once for all.'
> 'My news, alas the day!
> Will make the salt tears fall.'
> Mironton——"

Another gunner interrupted the singer, saying: "Are you mad, Raimbaud, to sing at a time like this, and with your shoulder all bloody too?"

"Ha!" said Jacques, "I am wounded, but not seriously I think. Oh! all the same I believe I had better point the gun with my left hand."

A young captain of artillery heard the conversation between the two gunners, and in the evening, when making his report to the general commanding the corps, after having spoken of the officers placed under him, he added, "General, one of the gunners of my battery deserves very special mention. From the start his shooting was much noticed on account of its precision and promptness; then, later on, having been wounded in the right arm by the bursting of a shell, he nevertheless continued to point his gun with the left, singing all the time, and very well too, the song of Malbrough. General, I stood still for a quarter of a minute at least to admire him and listen to his singing."

"The name of this brave fellow, captain?"

"Raimbaud, general, first-class gunner."

"Is his character good?"

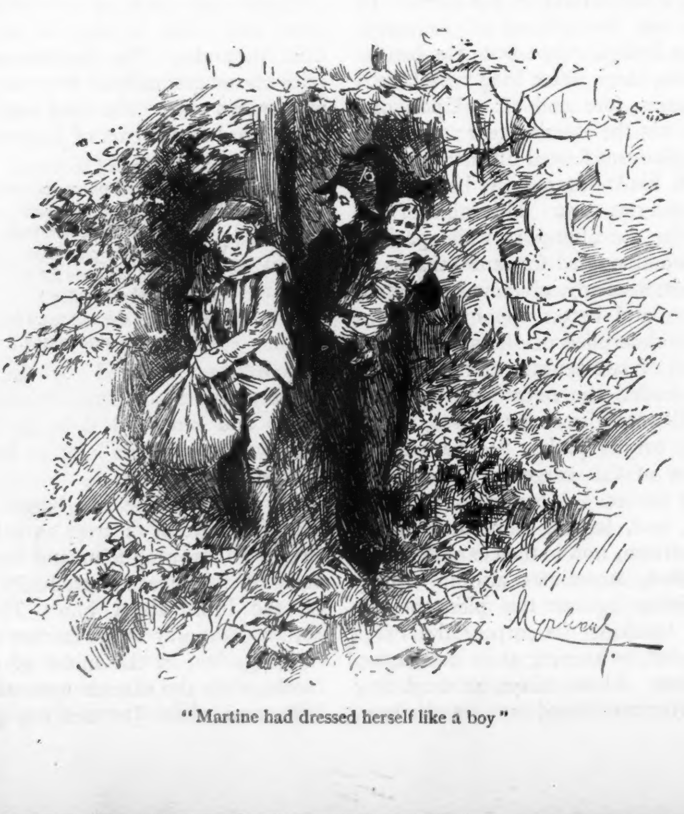
"Capital, general. Sober, never punished, always merry and obedient. Enlisted voluntarily ten years ago."

"Has he any education?"

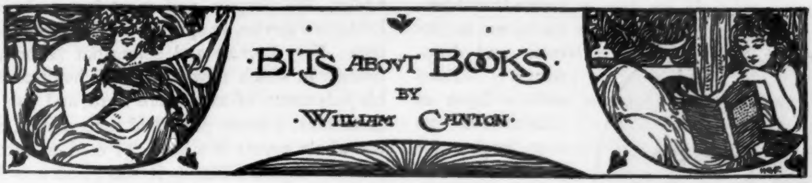
"He can read and write at least, for I have in my possession a report very correctly composed by him on a matter concerning his office."

"Very good; he shall be made a corporal to-morrow, and I shall afterwards propose him for the rank of quarter-master."

That happened on the 26th of June 1794 (8th Messidor, Year II.), the very day of the battle of Fleurus, which gave France Belgium. The name of the general was Jourdan, and that of the captain, Davout.



"Martine had dressed herself like a boy"



BITS ABOUT BOOKS

BY

WILLIAM CANTON

TO a lover, and in especial to a student, of literature, what can be more interesting, more fruitfully suggestive, than the note-book of a great writer? Among the haphazard odds and ends committed at all hours to its secret pages, what strange confidences, what singular fancies, what subtleties of thought, hints of emotion, curiosities of observation, felicities of phrase, what shadowings of vast schemes and unrealised enterprises may we not discover. In these memoranda, too, there are generally less reserve and a larger revelation of character than one meets with even in the least reticent correspondence; one sees, as it were, the very nature of the writer, catching with the unconscious eagerness of a child at every and any thing that happens at the moment to seem beautiful or attractive.

Of such "hints and first thoughts," such "*cogitabilia* rather than *cogitata*" as these, Coleridge left behind him about threescore pocket-books, and the poet's grandson has compiled from them a volume which will well repay reading.* "Anima Poetæ" contains much that is striking, much that is delightful, and, in the case of "those strange self-communings by means of which he hoped to pass through the mists and shadows of words and thoughts to the apprehension if not the comprehension of the mysteries of Truth and Being," much, it must be admitted, that is bewildering. With these last, however, we need not concern ourselves. What strikes one most, perhaps, as one traverses the volume is the poet's delight in children. In the opening pages there is a series of fifteen notes which appear to indicate a little cradle-epic—among them this: "The wisdom and graciousness of God in the infancy of the human species: its beauty, long continuance, &c." A hundred odd pages further on he touches on "the importance of young children to the keeping up the stock of hope in the human species;" and, yet another hundred further, we read of the poor oppressed Amboynese who bear with patience the extirpation of their clove and nutmeg trees, but who will risk life itself to defend "the clove-tree which each Amboynese plants at the birth of each of his children." What a charming picture is that of the "children in the wind—hair floating, tossing, a miniature of the agitated trees beneath which they played," and the fat baby, "eddying half unwillingly," and joining the others in their song of the joy of life. Then in what thought shall hearts bereaved find comfort if not in this: "Something to me delicious in the thought that one who dies a baby presents to the glorified Saviour and Redeemer that same sweet face of infancy which He blessed when on earth, and sanctified with a kiss, and solemnly pronounced to be the type and sacrament of regeneration." There are many charming nature-notes, for, philosophic dreamer as he was, Coleridge had an eye for the daisy (which, perhaps, is alive; wherefore he will never pluck a flower again), for the spider swinging on his single thread, for the sound of rain, and the play of moonlight. In regard to all these things, however, it seems to him less that he is observing anything new than that he is seeking a symbolical language for something that already exists within him. "O! the power of names to give interest," he exclaims in another place. "When I first sat down with Europe on my left and Africa on my right, both distinctly visible, I felt a quickening of the movement of the blood." Does one not feel the same thrill when one reads how—

> "Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa,"

or how, as the dusk rolls in from the Pacific and sets Chili to sleep, the Condor on the Cordilleras

> "Regarde l'Amérique et l'espace en silence."

Here is solace for the writers of small matters: "Think only of the thoughts, feelings, radical impulses that have been implanted in how many thousands by the little ballad of the 'Children in the Wood';" and here is a lamp for the feet of critics: "Never to lose an opportunity of reasoning against the head-dimming, heart-damping principle of judging a work by its defects, not its beauties."

It always pleases me even to *think* of that goodly medlar-tree, access to which Bishop John of Drokensford reserved for himself when he gave the surrounding land to one of the canons of Wells. The mere thought of that tree helps to realise for me the England of five hundred and seventy years back. Coleridge felt differently; "I am not certain whether I should have seen with any emotion the mulberry-tree of Shakespeare." Edward FitzGerald, happily, is on my side. It was not Stratford itself, or even the church, that touched him most; "but the old footpaths over the fields which *he* must have crossed three centuries ago." Yet, alas! even Edward FitzGerald was not to be relied on in these matters, for did he not visit the Trossachs, Loch Katrine, and Loch Lomond, and record that, "as

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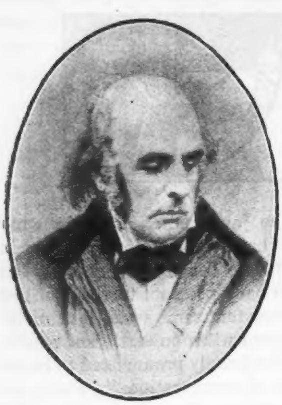
* "Anima Poetæ," from the unpublished note-books of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. William Heinemann. 7*s*. 6*d*.



EDWARD FITZGERALD

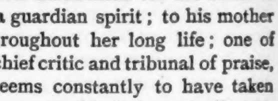
"Letters of Edward FitzGerald to Fanny Kemble"

I expected, they seemed much better to me in pictures and drop-scenes?" Even such a lapse as this, however, one may forgive for the sake of the gracious picture of a sweet-natured and beautiful age presented in these "Letters to Fanny Kemble."[*] How characteristic of the man was his "love of the old Capitals for Nouns"—a part, one almost conceives, of his old-world courtesy and considerateness. It is a rebuke to ambition and a solace to failure to think of his brilliant gifts on the one hand and his contented seclusion on the other. His books, his blackbirds and nightingales, his marigolds and pansies, the trees which he planted, *hauts comme ça*, as his delectable Sévigné used to say, and the affection of his friends appear to have been all he needed. He finds it worth mentioning almost in the same sentence that the quietude of Wordsworth "comes home to me more now than it ever did before," and that his robin "seems rather pleased when I sit down on a Bench under an Ivied Pollard, where I suppose he has a Nest, poor little Fellow." A good "splash of rain" after a long drought in May, suggests one of his curious criticisms. He shuts up Dombey and sits listening in the dark, sits indeed seeing and feeling the welcome freshness, and the couplet rises in his memory:

> "Abroad, the rushing Tempest overwhelms,
> Nature pitch dark, and rides the thundering elms."

"Very like glorious John Dryden," he thinks; "but many others of his time wrote such lines, as no one does now—not even Messrs. Swinburne and Browning." In his literary judgments it is difficult to class him. How *could* he admire Crabbe as he did, and yet declare that Keats was "more akin to Shakespeare, I am tempted to think, in a perfect circle of poetic faculties than any poet since"? One acute remark he makes of Dickens, that his "men and women talk already after a more obsolete fashion than Shakespeare's." I am glad that he has hearty praise for that "wonderful" and strangely under-estimated novel "Great Expectations"; "not considered one of his best, you know, but full of wonderful things," and, it might be added, the deepest and most human-hearted of Dickens's stories, in spite of certain fantastic chapters. Very human and somewhat pathetic is the manner in which now and again he discovers that his judgments of men were hard and prejudiced. A memoir, a letter published after death, changes the whole aspect of a life. "I used to think what a little waspish *dilettante* it was; and now I see he was something very much better indeed"; "sorry not to have made a little advance to him"; "I regret that I did not know what the book tells us while Carlyle was alive; that I might have loved him as well as admired him." We have all discovered something of this, but it has always been too late by six feet of clay.

It is difficult to avoid a comparison between these letters and correspondence of Matthew Arnold,[*] and the comparison is unfavourable to the latter. Why, it is hard to say, for Arnold was gifted, admired, beloved, and in his letters one can perceive how and why he was so. Still there is something lacking, perchance that vague sympathetic something, the absence of which prevented him from being popular in spite of celebrity, or it may be that one apprehends the man more in his books than in his letters. Still, the two volumes will amply repay perusal, if only for their beautiful picture of family affection. His admiration for his father is as the presence of a guardian spirit; to his mother he was devoted throughout her long life; one of his sisters was his chief critic and tribunal of praise, and his marriage seems constantly to have taken place only a year ago. In his judgments, literary or political, he has put on record some curiously oblique opinions. He was as far astray in regarding Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" as his best poem (up to that date), or Tennyson himself as "deficient in intellectual power," as he was in predicting the impossibility of the Germans ever beating the French, or the improbability of France (after 1870) "recovering herself within our time at all." On the morning after the death of his eldest son, in 1868, he was found consoling himself with Marcus Aurelius; and



FANNY KEMBLE

"Letters of Edward FitzGerald to Fanny Kemble" wisely too; but there was also healing balm in the Christian Gilead. Early in January, on the death of little Basil, he wrote: "And so this loss comes to me just after my forty-fifth birthday, with so much other 'suffering in the flesh,'—the departure of youth, cares of many kinds, an almost painful anxiety about public matters—to remind me that *the time past of our life may suffice us!*—words which have haunted me for the last year or two, and that we 'should no longer live the rest of our time in the flesh to the lusts of men, but to the will of God'." In December of the same saddened year he wrote: "And Tommy's death in particular was associated with several awakening and epoch-marking things. The chapter for the day of his death was that great chapter, the 1st of Isaiah; the first Sunday after his death was Advent Sunday, with its glorious collect, and in the Epistle the passage which converted St. Augustine (Romans xiii. 13). All these things point to a new beginning, yet it may well be that I am near my end, as papa was at my age, but without papa's ripeness."

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[*] "Letters of Edward FitzGerald to Fanny Kemble, 1871–1883." Edited by William Aldis Wright. Richard Bentley & Son. 6*s.*

[*] "Letters of Matthew Arnold, 1848–1888." Collected and arranged by George W. E. Russell. Macmillan & Co. 2 vols. 15*s.* net.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Elliott & Fry, photo.

Of all the recently published "Letters" that I have seen, none seem to me to approach in literary charm and interest those of Robert Louis Stevenson.* On p. 200 the thought occurs to him that "some kind of book" might some day be made out of them, and from that point he may have written with the consciousness of a future public. Long before that page has been reached, however, the reader has scored passage after passage of exceptional beauty. In spite of ill-health, financial anxiety, dogged literary toil, depression and sudden apprehensions of failing powers, the letters reveal a singular resilience of spirit, a delight in his tropical island, the witty gaiety of a man who has kept his boyish heart through his four and forty years. I cannot say that I find his accounts of Samoan politics dull or tedious, any more than his descriptions of forest and sea, rain and cloud; they were all a part of his island life.

Naturally we find here some indication of his literary moods, his method of work, his views of art. I say "naturally," though, remarkably enough, such points are hardly ever touched in Arnold's correspondence. "Make another end to it?" he replies to objections. "Ah, yes, but that's not the way I write; the whole tale is implied; I never use an effect, when I can help it, unless it prepares the effects that are to follow; that's what a story consists in." On the 29th of May he writes: "I began many days ago on p. 93, and am still on p. 93, which is exhilarating, but the thing takes shape all the same." On June 1st he continues: "Back on p. 93. I was on 100 yesterday, but read it over and condemned it." No wonder that "all novels are a heavy burthen while they are doing, and a sensible disappointment when they are done"; and no wonder either that, in a fit of "crushed-wormery," he should question: "I wonder exceedingly if I have done anything at all good; and who can tell me? and why should I wish to know? In so little a while, I, and the English language, and the bones of my descendants, will have ceased to be a memory! And yet—and yet—one would like to leave an image for a few years upon men's minds—for fun."

This longing and a sort of home-sickness give a strangely pathetic note to the Letters. The strident rain sweeps over from the forest, with an ominous suggestion in its sound of something nameless and measureless drawing near that strikes him cold and yet is welcome. "All smells of the good wet earth, sweetly, with a kind of Highland touch. . . . . Now the windows stream, the roof reverberates. It is good; it answers something which is in my heart, I know not what; old memories of the wet moorland belike." He would like his friend to see Vailima, "for it's beautiful, and my home and tomb that is to be, though it's a wrench not to be planted in Scotland—that I can never deny—if I could only be buried in the hills, under the heather and a table tombstone like the martyrs, where the whaups and plovers are crying. . . . . Singular that I should fulfil the Scots destiny throughout, and live a voluntary exile, and have my head filled with the blessed, beastly place all the time!" Of the deeper things in life, he has two rememberable sayings: "The world must return some day to the word duty, and be done with the word reward." "The inherent tragedy of things works itself out from white to black and blacker, and the poor things of a day look ruefully on. Does it shake my cast-iron faith? I cannot say it does. I believe in an ultimate decency of things; ay, and if I woke in hell, should still believe it!"

Probably it is forgotten—or was it ever generally known?—that while Lady Blessington made £1000 or £2000 a year out of literature, she could not get 'The Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare" printed except at Landor's own cost; or that of Horne's "Orion, an Epic Poem in Three

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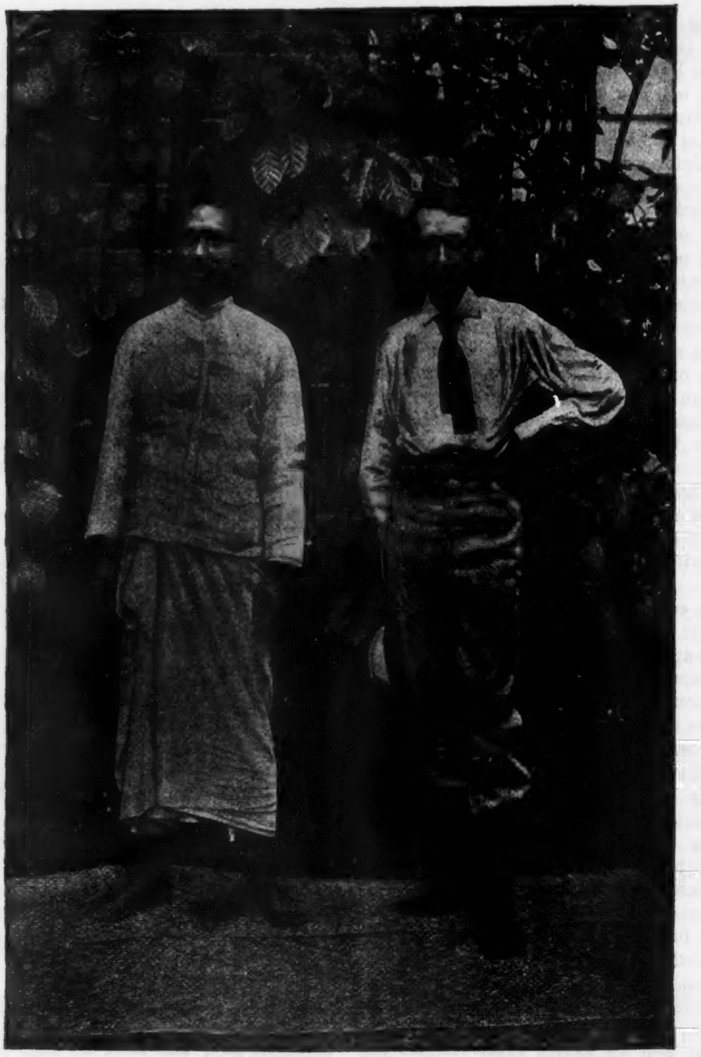
* "Vailima Letters: being Correspondence addressed by Robert Louis Stevenson to Sidney Colvin, November 1890—October 1894.' Methuen & Co. *7s. 6d.*



STEVENSON AND SAMOAN CHIEF

"Vailima Letters"

Books" three editions were sold at a farthing a copy, and then three more, the fourth at 1*s.* and the sixth at 2*s.* 6*d.*, all in 1843, and that the poet never received a farthing then, or indeed for any of the five editions published subsequently? Let the reader interested in these and similar curiosities of literature turn to the "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century,"* in which, after the fashion of Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes" of the preceding century, the editors have rescued from the wallet of Time many of the eleemosynary scraps intended for Oblivion. The book, which is illustrated with portraits and various facsimiles, contains much out-of-the-way and even inaccessible matter—forgotten sonnets and dramatic scenes, batches of letters from Landor and Shelley, and other readable salvage, and, a priceless boon to the lovers of the poet, innumerable interesting particulars about Browning's works which the editors have modestly labelled "Materials for a Bibliography of the writings in prose and verse of Robert Browning." This is a work which should find a place in every public library.

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* "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century: Contributions towards a Literary History of the Period." Edited by W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D., and Thomas J. Wise. Hodder & Stoughton. Vol. i. 20*s.* net.

BISHOP BUTLER

By the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE

SECOND PAPER

II. The Method of Butler

IT is important, in any attempt at a thorough examination of Butler, to dwell upon the *method* of the author, as well as upon the principal arguments of his works: that is to say, upon those characteristics of his work and working, which lie outside the express indications of the text.

The first feature of Butler's method which we have to note is, that it was an inductive method. Butler was a collector of facts, and a reasoner upon them. Herein he departed from the more common practice of his age, which had been given to argumentation in the abstract, and to speculative castle-building. He notices in the "Analogy," his having foregone the advantages which he might have drawn from a procedure resembling that of Clarke in his "Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God." And he has left it upon record, that he was not satisfied with that "Demonstration."

The main thing, however, to be here considered is not the mere question between induction and deduction, but that Butler chose for his whole argument the sure and immovable basis of human experience, from his earliest tracings of natural government, up to his final development of the schism of revealed religion. It is probable that this great feature of Butler's method supplies the explanation of the singular fact that a work rarely presenting to us the graces of style, not produced in connection with any academic institution or learned class, singularly difficult to master from the nature of the subject, and running directly counter to the fashionable currents of opinion, should at once have taken hold upon the educated mind of the country, and should, as has appeared from the language of Hume, very rapidly have acquired for its author a high position in the literary and philosophic world.

I shall submit in the most succinct manner a variety of features which appear to me to characterise the method of Butler, and to recommend his works, in conjunction with what has been already stated, for permanent and classical study of the more thoughtful minds.

It would be difficult to name a writer who in the prosecution of his work has aimed at, and effected, a more absolute self-suppression. His use of the first person singular is rare; and, whenever it occurs, we at once perceive that it is a grammatical vehicle, and not the entrance of a caparisoned figure on the stage for presentation to an audience. We attain indeed a solid and rather comprehensive knowledge of the man through his works; but this is owing, if I may so speak, to their moral transparency, which is conspicuous amidst all the difficulties of gaining and keeping a continuous grasp of his meaning.

From beginning to end, the "Analogy" avowedly, and the "Sermons" to some extent really, are controversial. The prosecution of such works powerfully tends to cast the mind into a controversial mould. But in him this tendency seems to be effectually neutralised by his native ingenuousness, by the sense that his pen moves under the very eye of God, and by the knowledge that the sacred interests of truth must be eventually compromised by over-statement. In any case the result is that his concessions to the presumed opponent are not niggardly, but such as may sometimes excite the surprise of the friendly partisan. The discounts from the full breadth of his propositions are so large, that it seems as if they were always tendered in ready and cheerful deference to the supreme calls of justice and of candour. This brave adherence to the principles, which can alone establish the honesty of a writer in its highest sense, has exhibited itself in the fearlessness which has led this habitually circumspect writer into collateral observations of a boldness such as his strong statements of the ruin of the world through sin, of the rarity of real care for the public interest, of the wide range of waste in creation at large, and of the capacities of progress which may possibly be latent in the animals inferior to man.

But there is one larger and deeper result of the method of Butler, which must be stated at somewhat greater length. He exhibits in himself, and he powerfully tends to create in his reader, a certain habit of mind which is usually far from common, and which at the present day, and amidst the present tendencies, both of the average and even of the more active mind, may justly be termed very rare. The politician, the lawyer, the scientist, the theologian, are all of them, apart from any strong controlling action due to individual character, marked by a certain habit of mind incidental to each profession or pursuit. Butler's pursuit, and the labours of those who study him, are incessantly conversant with the relation between the lower and the higher world, between all the shapes of human character and experience on the one side, and a great governing agency on the other. Such a pursuit will not fail to build up its own proper habit of mind; and it does not coincide with the habit of mind belonging to any of the professions, as such, that have been mentioned. But Butler does not write like a person addicted to any profession or pursuit; his mind is essentially free. He is the votary of truth, and is bound to no other allegiance.

In these matters we see through a glass darkly; and the propositions appropriate to them will rarely take a sharp edge. To pass from the work of the mathematician to the proper work of those who graze in Butler's pastures, has some resemblance to the transition from the primitive forms of painting without atmosphere or perspective, to the modern *chiaroscuro*, the subtle arts of light and shade. Butler himself supplies us with some guidance on this subject. When he speaks of "morals, considered as a science, concerning which speculative difficulties are daily raised," he comes strictly upon his own ground; that aspect, namely, of morals which they present to us in their relations with the unseen world. And he proceeds, "For here ideas never are in themselves determinate, but become so by the train of reasoning and the place they stand in."[*] His readers know that these ideas, after they have been thus handled and their relative positions ascertained, become determinate only in a qualified sense, and that at every step we feel how truly he has told us both that probable evidence is the guide of life,[*] and that probability has this for its essential note, that it is matter of degree.[†] In truth, the general rule for inquiry in this department cannot be better put than as it has been stated by Aristotle, who takes it for the distinctive note of a cultivated mind to estimate with accuracy, in each kind of mental exercise, the degree in which its propositions can be made determinate.

Πεπαιδευμένου γάρ ἐστιν ἐπὶ τοσοῦτον τ' ἀκριβὲς ἐπιζητεῖν καθ' ἕκαστον γένος, ἐφ' ὅσον ἡ τοῦ πράγματος φύσις ἐπιδέχεται.[‡]

The philosopher takes for his example of determinate science that of mathematics; for the indeterminate, the business of the rhetorician. The vast extension of the sphere of politics since his time has greatly enhanced its aptitude to be treated as an example in this region. But Aristotle's view of morals was barred, so to speak, on the spiritual and immaterial side. His powerful insight enabled him to connect them with the constitution of our nature;[§] but the light in the beginning, and now again, adequately thrown on the dependence of both upon the Creator and Moral Governor of the world had become darkness for him, as it had also become darkness for the otherwise marvellously illuminated intellects of Greece. We visit actions with praise and blame, but we ought to do it under the conviction that such a judgment is only partial, superficial, and provisional. Greece did not know of the sovereign rule by which every action must principally be judged; and we, who do know and can in a measure apply it, yet ought to be aware that the roots of action are manifold and lie too deep down in our nature for human eyes to follow them. To give their merits or demerits—nay, those of any one among them—with an absolute exactitude, as they will one day be fixed in the scales of the Almighty Judge, is a process transcending the powers of any or of all human intellects. And it would be, not indeed a definition but a true indication of the science of morals, as it lies opened out before us in the Butlerian field, if we were to call it the science of the indeterminate.

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[*] Preface to the "Sermons," sections 2, 3.

[*] "Analogy," Introd., section 4.

[†] *Ibid.* Introd., section 1.

[‡] "Eth. Nic.," I. iii. 4.

[§] *Ibid.* I. ii. 4, where Πολιτικὴ is said to be *κυριωτάτη καὶ μάλιστα ἀρχιτεκτονικὴ.*

I have already spoken of his chief works as an intellectual exercise; but let us also consider them as a guide to belief and to conduct.

The mental habit, which he forms in us, is that mental habit which, in all questions lying within the scope of Butler's arguments, suits and adapts itself, with gradually increasing precision, to the degree of evidence adapted to the subject-matter. Where that is great, it thankfully rejoices in the abundance; where it is scanty, recognises the absolute duty of accepting the limitation. And we are all along backed by the consciousness that in each and every case it is sufficient. For in each and every case it is an award of supreme wisdom, adjusted to that case by a sure if a hidden process; and we are enjoined to entertain and follow it upon rules which, if they are magisterially those of religion, are also those of reason, and of the commonsense, which we rightly accept as our guide in all the interests and incidents of life.

The student of Butler will, unless it be his own fault, learn candour in all its breadth, and not to tamper with the truth; will neither grudge admissions, nor fret under even cumbrous reserves. But to know what kinds and degrees of evidence to expect or to ask in matters of belief and conduct, and to be in possession of an habitual frame of mind built upon that knowledge, is, in my view, the master gift which the works of Butler are calculated to impart. It can, however, only be imparted to those who approach the study of them as in itself an undertaking; who know that it requires them to pursue it with a whole heart and mind, if they would pursue it profitably; that it demands of them collectedness, concentration, and the cheerful resolve not to be abashed or deterred by difficulty.

To conclude; if it be true that such a mental habit is produced in that field of thought, which above all others is occupied by the science of the indeterminate, the study receives an important though secondary recommendation from the applicability of that habit to those other pursuits, in which also the indeterminate largely prevails. When Lord Bacon said that of all sciences that of politics was the most deeply immersed in matter, this was, I conceive, his meaning, that it was the branch of knowledge in which it was hardest to sever the true idea from environments not properly belonging to it, and necessary therefore to be detached in order that, reduced thus in mere dimension, but refined and consolidated in its essence, it might be brought as near to the truth as our weakness, our passions, and the urgency of circumstances will allow. Undoubtedly, if my counsel were asked, I should advise the intending politician, if of masculine and serious mind, to give to Butler's works, and especially to the "Analogy," a high place in the diversified apparatus of his mental training.

But the scope of these remarks on the method of Butler requires to be yet further reduced. When Bacon said that politics were the most deeply immersed in matter, he conveyed to us that they were the most closely kneaded up with human action. Let us set out from this point to consider what is the real breadth of subject-matter involved in Butler's argument, and therefore contributory to the habit of mind which the study of his works is calculated to foster. I proceed by reference to his text. When he has made his profuse admissions as to the insufficient character of his own argument, he turns from the sphere of speculation to that of life, and says with pathetic correctness:

"Indeed, the unsatisfactory nature of the evidence, with which we are obliged to take up in daily course of life, is scarce to be expressed." *

He institutes this comparison as a bulwark of his argument. It proves, as has been elsewhere observed, that what is given us as the guide to belief, is already, and has ever been, the guide of practice. As though he had said to us, this argument of mine, which I am offering to you on behalf of belief, ought not to startle you as a novelty; for it is the staff on which, whether you have observed the fact or not, you are leaning morning, noon, and night, in the course of your daily life. Let us now consider whether this undeniable statement has not another aspect and one relevant to the present contention. If Butler's argument on his own subject of belief fosters a particular habit of mind, most precious in its nature; and if the evidence which he gathers is evidence of the same nature with the evidence on which we

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* "Analogy," II. viii. 17.

act, and that not occasionally, but habitually, nay incessantly, in the daily course of life, a most important inference must be drawn, and to the following effect. Since the evidences, or experience, of life, and the evidences of belief, are the same in character, He, who forms in us a habit of mind engendered by the study of the first, is, *ex vi terminorum*, also forming in us a habit of mind equally appropriate to the evidences, that is to say, the general experience, of life: a habit well broken into all forms of difficulty; not easily inflated, not easily abashed; able to encounter every contingency, to extract from it the solution of which it may be capable; or if it yields none, then to accept the inevitable, and to live and act accordingly. The supreme excellence of this habit does not lie in its intellectual triumphs; but in its radical hostility to exaggeration, in its generating a profound and invincible *sophrosuné*. For, as probability is the guide, so exaggeration is the mental bane, of conduct. When we err in thought, word, or act, it is not usually that there is nothing to be said for the alternative to which we incline, but it is that we so exaggerate the evidence we like as to transform it; and that by transforming it we bewilder and befool ourselves.

To my eye, the several stages of this reasoning are continuous and inseparable. If it be sound, it at once disposes of every cavil, of every misgiving which may have infected some with the idea that Butler's philosophy was great in his day and for his purpose, but is now antiquated and obsolete. For in this view he is no longer only, in a particular form, the philosopher of belief; he is also, and that apart from all form, the philosopher of life. While he professes, and while at first sight he seems, to be dealing with the sceptic, he is really dealing with us all. The man of weak faith, or of strong; the man of the most questioning, or of the most docile temperament; the man of the most determinate or the most indeterminate pursuit; all are alike his scholars, and, in modes far beyond the immediate purpose of the "Analogy," great as that purpose is, should turn his lessons to account.

The reader, therefore, will not be surprised at the large proportionate weight and moment which I have assigned to the method of Butler.

In the upshot, I think it may be fairly said that Butler achieves more than he promises. For his engagement is only to show that the truth of the Christian religion is so well worthy of inquiry as to impose a moral obligation to inquire. But he does more than he professes to do. For only let a man be a genuine student of Butler, and, like every genuine student in every case, he will try to contract a sympathy with his author, which means in the case of Butler a sympathy with candour, courage, faith, a deference to the Eternal, a sense of the largeness of the unseen, and a reverential sentiment always healthful for the soul towards the majestic shadows with which it is encompassed. In these there is no small gain.

Turning now to the drawbacks which may seem to encumber, and to discourage the study of Butler, it seems to be felt that besides the difficulties they present to us we cannot but be deeply, perhaps painfully, impressed with the difficulties that presented themselves to him, and with the deep marks which they have impressed upon the whole course of his writings. As if his tread were less firm than that of many philosophers, both ancient and modern, he not only does not claim the authority, which even the ordinary teacher as such habitually inclines to do, but he seems to remove that claim to the greatest possible distance from the path he traverses. Here, then, was probably a happy adaptation of his nature to the purpose of his work. The absence of such a claim tended to disarm suspicion, and to procure an easier access for his arguments. Yet it will be felt that this is not saying all that may be said. One among his kindly critics, declares that Plato sees the truth, while Butler gropes for it; a criticism which in my judgment requires itself to be criticised.

III. On Items which ought to be taken into Account, in comparing Butler with the Ancients.

It is a well known characteristic of Butler, particularly in the "Analogy," that after pertinaciously pursuing his aim through preliminary argument and observation of close texture and possibly not of facile comprehension, he lands his readers in conclusions which are limited and reserved, and which may sometimes appear clouded and indefinite. All he seems to offer as the reward of close attention and no inconsiderable mental effort, is that the matter he has adduced appears to go part of the way towards a solution; or has so much at least of weight that it cannot without levity be put aside before careful examination; or that it will command attention from considerate men. These guarded and as (against himself) niggardly conclusions are offered us; and they are exactly the reverse of what is required to satisfy the indolence and carelessness, or the intemperance and coarse perceptions, of the ordinary reader. His desire is to please the palate, not to be nourished; to be excited, not to be educated; to have what is called in colouring loudness presented to his eye, with a stimulating diet provided for his appetite, which shall leave the health to take care of itself. To give delight to the average unsophisticated man was what Homer could venture to prescribe to himself as the proper office of the bard. Butler is not a bard, but a philosopher. He does not conform to this condition; and man at large has in these last three thousand years travelled far from the early simplicity of his nature.

Nor is it only that nature has become less simple. It has also become, on the average, more profound. Christianity has penetrated more deeply into the essence of man, than any agency previously offered to his mind; has opened up in him new depths; has added to him a new intensity. Those who believe in a Divine Incarnation will readily believe that a nature, which has once had such an inhabitant as the Saviour, and has even been subjected to all the resulting influences, cannot in its facts, and still more in its capabilities, remain just what it was before. It must, as the character of man unfolds under continued, varied, and ever-enlarging experience, undergo searching modifications, the aggregate of which it is impossible to measure, but of which some characteristics may be observed. The whole world, both of duty and of love, has been opened out to a far wider horizon. The action of man is brought into more close and constant relation with the Divine dispensations. God is ever nearer us in the still small voice. The thought of man too has become habituated to the clearer and nearer contemplation of Deity, and a new relation, intellectual as well as spiritual, has been established between the Creator and the creature.

And if we compare the developments of character in practice, as known in the ancient pre-Christian world, and that which Christianity has so insufficiently but yet marvellously permeated, we shall be astonished at the difference. Every vice and every virtue has altered in its character, is a larger and a deeper thing. The ancients lived more on the surface, we have dug deep into the subsoil. The cruelty of Christians is more cruel. Of this fact, at first sight so startling, we have recently had a very striking illustration in the singular elaboration of those horrible instruments of torture, of which these was a remarkable exhibition in London a few years ago. The lust of Christians is more lustful, and carries with it, as to acts which may be the same, the consciousness of a much deeper foulness; for, as Butler is careful to instruct us, moral acts can only be estimated aright when taken in conjunction with the nature and capacity of the agent. Antiquity has displayed for us in its records all the worst that it had to say of itself, in this painful chapter, of the experience of the race, and has done it with a certain *naiveté*. It has been of a surety entirely outstripped, in the performances of the Satanic schools, under the earlier and the later conditions respectively. The animal greed of Christians is tenfold more highly organised, and, if less coarse, yet more intense; the pre-Christian times afford us no panorama of Mammon worship to compare for a moment with our own. The systematic, or, if the expression may be used, the scientific use of the apparatus of life to build up a godless existence, an atheism of act, which by the mere extinction of all thought avoids the name, has so developed as to seem different, not in degree only, but is kind. The luxury and the worldliness of old were but child's play in relation to those of modern times.

There is another subject, the mention of which is odious, but it cannot be avoided. The lust of Christians is more intense; and is on that as well as other grounds far more wicked than was the lust of the heathen. It is indeed the fact that they practised largely the worship of obscene symbols; and it is certain that this worship cannot possibly revive in conjunction with that social level of idea and common judgment which has been established (but, be it observed, as a social level only) by the Christian tradition. It is also clear from the plays of Aristophanes, the Roman spectacles indicated by Martial, and such ideas as those proclaimed by Heliogabalus, that the sense of shame as a public sense, which had been at the epoch of Homer at once delicate and strong, had ceased to exist. All this is of the past, and a real, and even perhaps a rigorous standard of public decency has been established. And the private sense of shame, given us, as Butler truly says, to prevent shameful actions, is doubtless of a far greater average power than in those heathen days. But when the question is as to what is done, and contrived to be done, far from the public eye, and when that barrier of personal shame has once been overleapt, I fear the verdict upon any such comparison as may conjecturally be made must be that while the acts may continue in great part the same, their intensity, and the pestilent devices and contrivances associated with them, have been enhanced and multiplied; and that we have here a new and crying confirmation of the profound observation of a great ancient philosopher that if the worst is sought for, it is to be found in the corruption of the best.*

And why is all this? The explanation lies in few words. If they had not had the law, they had not had sin. For the heathen the mental and practical process of obliterating the law, without thought or effort carried on through so many generations, came wellnigh up to its perfection. The idea of sin, except in Judea, was obliterated. The practice of sin (if we properly understand the word) became matter of course. Growing to be matter of course, it was, naturally enough, more nearly universal; but in the individual it required and betokened less of obliquity, of obtusity, of hardihood, of true and obstinate depreciation.

And so with regard to the virtues, and to the energies of our nature capable of moral as of immoral use, and appertaining to its manhood. With the multiplied forms of torture there has been developed a more tenacious and unyielding faculty of endurance. A nobler cause has here been at work. The heavens became open to the spiritual eye through the operation of faith, which was not only the substance of things hoped for, but also the evidence of things unseen. The greatness and loftiness of the interests, and of the entire destinies thus opened to mankind developed new powers both of action and of suffering in respect to them. The resolution of Regulus was indeed sublime; but the records of antiquity afford no historic proofs of resolution equal to that of the martyrs, even if allowance be made for possible exaggerations. There has in this, as in many cases, been an action not only upon this or that individual, but upon the race, and new developments of its character. The daring of our navigators, and their hardihood in encountering the extremities of danger and hardship, form a feature of Christian times which compares at a marked advantage with the energy and bravery of the Phœnicians, who mainly crept along the coasts, and very greatly in genial latitudes. Let any one peruse in detail the wonderful account given by General Greeley of the sufferings entailed by his polar expedition, and of the heroic courage with which they were borne by an assemblage of men, not perhaps greatly differing in physical or in moral force from the average of their countrymen. Such occurences were beyond the pale of possibility even in the great days of Greece and of Rome.

There is, however, another case, collective not individual, which appears to exhibit in a still more vivid light that intensity of heroic endurance, up to which human character may be trained under the influence of the Christian tradition. Of this fortitude abundant instances may be gathered from the narratives of religious persecutions. But there is no parallel known to me, in records either ancient or modern, to the history of the people of Montenegro. In the end of the fifteenth century, when the awful curse of Turkish invasion had spread like a deluge of flame over Eastern Europe, this small people, numbering a very few tens of thousands, abandoned their lands and homes to save their faith and their freedom, and made for themselves a Noah's ark of the Black Mountain. And here they maintained, with diversity of fortune, but without ever succumbing, a war of four hundred years against that Ottoman power which overwhelmed everything else in the Levant. All the brightest examples of courage, animated in olden times by the enthusiasm of freedom, grow pale by the side of this unequalled and transcendent heroism.

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* Plat. "Rep." VI. (p. 491, Stephens). "The most gifted minds when they are ill educated, become pre-eminently bad." Jowett's translation.

As it is of the force engendered in our human nature, without direct application to the spiritual element, that I now speak, I will now turn to the case of the man whose sufferings probably exceeded any that are known ever to have been inflicted by human hands, I mean the appalling case of Damiens who attempted the life of Louis XV. of France. Johnson has commemorated

> Luke's iron crown and Damiens' bed of steel.

But the bed of steel conveys only a stinted idea of the tortures to which Damiens was subjected for having endeavoured (I admit guiltily) to rid the world of a very much worse man than himself. All the science of Paris was taxed by royal command to determine by what processes vital power could be so husbanded under torture as to secure that Damiens should pass out of this world with the greatest amount and intensity of suffering that could possibly be devised. It may seem strange to cite this fiendish contrivance of Louis XV. or his advisers, in connection with the operation of Christianity upon human nature. Yet it could never, as I conceive, have entered into the mind of antiquity to conceive the idea, or to construct the machinery of this terrible occasion, the characteristics of which appear in truth to belong to hell more properly than to earth.*

It may seem strange to some that I should introduce the case of Damiens in this connection, as if his rules of action had been those of an intelligent Christian. In that respect, let us leave him to his Judge: my reference is to his powers of energetic endurance, as being powers not to be found among mankind in the ages anterior to the Christian dispensation. His environment was Christian, he lived in the atmosphere of Christian tradition. In his case, as in that of others, the effects of tradition and environment may have been developed in character, apart altogether from personal convictions. Nor is it difficult to frame a partial apology for his conduct.

I do not enter into consideration of the cases of self-torture among the devotees of the East, which belong to another chapter of human nature, and are hardly relevant to the present remarks. Nor do I enter upon the question how far the comparison between Christian and pre-Christian periods, here partially set forth, can be extended to the department of intellectual or imaginative power. The province of the present discussion is that of character, not of sheer and pure intellect.

And what I ask is to bring the whole of these considerations to bear upon our appreciation of the work of Butler, and upon such comparisons as we may be tempted to make between his work, with his method of performing it, and the work and method of the ancient philosophers.

My position is that he had a different human nature to deal with, and a different relation between that human nature and the Almighty Maker; that they speculated freely and at will, while he moved, with a nobleness of object indeed that was unknown to them, but with a burden of responsibility upon him at every step, which almost bore him down to the ground. Even of common duty what seems to some men light, to others is almost oppressive: how much greater was the pressure on his quickened conscience, labouring under the belief of being charged with that argument, on which the whole ultimate welfare of the world depends.

After familiarising ourselves with the secure and steady steps of Aristotle, and the rarity of his resorts to doubt and reservation, or even with the questionings of Socrates in the Platonic Dialogue, which so extensively lead us up to a prepared conclusion, we may be tempted to feel some impatience in the first stages of our acquaintance with a philosophic writer who so carefully clips his own propositions, who loads us, as his sentences make way, with qualifications, and then so often ends with what may seem lean and stunted conclusions. But no ancient philospher had to face the difficulties which beset the path of Butler. Two such representatives of Christian and pre-Christian thought as Butler and Aristotle are not unlike two soldiers marching along the same road, the one heavily laden with his kit and military equipment, the other rid of encumbrances and prepared for action. But the first carries material which, though it may augment his burden, means also enlarged resources and a higher destiny.

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* All the particulars have been published, a few years back, in a small volume on the *Procès de Damiens*.

None of the ancients could endeavour to exhibit in systematic detail the methods of God's dealing with the individual Greek or Roman. None of them took the world as a school, and life as a discipline, in the close and searching sense which has been brought within arm's length of every competent inquirer by the Christian Revelation. Only in limited portions of the Old Testament are we introduced to a fully-constituted personal relationship between the human soul and its Almighty Maker, Governor, and Judge. And as on the one side it was permitted to Butler to treat of a heaven unveiled, so on the other side he had perforce to contemplate the human being in that more extended and diversified moral development which he has undergone through the long and slow experience of Christianity, and which has so largely enhanced his perils, his privileges, and his hopes.

FALSE COIN OR TRUE?*

By F. MONTRÉSOR, Author of "Into the Highways and Hedges," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

CHAPTER V

THE Scotchman stumbled out of the theatre, scarcely knowing what strange thing had befallen him. All through the next day, and the day after, and the day after that, the thoughts of Monsieur Morèze's medium haunted him.

The girl with the startled, innocent expression, and the little black foreigner; these two kept him awake when he should have slept, and set him a-dreaming when he should have waked.

It was a curious state of things, and John Maclean was surprised at himself; for it is, perhaps, not too much to say that, up to the moment of his seeing Linda in a trance, he had never felt an overpowering interest in any one.

John was a person of slow development, both mentally and physically. He, as his mother put it, "started growing" at nineteen instead of at fifteen, and steadily increased in stature till he was twenty-two.

He was twenty-four when he fell in love for the first time, and I think that not in the whole of London could have been found a man with a cleaner record.

In his youth he was almost unnaturally abstemious; his energy wholly absorbed in the hard struggle for money. Being the bread-winner of the family, he was, naturally, of the utmost importance at home, but "home" had never drawn much affection out of him.

John was reasonably, but not warmly, attached to his mother, and rather kind than otherwise to his sister.

His mother was masterful, and a little too like himself, and his sister was fretful and delicate.

His steadiness and his aptitude for work were remarkable; they were even a trifle too remarkable. John was honest as daylight, but of the milk of human kindness he had by no means too large a supply. There was always a possibility that, while preserving his boyish integrity, he might harden into a pharisee of the strictest sect. Also the possibility that, if the spur of necessity were removed—as it was removed later—there might be a reaction from the constant labour of his youth, a sudden loosening of an over-taut bow. He was saved from both dangers, I think, at the moment when his ready championship of Linda caused him to "make a fool of himself," for, perhaps, the first time in his well-ordered life.

It was high time that he did!

John Maclean's mother never forgave Linda; but she ought to have thanked her on her knees.

It was on a Saturday afternoon that John met his fate. A friend had given him the

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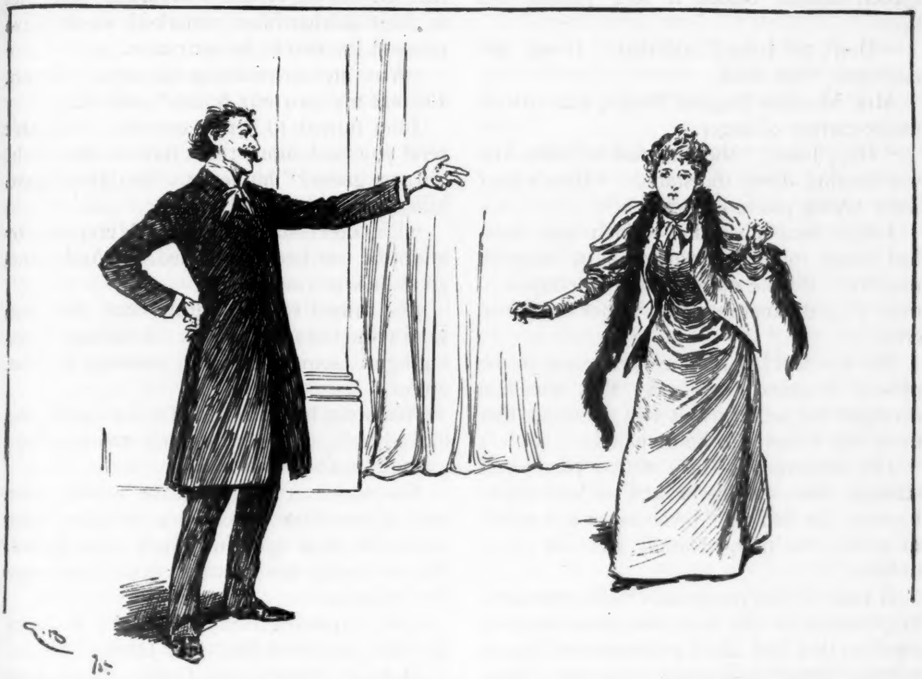


" 'A la bonne heure !' cried Monsieur Moreze at last."

ticket for Emperor's Hall; he would never have bought it for himself. He was very silent on Sunday, which was not unusual, and very absent-minded, which was unlike him.

Linda's face was before him, when he covered his face during the long prayers in the chapel. Throughout the sermon, instead of the preacher's, her voice, dreamy and soft, pleading in gentle tones, rang in his ears.

It was teaching him a lesson beyond the power of the minister.

He did not discover that the pulpit discourse had reached its conclusion till his sister nudged him violently.

He had been sitting on with his face fixed in a look of wrapped attention.

" Eh, but Duncan Macdonald's a fine speaker," Mrs. Maclean said, when they came out of chapel. " And what did ye think o' the sermon, John ? "

John looked slightly dumbfounded. " My word, yes ! A fine speaker," he rejoined.

" Do ye take that view o' the text, lad ? "

" Oh, ay," said John.

" Then *I'm* no so sure about it," said Mrs. Maclean, triumphantly. " I'm doubting if King David had a' *that* meaning in his head; he'd have been a bit surprised, I'm thinking, if he could ha' heard that interpretation."

" That's likely, too," assented John, and his mother glanced at him astonished. She had never before in her life known her son baulk a discussion by agreeing with his adversary.

" What's wrong with ye ? " she asked; but got no answer.

" John's working a bit too hard. He's not so cool-headed as his father was, and he'll be rich none the sooner for making overmuch haste," she remarked to her daughter, Janet, that evening.

" John is not overworked. John is in love," said Janet, with precocious sharpness, the tears gathering in her black eyes.

The girl was small and weakly, and Mrs. Maclean had no great affection for her. She could not be proud of such a " poor thing " of a daughter. Yet Janet's wits were quicker than her own. Janet repented of her last speech almost before it had passed her lips.

"Don't tell John I said that. It was just nonsense," she cried.

Mrs. Maclean laughed loudly, but with an under-current of anger.

"Hey, John!" she shouted to John, who was coming down the stairs. "Here's your sister saying you're love-struck."

John's face flushed. "Then my sister had better mind her own business," he said, roughly. But he didn't deny the "impeachment;" and Janet retreated to her room and cried.

She was loyal to John as a rule, and in the present instance was sorry that she had divulged his secret; and still more so that there was a secret to be divulged.

Her affection for her brother was much stronger than was his for her, perhaps partly because she had no "business of her own" to mind; but that, naturally, did not occur to him.

It took all the young man's self-command, in presence of the new and unaccountable emotion that had taken possession of him, to restrain himself from going to the next Saturday night's performance at the Emperor's Hall.

A mightier power than that of any mesmerist had laid hold of him, but his principles were strong and sturdy. John would not countenance the Frenchman's evil practices; no, not even to the extent of half a crown, for the sake of satisfying his desire to see that girl's face again.

There was something fine in his uncompromising attitude, but some one must always pay for heroism, and his abstention made John unbearably surly at home.

At last, one afternoon, his resolution was rewarded. It was a Bank Holiday, and he was walking along the Strand with Janet, when he saw Monsieur Morèze and "the lady of distinction" in front of him.

John's heart leaped with a thrill of excitement, and he quickened his footsteps. He forgot Janet for the moment; he forgot everything but those two figures.

Janet glanced up at him, saw his eager look, followed the direction of his eyes, and then stood still, an odd, wistful expression in her little white face.

She was lame, having been born with one leg shorter than the other; her head barely reached her big brother's shoulder. No one, as their mother often remarked, would have guessed the two to be near akin.

"You are not wanting me now. Go on. I'll find my own way home," said she.

John turned to her in surprise. "I can't send you back alone; but how in the world did you guess?" he began. But Janet gave him a push with both hands.

"Eh, don't stand gaping. Hurry up! or it will be too late," she cried. "And—and good luck to you, Jack."

She turned round sharply, with her face set in the other direction. A forlorn, limping figure, somewhat of an anomaly in that crowd.

When she had proceeded a few yards, she looked back, and saw that Jack was running; a smile broke over her face.

No man ever had made or would make love to poor little Janet; but she knew quite well what that light in John's eyes meant. Her sympathy was so strong that it overcame her jealousy.

"He's running fine; and she's a lucky girl that Jack runs for," said Janet.

Monsieur Morèze and Linda walked from the Strand to Emperor's Hall, and John followed them. The girl was nearly as tall as the conjuror, and she had learned to carry herself gracefully.

John could catch sight of a little bit of her face when she turned it towards her companion. He watched eagerly; but, at the same time, it made him angry to see her answer Monsieur's remarks.

They went into the hall, although there was to be no conjuring that afternoon. John still followed them.

"The mission meeting does not commence till four o'clock, sir," said a man at the door.

"I know. It's all right," said John; and, putting a shilling into the man's hand, he passed in.

He went upstairs to the gallery, whence, unobserved, he could look down on the stalls and pit, and on the two figures on the stage.

It was rather dark after the bright sunshine outside; the building had not yet been lighted; and there is always something ghostly and depressing about an empty theatre. John felt a sensation of positive horror when he saw Monsieur Morèze and Linda begin what was evidently a kind of rehearsal of some part of the evening's performance.

John clenched his hands and longed to interfere again; he "glowered" at the Frenchman from his far-off corner; but prudence withheld him from further demonstrations this time.

It was monstrous that, not content with his evening triumphs, this cowardly rascal should play his pranks, out of pure devilry and love of mischief, in the daytime.

As a matter of fact, however, Monsieur Moreze was not attempting to mesmerise his medium, but was only going through a small piece of business she had somewhat bungled at the last *séance*.

Monsieur Moreze had amplified his programme, and Linda was no longer an absolutely passive instrument. He had taught her to curtsey to the audience and to come on to the stage gracefully; she had to take part in a few sentences before the mesmerising began. It was this little colloquy that they were practising.

Monsieur Moreze was possessed of unfailing zeal. The public—that stupid English public—might be satisfied, but, so long as *he* was not, he would never rest. The girl's gestures were not exactly what he wanted; her intonation was not quite correct; he would have perfection, though he wore his patience to tatters, and her endurance to tears.

Linda, who had no natural capacity for acting, indeed cordially hated it, grew weary and nervous in her endeavours to please him.

John could not understand their speech, but he burned with indignation while he watched the man's impatient and peremptory gestures. What right had he to command and gesticulate? and what was he saying to her?

It would have been difficult to make John believe that the little Frenchman had never said anything very terrible to Linda; and that she had a genuine affection for him; though teaching was, perhaps, not his strong point.

"A la bonne heure!" cried Monsieur Moreze at last. "But that is just what I haf wanted all de time! Why did you not do it so before, hein?"

"I didn't understand," said Linda, sitting down on the stage chair with a sigh of relief. "You'll never be able to make me clever, Monsieur."

"Nevair mind," said the conjuror, relaxing into good humour. "You keep de beauty and I keep de brains. That goes vary well. Will you wait here for Nanette? I haf to go now."

Linda nodded an assent; then helped him to put on his coat and strolled with him to the door; proof enough, had John's mind been open to conviction, that she was not unhappy with the Frenchman.

When Monsieur Moreze had gone, she wandered into the stalls and, resting her arms on the seat in front of her, leaned her head on them and, apparently, fell into a reverie.

She was tired, and a little sad. The circumstances of her life were not such as to conduce to healthiness of either mind or body; but, with the remembrance of her childhood in the background, she certainly did not consider herself ill-used.

This Easter Monday—the touch of spring in the air—seemed to fill her with vague longings. The families of children out for a treat with father and mother had interested her curiously.

She shut her eyes and imagined a home. She pictured all the details; how the furniture was arranged; the names and characters of the children; the exact sum the mother had to spend, amusing herself with planning how stockings and frocks were to "come out" of the weekly allowance.

John supposed the conjuror's beautiful and mysterious slave to be dreaming of something far more tragic and mysterious than were children and housekeeping. He would have been astonished, could he have looked into her heart, but I think he would have been awestruck, too. The imaginary home was so full of purity and goodness; the dream children were so wrapped in tenderness and peace.

He wondered whether she was really asleep, and became ashamed of spying on her; yet could not make up his mind to leave the place. He went down into the theatre at last. His approaching steps echoing through the vacant hall made her look round, then a flash of frightened recognition crossed her face. This was the man who had given voice to certain formless misgivings of her own, who had awakened her to some purpose.

His denunciation had impressed her; he had been to her like some indignant prophet; but he was not at all like a prophet now.

He was blushing up to the roots of his hair, he was stammering an apology in disjointed sentences.

"I'm unco' sorry, I startled you. I chanced to be in the gallery a while ago, and thought maybe you would let me come and tell you so. I've thought o' nothing else ever since," John murmured.

Then their eyes met, and it seemed as though a veil fell from between them. Linda was no longer a tragic and mysterious "lady of distinction," but just a girl, good and sweet as spring blossoms, with "only" the mystery of early womanhood about her; and John was no longer a denunciator of evil, but a man in the strength of his youth, brimming over with the desire to be of service to her.

They both smiled involuntarily and naturally.

"But all the same, what I said is true," cried John, "you should na' let that man play tricks wi' ye, lassie. You should na' bide with him."

"He is very good to me," said the girl; "and it is you who do not at all understand."

She spoke rather slowly, and her voice had in it an unusually fresh and sweet quality.

John's mind wandered momentarily from the point in question, to admire her curling eyelashes, and to wonder why they were so black when her hair was so fair.

"You do not know anything whatever about my master," Linda continued, "nor yet about me. You don't know where he found me, nor what he has done for me. You see him on the stage one night, and make up your mind that he's a bad man, as a girl shouldn't be with. He isn't bad! he does no harm to me, nor to anybody else. He isn't like them that pretend to 'ave dealings with spirits and such-like; though, if he chose, I'm sure he could beat 'em all, for he's often told me so. Monsieur Morèze doesn't need to go in for any cheating, for he can do without; there is nothing to be ashamed of in his performance. It's first-class throughout."

"We'll not talk of him," said John. He held out his hand to Linda, and the honest kindliness in his face disarmed her.

"Maybe I took too much on myself," seeing I had no claim on you," he said. "But if you will give me the leave, I'd like very well to see you again. I can't think that you've got too many good friends. You wouldn't be doing this kind of thing if you had. I'll be silent about that now; but, if I were your friend, I would have the right to speak my mind. I am bad at saying all I mean, but I would give something—I think I would give a great deal—for the chance of standing by you if ever you wanted it."

"Oh, here is Nanny!" said Linda.

John sat stolidly still. "Then I would verra much like to meet 'Nanny,'" he said.

He stared hard at the Frenchwoman, in doubt whether she was a safeguard or an additional danger in that perilous path into which this pretty maid had strayed.

Nanette came hurrying into the theatre, and her eyes twinkled with curiosity when she saw John. Nanette was much quicker of comprehension than he. She hardly needed Linda's explanation. She guessed at once that this was the "Scotchman" who had declared Monsieur Morèze's *séance* to be "a shameful and iniquitous sight."

She dropped an old-fashioned curtsey, and John muttered something unintelligible in his throat; but, in spite of his shyness, stuck close to Linda like a burr, so that they all three left the hall together.

He did not speak until they reached the conjuror's house. Then, "And may I meet you again?" he asked, persistently.

He looked down at the two women almost defiantly, as if half-expecting to be sent about his business; and yet with an underlying determination that was more earnest and deeper than anything that the medium's beauty hitherto had elicited from any of her admirers.

"You can't meet me again; why should you? I don't see where you can," Linda said, hesitatingly.

"I'll find the why, and the when, and the where—if you'd like it," said John Maclean. "And if ye say naught, I take it that that means ay!"

Perhaps his unexpected readiness took her by surprise. Had he been preparing this speech all the time they were walking home? Her tongue was not equal to the occasion, she looked at Nanny, then opened her lips—too late!

"Oh, he is gone," she cried.

"And we have not seen the last of him," said Nanette.

The season was drawing to a close. Monsieur Morèze, who made a point of being fashionable, and would not condescend to audiences of country cousins, was already meditating a move. Only one engagement still kept him. Lady Pattesworth's grand "At Home" was announced for the last day of July, and Monsieur Morèze and his "medium" were to appear at it. It would be the crowning achievement, the hall-mark on all his other successes. He had asked a fabulous sum, and had refused the honour of his presence to all lesser lights in the social world. He most thoroughly understood the art of setting a high value on himself in order that men should value him.

"Eef I lowered my price, down we should slide," he once remarked. "We should rank with school-boy holiday amusements, with performing dogs, and magic lanterns. Mrs. Grimwood Atkinson would haf us. Non! Je ne veux pas, Mrs. Grimwood Atkinson, not eef she pays me ten pounds de minute! Who is she, dat Mademoiselle should go to her? To Marlborough House I will, perhaps, let her go, or to Lady Pattesworth; for dey say de Prince will most like be dere; but for dese second-rate parties, we are not de sort for dem! Mrs. Atkinson can, sans doute, find plenty of de ordinary kind who will vary well do for her, but Mademoiselle goes only to de vary highest."

He tore Mrs. Grimwood Atkinson's note in half, and wrote that "Mademoiselle" accepted few private engagements, and declined Mrs. Grimwood Atkinson's proposal with thanks.

He handed Linda his reply to read. The airs he gave himself on her behalf fairly took away her breath.

"But, Monsieur, she offers you a great deal of money! And doesn't this answer sound rather rude?" Linda ventured to suggest.

"Does it? Ah! c'est ça," he said with a chuckle. "That's right. To be patronised by de rich people, dat is for de common conjuror. But you and I, we will patronise dem, and dey will think de more of us."

"Well," said the girl, with a sigh of relief, "I would rather not go to any grand house. I am glad you don't want me to."

He frowned a little impatiently. He had not told her about the "At Home" at Lady Pattesworth's yet. He did not mean to tell her till they were actually on their way to it. It never occurred to him that she might seriously oppose him; but there was no use in making her nervous and miserable beforehand.

"As soon as de season has finished, I shall send you to de sea again; or, would you like to go to America, Mademoiselle?" he asked, suddenly.

"To America!" she exclaimed, horrified; "no, no. It is much too far; but Nanette would not go! She does not like the sea. You did not mean it, did you, Monsieur?"

"Not at dis vary minute," he said, laughing. "It was an idea only. You haf not one leetle bit of ambition in you. Mon Dieu! eef I had been born with a face like yours, mon enfant, what would I not haf made out of it? How it ees wasted on you! C'est, à dire, how it would haf been wasted, eef I had not had de cleverness to discover you!"

He smiled while he spoke. Monsieur Morèze always apparently took the most practical view of Linda's beauty.

If he had been a whit less business-like, she might have found the situation impossible. As it was—and he scoffed at himself for it—it was only Monsieur who occasionally felt that his relations with his beautiful medium were becoming a trifle strained.

"Monsieur," said Linda, suddenly, "you have been very clever, and it has been all your doing that people have thought me pretty? But—you will not like what I am going to say——"

"You are going to say again dat you hate de people who stare, and dat you would with much more pleasure cook my dinner in de kitchen than stand on de stage," said Monsieur Morèze, "and dis time I answer you differently."

He took up the fragments of Mrs. Grimwood Atkinson's note, and began to fold the torn bits into cocked hats while he spoke.

"You hate it still. Vary well, I also; ees it not strange? I also could sometimes strangle de people who stare at you. It ees foolish of you, mon enfant; and, for me, it does show dat I am in my second childhood."

He bent his head over his deft fingers.

"But we will haf one great success!" he

resumed. "On dat I haf set my heart and après——"

"And afterwards," said Linda.

"I am, perhaps, a leetle tired of playing master. How eef we changed de rôles, hein?" he said; but he spoke in so low a tone that she could scarcely catch the words. Then he sprang to his feet and swept the cocked-hat notes into the fire. "Go out with Nanette and get some colour in your face before the evening," he cried. "We will not consider de afterwards yet."

Linda went out, though not with Nanette, and walked towards the river. Once she had disliked walking alone; now—and this was part of a change that had come over her of late—she found her own thoughts excellent and charming companions.

Nanette watched her from the window, with a smile that was for Linda, and a sigh that was for herself.

"Monsieur would be very angry if he were to know; but a girl should have her chance," Nanette thought. Her best chance of happiness lay in the possibility of a safe and respectable marriage. Nanette had no great liking for John Maclean, and she knew that he distrusted her; but she trusted *him* absolutely.

The old French woman had no book learning, but she was not unlearned. Possibly she read men all the better because she had never read books.

The acuteness of some natural instincts becomes dulled by civilisation; but Nanette's shrewd, kindly brown eyes recognised minute signs of character, as unerringly as a savage will discover the traces of a footprint. She had kept a small café in the Strand, till she grew too old for the work, and she had never made mistakes about her customers. She knew that she was making no mistake now.

Linda had had many admirers; one man among them meant to be her husband.

It is almost needless to say that John had "found the when and where" pretty often since that first meeting in the theatre. As for the "why," *that* was in the eternal order of life, and was not of his inventing at all!

That Monsieur Morèze had not yet discovered what was going on, was probably owing to the direct interposition of Linda's good genius.

Nanette filled the little blue vase with the best flowers she could buy, while John's courtship was in progress. She spent a great deal more than she could afford on roses and lilies, though all the time she was sorely jealous of John.

The Scotchman would have been horrified if he had known of her transactions on his behalf! I am not sure that he would not have considered the flowers an offering to idols.

As for the sacrifice and love and renunciation that they represented—most inadequately—perhaps those did not appear absurd in Heaven, after all.

Only two months had passed since Linda had first seen John Maclean; but at eighteen one lives fast, and the world can change its colour completely in two months. John was her declared lover now, and Linda was very happy, and very simply and naturally in love. She smiled to herself while she walked along, and her feet seemed to be keeping pace to a wonderfully beautiful tune. Her face was so bright that more than one person turned to look again at her, and smiled in sympathy.

Fortunately the world has not yet outgrown that story which is as old as the sunrise, and as new as the new day.

Whatever harm Monsieur Morèze had, or had not done to her, he had, at any rate, helped rather to preserve than to destroy the simplicity of her character.

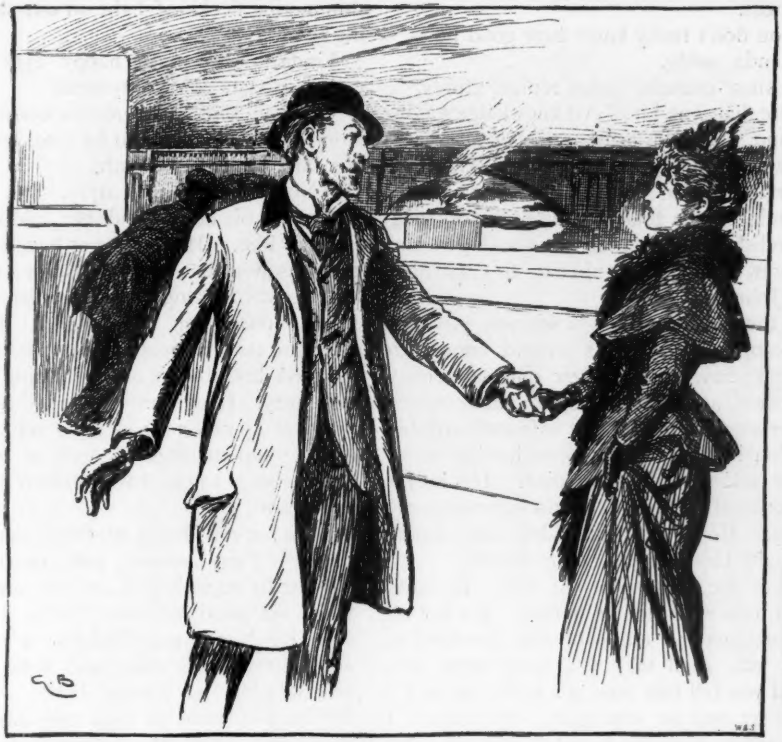
As for John, who had told her that she had better have starved than put her soul into any man's hands, his verdict, like most moral judgments, was capable of modifications.

It was shocking enough that her will should be mastered by a French trickster, but, when she married an honest Scotchman, why, of course, that would be quite another matter, and the wife would naturally set her conscience by her husband's.

That Linda would always be ruled by some one was taken for granted by each of the men who held rival influence over her life. To a certain extent, no doubt, they were right; yet she was destined to surprise them both.

John Maclean waited for Linda by the river. He walked up and down by Cleopatra's Needle with rather an anxious face.

It was a new thing to John to be anxious about any one, but he was actually almost foolishly nervous about Linda. He had



" It's all verra well for you "

splendid health, and had always prided himself on his common-sense. He had, in fact, been aggressively unsentimental. He felt himself that it was an extraordinary thing that this slip of a lass should have changed the whole current of his life! He had not reckoned on marrying—at any rate, not for years to come—yet he knew now that he should never have a mind at peace till the girl he loved should be his wife.

There was no iniquity of which he did not believe the Frenchman capable. He lay awake at nights meditating on all the evil things that might possibly befall his little love. Yet, when he would fain have warned her explicitly, an indefinable instinct made him hesitate.

He was not aware that he had any great reverence for women, but, for very shame, he could not tell Linda of his fears, and her purity and innocence were sacred to him as the innocence of a child.

On this especial evening she was three minutes late, and John had suffered such an infinity of torture on her behalf, that he was almost aggrieved at the sight of happiness in her face.

" It's all verra well for you," he said, " but it's no play to me, when you keep me waiting. How will I be sure that that scoundrel has not spirited you off to Jericho? or sent you into a seven years' trance, or—or done worse still? " said John, gloomily.

He held her hand so tightly that Linda gave a little cry of pain.

" Don't! You hurt me, John! Monsieur Morèze isn't a scoundrel. Why, I wouldn't be here now if it hadn't been for him! but I'm behaving very badly to him, and I ought to tell him all about you."

The last words came out breathlessly. Linda could not bear to displease any one. Her gratitude and her love were at variance just now.

The two turned and walked along the Embankment.

"You don't really know how good he is," said Linda, softly.

"I know enough," John replied grimly.

More than one bit of evil knowledge was in his mind. He had heard stories of Monsieur Morèze; stories that drove him mad with disgust and anger. He could not retail them to Linda, but he solaced himself by picturing with relish the reception he would give the conjurer, if ever he should dare to come near Mrs. John Maclean.

In the meantime, Linda was not yet Mrs. Maclean, and John was shrewd enough to see that prudence was their only safe policy at present, and that there was small chance of her ever obtaining that safe and enviable position if she were to confess her intentions to her self-appointed guardian. His horror of Monsieur Morèze was almost superstitiously strong. He first commanded, and finally besought Linda not to betray herself.

"Let me make you my wife," he said, "and then we'll not be afraid. It's not all the foreigners in creation, with the devil to back 'em, shall take you away from me! But if you tell him now, it's well I know I'll never set eyes on you again. Not even if I were to breakinto his house to find you. It's just vanished into thin air you'd be, wi' not a scrap of ye left behind!"

"But he's been so kind to me," said Linda for the hundredth time.

She felt momentarily rather helpless. It is proverbially difficult to convince any man against his will; when the man hails from north of the Tweed it is impossible.

"I very nearly told him to-day—only, I was afraid," she added.

"It was your good angel stopped you, my dear," cried John.

He took off his hat and mopped his face with his handkerchief. He was no coward, but that last bit of information took his breath away.

"Oh no, John! I think it was my bad angel," Linda cried, with a soft laugh.

She put her hand on his arm as they stood together looking up the river towards Westminster.

A grey haze hung over the water, softening the outline of the Abbey's grey tower, but it was only a fine weather haze, grateful after the heat of the day, and the sun glinted through it now and then, sending shimmering flecks of light on our slow-flowing river.

Linda looked with happy eyes at the crowded boats going Citywards.

"It feels as if one were in a beautiful fairy story—most too good to be true, don't it?" she said, under her breath.

"No!" said John, sharply.

He put his arm round her, and drew her close to him. He could not have explained the sensation, but he had always a dim idea that he was fighting with impalpable powers for the possession of this girl. The very qualities that fascinated him, yet, at times, doubled his abiding and haunting sense of insecurity. Deep down, under all his sturdy, practical common-sense, lay a vein of belief in the supernatural, as well as a vein of tenderness. Linda had touched his innermost heart.

"No! it's a deal better than such moonshine. Fairy stories and dreams have nothing to do with you and me, and it's not a bit over good for truth. Why, it happens every day that a man looks at a maid and wants her for his wife," said John, sturdily, and then his face flushed hotly. "Though not such a maid as you, my darling," he whispered. And the whisper was for her alone. It was to be hoped the Fates heard only the first part of the sentence. It is unlucky to call oneself too blessed.

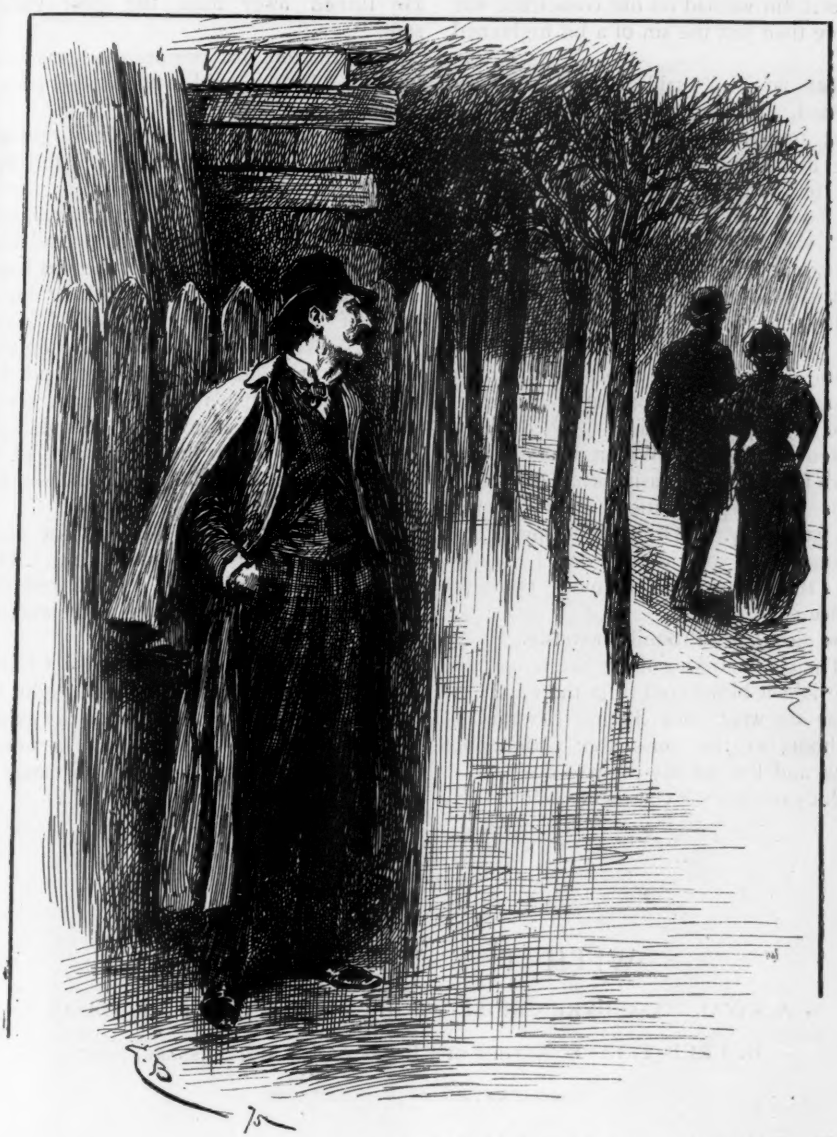
"I get a sort of a scare that you'll slip away from me; but I know that it's all just nonsense," he said, laughing shamefacedly. "It's altogether mighty queer, I think; but I couldn't do without you now, not if I tried ever so; and just so soon as ever we can manage it we'll go before the minister, eh?"

"When you like," said Linda. "And," she added gently, "I shall tell Monsieur Morèze this very evening."

John stared, and then laughed ruefully. He was not quite certain whether to be angry or not. The moment before, her ready acquiescence, her almost childish yielding to his wishes, had seemed to him the sweetest thing in the world. She was so candid and simple, so sure both of him and of herself.

"But, after all, you like your own way," he cried. "Why, I believe you are even a bit obstinate, Linda!"

"No, I'm not; but I mind so many



"Watching them rather intently"

things that you don't know about," she said.

She hesitated a second, and then began to tell him of her first meeting with the conjuror. She was painfully and morbidly ashamed of the story, and John could feel that she was trembling when she narrated it.

John's judgment seldom at that period of his life erred on the side of leniency; but, at least, he was man enough to let his tenderness gain the day where this girl was concerned.

"It is all over long ago, my dear," he said, with unwonted gentleness. "And God knows it would be better for most of us, if the worst sin we had on our conscience was no more than just the sin of a bit frightened bairn."

"That was it," said Linda. "I was frightened, and there wasn't no one to stand by me; and *now* I have you."

She looked up at him with a smile that made John forget all about the obstinacy.

"I haven't no excuse for being a coward now!" she murmured. "Oh, John, when one is so very, very happy——" She broke off; it is so impossible to explain the sense of indebtedness that a great joy brings with it.

"And do you know that Monsieur Moreze has never reminded me of that; not even by a word or look!" she said.

"Reminded you! Why it was every bit his own fault. What business had he to leave parcels full of temptations about?" cried John, wrathfully. "Or to come spying and creeping after you in the dark! Hallo! What's the matter? What made you start like that?"

The girl glanced round nervously.

"The clock striking made me jump," she said, "and it blows cold from the water. It is time we went back, John. It wants but two hours to the time the performance begins, and I've got my dress to change."

John gave an exclamation of disgust. He hated the recollection of the performance. He turned away from the river with a sigh.

"On the day that you are safely my wife," he said, "I'll put gold in the chapel plate if I stint for a month for it."

Old Nanny had promised the Virgin wax candles on Linda's behalf, but possibly they meant much the same thing.

John and Linda walked homewards, talking as they went. Linda's spirits had been momentarily overclouded, but she was happy again now. As for John, he was learning all sorts of lessons in the best school in the world. They passed a timber-yard on their way; the great beams of wood were piled up higher than a man's head. Lovers on the Embankment are a common enough sight, but a man standing in the shadow of the wood-stack had been for some time watching them rather intently.

He drew back, so that he was just out of sight when Linda crossed the road. Then he stepped forward again, and looked after them, shrugged his shoulders, and glanced at the time.

"She will be late if she does not hurry," he said. "Par Dieu, and I thought that she was as easy to see through as the glass of my watch! But it appears that a woman, even the simplest, is more than a match for any one of us."

WITH THE DESTROYERS

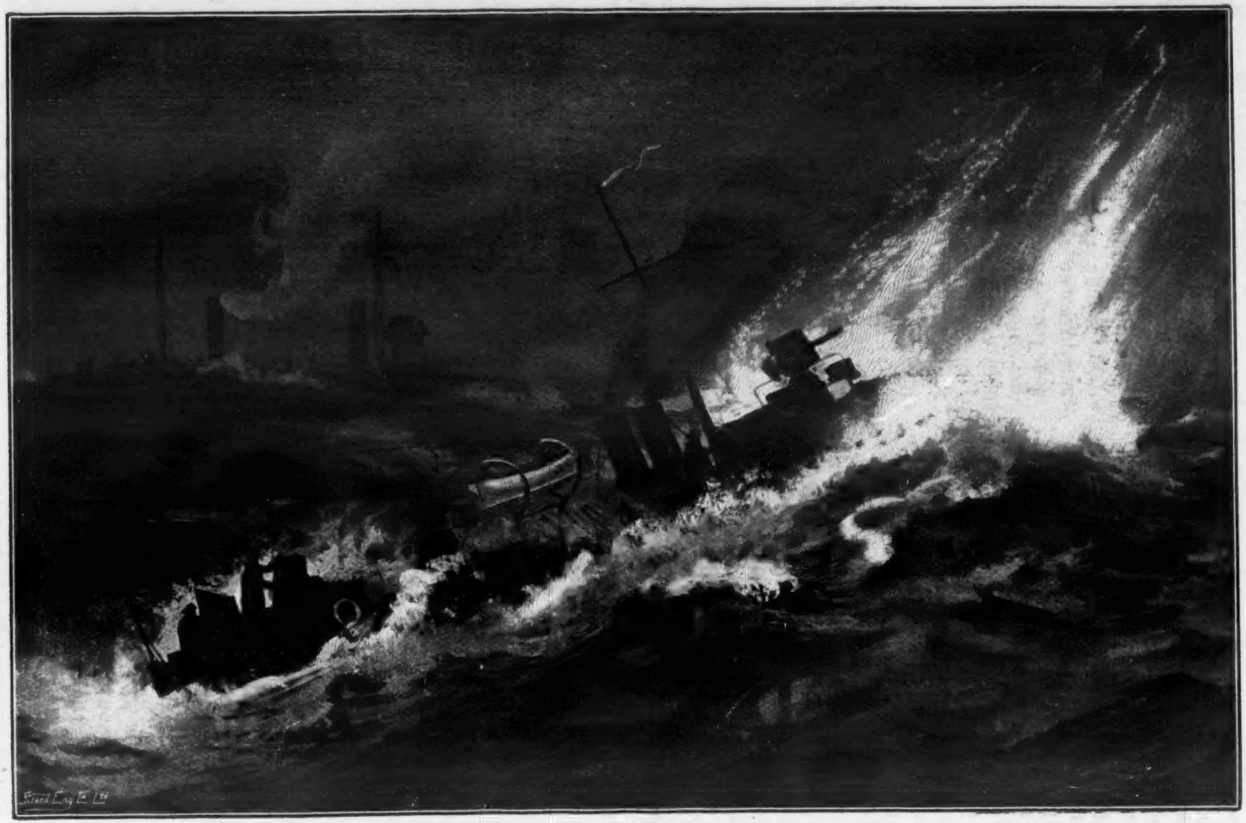
A NAVAL MANŒUVRE CRUISE WITH A BRITISH LIGHT SQUADRON

By FRED T. JANE, Author of "Blake of the Rattlesnake," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

WHEN the British Admiralty settled on having the *Havock* and *Hornet*, they opened up an entirely new phase in the naval warfare of the future, but until the dread ordeal of war shall prove them, it is difficult to define the offensive and defensive powers of these rapid craft.

The *Havock* and *Hornet* are the first of a batch of forty-two more or less similar vessels, now rapidly approaching completion. They all carry a twelve-pounder quick-firing gun on the turtleback forward, the rest of the armament being made up of from three to five Hotchkiss three-pounders; the larger two hundred feet boats, carrying five of these. Speeds vary from twenty-seven knots in the *Hornet* to thirty knots in the newest of these ships, though of course they cannot reach that speed except in smooth water. Still as bad weather affects a torpedo boat even more than a destroyer, they can reckon on a


Strand Eng Co Ltd

H.M.S. SEAGULL AND HAVOCK'S PRIVATE TRIP BACK; IN A GALE good five-knot superiority over the best of possible foes. As regards their having to run away from larger vessels a simple calculation from the following table will show about how long it would take them to escape:—

	Average speed.		
	Best.		Medium.
Battleship . . .	18	to	12 knots.
Cruiser . . .	22	to	19 „
Catcher . . .	20	to	15 „
Destroyer . . .	30	to	27 „

Like their predecessors, the catchers of the *Rattlesnake* and *Sharpshooter* class, *Havocks* and *Hornets* exist to defend big ships from hostile torpedo boats; and in these manœuvres the idea was to test the relative values of destroyers and catchers. The catchers have been much abused on the grounds of lack of speed, but it is questionable whether this is such a serious defect in the matter of torpedo boats hunting, as many critics aver. The mission of the catchers is to lie off the torpedo boat shelters, and sink the boats as they come out; their comparatively slow speeds are dangerous rather on the grounds that it exposes them to capture by a hostile cruiser.

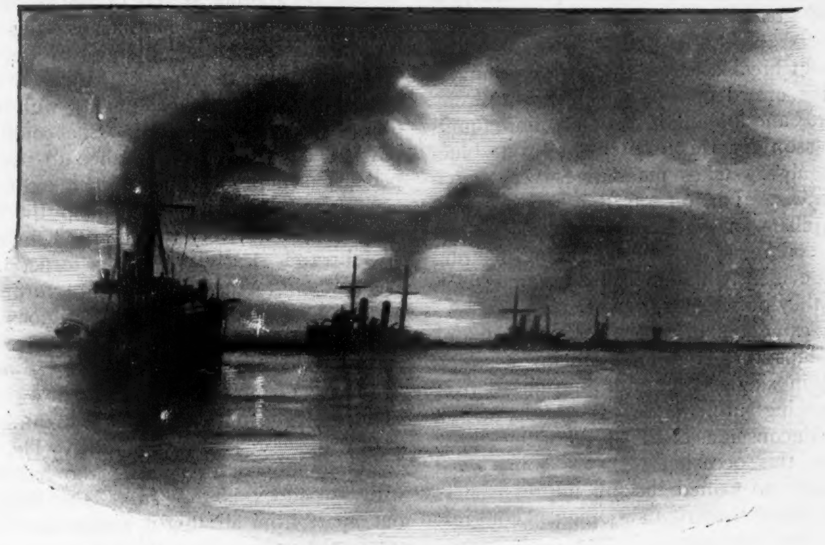
At present, this failing in the matter of speed cannot be applied to the destroyers; yet there are not wanting indications that, by the time the forty are all afloat, they will have sunk to the level of sea-going torpedo boats, and a fresh batch of even swifter vessels be required. There is no finality in these things; still, they are the best boats of their type obtainable in the present year of grace, for all that they lack many of the qualities assigned to them by impressionable and imaginative journalists.

The light squadron, attached to the A Red Manœuvre Fleet, consisted of a large number of catchers and the two destroyers; and although circumstances prevented them from much exercise of their own particular *rôle*, they nevertheless had ample opportunity of testing their sea-going qualities. I chanced to be with these vessels during the cruise of which some record is herein set forth.

Somebody or other discovered that the red fleets represented English vessels, and the blue ones French, though whether the Intelligence Department, which drew up the scheme of manœuvres, had any such idea is an open question. However, be that as it may, it was generally accepted to be so; and in pursuance of the idea, Falmouth, where the A Red fleet lay, was put down as Malta; Berehaven, the head-quarters of the B Red squadron, was Portsmouth; while the C and D Blue fleets, lying at Queenstown and the Shannon, became French fleets at Toulon and Brest respectively. A and B fleets were equal in value, C was superior, and D inferior to either. A and B combined were superior to the conglomerated C and D. Altogether the problem was equal to the celebrated "If a hen and a half lay an egg and a half, &c." So much by way of preface.

A Red fleet lay at Falmouth, and contemplated lying there until war should be declared, but such was not the intention of the powers that be. Not from Falmouth were they to dash upon the foe, but from some more or less unknown point in the Bay of Biscay, 100 miles from the base. So one foggy afternoon, in a drizzling misty rain that hid the shore and distant vessels, and with a cold wind howling right lustily in the offing, the fleet got up anchor and steamed out of the "English Bay of Naples," steamed away in the fog curtain, and Falmouth awoke next morning to find them departed.

No sooner had the fleet got well away, than they of the light squadron, knowing well what lay in the immediate future—and with a view to meeting it in due cheerfulness becoming to British officers—started "selling sweepstakes" as to who would first be victim to Neptune. The bidding in our ship was fast and furious, though the prices fetched varied considerably. I take a certain amount of pride in that the most spirited bidding was for myself, and felt quite proud when knocked down for twenty-five and sixpence. The weather was not very bad just then. The doctor, who was second favourite, fetched seventeen shillings; while our lieutenant-commander was a drug upon the market, no one would speculate on him. My cheerfulness had a depressing effect on my "owner," who became unremitting in his desire to stand me unlimited beer and other luxuries, such as are carefully avoided in such weather by all save the most hardened sailor-man. However, he won the pool before very long, *his* owner just lost it by half a minute, and —well, champagne was much needed on board H.M. torpedo-gunboat *Seagull* that day.



COMING BACK FROM THE PATROL GROUND: EARLY MORNING

Still, every evil has its compensations, and we found ours in gazing at the *Hornet*. Like a big brown corkscrew, that erratic destroyer was making her tortuous progress through the billows; not plunging into or over them like an ordinary ship, but twisting and gyrating round them on her beam ends, now springing clean out of the water, and anon disappearing altogether from our ken. It speaks volumes for her builders that the ship and engines held together, for the strain must have been terrific; and the same admiration may well be extended to her crew. What a comfort it was to watch them, to be sure, for they were in worst plight than ourselves.

For twenty-four hours we led this storm-tossed existence, buoyed up, in some measure, by the knowledge that through such means is the British sailor made perfect. After all, it is a proud reflection that it is only in the British navy that with small craft such things are done, and that by cheerfully enduring them, the men who guard our comfort-loving land-lubbers at home, learn to rule the waves in very deed and truth. It is inspiriting when one hangs over the lee railings, to watch the ships, and say, "*Civis Britanniæ sum.*"

The worst thing about this educational weather is the way in which everything gets into the wrong place. I occupied a corner of the skipper's cabin, and my paints and impedimenta were kept stowed around me: but, what with the pitch of the screws and the general war of the elements, they disappeared about nightfall. They had not gone far, for when the skipper rose for the morning watch, he was most beautifully tinted from head to foot. He had slept amid the ruins of my oil colours!

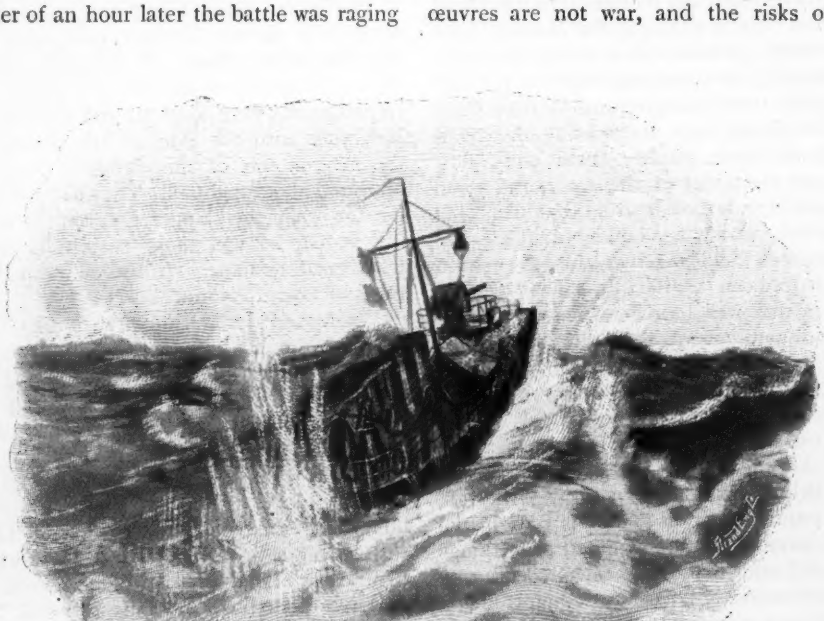
When the "declaration of war" time came about, Admiral Fitzroy, the "A" commander, split up his fleet; sending his cruisers and most of the catchers up the English side of the Channel, while the ironclads, with the *Speedy*, *Seagull*, *Havock*, and *Hornet* as scouts, hugged the Irish shore. Fifteen knots (about seventeen miles an hour) was the speed we went that night, with never a light visible, and every water-tight door closed in case of accidents. A dozen torpedo-boats, anxious to "sink" us, scoured the Channel; but we saw nothing of them; indeed, at the speed we were going they had little prospect of attacking us, unless they had chanced to be lying right in our path. Theoretically, our move was big with the fate of the Empire; practically, it was of greater moment than many people wot of.

About breakfast time the next morning, I noted a crowd of blue-jackets gazing away to port; and looking in that direction, found the reason for this excitement—your blue-jacket always takes manœuvres very much *au sérieux.* Far off on the horizon were faint pillars of smoke, in the middle distance congregated the whole of our fighting ships, evidently watching the distant fleet. Were they our friends, or the enemy?

On came the distant ironclads, and our battleships turned to meet them, steaming swiftly in single column of line ahead over the dancing sunlit water. As a rule, at sea, one is unconscious of the speed of the ships; but on this occasion we were going dead slow, and so gained the full impressiveness of the *Royal Sovereign* swooping like a great bird across our course.

Whether the Admiral took the distant warships for our other fleet or not, I cannot say; but, if he did, he was soon undeceived. They were the combined Blue fleets, and a quarter of an hour later the battle was raging fiercely. Then far away by Belfast Lough, we saw yet another avenue of smoke clouds, another line of rushing ironclads; this time our friends coming at full speed to join us.

All this time the *Havock* had been lying under the flagship's lee, exactly with what object we never discovered. She could not have been waiting for a chance to use torpedoes, as her tubes had been taken out ot her, saving a fixed discharger in the bow, which could not very well be used since the vessel travels nearly as fast as a torpedo. In the *Seagull* we had a couple of torpedoes ready in the 14-inch tube—torpedoes that those responsible for had taken a mighty oath should smash into the old *Alexandra*, flag of the enemy, if fate permitted. Unfortunately, it did not permit; which thing was a pity in more ways than one. The one great ambition of every man who has to do with torpedoes, is to "sink" the flagship; but apart from all this it would have been interesting to note how the torpedoes fared. Of course, in war-time, all these torpedo-craft hanging under cover of the fleet would have been a great trouble to the enemy, and probably destroyed some of his ships; but manœuvres are not war, and the risks of en-



THE HORNET TURNING AT FULL SPEED: A STERN VIEW thusiastic catchers running across the bows of ironclads would be too great. As things were, the rules allowed for torpedo cruisers to use torpedoes only if they came up astern of the foe.

From our station the battle soon resolved itself into little more than a row of ships all round the horizon; though even at this distance we would, in an actual engagement, have had to risk stray shots, so great is the range of modern artillery. As it was, nothing more serious happened than the loss of the first lieutenant's cap, which was carried away in the perturbation caused by a sudden change of course.

The fight over; we put into Belfast Lough, which is one of the most beautiful places on the face of God's earth. From where the warships swing at anchor, one sees, lying low to the right, the little town of Carrickfergus, a brown tower rising above a foam of soft blue smoke. Away and beyond, right ahead, over a sheen of gold and silver water, a great hill sings out, a simple mass of purest ultramarine that fades and changes into a crimson mist as the evening light and sundown grow apace. Over land and sky and sea "the veil of rosy haze falls down," subduing and softening the glare, even as it caresses the beauty of the sunset gold. And should the weather be rainy or unsettled, oft-times there come grey columns of rain standing out against the glory, pillars of a temple not made by hands. On such an evening, one can but gaze in silence and with solemn wonder, and in that beholding feel:

> "This is the gate of Heaven."

All that Sunday and Monday the fleets lay off Carrickfergus, coaling and getting ready for further fighting—for we did not then know that the decision of the umpires had gone against us.

On the Monday night, all the big ships got out their crinoline torpedo-net defences, while we of the light squadron stole out in the twilight; some to lie off the torpedo-boat shelters, and seven of us to patrol the mouth of the Lough. Most of the ships also sent out picket-boats, which took up a station between us and the fleet; so the Lough mouth was pretty effectually guarded.

The patrol ground was situated some five miles out, between a wreck and the lighthouse, and here for six mortal hours with guns loose and steam up for full speed, we cruised up and down in line—the *Havock* darting along independently. Hardly had we taken station, than the fleet with one accord began to burn their search-lights. So long as they kept them still it mattered little; but ere long they began to search, and, of course, showed us up to any hostile torpedo-boats that might have been in the vicinity. It was a black night, and under ordinary circumstances it was difficult to make out our next ahead, and these search-lights made the task still harder, giving us, as they did, glare alternated with blackest gloom.

Every now and again an alarm would be given by one of the catchers, rockets would go up and search-lights flash around; but, so far as we could make out, these alarms were in every case false ones. The *Seagull* only gave one, a boat rushing swiftly past us on the starboard quarter, and she turned out, eventually, to be a small tug. We blazed away merrily enough—one bluejacket firing off to port, to the great indignation of our captain, who at once sent for the delinquent, and the following conversation ensued:—

"Why did you fire to port when you knew the enemy was to starboard?"

The man said he had been told to fire by the gunner's mate.

"Did you aim at anything?"

"Yes, sir."

"Indeed! what at?"

"Well, sir, I was told not to fire without taking aim, so I waited till I saw something, and then let drive. I think, sir, it was *one of our own ships, though!*"

This is the whole difficulty of scouting in a nutshell. It is impossible to tell friend from foe, and hence it is a moot point whether it is not best to fire at everything that comes within range, and chance its turning out to be a friend; but when all is said and done, it is only a very thin line that divides torpedo-boat hunting from the game of blind man's buff.

Presently the fleet caught the infection, and blazed away right royally for some twenty minutes. A wag next day stated the result as follows:—

Claimed by H.M.S.——, (of the Red Fleet):

STEAMING THROUGH THE FISHING FLEET

Three picket boats.
One Holyhead and Belfast packet.
Four fishing smacks.
H.M.S. *Rupert*. (Red Fleet.)
Boat conveying Admiral's washing.
H.M.S. *Hornet* (Red Fleet) at anchor, using steam syren.
One flight of birds.
Three houses on shore.
One moon.

I don't think any one found out whether or no torpedo-boats came in that night, it will probably remain a mystery for ever. It is interesting, as showing how impossible it is for self-appointed critics to give any reliable decision about manœuvres from what they see and hear, even though they possess knowledge of the subject—which does not always go without saying. The admiral, who wanted to keel-haul all correspondents who did more than describe events, has much to be said on his side.

Gradually the alarms ceased: and we were patrolling in silence, when of a sudden, a strange thing came to pass—our next-ahead disappeared! We had been waiting for her to turn, but she never did, and we saw no more, either of her or the vessels astern, they had one and all evaporated into the darkness; and in this predicament we slowed down, waiting to see what would happen, and thus we passed the time till dawn.

Now we had in the *Seagull*, as navigating officer, a sub full of zeal, such as the Admiralty should love. He had read of manœuvres in the dailies, and had seen them pictured in the illustrated weeklies, but never till this trip had he taken part in them. Therefore he hailed the occasion with enthusiasm, and though he did not (like me) point out as a torpedo-boat a search-light-lit cottage half-way up a big hill, yet he sighted some fifty objects that night as presumably torpedo-boats. Just as we were having our daybreak cocoa—what a fine thing a big basin of hot cocoa is when you have been up all night in the cold—he put us all on the *qui vive* by spotting the whole of the hostile torpedo-boats advancing in line, and the skipper had the hardest work in the world to prevent him from firing a rocket and so setting the whole fleet a-banging again. It was just as well that the rocket was not let off, for the growing light showed the supposed enemy to be our missing consorts, who had got quite a couple of miles away from the patrol grounds in the darkness.

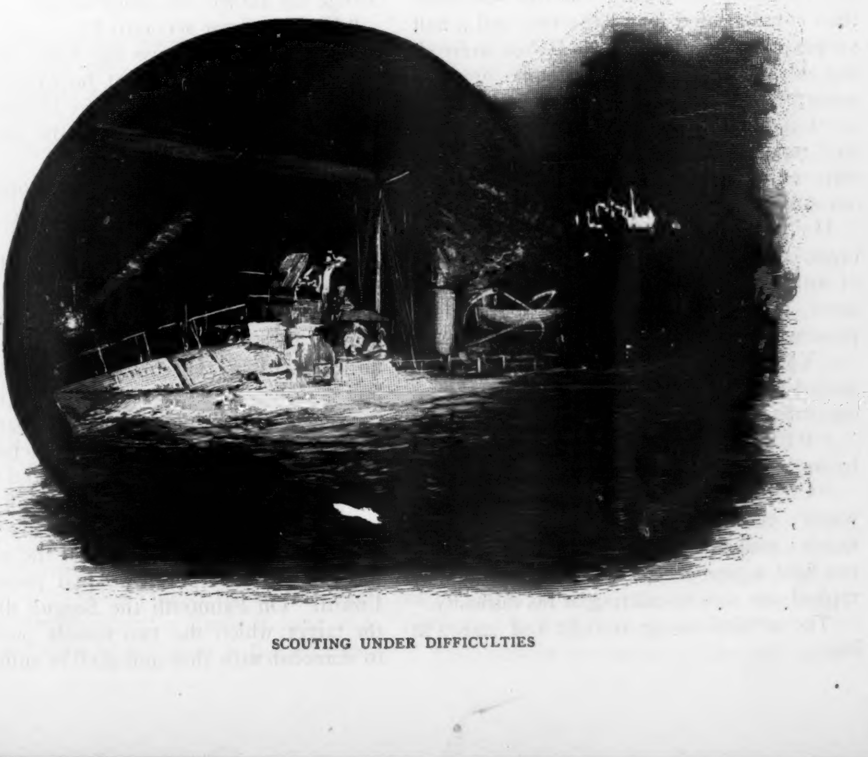
We all returned to our billets in the anchorage, but there was not much rest to be had even there, since the ship had to coal, and by the time this was over, it was the hour to see about getting ready to go out scouting again. Little wonder, therefore, that when a signalman came in with what we took to be our sailing orders, but which on reading proved to be "Manœuvres concluded," we greeted it with cheers, while the torpedo-boat-detecting sub—enthusiastic for scouting no longer—was so overcome with joy that he bombarded the messman with the ward-room melons.

"I bless that Admiralty," I overheard the messman soliloquise as he made an entry under the sub's name in the daybook. "All of 'em beginning to go too; good as sixteen shillings clear profit."

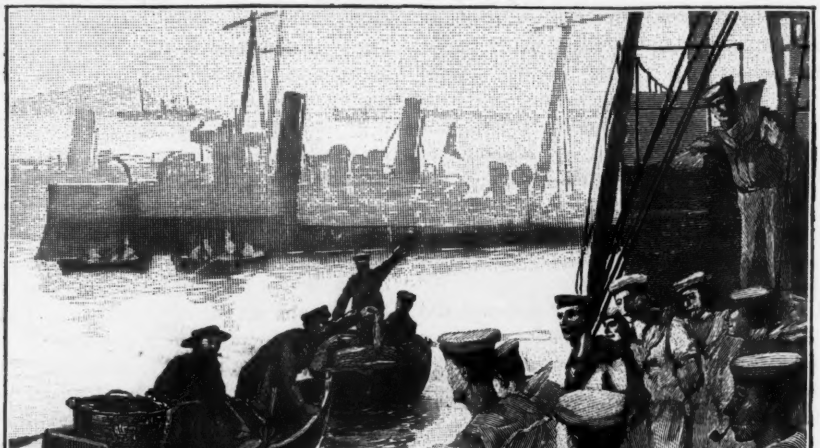
Closer inspection of the signal slate showed us that the Red fleets were given as sunk, disabled, captured, and blown up, with little or no loss to the enemy. The two Blue fleets, having a smaller space to traverse, had naturally been able to combine first; they had then overpowered our B fleet and driven it into Belfast Lough, and it was while doing this that they had sighted us.

Our admiral having the swiftest fleet had the option of running or fighting; and since nothing was to be gained by the former course, he naturally opened the battle, knowing that our B fleet could not be far away, and with that to help him he outnumbered the enemy. But B fleet having been already severely mauled, was reckoned by the umpires as of small account, and the partially damaged Blue fleets were considered superior to our sound but much inferior A squadron. The matter seems simple enough, but it was provocative of a terrible amount of "what the admiral ought to have done" from many an amateur expert. Being an admiral isn't "all beer and skittles."

However, we in the *Seagull* were content to let the admiral manage his affairs without our assistance; and considered the time more profitably occupied in making ourselves comfortable—and thereby hangs a tale. Our navigator, whose enthusiasm in the matter of torpedo-boats has already been noted, accepted an invitation to dinner from the gunroom mess of one of the battleships. Then he recollected that he had left his dress things behind him—one doesn't dress for dinner in a catcher. In his predicament he appealed to the skipper, who, anxious possibly not to again throw cold water on



SCOUTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES



FISHERMEN OFFERING THEIR WARES TO BLUEJACKETS IN FALMOUTH ROADS

his energy, lent him an old mess jacket of his own. It was a bit the worse for wear, and two sizes too small; but this was more than compensated for by the two and a half stripes that adorned it; and thus arrayed, our sub was rowed across the mile or so of water between us and the ironclad.

"Captain of the *Seagull* coming aboard, sir," reported the quartermaster of the big ship, and the side was manned to receive our sub.

He was cold and wet when he got on board the strange vessel, took little heed of whither he was being led, and before he knew it found himself ushered into the presence of the admiral.

"Young-looking skipper, very," soliloquised the great man, as he cordially greeted our sub.

"What orders did you have last night," he inquired.

"Charts in readiness at one bell, first watch; cocoa for three at six bells, middle watch; pull the rocket string if required and not light a pipe except under cover," vaguely replied our sub, wondering at his curiosity.

The admiral sat up straight and stared at him.

"Brain touched from overwork, I expect, poor fellow," he said to himself; then to change the subject he added aloud:

"How are your accounts?"

"Infernally inquisitive old boy," thought our sub, as he replied that he expected to have ten pounds—less sixteen shillings for some melons—to spare when the ship got back to port.

"Ahem," said the great man, concealing a smile, "I referred to the ship's accounts, not your private purse, Captain——"

Suddenly it dawned upon our sub, that his borrowed uniform had got him into a very tight place; but as to how and in what manner he got out of it, he vouchsafed us no information. He came back wet through, but declined to say whether it was due to the rain, or his being thrown overboard.

Next day the fleet weighed anchor and steamed away homeward bound; and a little later the *Seagull* and *Havock* went off on an independent cruise. Target practice was to be carried out "*en route*," but the weather was too bad for it until we had passed the Lizard. Off Falmouth the *Seagull* dropped the target, which the two vessels proceeded to demolish with shot and shell in sufficiently uneventful fashion. We did not even have the young seaman gunner who asks, "Shall I take the tompion out before we fire her;" nor did the usual coaster seek to sail between us and the target.

The *Seagull* carries a couple of the new 4.7 quick-fire guns—the same sort of weapon that stood the Japanese in such good stead at Yalu—ear-splitting guns that can discharge ten to twelve 40-pound shell per minute—while two men can manage them if necessary. The *Seagull* is quite a small ship—only some 735 tons displacement—yet from her six guns she can discharge sixty aimed shots per minute.

A curious feature of these 4.7 guns is the noise of them. When a big gun is fired you feel as though some one had hit your head a good straight-from-the-shoulder blow with a boxing glove, and hear but little: with these small 40-pounders, the effect of the detonation is like having a sharp instrument driven into the brain through the ear; it is absolutely painful.

Practice over, we picked up what was left of the target, and continued our homeward way. That night we passed through a large fishing fleet—a regular floating city—and the next morning saw us past the Needles and going into the Solent. On we steamed, past the low fir-clad shores, past Cowes with its yachts and warships—the hideous *Hohenzollern* with the Kaiser Wilhelm on board was there for the yachting week—past Stokes Bay and its torpedo targets, past Spithead with its chessboard forts. Here the *Havock* anchored, but the *Seagull* kept on up the harbour to her buoy, welcomed by crowds on shore, waving to and cheering the first ship back from the manœuvres.

A BEDFORDSHIRE SQUIRE OF THE 14TH CENTURY

By the late Right Rev. Lord ARTHUR HERVEY

Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells

IN the troubled times of Richard II., of unhappy memory, there lived in Bedfordshire a squire or landowner of the name of John de Harvy, and from certain ancient documents still possessed by his descendants we gain some insight into the habits and customs of the English during these early centuries.

With regard to Sir John de Harvy, this country squire, we learn not only from these documents, but also from Neve's copies in the Advocates' Library that he was a gentleman of noble ancestry, that he could spend a sum equivalent to £40 a year, and that he was "An ancient apprentice to the Common Law of England."

He was also entitled to carry coats of arms, a matter of great importance and distinction in those days, none being permitted to bear them save those legally entitled, the illegal assumption of such arms as well as of surnames being punishable by fines and even by imprisonment. From a long and ruinous litigation of ten years in the Heralds' Court of Chivalry between Sir Reginald de Grey and Sir Edward de Hastings, terminated in 1392 in favour of Sir Reginald, and during which Sir Reginald's cousin, Sir John de Harvy, gave evidence, it does not appear that either money or lands were claimed; the contention was solely for the honour of bearing these arms.

Again, we find that in these early days, members of parliament were paid for their services; for in 1383, the tenth year of Richard II., Sir John de Harvy, who was then sitting in Parliament as knight of the shire for the county of Bedford, received, as did also his colleague, Sir Richard Fitz Richard, the sum of £25 4s. 5d. for his attendance in Parliament during sixty-three days.

At this period the midland counties were but little visited or valued, as they consisted for the most part of wild forests, of uncultivated marsh or bog lands, and of vast sandy districts, but very thinly populated.

Bedfordshire especially had an evil name for not only was it deemed hopelessly unfertile, being little more than a sandy heath, traversed here and there by a few horse tracks, but it was constantly raided by parties of freebooters, freelances as they were called, being in fact disbanded soldiers, who, no longer in the service of some warlike or marauding lord, lived by rapine and violence, scouring the lonely country in every direction and plundering every village where its lord had not sufficient strength to repel such inroads.

Nevertheless we may infer from some of Sir John Harvy's notes and memoranda that the climate of this country must have then been warmer than it now is, for he desires his wife to see that the vineyards are more "*worthelie tended*," and urges his vassals or tenants to take better heed of their hop grounds.

Now, although wild hops grow in abundance, and many fields are called hop grounds, no cultivated hops have been heard of in Bedfordshire in the memory of man.

With the view of resisting the depredations of these freebooting bands, Sir John passed much time in training his vassals or tenants in military exercises, but he frequently complains to his reverend almoner or chaplain that his people are slothful, and too much given to indulge in strong drinks, to the weakening of their bodies and to the darkening of their minds.

Little or no money seems to have passed between landlord and vassal. Small holdings of land were paid by so many days each month or week of personal service.

Every man was bound to carry arms in the service of his lord, but when absent from home on such occasions it seems that Sir John provided the wives and children with a certain amount of food and clothing, in return for which the women had to spin, tend cattle and flocks, raise poultry, and give so much personal service in their lord's household.

Altogether the impression is left on the mind from these ancient records that this squire Sir John de Harvy was a prudent and generous man, and that much kindly feeling, as well as sentiments of mutual interest existed between him and his tenants or vassals.

Sir John de Harvy in 1356 married his cousin Margery, a lady nearly related to the royal family, and daughter of Sir Ralph de Parlys, a distinguished knight of great possessions, and high sheriff of Northampton in the twelfth of Richard II.

This office of high sheriff was in these early centuries one of high distinction, being only given to men of great power and wealth.

The marriage of their lord was in those days, as now, an occasion of much rejoicing. Jousts and tournaments took place, huge bonfires were lighted, oxen and deer roasted whole; every one who applied at the castle had his "cup and his sup," and the wassail bowl passed merrily, probably too merrily round; but ere the festivities were well over Sir John was summoned to the aid of his friend and cousin, Sir Reginald de Grey.

He had long had "variances" with Owen Glendower, a Welsh prince, respecting certain lands. Owen Glendower, who in his youth, like Sir John de Harvy, had been an utter barrister, or an apprentice to the law (*vide* Holinshed, 1400), deeming himself wronged, sought redress from the British Parliament, but the Parliament, regardless of the prudent advice of the Bishop of St. Asaph's not to provoke the hot-tempered Welshman into reprisals, refused to listen to his complaint, saying, "they were not afraid of the rascally, barefooted Welsh."

This reply so enraged Owen Glendower that he lost no time in ravaging Sir Reginald's lands, and slaying every tenant and vassal he could lay hands on. Then, emboldened by his successes, he raised the standard of rebellion against King Henry himself.

Many were the fierce and bloody engagements that ensued, in one of which Sir Reginald was taken prisoner, and most of his retainers were slain.

"Then King Henry in much wrath" made an especial expedition into Wales, "with a great power of men;" but the king lost his labour, "for Owen speedily hid himself and his followers in his lurking places amid the wild mountains, and amongst rocks so precipitous as to be inaccessible save to goats and Welshmen." And also by "foul use of magic he did cause such accursed weather of winds, snow and hail to arise, that such tempests had never been known before, inasmuch that the English army was so grievously tormented that the king was compelled to retire and leave Sir Reginald in the Welshman's clutches." A truly hapless fate, if Holinshed's account may be trusted; for though Owen prided himself on his princely estate, and had a certain court, his people were the veriest savages, and the historian says that "Owen handled his prisoner very strictly."

However, the Welshman at length bethought himself a good ransom would be better than the life of his captive, so he set a price of ten thousand crowns upon his prisoner's head; and King Henry, finding no other means available for the release of his faithful follower, agreed to enter into negotiations. The following arrangements show us how such moneys were raised. The king remitted for his part the tax for six years, and empowered Sir William de Ros, Sir John de Harvy, Sir Richard de Grey, and Sir William de Willoughby, all relatives of the de Grey family, to sell certain manors belonging to the captive, and Sir Reginald returned home safe and sound in 1403, though somewhat grievously worn by his captivity. In the sixth year of Henry IV., Sir Gerald Braybooke and Sir John Harvy obtained a royal license to found a collegiate house near the church of St. Mary of Northewell, co. Bedford, with keeper and chaplain to pray for the souls of Sir John Trailey and of Reginald, his son, both deceased; and in 1522 Sir George Harvy, being in great favour with King Henry VIII., obtained a grant of this house from the king when religious houses were destroyed, and it is there his descendants now reside, the ancient dwelling of Thurleigh having been partially destroyed by fire.

A few words perchance may not be uninteresting, respecting domestic arrangements during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Carpets were still unknown luxuries, but the fashion of strewing the apartments with rushes was being gradually abandoned. Rushes were still used in the retainers' hall, but for the better rooms sweet-scented herbs and fragrant twigs were usually employed.

In the fourteenth century windows were apertures filled with glass so as to admit light, but to exclude wind. The walls also were frequently hung with cloth or tapestry to protect the inmates of the room from the many currents of air that penetrated the strong but badly built walls. We learn from various ancient documents that it was the duty of the serving men and pages to sweep out the principal apartments, but as the use of water is rarely mentioned, damp and fragrant leaves and twigs must have aided not only in collecting the dust, but also towards refreshing the atmosphere in such constantly closed rooms, fresh air being only admitted through the doors opening on to the battlements or balconies.

From old inventories at Thurleigh and elsewhere, we ascertain how scantily furnished were these ancient mansions, although they seem to have been abundantly supplied with flagons, and drinking cups in gold, silver and finely engraved pewter, besides an infinite number of black jacks or cups made of leather.

The plates and dishes for daily use were generally of pewter, but there were services of silver for festal occasions. Very noticeable are the enormous silver dishes for barons of beef and haunches of venison. Peacocks, swans and capons were standard dishes, and the ponds on every large estate supplied the fresh fish that were served on Fridays and other fast days. According to modern ideas the supply of vegetables appears very limited; mushrooms, however, sweet herbs, and various species of kale are those most frequently mentioned. Fruit also appears to have been abundant, while the allowance of strong ale was most liberal, three quarts a day being no uncommon quantity even for maidens.

Amongst household items bread and sack seemed of daily consumption, but canary, which was probably what we call sherry, was a festive wine, and rarely used.

As time went on, so comfort and luxury increased; thus we learn from an old inventory made on occasion of the marriage of John Hervey with Lady Sarah Gore, which marriage took place in the Temple Church and at which the King and Queen and all the court were present, that much of their house in Bedfordshire was refurnished in honour of the event, that the dining-room was adorned with "grand tapestres," that the walls of the Ladye's Bower room were hung with "fine Spanish leather," that the draperies for the windows were of rich blue brocaded satin, that the bed in the adjoining room had curtains of the same material, "richely trimmed with fringe and tawrels," and that it was supplied with 13 pairs of flaxen sheets, 2 pairs of pillow cases, with also 20 fine Holland towels, besides one dozen of coarser towels.

But little book learning was deemed necessary in these early centuries. In almost every family of gentle blood, one son was dedicated to the church, and he was early sent to the community to which he was to belong; the other boys were educated in the tilt-yard to become dexterous with the sword and lance.

Still as early as 1382 there were grammar schools in some of the large towns, for instance one in Nottingham where the price per term for each pupil was eight pence, but such schools were more to the advantage of the townsfolk than for the children of the county families. And the education so obtained was of the scantiest, only "the alphabet and the humanities being taught," and very inhumanly taught also, for the authorities and rulers were for ever impressing upon the teachers the necessity of "not sparing the rod." The wretched boys therefore were beaten, cuffed and starved until some small amount of learning had been forced into them. With what tears, with what bruised and aching bodies must not these luckless lads have attained the alphabet and the humanities.

But even this scanty amount of education was not deemed necessary for the daughters of the house. Many hours of their days were devoted to distilling healing waters and perfumes, and to the "confection of conserves." Many more were given to spinning, to the making of tapestry and to embroidering church or priestly vestments.

In most great houses poor young female relatives were received for years that they might learn these gentle arts. All ties of blood were considered of great importance, entailing many obligations, and for centuries the patriarchal duties of kinship were maintained intact.

As a rule the days passed in one simple and unvaried routine, unless on those rare occasions, when the ladies were permitted to indulge in the noble sport of hawking or falconry. Only at distant intervals did news of the outer world reach many of the remote country dwellings and castles, and not unfrequently those who had adopted monastic life, were better versed in worldly matters, than those ladies who remained at home.

Doubtless the heads of great families, as well as the heads of the powerful religious houses, had, in the days of which we are writing, great faults. They were arrogant and overbearing, but, as old documents show us, generous, noble-hearted, and on the whole just. They were ever alive to the claims of kinship, and to those of their vassals. Occasionally they might oppress both, but none else were allowed to oppress them. A wrong done to a kinsman or tenant, was a wrong done to themselves, and as such must be righted and avenged. Thus the head or lord of his family and people was a strong bulwark against the encroachments of the usurers, and of the middle men, such as the small traders in the towns, who then, as in later years, were often the most grievous oppressors of the poor.

As time went on, from the junior members of the great families arose that sturdy, persevering, grand class of men so well known in later centuries as Yeomen Farmers, and this fine class, deservedly called "the backbone of England," have given us some of our most famous soldiers, sailors, lawyers, and politicians. This invaluable and important class is dying out, and the approaching century will probably know it no more.

In England now, class distinctions, as a hindrance to progress, have well-nigh disappeared. On a man of talent and energy, whatever his birth, his country is ready to bestow her richest rewards, as well as to advance him to the highest position in her ranks. Long may this great country enjoy a constitution that has worked thus admirably for so many centuries.

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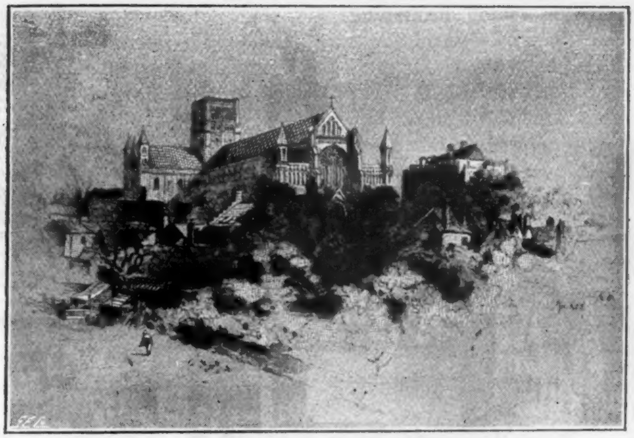


ST. ALBANS CATHEDRAL

WITH DICKENS IN HERTFORDSHIRE

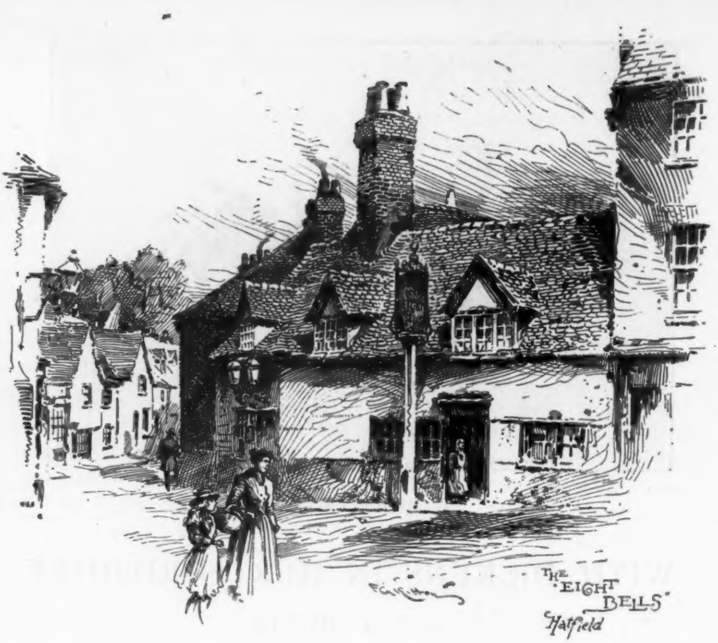
By F. G. KITTON

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

> "Take a cheery flutter into the air of Hertfordshire"
> CHARLES DICKENS to W. H. WILLS

THE earliest allusion to this delightful English county in the writings of our favourite novelist is to be found in "Pickwick." Although the identity is somewhat veiled, there can be no doubt that in the story of "The Goblin who stole the Sexton," which opens with the words, "In an old abbey town, down in this part of the country" (that is, the south), Dickens had St. Albans in his mind; while, to corroborate this contention, there is a fairly accurate representation of the famous Abbey Church in "Phiz's" illustration of the scene. The "dark lane" leading to the churchyard, "which had been called Coffin Lane ever since the days of the old Abbey, and the time of the shaven-headed monks," was probably the passage now known as the "Cloisters," which is entered from the High Street, the "ancient street" where Gabriel Grub, the parish sexton, "saw the cheerful light of the blazing fires gleam through the old casements" on that Christmas Eve memorable for his embarrassing interview with the Goblin.

The first *direct* allusion to Hertfordshire is discoverable in the tragic story of "Oliver Twist." It will be remembered that the unfortunate hero, escaping from the tyranny of his master (the undertaker, to whom he had been apprenticed), directed his flight to London. As Peterborough has been identified as the scene of Oliver's birth and early misfortunes, he would, starting from that point, necessarily pass through Hertfordshire (on his way to the metropolis) by the Great North Road, making his first acquaintance with the county at Royston, and then tramping through Baldock, Stevenage, Welwyn, and Hatfield. It was early on the seventh day that he "limped slowly into the little town of Barnet," where he found the window-shutters closed and the street empty, for "not a soul had awakened to the business of the day," the brightness of the morning only serving to remind the boy of his own lonely and desolate condition as, with bleeding feet and covered with dust, he rested upon a cold doorstep. The fact that in Barnet every other house was a tavern surprised Oliver very much, as he gazed listlessly at the coaches passing through the town, accomplishing, in a few hours, a journey that had taken him a week to perform. Barnet, by no means the "little town" it was half-a-



century ago, still retains its swinging signs, their number proclaiming an abundance of those establishments intended for public refreshment. It was here that Oliver was accosted by the "Artful Dodger," who ingratiated himself by treating the hungry lad to "a fourpenny bran" (that is, a modicum of ham with bread) and a drink, after which they proceed to London together, *en route* for Fagin's "Academy."

We read in the same story that Bill Sikes also favoured Hertfordshire with his presence. After murdering the erring but faithful Nancy, that notorious ruffian endeavoured to evade the legal consequences of his act by escaping into the country, and, after much indecision, eventually shaped his course for Hatfield. "It was nine o'clock at night when the man, quite tired out, and the dog limping and lame from the unaccustomed exercise, turned down the hill by the church of the quiet village, and plodding along the little street, crept into a small public-house, whose scanty light had guided them to the spot." The quietude of Hatfield is now disturbed by the traffic on the Great Northern Railway, while its topography has undergone many changes since Sikes's visit. His line of flight may, however, be easily traced. At the period referred to, the main road from London, on entering Hatfield, turned rather suddenly to the right in the direction of the church, on reaching which the fugitive soon found himself in the principal street of the village—a steep incline tending in the direction of Lord Salisbury's historic residence. The light that attracted him probably emanated from the leaded windows of the "Eight Bells," a quaint old inn still standing at the bottom of the hill. There, in the tap-room, the murderer was reminded of his crime by a man, "half pedlar and half mountebank," who, seizing Sikes's blood-stained hat in order to illustrate the efficacy of his infallible composition for removing such suspicious marks, was about to operate upon it when Sikes, with a hideous imprecation, burst out of the house. "He turned back up the town, and getting out of the glare of the lamps of a stage-coach that was standing in the street, was walking past, when he recognised the mail from London, and saw that it was standing at the little post-office," which at that time adjoined the "Salisbury Arms."* Here the conscience-stricken man overheard remarks concerning the murder, which so terrified him that he determined to hurry from the spot, and, after deliberating for a moment, "took the road which leads from Hatfield to St. Albans." He trudged doggedly on until he came to a shed in a field, before the door of which were "three poplar trees, which made it very dark within." It is interesting to note that there may still be seen by the roadside, about midway between Hatfield and St. Albans, two poplars, which probably mark the spot where once stood the identical shed where Sikes found temporary shelter.* That Dickens was desirous of obtaining local colouring for his stories we have ample evidence; for example, we read in Forster's Life of the novelist that, when engaged upon "Oliver Twist," he rode out with his biographer "fifteen miles on the Great North Road, and, after dining at the 'Red Lion,' in Barnet on our way home, distinguished the already memorable day by bringing in both hacks dead lame."

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* This inn was converted into private residences a few years ago.

In "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings" (Christmas number of *All the Year Round*, 1863), Hatfield is again introduced. "My poor Lirriper," the good lady remarks, was "buried at Hatfield church in Hertfordshire, not that it was his native place, but that he had a liking for the Salisbury Arms where we went upon our wedding-day and passed as happy a fortnight as ever happy was." The sorrowing widow pathetically confesses that, in after years, she "put a sandwich and a drop of sherry in a little basket and went down to Hatfield churchyard, outside the coach, and kissed my hand and laid it with a kind of a proud and swelling love on my husband's grave, though bless you it had taken me so long to clear his name that my wedding ring was worn quite fine and smooth when I laid it on the green green waving grass." Mr. Lirriper's youngest brother (a scapegrace) also had a partiality for the Salisbury Arms, where he stayed a fortnight, and left without paying his bill; his kind-hearted sister-in-law willingly cleared the debt, believing it was fraternal affection that induced him to reside so long in Hatfield.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, an enthusiastic student of Dickens's writings, has endeavoured to trace the exact route taken by little Nell and her grandfather, in the "Old Curiosity Shop." In the tale this is merely hinted at, but there is sufficient internal evidence to justify Mr. Fitzgerald's conclusions that when the two pilgrims left London and its miseries behind them they wended their way northward, making somewhat indirectly for Warwick (with its racecourse), Coventry, Birmingham, &c. Thus they would traverse the western part of Hertfordshire. Mr. Fitzgerald has always fancied that the churchyard where Nell and her aged companion met the "Punch

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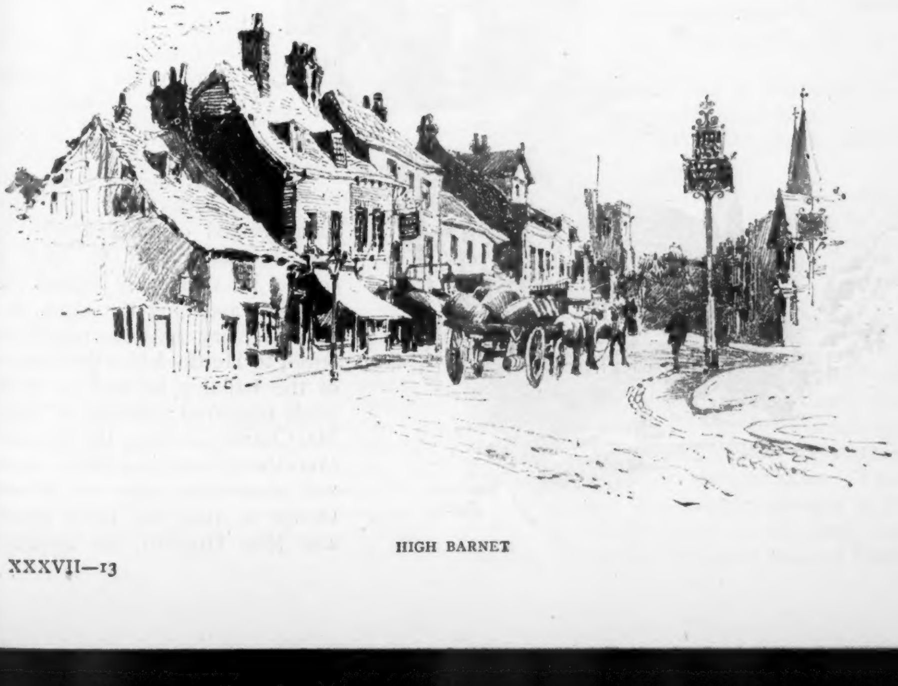
* Since this was written one of the trees has been felled.

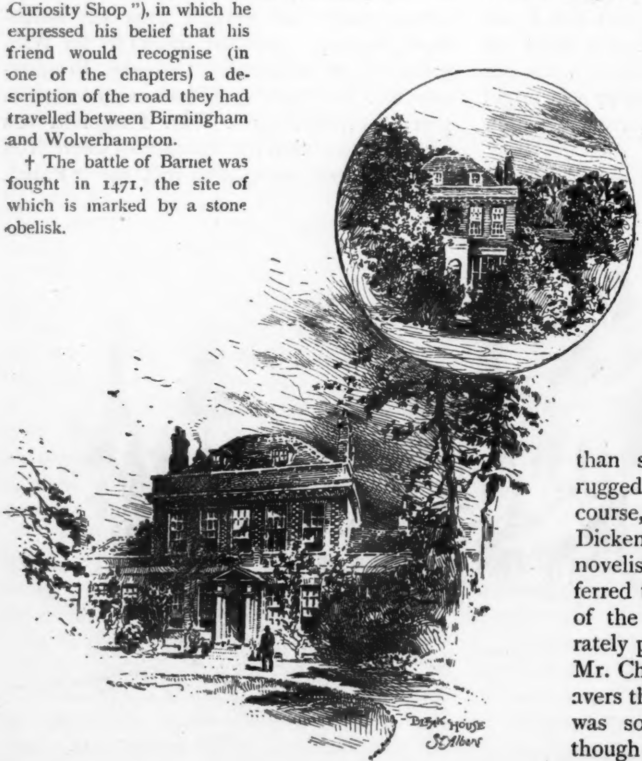


HIGH BARNET

and Judy men" was that of Bushey, near Watford; the old church, when he first saw it, reminded him very much of one of Cattermole's illustrations in the story, and the novelist has exactly caught the tone and pleasant charm of Bushey itself.*

In "Bleak House," Hertfordshire plays a conspicuous part, for the house whence this striking romance derives its title was located by Dickens in the immediate neighbourhood of St. Albans. Richard Carstone, Ada Clare, and Esther Summerson, on their way to the home of Mr. Jarndyce, travelled by post-chaise *viâ* Barnet, where, while waiting for the horses to be fed, they "got a long fresh walk over a common and an old battle-field, before the carriage came up.† These delays so protracted the journey that the short day was spent, and the long night had closed in, before we came to Saint Albans; near to which town Bleak House was, we knew." When they turned out of the town, and, turning a corner, endeavoured to catch a glimpse of their destination, they descried a sparkling light on the top of the hill, and the driver, pointing to it with his whip, cried, "That's Bleak House!" The edifice itself is described as being an old-fashioned one, having three peaks in the roof in front, hence it had once been called "The Peaks;" but a former inhabitant so much neglected the place that it became very dilapidated, and its nomenclature was changed in consequence to "Bleak House" ("a dreary name," said the Lord Chancellor). In Mr. Jarndyce's time it had quite a different appearance, having been made by him so attractive within and without that Esther Summerson went into raptures over her new home.

So carefully minute is Dickens' presentment of Bleak House that one must fain believe such a place actually existed, and that all its structural peculiarities were quite familiar to the novelist. On the outskirts of St. Albans there stands a quaintly picturesque residence which, by no great stretch of the imagination, may be considered as the actual prototype: indeed, it has been rechristened "Bleak House" by the present owner. At all events, the original must apparently have been at no great distance from the Abbey, for, when Esther looked from her bedroom window in the early morning, "the day shone bright upon a cheerful landscape, prominent in which the old Abbey Church, with its massive tower, threw a softer train of shadow on the view than seemed compatible with its rugged character." It may, of course, be reasonably argued that Dickens, assuming the right of a novelist, may have merely transferred to Hertfordshire the location of the building he had so elaborately portrayed; *apropos* of which Mr. Charles Dickens, the younger, avers that the original Bleak House was somewhere *near* St. Albans, though he does not know where; and Miss Hogarth, the novelist's



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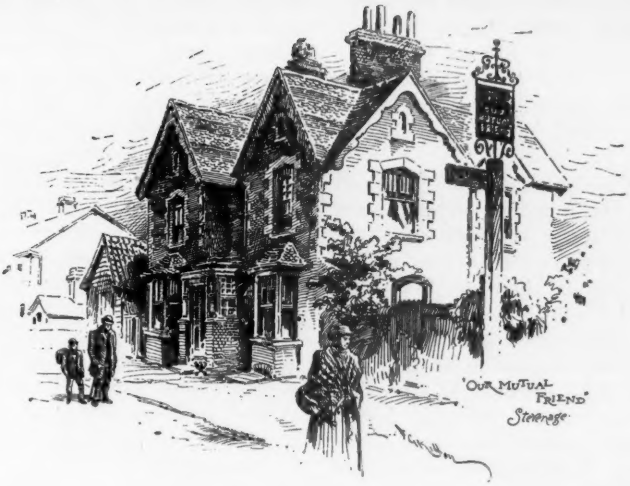
* "Boz Land." By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A. 1895. The author's conjectures are strengthened by a letter from Dickens to Forster (written while producing the "Old Curiosity Shop"), in which he expressed his belief that his friend would recognise (in one of the chapters) a description of the road they had travelled between Birmingham and Wolverhampton.

† The battle of Barnet was fought in 1471, the site of which is marked by a stone obelisk.



sister-in-law, believes that, according to the story, we are justified in looking for the real Bleak House in the neighbourhood of St. Albans. In furtherance of this view I have recently acquired corroborative evidence in the fact that when Dickens was engaged upon his story he stayed for a short time in St. Albans (at the Queen's Hotel, Chequer Street), and it was then currently reported in the town that the object of his visit was to obtain that local colouring which he has made so prominent in the tale.*

In the novel under consideration, Dickens speaks of a certain section of the inhabitants of St. Albans as wanting to do everything with other people's money, and, in this respect, the ladies were as desperate as the gentlemen; indeed, even more so. "They threw themselves into committees in the most impassioned manner, and collected subscriptions with a vehemence quite extraordinary." Their objects were as various as their demands; "they were going to get up everything . . . . from five hundred thousand tracts to an annuity, and from a marble monument to a silver teapot. . . . . They appeared to be always excited about canvassing and electing." Quite another class of St. Albans people—the brickmakers—are frequently met with in "Bleak House." At Tom-All-Alone's—the London slum where poor Jo lived—Inspector Bucket enters one of the villainous hovels, when the following conversation ensues:

"Brickmakers, eh?" inquires the Inspector.

"Yes, sir," is the response.

"What are you doing here? You don't belong to London."

"No, sir. We belong to Hertfordshire."

"Whereabouts in Hertfordshire?"

"St. Albans." (Poor Jo always called it "Stolbuns.")

Again, Allan Woodcourt accosts a brickmaker's wife, whom he discovers in the same objectionable locality, and inquires of the forlorn woman the whereabouts of her home. She replies:

"It's a good two or three-and-twenty mile from here, sir. At Saint Albans."

A careful reader of "Bleak House" will remember that when Lady Dedlock took flight from London, St. Albans was her destination, and that she walked the distance in an incredibly short space of time. There is yet one more Hertfordshire allusion in the story. It will be found in the forty-third chapter, where Mr. Skimpole talks of finishing "some sketches of the ruined old Verulam wall,"* which, having begun them a year or two previously, he had got tired of.

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* On the edge of the cliffs at Broadstairs stands a fairly commodious building, the proper name of which is Fort House, but for some reason the inhabitants prefer to call it "Bleak House." It bears no resemblance to the place described by Dickens, and its only connection with the novelist is that he frequently resided there during the summer months. The room used by him as a study is a small one, with a window overlooking the sea. There is also a "Bleak House," in St. Peter's Street, Islington, which is believed by some to be the original of that in the story, but this local tradition has no foundation in fact.

We read in "David Copperfield" that one of Steerforth's Oxford friends lived near St. Albans, but there is no clue to the exact locality.

Reverting to Dickens's intimate personal association with Hertfordshire, mention must first be made of the warm friendship that existed between Lord Lytton and his brother novelist, the author of "Pelham" frequently inviting him to Knebworth. Dickens's inherent love of acting induced his lordship to arrange some private theatricals in the grand banqueting-hall of his mansion, and, needless to remark, when "Boz" and his goodly company of distinguished amateurs (Leech, Lemon, Tenniel, Stanfield, Forster, Egg, and others) foregathered on these auspicious occasions, mirth and jollity reigned supreme. After the performances Dickens wrote to the Hon. Mrs. Watson (Nov. 23, 1850): "Everything has gone off in a whirl of triumph and fired the whole length and breadth of Hertfordshire." It was at Knebworth that the Guild of Literature and Art originated, a scheme formulated by Dickens and his host for benefiting impecunious members of those professions, the funds in aid of which were augmented by the proceeds resulting from the above-mentioned theatrical entertainments. The project was to erect and endow a retreat for necessitous *littérateurs* and artists, and it so far progressed that houses (in the Gothic style) were actually built upon ground, near Stevenage, given by Lord Lytton for the purpose. Unfortunately, these praiseworthy intentions resulted in failure, and the Guild-houses, after remaining unoccupied for nearly twenty years, were converted into "suburban villas," the rents being available for the relief of unfortunate genius. The Guild's want of means was indubitably due, to a very great extent, not only to the fact that such a form of charity militated against the sense of delicacy and refinement usually appertaining to genius, but because the almshouses were situated in a spot remote from London, and so generally inaccessible. Opposite the Guild buildings one may observe a public-house rejoicing in the sign of "Our Mutual Friend," it having been so designated as a compliment to the author.

During a visit to Knebworth in 1861, Charles Dickens (accompanied by Mr. [afterwards Sir] Arthur Helps, sometime the Queen's Secretary) called upon the Hermit of Hertfordshire—a most extraordinary character, locally known as "Mad Lucas." He lived (after a fashion) in the kitchen of Elmwood House, at Redcoats Green, near Stevenage, and was really a well-educated man, inheriting the estate of his father, a prosperous West India merchant. Among other eccentricities appertaining to this strange creature may be mentioned his refusal to bury his dead mother; his objection to furnish his rooms, or to carry out any principles of sanitation therein; his preference for a loose blanket, fastened with a skewer, as an article of clothing; his diet of bread and cheese, red herrings, and gin. The Hermit's *penchant* for tramps attracted all the vagabonds in the neighbourhood, so that he was compelled to protect himself by retaining two armed watchmen, and erecting barricades around his house. His supposed insanity was disproved by Mr. Forster and his colleagues on the Lunacy Commission, who found him to be a man of the most acute intellect. Lucas died of apoplexy in 1874, and was buried in Hackney Churchyard. Elmwood House, with its boarded-up windows, shored-up walls, and dilapidated roof, continued to remain an object of interest for many years after his decease; but in 1893 it was razed to the ground and the materials sold by auction, not a stick or a stone now remaining to mark the site.

"Mad Lucas" is immortalised by Dickens as "Mr. Mopes," in the Christmas number of *All the Year Round*, 1861, entitled "Tom Tiddler's Ground." There the novelist, disguised as "Mr. Traveller," tells us that he found Mopes's house in "a nook in a rustic by-road, down among the pleasant dales and trout-streams of a green English county." He does not think it necessary for the reader to know what county. Suffice it to say that one "may hunt there, shoot there, fish there, traverse long grass-grown Roman roads there, open ancient barrows there,* see many a mile of richly

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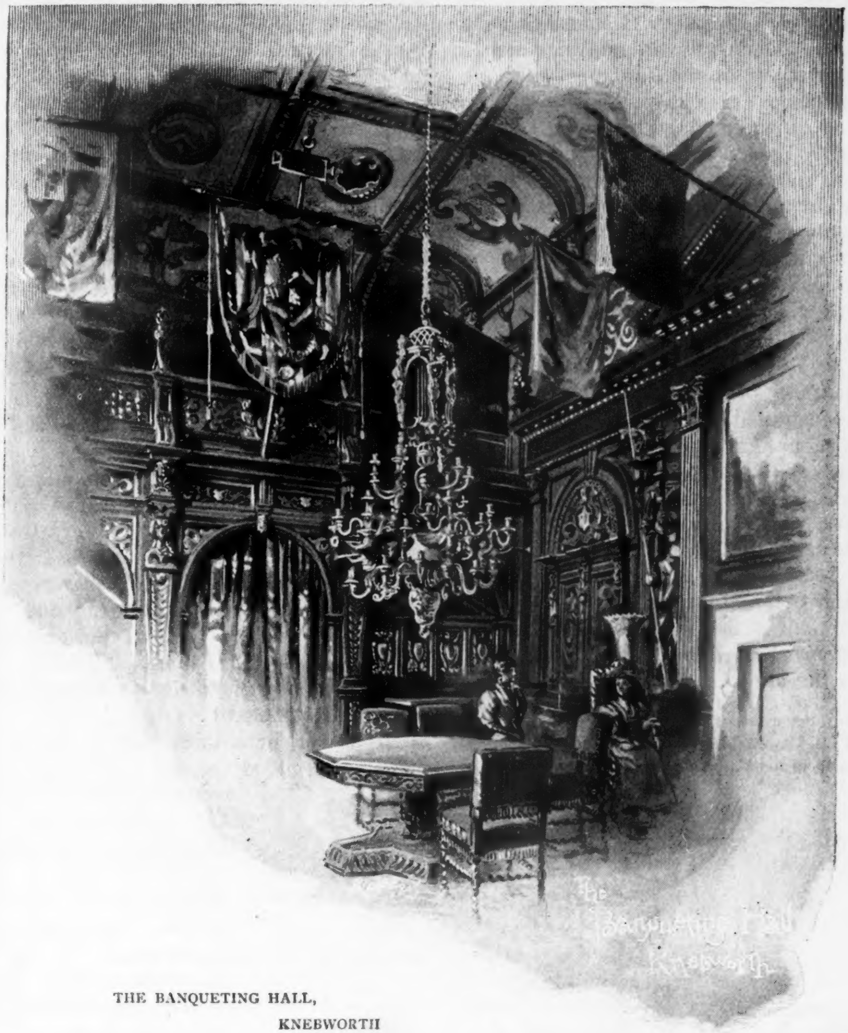
* "When Verulam stood St. Albans was a wood;
Now Verulam is down, St. Albans is a town."
Old Rhyme.

* Two great Roman highways pass through Hertfordshire, and at Stevenage there are tumuli known as the "Six Hills," which are believed to be ancient sepulchral barrows.



THE BANQUETING HALL,
KNEBWORTH

cultivated land there, and hold Arcadian talk with a bold peasantry, their country's pride, who will tell you (if you want to know) how pastoral housekeeping is done on nine shillings a week." One who was personally acquainted with Lucas states that he pronounced Dickens's published account of himself to be one of the many attempts to injure and annoy him, due to the malice of a relative who had instigated the novelist to invent the story, and probably paying him well for so doing! He always emphatically averred that the story itself was false from beginning to end, and even declared the statement that a traveller had interviewed him to be absolutely untrue. The Hertfordshire village so minutely described by Dickens in the early portion of this Christmas number is probably meant for Stevenage.

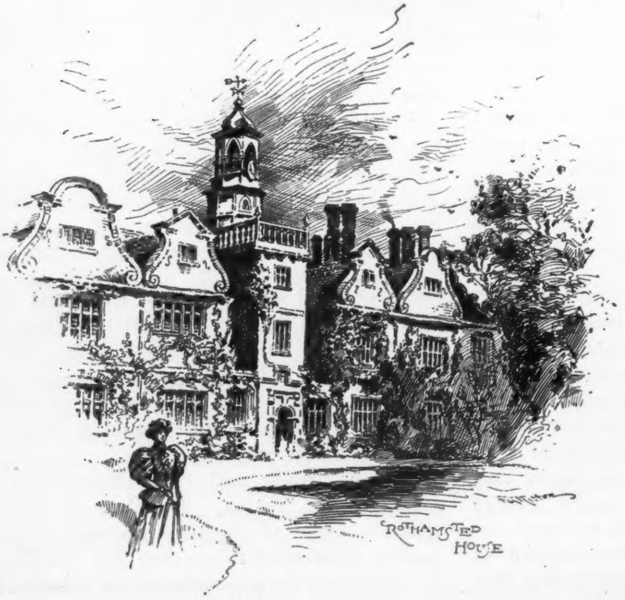
I have already said that Dickens once stayed in St. Albans. This was in 1852, when he wrote to the then governor of the gaol for permission to see over that building. In those days the prison-house was contained within the walls of the gateway of the old monastery (now used as the Grammar School), and it was doubtless the antiquity and monastic associations of the structure which attracted the novelist, who was accompanied on this tour of inspection by his friend Douglas Jerrold. Frederick Dickens, his younger brother, once lodged in the town, and during the two or three years of his residence there he was the associate and constant companion of Peter Cunningham, who died and was buried in St. Albans.

In 1859, Dickens accompanied his brother-in-law, Mr. Henry Austin (a sanitary engineer) to Rothamsted, near St. Albans, for the purpose of inspecting the Allotment Club instituted by the world-renowned scientist in Agriculture, Mr. (now Sir) J. B. Lawes.* The purpose of the club, which Dickens was eager to recommend to other country neighbourhoods, was (and is) to enable agricultural labourers of the parish to have beer and pipes independent of the public-house, and the great writer's amusing description of this interesting confraternity in *All the Year Round* (April 30th, 1859), under the title of "The Poor Man and his Beer," was the occupation of a drive between Rothamsted and London, twenty-five miles, Dickens refusing the offer of a bed, and saying that he could arrange his ideas on the journey. "In the course of conversation," wrote Mr. Lawes, "I mentioned that the labourers were very jealous of the small tradesmen, blacksmiths and others, holding allotment gardens; but that the latter did so indirectly by paying higher rents to the labourer for a share. This circumstance is not forgotten in the verses on 'The Blacksmith' in the same number, composed by Mr. Dickens and repeated to me while he was walking about, and which close the mention of his gains with allusion to

"'A share (concealed) in the poor man's field,
Yet adds to the poor man's store.'"

Sir John Lawes is, of course, the prototype of Friar Bacon in the above article; "Philosewers" was the name given to Henry Austin (in allusion to the sanitary business), while Dickens bestowed upon himself that very inappropriate pseudonym—"the Dreary one" In conclusion, let me present the novelist's portraiture of the happily still-living Sir John Lawes and his fifteenth-century manor-house at Rothamsted:

"The sun burst forth gaily in the afternoon, and gilded the old gables, and old mullioned windows, and old weathercock and old clock-face, of the quaint old house which is the dwelling of the man we sought. How shall I describe him? As one of the most famous practical chemists of the age? That designation will do as well as another—better, perhaps, than most others. And his name? Friar Bacon. . . . . We walked on the trim garden terrace before dinner, among the early leaves and blossoms; two peacocks, apparently in very tight new boots, occasionally crossing the gravel at a distance. The sun shining through the old house-windows, now and then flashed out some



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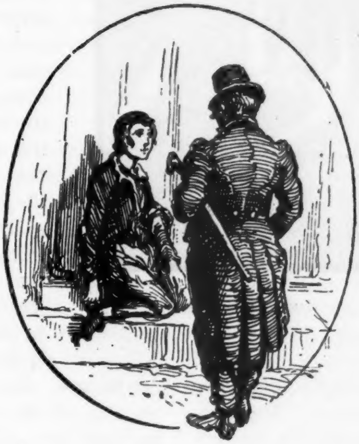
* Mr. Forster has incorrectly given the name as the Rev. T. B. Lawes. The Rothamsted Club still flourishes, and numbers about a hundred and seventy members.

brilliant piece of colour from bright hangings within, or upon the old oak panelling; similarly, Friar Bacon, as we paced to and fro, revealed little glimpses of his good work."

The jubilee of the Rothamsted Experiments, conducted by Sir John Lawes and his colleague, Sir Joseph Gilbert, to promote agricultural science, was recently celebrated with great *éclat*, honours being conferred upon the founders in recognition of the splendid results of their life-work. In all probability, Dickens's tribute of praise is esteemed above these distinctions by the venerable baronet.



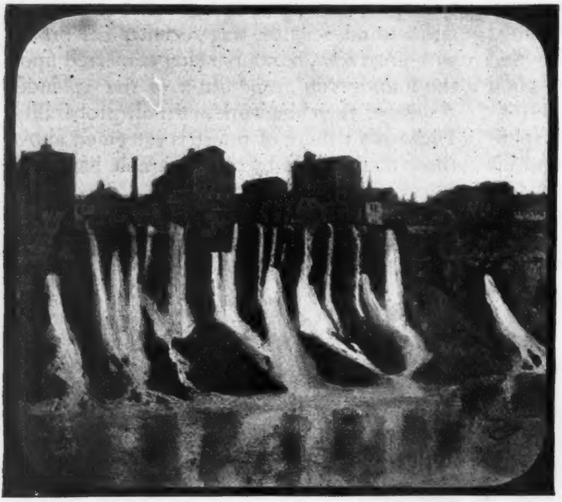
OLIVER TWIST AND THE ARTFUL DODGER

NIAGARA FALLS AND WATER-POWER

By ALEX. RICHARDSON

THE utilisation of the energy running constantly to waste over the Niagara cataract has been the dream of many generations. While poets were charmed by the grandeur and ceaseless rush of waters, the engineer sighed for the financial encouragement to recover the waste of nature for the uses of mankind; but the stupendous character of the undertaking robbed most of courage. Was it not Lord Brassey who said that to recover the many millions of horse-power units would involve a cost equal to the boring of a tunnel from England to China? But our engineering practice has taken giant strides, and, curiously enough, two brothers in different departments of work have largely made the utilisation practicable. James Thomson did much for the turbine and Lord Kelvin for electrical science; and their respective labours have contributed to the success, for now hope has reached fruition. With characteristic enthusiasm the American journalist has told us time and again of the mighty things to be done until we had grown almost sceptical; but at last we know that power is being generated from the energy of the Falls and is being utilised in various ways, so that one may now consider the general effect and the possibilities once more asserted. It is essentially a commercial age, and any consideration of prospects must involve some estimate of the financial as well as the engineering aspect. The former indeed is the more important.

The Niagara works are principally remarkable for their greatness, and therefore for the world-wide advertisement they give to the



AN OLD METHOD OF UTILISING NIAGARA FALLS

fact that we are allowing many and extensive sources of power to run to waste. The utilisation of water-power, it is true, is no new thing. The water-wheel, like the windmill, is of great antiquity. Even away in far Korea the river-flow has long been utilised for pounding in a primitive way corn and beans within mortars in conical-shaped straw-covered huts, picturesquely nestling by the river's brink. But with the turbine or water-wheel the power can only be utilised close by the falls. Coal, on which we have hitherto depended for most of our mechanical power, can be taken anywhere, even on the paniers of the ass, and to enable the many cascades to be utilised to the same advantage some means of conveying or distributing the power was indispensable. That constitutes the most important problem in connection with water-power. But there are other difficulties, quasi-sentimental but nevertheless effective.

The fashion is to regard the means adopted for recovering this power of Nature as vandalism; but this idea is based on a mistaken conception. The old mill-wheel is always picturesque; the moss-clad or ivy-covered mill gives the breath of life to many a scene, and there is no apparent reason why the electric-generating house, although of different name, should not appear as sweet. The turbine is hidden in the tunnel or pipe for such flow of water as is diverted from the natural fall, and the tumbling and plashing stream need not always be dried up. Indeed, there are several cases in this country where no deterioration has resulted. The natural flow of waters need only be arrested for mechanical use at night. But my purpose is to consider the commercial rather than the scenic aspect, and particularly the comparative cost of such plant and power as compared with steam and gas, the two great motive factors of the day. This of itself involves the cost of the transmission of the hydro-electric power.

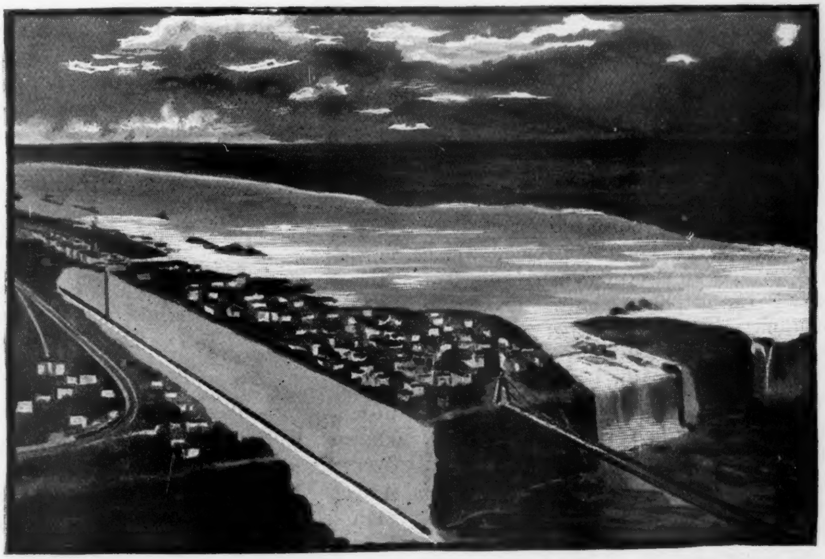
There are not many instances from which reliable data of actual working can be had. Geneva, with but one-eightieth of the population of London, has a system which gives her hydraulic power and electric light at a small proportion of the price in London. It can be had for one-third the London price at points close to falls, and is far cheaper than gas. But, alas! we have not the Swiss mountains with their many gorges at our doors, and if we seek the distant sources the problems of transmission come in. To these reference will be made later. As to capital cost, water-power plant of modern design and suitable for quite small falls may be constructed at £19 to £20 per horse-power; for large installations the capital cost is but £10 or so. The steam-engine on a similar basis would cost £20 to £25, and Dowson's gas-engine system about £17. At moderate efficiency the water-power will involve working expenditure of about £3 to £4 per horse-power per annum, the steam-engine of £8, and the Dowson gas-engine £6 10s., assuming the engine to be worked 3000 hours in the year. In working an electric light station the efficiency of the steam-engine is low, for reasons which need not be discussed here, so that it is apparent that, given a fall, power can easily be got for the same capital outlay as for other motors, in some cases for much less, while the working cost is only one-half.

It is true that it is not always easy to get water-power, even at a fall, for Nature sometimes fails in her supply; but the storage of water may be very cheap. At Geneva the capital cost for storage is £2 8*s.* per horse-power, under most unfavourable conditions, for the reservoir in question is not in a valley, where the cost would have been very much less, and the maintenance of storage 3*s.* per horse-power per annum. For comparison it may be said that the storage of London gas involves a capital expenditure equal to £6 per horse-power, and for maintenance 12*s.* per horse-power per annum. Electric accumulators cost £17 per horse-power, not including buildings. It is therefore decided that water-power, if it can be found even for storage, is cheaper than steam. Then one must consider the amount of water needed.

Certainly in this country there are many sources available and not utilised. There need not be great fall nor even great volume. Either one or the other will suffice. Such, of course, determine the power available, and the minimum power below which an installation will not pay is very low, as shall be shown presently. In a little town in Scotland, Milngavie, the people have utilised an adjoining stream, and now get current to light 150 lamps of 16 candle-power. The installation represents but 15 to 17 horse-power. Some burns down Schiehallion are utilised by the proprietor of Rannoch to light his mansion and run the farm machinery, 300 lamps being lighted frequently.

Lord Overtoun has his baronial castle overlooking the Clyde lighted by electricity, generated by the fall of a mountain stream in the vicinity. In about three years, it is computed, the plant will pay itself, so that after that there will only be upkeep and renewal of lamps. It is but a tiny flow, Spardie Lynn, except in the winter months, and the fall is 170 feet. The water is diverted into a twelve-inch pipe, and in it a twelve horse-power turbine works, driving a dynamo at 1000 revolutions per minute, and thus sufficient current is generated to run 300 lights of 16 candle-power without unduly robbing the stream. The distance of transmission is not great. There is a storage reservoir, which forms a miniature lake in the landscape garden. The machinery is in duplicate, so that neither water nor machinery fails; moreover, batteries for storing electric energy are available.

As evidence of what may be done by the co-operation of two or three residents in the vicinity of a fall, I may mention a case of probably the smallest supply area in this



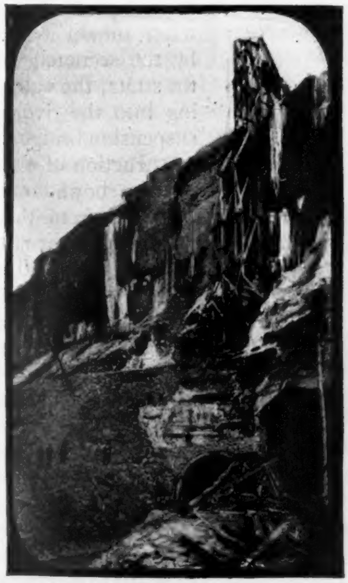
BIRD'S-EYE DIAGRAMMATIC VIEW OF NIAGARA FALLS AND POWER UTILISATION WORKS country—in the Ambleside district. Living within hearing of the music of one of those many cascades which line with silvery streaks the dark steep slopes of the Cumbrian peaks, Mr. Frederic Fowkes conceived the possibilities of utilising some of its power, and with the approval of three neighbours designed works. The stream, the Smooth Beck, has a fall of 403 feet before flowing into Esthwaite Water Lake. He utilised as storage tanks, three fish ponds holding two million gallons of water, carried down the hill a 6-in. iron pipe, and the water in its rush down the pipe rotates a 20 horse-power Girard turbine, which in turn revolves an electric dynamo sufficient for 350 8 candle-power lamps. The whole installation, including wiring, cost only £1050; the dynamo itself, a Mordey Victoria Alternator of Brush Company's make, cost only £180. Including interest and the other et ceteras, the light is obtained for 2½*d.* per Board of Trade unit, whereas in London we pay 5*d.*, 6*d.*, and in some places it costs 8*d.* Now to be as cheap, gas lighting would have to be 1*s.* 6*d.* per 1000 cubic feet, and even the indifferent illumination we have in London costs quite double this. Be it understood, too, these four houses in the Hawkshead district of Ambleside are far apart. The current has to be sent 1 mile and 55 yards to one of them, so that wiring is a considerable element in cost. It is not surprising that Mr. Fowkes uses this cheap electricity for heating and cooking, having a complete electric range with steaming and boiling pans, frying pans, kettle, smoothing irons and all the rest. And beyond all there is a fountain fixed to the pipes at the edge of the lake which throws a 1 inch jet of water 170 feet into the air and is illumined by arc lamps giving most charming effects, an object of interest at even in this beautiful Vale of Esthwaite. May others similarly situated do likewise!

VIEW OF LOWER NIAGARA RIVER AND FALLS

The town of Galway in Ireland has for a long time used a local fall, while the town of Worcester has recently inaugurated water-power electric lighting works. There are therefore many instances of utilising falls of moderate volume, and soon a greater step will be taken by the Brush Company, when the outflow from Windermere Lake is "harnessed," to use a new American term, for the generation of electricity for the wants of Bo'ness, Ulverstone, and Kendal. Indeed, it may be taken that 5,000,000 gallons of water falling 100 feet, or 2,000,000 falling 250 ft., can be made to give an average continuous output of 70 horse-power for twenty-four hours, which is the equivalent of the current for about 700 lights of sixteen candle-power. The coal bill for electric light station engines of this power would be at least 400 lb. per hour.

Generally the difficulty, however, is the transmission of the electricity over a long distance. In the case of the now well-known Lauffen and Frankfort transmission over 108 miles, the cost of the power when it reached Frankfort was five times greater than if the power had been generated at Frankfort. This is due to the heavy capital cost of the conductor. By increasing the voltage the cost of the conductor is greatly decreased, and now with 20,000 volts-current the prospects are distinctly improving.

The Americans are certainly to be congratulated upon their method of grasping the problems firmly. They appointed an International Commission, with Lord Kelvin as chairman, Professor Unwin of London as secretary, and other distinguished scientists as members, and no decision was come to without the best experience being consulted. Professor Forbes, also of London, has been the consulting engineer, so that while the exigencies of tariff, and perhaps a little bit of patriotism, prevented the machinery from being sent from Europe, America must acknowledge her indebtedness to Britain and Switzerland for the solution of the long-entertained problem. Efforts of course have been made before to utilise Niagara Falls. Each user had his turbine, so that it was but an adaptation of the time-honoured mill-wheel. The water was diverted from above the falls into a canal, thence it passed into the pipe leading to the turbine, and the flow from each turbine afterwards passed through a tunnel back into the river. The illustration on page 184 shows this return of waters to the river. But it will be noticed that the manufacturers did not utilise the full fall, otherwise the used water would be debouched into the river at a lower level. In the new works the full fall is utilised.



THE TUNNEL FOR THE WATER FROM THE TURBINES

CONSTRUCTION OF TUNNEL FROM THE TURBINE

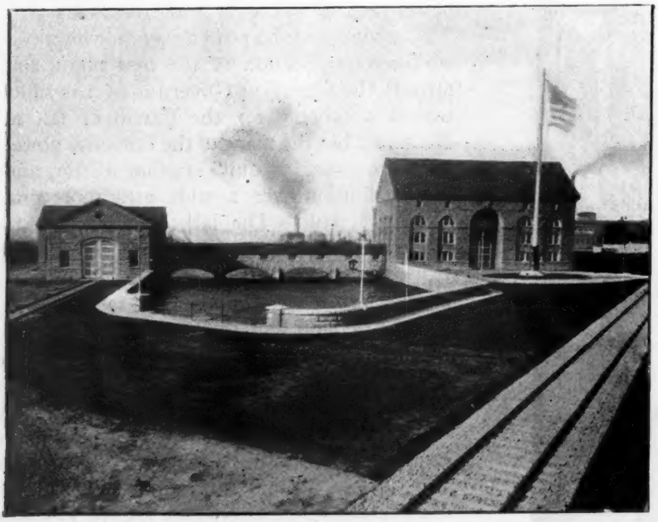
The real problem was to distribute the power as a commodity for instant use. The greatness of the fall itself involved immensity of plant, which increased the difficulties. But they have been overcome; and one hears sanguine statements of the mighty chasm with its rushing torrents lapsing into a rocky dell, while the water is diverted and its power distributed over hundreds of miles. The recovery of the power may only require a simple multiplication of the new plant, and already the Canadian Government has sanctioned a scheme for the Canadian fall at Niagara; but the using of the immense power when generated is quite another matter, and its distribution over a wide area more problematical still. The lakes contributing to the ceaseless rush of waters are more than twice the area of the United Kingdom, including Ireland. There is a fall between Lake Erie and Ontario of 326 feet, divided into the upper rapids 30 feet, the vertical fall of 160 feet, and the lower rapids. As to the flow, probably 25½ million tons of coal would be required each year to drive steam-engines to pump it back. It will be some time before all this water is needed, so that the present works at Niagara are for 125,000 horse-power, although five or six million horse-power in all are available. As water-power is supposed to be equal to £6 per horse-power, Niagara will thus give ultimately £750,000 a year. The encouraging requests for the power already available have thus early raised the question of another step being taken for the promoters have wisely laid out the works so that as demand increases additions of 5000 horse-power may be added. Three such additions of 5000 horse-power are about to be made.

A 10,000 volt current is to be sold at Buffalo, twenty miles distant, probably at £6 per horse-power for a working year, and this will compete favourably with steam-power. At Sacramento, in California, power transmitted twenty-five miles is utilised. At Portland, in Oregon, a fall fourteen miles distant gives in the town 12,800 horse-power, the voltage being 6000, and at Pomona and San Barnardino in California, the current used is transmitted at 10,000 volts from a fall 13¾ and 28½ miles distant from the towns respectively, so that it may be accepted that power can be transmitted twenty-five, even thirty-five, miles at a price to enable it to compete with steam-power.

The actual cost of transmission of power over very long distances, however, has yet to be determined; but a commission appointed to report on the utilisation of the fall of water from the Periyar reservoir in Madras Presidency, expressed their satisfaction, after giving details of cost, that they could send the electricity to Madras, a distance of 350 miles, and there deliver it at £3 per horse-power per annum, provided, of course, that there was an extensive demand for the current. This, however, is rather a sanguine estimate. Again, a Swedish commission only the other day examined a scheme for sending power from the Nostrum Falls in Gullon Island to Gothenburg, there retailing it at £4 9*s*. per horse-power per annum. With the most modern steam engine £8 per horse-power per annum is regarded as a most satisfactory result.

Some brief description of the Niagara works may be interesting and technicalities will be eschewed. The water for 125,000 horse-power is diverted from the upper river at Niagara about one mile and a half above the Falls, passing into a wide canal, whence it falls down 160 feet in pipes, at the bottom of which it works immense turbines at 250 revolutions per minute. This is a very high speed, for there are thirty-two buckets on the side of the turbine, and the water dashes into them in succession at the rate of 8000 a minute, the water passing thence through a tunnel to the lower Niagara river. The bird's-eye diagrammatic view on page 185 clearly illustrates this, showing the entrance canal. The turbine pit and the waste water tunnel are shown by the sectional view of the strata, the water flowing into the river at the suspension bridge. The construction of the tunnel is shown on page 187, and from the illustration its great size will be appreciated. Its relation to the 250 feet high banks of the Niagara being further shown by the small view on page 187, on which is the temporary elevator for raising the "spoil" excavated in the tunnel.

The turbines working at the bottom of the 160 feet wells are connected by shafts to electric dynamos on the surface level.



THE FIRST 5000 HORSE-POWER STATION ON THE CANAL BANK AT NIAGARA.

On the Canadian side the electric plant is to be underground. Thus is the dynamo driven by the rush of water, and each develops 5000 horse-power. They may be increased in number as the requirements of the district demand. A new electric city, named Echota, is growing with characteristic American speed. Several works are ready to start, including one for the production of aluminium, in which electricity is so largely needed, and which, alloyed with some other metal to give it rigidity, is destined to have an important influence on metallurgy. Works are also being organised for the production of calcium of carbide, which promises to be the most important element in the production of cheap acetylene, and as such is to provide a rich and cheap illuminant. Among the other industries is the making of chlorate of potash. Moreover, 10,000 horse-power is to be transmitted to Buffalo according to an agreement with the municipality before June 1897.

Water-power works are being organised in other parts of the world. In Switzerland there is good progress, one-sixth of the total available power, 580,000 horse-power, being used; but if all were utilised, the country would save 3½ millions sterling, now sent abroad in payment for coal. To the Swedish scheme we have referred; indeed every fall of any dimensions is already engaged; Finland is to light the capital of Russia, while in India and in America there are schemes rivalling in magnitude even that of Niagara Falls.

A FORGOTTEN MUSICIAN

By J. F. ROWBOTHAM, M.A, Author of "The History of Music," &c.

MUSICIANS at the present day, who sit at their desks composing in coats as black as the ink they use, with faces as straight as the lines they draw, and with lives as uniform and monotonous as is the appearance of the music they create, have little idea what strange adventures befell some of their forefathers in the art, or how once on a time the name of musician, instead of being synonymous with a hard-wrought music-teacher, pursuing, almost like a man of business, one unvarying round of monotonous tasks, meant an adventurous and often romantic personage, who, in an age of adventure and poetical vicissitude, was often one of the most marked types of his age.

Many are the minstrels whose lives might be selected for illustrating this remark, but in the case of one of them—the one which we choose as the subject of this paper—we have an example noteworthy in many ways, and more especially because the "Forgotten Musician," whom we shall proceed to speak about, was once one of the most famous composers in Europe, and occupied a position in general reputation not a whit below that enjoyed by, let us say, Grieg or Moszkowski at the present day—names which do not rank as yet with the very highest in the art, but which thus far are entitled to rank with those immediately beneath the highest.

Such was Emmanuel d'Astorga, a forgotten musician, a composer whose very name has perished from the world of recollection, yet whose works, so excellent are they, would even now repay performance and recognition, so full are they of that cosmopolitan spirit, that spirit which touches all ages alike, so free from the hard and fast narrowness of conception and design which confine a man exclusively to the favour of his contemporaries.

The works of Astorga are a reflex of his life. Liszt has been credited with the remark that no man who has not seen the world can write for the world. Certainly the great Hungarian pianist illustrated this fact by his own career. No man, starting with the intention of writing for the world, could more thoroughly have gone through the indispensable preliminary of seeing the world than Liszt. Handel is another case in point. Gluck another. Both these men made wide and varied acquaintance with all sorts of life and all sorts of nations. And both believed their genius was improved by their experiences. Such emphatically is the case with Astorga.

Living in the latter part of the seventeenth century and the commencement of the eighteenth, he was a contemporary of Leo, Durante, Scarlatti the elder at Naples, Pergolese, and others, and in his art generally wears the same impress as they. He was also contemporary with the early years of Handel and Bach, though beyond the reach of any influence from those two musical *colossi*. Astorga's father was a Sicilian nobleman, one of the proudest, and, we may add, most turbulent of the nobility of that island. The elder Astorga divided his time between his palace at Palermo and his country seat in the provinces, and his young son, from his earliest years, received his impressions partly from the gay life of the capital, and partly from the solitudes and tranquil peace of the lovely Sicilian country, than which nothing more lovely or more calculated to feed the artistic aspirations can be imagined.

Political events in Sicily marched fast in those days. The Spanish hegemony had come to an end, and the political life of the land was a scene of uncontrolled and uncontrollable confusion. The baronage soon made themselves independent of all restraint, and each baron set up as little king in his own castle, plundering and ravaging the country round. Emmanuel was committed by his turbulent sire to the almost entire control of his mother, who brought him up with every care, teaching him the music which she had learnt at Venice, at that time one of the great centres of musical culture in Italy.

Ere long, when Emmanuel had grown up to be a youth, a terrible event befell the family. The turbulent head of it, who had entangled himself in a hundred conspiracies, at last implicated himself once too often, and was sentenced by the court before whom he was tried to be publicly executed at Naples. With a refinement of cruelty, from which we recoil in horror at the present day, his wife and young son were compelled to be witnesses of his execution—indeed, we believe, they were forced to stand by the block, while he was being beheaded. The ordeal was terrible. Still more terrible was the result. The gentle and refined mother fell into paroxysms of madness, and after some time spent in wild frenzy died of fright and terror. The young son, as gentle and as refined, and yet more musical—always a sign of sensitive feeling—was bereft of his reason, and drooped into a profound melancholy from which nothing could arouse him.

In this condition Emmanuel used to wander about the streets of Naples, an object of curiosity and pity. Strangers used to be told his tragical history, and the townspeople themselves, who knew him to a man, furnished him with food and shelter, first one then another taking their turns of kindness.

While leading this life of an outcast and a beggar, his pitiful history attracted the notice of Princess Orsini, who, after consulting some of those good Neapolitans who had taken the deepest interest in him, determined with their approbation to remove him altogether from Italy, the scene of his disastrous destiny, and to transport him to a new country, where amid fresh associations and strange surroundings he might be so fortunate as to attain a cure.

She accordingly placed him in a Spanish monastery in Leon. The name of the place was Astorga, and from this spot he assumed the appellation by which he is known in the annals of music—his real hereditary name having sunk in oblivion.

Spain was the home at that time of some of the most profound traditions of the art of song. Most of the singers in St. Peter's had at one time been Spaniards. They had at that date well nigh the monopoly of Italian music. In this monastery where Emmanuel d'Astorga was immured, the ill-fated youth had the good fortune to be brought into contact with a profound theorist and a great master of the art of song. The application of music to the jaded senses of the young man, beginning first as a pastime, was ultimately extended as a passion. His strides in proficiency were enormous. In a few years' time he had equalled his master in musical knowledge, eclipsed him in artistic genius, and stood forth a glowing mass of energy and manhood, brilliant, handsome, and thoroughly sound in sense and reason.

His fame as a musician spread from the remote Spanish cloister to the courts of Europe, and various invitations were sent to him to undertake the practice of his art at one or other of them. Among the princes who thus pressed him, the Duke of Parma made the most liberal offer. His offer was accepted by Astorga, who left for the Italian capital, where his duties were to conduct the chamber music at his highness' concert, and to compose works for gala days and festivities.

A large quantity of his music dates from this happy period in his life. In Santini's catalogue, which may be seen in MS. in the Vatican, forty-four cantatas are enumerated as being written by Astorga during his residence in Parma, and an equal number of duets. In quoting old Italian catalogues it is well to notice here that readers or students must not let themselves be led astray by a frequent misconception arising from the nomenclature employed. The term "cantata," as we understand it, means an elaborate choral work with orchestral or other accompaniment. At the time of Astorga "cantata" meant a composition for a solo voice. We do not wish to underrate the composer's fertility in the slightest, in calling attention to this necessary discounting of Santini's statement. Eighty-eight solos and duets of such superlative quality as to call forth the commendation of contemporaries is a contribution to a man's life-work of which any musician would have reason to be proud.

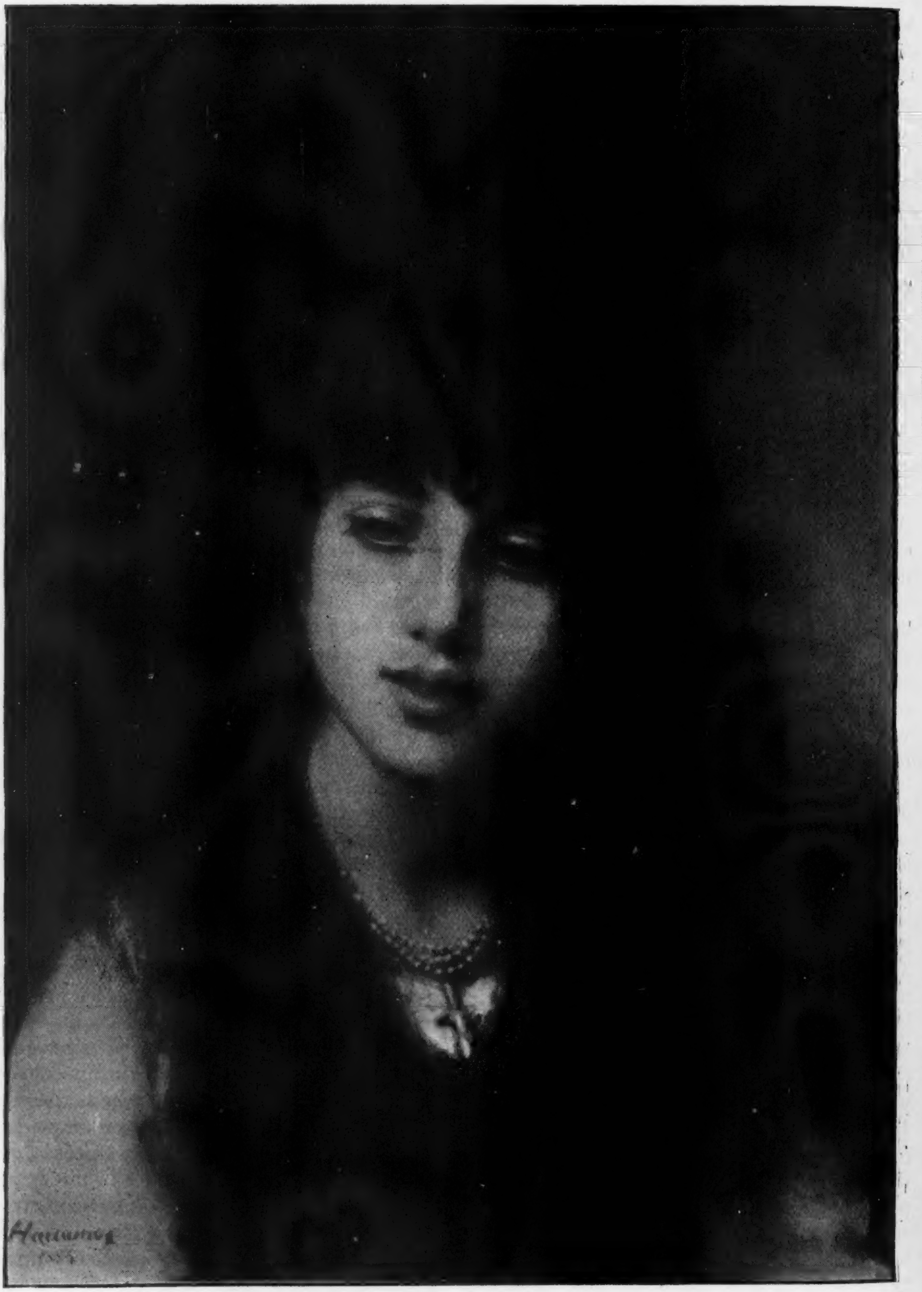
The special interest of these solos and duets, so far as Astorga's personal biography is concerned, is that they were specially written for the Duchess of Parma, who became his pupil in music. The solos were destined to be sung by her alone, the duets for performance along with her music-master. The close proximity in which the Duchess was placed with the brilliant young composer led in no long time to an affectionate attachment springing up between them, which they did their best to hide from the ever-watchful and unreasonably jealous eye of the Duke. The story of Tasso was nearly repeating itself. Astorga made such way in the duchess' good graces that their relations passed the limits of affectionate interest and became those of lovers. His love, his hopeless love, as it appeared and in fact was to him, is voiced in these cantatas, and breathes all the grace and courtly charm of the sweet singer of Sicily, when his genius was filled with a theme that truly inspired it.

We have said that the history of Tasso was nearly repeating itself. It was in fact repeated, but minus the horrors which were reserved for the epic poet, but were spared for the musician. The Duke of Parma interrupted the Sicilian genius and his fair pupil in the midst of their meetings and their lessons, and abruptly despatched the former with letters of recommendation and introduction to the German Emperor at Vienna. The musician's irate patron was wiser in his generation than the patron of the poet. By recommending the victim of his displeasure to another and a distant Court, he hoped to settle him there for good, and hush up completely the whole scandal. This Tasso's persecutor never achieved. But the Duke of Parma succeeded in doing so, although in the design of establishing Astorga at Vienna he miserably failed.

Restless, chafing at the treatment he had received, craving for inordinate excitement to allay the pangs of the heart, Astorga flew from capital to capital, to Lisbon, to Madrid, to Paris, to London—never staying long in any, and never contented where he stayed.

Two places he always studiously avoided—Naples and Parma: Naples where his father was butchered, Parma where his lover lived. After some years spent in this roving life, which continually, however, lent him laurels, he plunged suddenly into a convent in Bohemia, and never again showed his face to man.

Thus lived and thus died Emmanuel d'Astorga—the Tasso of music, as we may call him, for in the refinement of his style, his just sense of proportion, the aristocratic tinge which is perceptible even in his deepest and most passionate moments, he is the very musical reflection of what Tasso is in poetry. In the leading incident of their lives, too, there is a remarkable similarity. But in the appreciation of posterity, their lot has been strikingly different; for while Torquato Tasso has risen to the highest celestial sphere of human acknowledgment and renown, Emmanuel d'Astorga has remained and doubtless will for ever remain a forgotten musician.



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A GIRL'S HEAD
From the Picture by HARLAMOFF

SPEYSIDE

By the Editor

RIVERS have always to the imagination a certain conscious personality. And this is natural, for they assume such variety of aspect, bright or dark, still or loud, yielding themselves now to a landscape teeming with wealth, or, with their flashing waters, giving vitality to a scenery otherwise weird and desolate; and under all circumstances, from their ceaseless motion and continuity of progress, suggesting individuality and purpose, that it is no wonder poets in every age have regarded them as conscious beings. There is no finer instance of this than Shelley's lovely lines:

> "Arethusa arose
> From her couch of snows
> In the Acroceraunian mountains,—
> From cloud and from crag,
> With many a jag,
> Shepherding her bright fountains.
> She leapt down the rocks
> With her rainbow locks
> Streaming among the streams;
> Her steps paved with green
> The downward ravine
> Which slopes to the western gleams;
> And gliding and springing
> She went, ever singing
> In murmurs as soft as sleep;
> The Earth seemed to love her,
> And Heaven smiled above her,
> As she lingered towards the deep."

And this can be almost matched with many another instance from poets in every age.

For romance, picturesqueness, and variety of character, commend me to our Scottish streams—mere pigmies and rivulets, indeed, compared to the vast waters which flow like a sea down the Mississippi, or Ganges, or Nile. They are a long way from being comparable to the Rhine or Danube, which could easily swallow any of them up without showing much increase. Nor for mere loveliness of a certain type can they vie with the upper reaches of the Thames; and while we remember the glory with which Wordsworth has invested the Duddon and Wye and Rotha, we may recognise without grudging the splendid features which such streams present. But our northern rivers have a character of their own; and when we think of the Tweed, the Tay, the Spey, the Dee, a scenery is suggested which, for unceasing variety, romance, and wealth of poetic association has few rivals. And they are each different from the other.

The Tweed, from its "well" far up among the moors beyond Tweedsmuir, breaks down an open "water" for many miles, lying bare among bare pastural hills, without one gorge closing in its tide, without one waterfall. Nothing can be more unlike a Highland "burn"—fierce, impetuous, a series of foaming cataracts and pools. As great a contrast exists between these southern Highlands of Peeblesshire, and the true Highlands of the north; between the broad expanse of massive, featureless hills—the "laws" and "shaws" and "hopes" of the south, and the "bens" and "scaurs" and "corries" of the north, broken and shattered—but where each rough outline and heathery "brae" lends a point to catch light and colour. And yet there is not a mile of the upper Tweed which is not romantic and leading off into romantic glens, such as Tala and Manor. Its course is as thickly set with story and ballad as beads strung on a rosary. And, in spite of the murky contributions which flow into it from manufacturing towns built on its tributaries, it assumes a new and majestic aspect when, emerging from the bare hills, it breaks into whirling pools at Neidpath, floats past Abbotsford, and sweeps towards the sea through the rich woods of Dryburgh and Floors.

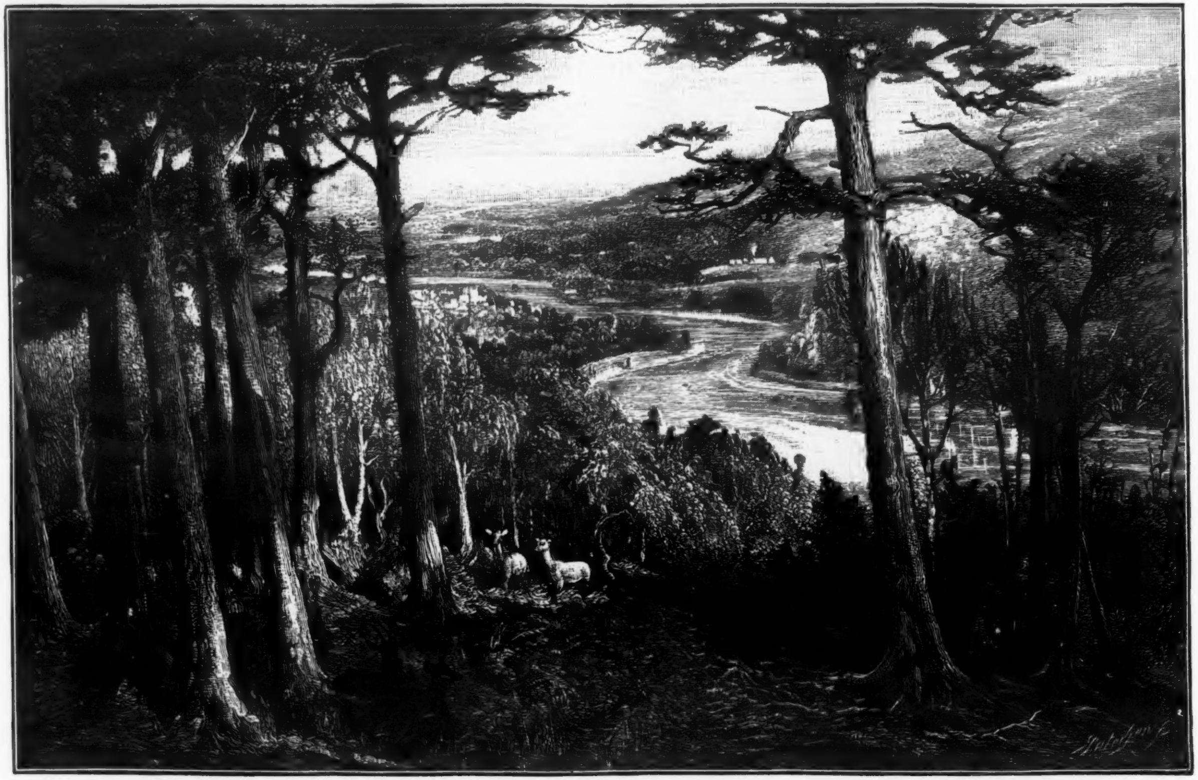
The greatest of all our Scottish rivers is the Tay. From Kenmore, past the princely Taymouth, on to Dunkeld and Perth, and by Kinnoull to the sea, it makes a wide and stately progress, its waters deep and dark, and leading through tracts that are sometimes spacious, from the distance at which the mountains stand; sometimes wildly beautiful, as at Dunkeld and Birnam with their high cliffs and pinewoods; and sometimes rich and peaceful, as when they flow past Scone or between the Carse of Gowrie with the Sidlaws and the cultivated slopes and farms of Fife. The grandest scenery of the Tay is, however, associated with its tributaries, such as the Tilt leading to Braemar;

or the Tummel flowing from its loch under the shadow of Schehallion; or "the banks of the Garry," as it roars down through Killiecrankie, from the lonely moors by Dalnaspidal.

The Dee stands alone in some respects. It is indeed a royal river from Braemar to Aberdeen. None of our Scottish streams can vie with what is shown by Deeside from Ballater past Balmoral, especially in autumn, when Lochnagar, white with snow, crowns the mountain ramparts; and when the marvellous birches—none finer anywhere—stand golden in the bright still air, every falling tress a miracle of grace, made all the lovelier from the background of dark pines, now grouped along the river and now widely scattered, as the Scotch pine ought always to be, on the broken rocks and ridges of precipice, the coppery gold of the stems gleaming amid the strong branches of the crown, antlered outwards as the antlers of the deer branch upwards.

We do not think the Spey has received justice as compared with these other streams. It may not have the historic charm of the Tweed, nor possess so impressive a scenery as the Tay, especially when we combine with it its great feeders, the Tilt, Tummel, and Garry; nor has it the regal splendour of the Dee; but it has its own magnificence and possesses often a width in its great avenue with such a background of mountains as none of the others can boast. Rising close on the watershed which divides the east and west, far off and high, near the head of Loch Lochy, and almost on the same hillside from which the Roy flows into the Spean and on to the Western Sea, the Spey comes from misty heights, crosses the opening of the great pass of Corryarrack, gradually assumes the volume of a river as it flows past Cluny, the old home of the chiefs of Clan Chattan, catches the waters from Glen Truim, on through Badenoch to Kingussie, and thence along the open and majestic strath which leads to Grantown and the forest of Abernethy. All travellers by the Highland Railway know the grandeur of the panorama which is unfolded by that mighty Cairngorm range, which embraces Braeriach (4248), Cairngorm (4084), and ever and anon reveals Ben Muich Dhui (4296), lying far enough away to show all the breadth and strength of their lonely heights with their marvellous colouring, and sufficiently near to display the individual characteristics of each corrie and ribbed rocky front. Pinewoods—many of the trees from their shape and colour being evident survivors of the ancient Caledonian forest—mingle with groups of graceful birch, and again give place to splendid woods, as where the Avon joins the Spey at Ballindalloch. And these form ever and anon a surprise, as in contrast with the desolation of the distant deer forests and the moors which here and there come down close to the cultivated lands. The aspect of these Highlands may astonish one accustomed to the Western Hebrides. There are here none of the miserable huts and crofts, with patches of thin, rank oats or barley and weed-grown "lazy-beds" of potatoes, which are the sorrow of Harris and Lewis and Skye. The people are apparently much more industrious, well housed, well clothed, and in comfort. And yet on the banks of the Spey there are many things which connect the present with savage days. The old keep of "the Wolf of Badenoch" still frowns from its strong height over the wide lands near Kingussie, and the birch-clad Crag of Craigellachie recalls the slogan of Clan Grant, "Stand fast, Craigellachie," of which Mr. Ruskin has made a splendid use. Castle Grant, buried amid its woods near Grantown, is full of relics of the days of clan warfare, and still dispenses with dignity and kindness the duties which have always marked the kindly relationship of the true chief and the loyal clan.

After passing through the forests of Rothiemurchus and Abernethy and leaving Grantown, the Spey becomes more closely shut in by hills, until after Rothes it flows out on the wider plain through which, past Gordon Castle, it reaches the sea. Yet every mile is beautiful, as it flows by the haughs of Cromdale and the wooded heights of Ballindalloch, where the Avon, that draws its waters from the solitary tarn under the topmost mass of Ben Muich Dhui, reaches the Spey; and further on it shows Ben Rinnes, ere it reaches past the second or lower Craigellachie, itself a picture. It is the narrower portion of its course which properly bears the name of Strathspey, dear to every Highlander from the famous dance of that name, which, with its jig-like tune and half-highland fling, breaks in so often upon the rollicksome reel.



[*Engraved by R. Paterson*

SPEY SIDE

By J. Denovan Adam, R.S.A.

The Spey is connected with another great dance tune; for the Mansion House of Tullochgorum, not far from the Boat of Garten Station, gave its title to the music for which the Rev. John Skinner, father of the bishop, wrote the spirited words which have made his reel a popular song. Would that all politicians took the advice of the genial minister:

"Let Whig and Tory a' agree
To spend the night in mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' sing alang wi' me
The reel o' Tullochgorum.
O, Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
An' ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him.
Blythe and merry we'll be a',
An' make a cheerfu' quorum.
For blythe and merry we'll be a'
As long as we hae breath to draw,
An' dance till we be like to fa',
The reel o' Tullochgorum."

Such an advice would perhaps prove, if heartily followed, not a bad cure for many of the worst features of political and ecclesiastical life. For what an inspiring and helpful spectacle it would be if, to the storm of music blown from the great bagpipes, we beheld Mr. O'Brien or Mr. T. P. O'Connor doing each his steps with Mr. Balfour as *vis-à-vis*, or Mr. Chamberlain "cleeking" and wheeling Mr. John Morley off his feet! Or to have a Tullochgorum of ecclesiastics! and to see a "foursome" or an "eightsome" composed of Churchmen and Dissenters, "High" and "Low," "Broad" and "Narrow," Prelates and Presbyters, breathless but happy, swinging it round to the inspiring tune! It was another clergyman who prescribed "curling" together as a cure for wrangling:

"It's an unco' like story, that baith Whig and Tory,
Maun aye collieshangy like dogs ower a bane,
An' a' denominations are wantin' in patience,
For nae ane'll thole to leave ithers alane.
But let them a' meet thegither in graun frosty weather,
Wi' a broom in their haun' an' a stane at the tee,
Then, ha! ha! by my certes! ye'll see hoo a' parties
Like brithers can meet and like brithers agree."

The atmosphere which one breathes on Speyside is of the intoxicating and exhilarating quality you find at Braemar, and with a similar exquisite flavour of pinewoods.

One of the marked characteristics the river presents is the combination of rich culture with the near presence of vast highland solitudes. It gathers its waters from tributaries that lead into great deer forests, which stretch a mile or two from its banks, across by the forest of Mar, to where the Grampians look out on the North Sea. These vast wildernesses, sacred to the sportsman and the red deer, are scarcely ever out of view, and are suggestive of what is the very poetry of Highland scenery—its loneliness, its peaks over which the eagle can hover undisturbed, and a silence broken only by the voice of streams or the croak of the raven.

Vast changes are passing over the condition of the people, and yet it is touching to learn how some still cling to their familiar but poverty-stricken homesteads. When visiting last autumn a well-known and accomplished proprietor, he drove me with some members of his delightful family to a point far up on the hills, where cultivation ceased and where the heather, darkening to its winter hue, stretched to the roots of Ben Rinnes—whose long and lofty ridge seemed, while really distant, to be within a few stone-casts. Near where the pass crosses the "col" to Mortlach and the Fiddich forest, we came to a cothouse of the old Highland type. One or two ancient trees stood by the gable, and the other end of the house was in ruin. On opening the door we were plunged into darkness, and only after a time were we able, by the dim light coming from a small window deep set in the thick wall, to make out the interior. A fire burned on the hearth, which projected into the room, and the smoke was caught by a low-eaved chimney hanging forwards over the fire, and so wide that daylight was visibly streaming down. A "box bed" and "dresser," and one or two stools, dark with age, constituted the furniture; and here Betty, a feeble old woman of great age, received us with the dignity of a lady. She had lived here for sixty seven years; and although the proprietor offered her and pressed her to take a charming cottage a mile or two further down the glen, Betty would not budge. "I hae been here the maist o' ma days, and I'm no gaen to leave the auld bit." She had been there alone through all the rigour of last winter; and what must it not have been with the bitter frost, the howling storms, and the wreaths of snow! "Eh sirs! it was tarrible cauld," she told us, "and the rats were maist awfu'. I hae seen them when I lookit oot o' ma bed sittin', lots o' them, roun' the fire

I catched twa dizzin' o' them in ae day in the trap—they were that hungered." Her favourite word was "tarrible." "Does the minister come to see you?" "That he does, and we had a meeting in the farm house the other day—and sic a tarrible lot o' folk! I'm sure there were twelve or fourteen." "What will you do, Betty, if next winter is as bad?" "That's what fears me—but the neebors are tarrible guid to me, and they say that if it comes on hard they'll just carry me to their ain house." Many little gifts were left for her by the lady of the Manor, and the last word I heard was, "Eh, but ye're a' tarribly kind to me." As I write this I learn from the proprietor that Betty is still determined not to flit, in spite of all possible inducements—"J'y suis, J'y reste," is her motto.

The view given in the picture by Mr. Donovan Adam is from the top of Tominurie near the lower Craigellachie—the high cliff seen on the other side of the stream—and looking up the river towards Ballindalloch. The village on the left is Aberlour.

"ET IN ARCADIA EGO"

"I also am in Arcadia"

THE Spring has dress'd the woods in robes of green,
With glossy buds has burgeoned all the boughs,
In fields where rounded clover-tufts are seen,
Knee-deep in tender grass the cattle browse;
The feathery meadow-sweet scents all the air,
And the whole world with love and life is fair.

Empurpled hyacinths the uplands strew,
And honey'd primrose golden as the morn,
In fields grow daffodillies sprent with dew,
Hedges are fragrant with the milk-white thorn,
While birds sing to their mates the whole day long,
Filling the ravish'd ear with floods of song.

Beauty and Youth are walking hand in hand;
With them, too, go triumphant Love and Joy,
As in some strange enchanted fairy land,
Where joyous revels all the hours employ,
And the full cup of pleasure overflows,
While evermore its sweetness grows and grows.

All here is clear-voiced laughter, song, and mirth,
As if was never heard a moan or sigh,
And sorrow never touched the happy earth,
And tears had never dimm'd a weeping eye.
For them life runs in one long blissful round,
And death no shadow casts upon the ground.

"O love," they sing, "fairer than all that's fair,
O love, as subtle as a flame of fire.
Who understands—who is there can declare
How sweet is love?—sweeter fulfill'd desire.
Come, come away, and let us take our fill
Of present joy, regardless of all ill.

"Come," sing they, "nymphs and shepherds make a ring,
Brief is life's jocund day as it is sweet;
Come, let us gaily foot it, dance and sing,
For dance and song in Arcady are meet.
Then having tripp'd it on the shaven green,
We'll crown with chosen garlands beauty's queen.

'Tis to the young that love and joy belong,
And youth, alas! has all too short a day;
And it were nothing less than grievous wrong
Not to seize fleeting pleasures while we may.
While skies are cloudless, and the earth is fair,
We'll bid adieu to thought, farewell to care."

Just then a nymph, who led the rhythmic dance,
With cheek that glow'd, and brightly kindling eye,
Struck with light foot a hideous skull by chance,
And from her scarlet lips there shrill'd a cry.
The ghastly thing, that smiled with mocking leer,
Smote her with horror, and she shrank in fear.

It held within its grim and grinning maw
A scroll on which some words were sharply traced,
And all who read recoiling shrank in awe,
While from the cheek the shock the colour chased,
For Death said from it with sardonic glee,
"I also make my home in Arcady."

CHARLES D. BELL, D.D.

THE MORALS OF FACTORY GIRLS

By ONE OF THEM

THE doctrine that factory workers are immoral seems to be accepted by a certain section of society as approximately true. These worthy people take it for granted that all classes of factory workers are much alike. Whereas, this conclusion is as far removed from fact as it can possibly be. Much has been written from time to time about factory work and factory life, by writers with genius and by writers without, but people who have not been bred in it cannot be made to realise the endless variety of grades to be found in the ranks of the workers. At one end may be found the ruffians and harridans who have had experience in workhouse and prison-cell, and at the other end can be found the dignified church or chapel-goers who boast a bank-book and cottage property.

As far as I am concerned, I have never noticed that there is any greater tendency to immorality amongst factory workers than any other class of workers. Nay, more, I have often thought and often said that the morals of factory girls will stand comparison with those of domestic servants, shop girls, and even with girls still higher in the working scale. It should be explained, however, that factories which are situated on the outskirts of our large manufacturing towns generally possess a higher class of workpeople than those factories which are situated in the town itself. And for this reason. The daughters of small shopkeepers, publicans, and men who have risen rather higher than their fellow-workmen, have an idea that factory work is degrading. Consequently, they all flock to the more genteel trades, such as teaching, type-writing, millinery, and dressmaking, in short, any trade, however poorly paid, before work in a factory. This state of things naturally leaves the town factories to be filled from the ranks of girls considerably lower in the social scale—girls, too, who are really much better paid for their work than their sisters who profess such a dislike to the very smell of mill grease. Early marriages, though not so numerous as they used to be, are still sadly too common in factory circles. Only just recently I had three cases brought under my immediate notice, where neither brides nor bridegrooms had reached the age of eighteen. I do not mean to imply that all early marriages turn out unhappily, indeed, many of them turn out very well, but even these would have been no worse had the contracting parties waited a few more years. The boy-husband is either learning his trade—in which case he will be receiving nine or ten shillings per week as wages, or else he belongs to the ranks of unskilled labour. After marriage the young people take up their abode with the parents of one side or the other, the wife at once returning to the factory with the intention of helping to get a new home established. In this fashion scores of factory workers embark on the troubled sea of matrimony every year. It follows in the natural order of things, that the children of these unions are more dragged up than brought up, but they thrive apace in spite of many drawbacks. I have never found, however, that there is any particular immorality as the outcome of these early marriages. The women, or rather girls, face the hardship of their lives with the patience and endurance of martyrs, and when one considers the fact, patent to all thinking people, that few lives can be more sordid, more dismal, more monotonous, more commonplace, than the lives lived by the wives of low-class labouring men, this is saying a great deal.

Complaints have often been made by factory workers themselves about the loose and violent language used by the overlookers in our factories. No doubt great harm has been done to the morals of young children by indulgence in this foolish and degrading habit of swearing at everything and everybody. This vice is practised mainly by spinning overlookers, owing to the fact that half-time labour is mostly confined to the spinning departments, and children are therefore compelled to listen to language that would not be tolerated for an instant in any other department. But bad as this example may prove to the children, it is as nothing compared to the subtle temptations which assail the girls on entering the weaving sheds at the age of sixteen or seventeen. Here, indeed, if the overlookers are not steady, respectable men, a pretty girl will have her moral courage tested in a very short time. It is a rather singular fact that all the worst cases of immorality which have come under my notice during the years I have worked in a factory have originated with married men, and I hold to the opinion that, however weak and wrong a girl may be when she consents to meet a married man in secret, her sin is small compared to the sin of the tempter. At any rate, a young girl in her teens is not endowed with either sense or experience sufficient to make her realise the enormity of the sin. And then, girls don't always fall speedily into sin, but "continual dropping wears away a stone," and many a poor girl has sinned deeply in this respect for the sole purpose of getting rid of her persecutor. It is a great pity that the masters are not enlightened more on this particular point. Men who deliberately tempt young girls into sin deserve to be discharged from their work without mercy. In time such men will contaminate a whole mill, and you cannot tell where the evil will end. Then there are the poor souls to whom Robert Browning's tender words are peculiarly applicable:

> "I was so young, I loved him so, I had
> No mother, God forgot me, and I fell."

And for these girls, whose first step on the downward path was caused by a too implicit trust in an unworthy object, no true woman can feel anything but sympathy and compassion. Again, the flighty girls of factory life are very like the flighty girls in other stations of life, very fond of pleasures and amusements, for the enjoyment of which they cannot always afford to pay. To meet this deficiency they will accept the advances of any chance young fellow whom they may happen to come across, and they will unblushingly allow him to pay for their pleasures, never realising that by so doing they are entangling themselves in a net of their own making, from which there is only too often no escape.

I think I need offer no apology for here introducing a subject which is of great importance to all working girls. I refer to the mistaken but deeply-rooted idea which seems to be prevalent in most factory communities, that, so long as public exposure is avoided, immorality is in itself not the sin and shame we know it to be. Girls often sin through ignorance, ignorance which could easily be dispelled by a few, plain, well-chosen words being spoken to them. There appears to be an invincible prejudice on the part of those ladies who are associated with working girls, to broach this subject, at least in public. I can only recall one instance in which I heard this common sin referred to in public by a lady who was giving an address to girls. I was only a girl of seventeen at the time, but even to-day I remember most of what the lady said, as in plain, forcible language, she put before us the enormity of the sin and its consequences.

And now let us see what effect modern education has upon the morals of the rising generation of factory workers. We are constantly told that nothing but education will raise the level of humanity, and during the fifteen years that I have spent as a factory hand I have naturally taken an interest in observing the morals of those young people who are supposed to have benefited by modern educational methods. So far as I am capable of judging, I cannot see that factory workers are either better or worse than they were fifteen years ago. You can hear children, still attending school but working half-time in the factories, use language that would startle that much-abused specimen of humanity the "heathen chinee," supposing that gentleman understood English. Boys of ten and eleven ape their elders in smoking and swearing, and they bet on football matches with the *sang froid* of regular betting men. I have often thought what a shame it is that no law prevents the sale of cigarettes to children. Most of the small grocers retail them to their customers, and the request for "a ha'porth o' cigs, and please will you give us a match?" can be frequently heard from the lips of boys who ought to be engrossed by the games and pranks of healthy boyhood. There seems to be too much cramming carried on in our Board Schools. The children have no time to assimilate knowledge owing to the rapidity with which it is pushed into them, and I cannot see that mere head-knowledge will prove of any real good to a child unless it is taught at the same time the truth of Tennyson's words, that—

> "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control;
> These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

In spite of these drawbacks, however, I can fully endorse the opinion of Miss

Clementina Black when she said, "If the choice had to be made by me, I should certainly prefer to be a factory girl rather than a domestic servant." But I must take exception to Miss Black's other statement that, "the greatest drawback to factory life is that it unfits girls for wives and mothers; they are hopelessly useless in the house." I know nothing about London factory girls, and if Miss Black's statement is literally true of them as a class, all I can say is, that they are curiously unlike Yorkshire factory girls. I was very pleased to see the letter from a "Factory Operative" of the West of England which appeared in *The Woman's Signal* of March 1895. She, like myself, expresses just the contrary opinion to Miss Black. In Yorkshire, at any rate, it is no uncommon experience to find girls well in training for household duties before they are working full time in the factory. Cleaning nights, or, as they are better known, "fettlin' neets," are a regular institution in most factory districts, and by the time girls reach marriageable age they are well initiated into the mysteries of washing, baking, mending, and cleaning. In short, they are fully capable of making good wives for working men. In conclusion, I may say that factory life affords a striking picture of human nature in its best and worst forms. In every factory there may be found the extremes of indomitable heroism and unresisting degradation, of purest human affection and of worse than brutal callousness.

P. E. MOULDER.

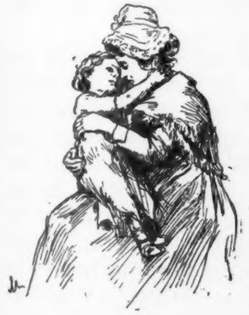
UNDER THE TRICOLOUR

BY P. DE NANTEUIL

ILLUSTRATED BY MYRBACH

CHAPTER VII

ON THE BARGE



FOR twenty years the towing-boat of "father" Brochet, as the river-side people called him, went up and down the Seine, not without stopping at many places, from Bas-Meudon to Caudebec, and from Caudebec to Bas-Meudon.

In addition to the captain, the crew consisted of a simple sailor, who was as broad, thick-set and stout as Brochet was tall, lean and bony. The sailor was called Zephyr. "The name suits me," said he, "about as well as lace-ruffles would suit a bear."

When he spoke in this style, Zephyr laughed until his triple chin danced on his breast, while Brochet smiled, showing a double row of enormous teeth: it was to his extraordinary muzzle that Brochet (pike) owed the nickname which had caused his baptismal name to be forgotten.

The honest sailors behaved like fathers to their two chance passengers. They kept them safe, and furnished them with everything that their provisions, growing daily more limited, would afford.

At length when they began to think of parting, Martine opened timidly a little purse, saying, "My dear friends, please accept these assignats and louis d'or as a present from Madame Raimbaud."

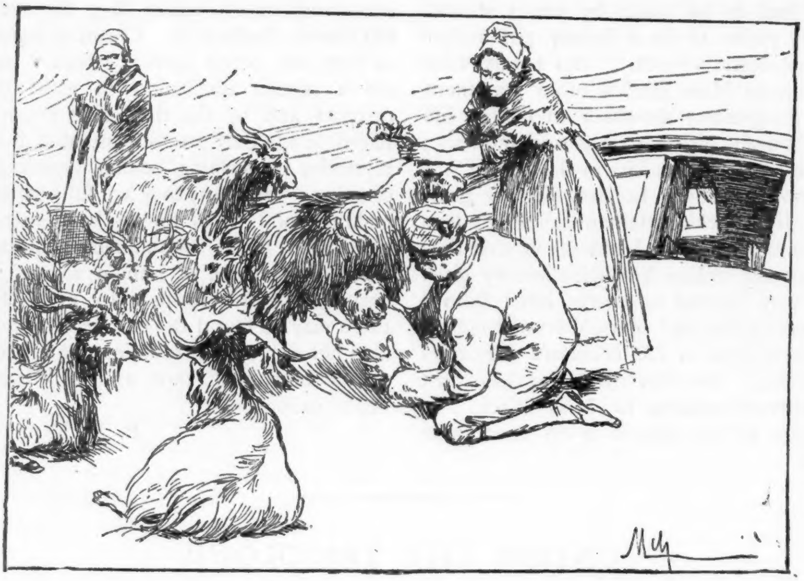
But Brochet interrupted her, exclaiming in an outraged manner, "Ahoy! ahoy! what an idea! never! ahoy!"

And Zephyr also said, "Yes, indeed. What an idea, my good girl? Surely honest folk should help each other. Besides, you haven't cost us anything, for you eat no more than a fly."

"But Alex and the goat."

"Oh, come! Alex drinks, and the goat grazes. And if we could only remain altogether, nobody would complain of anything. Ah! How we shall weary when you are away! Is it not so, Brochet?"

Sadly Brochet replied, "Ahoy! ahoy! Chagrin!"



"Ah! I warrant they are well enough pleased with each other"

Then the child, looking very well, and walking with the help of the captain, repeated, "Ahoy, ahoy," in its little, clear voice.

At this both men laughed with delight, while Martine lifted in her arms the little rogue, and covered him with kisses.

Nobody now could have identified the puny infant, embarked six months before, with this handsome child, a model of graceful strength and physical beauty.

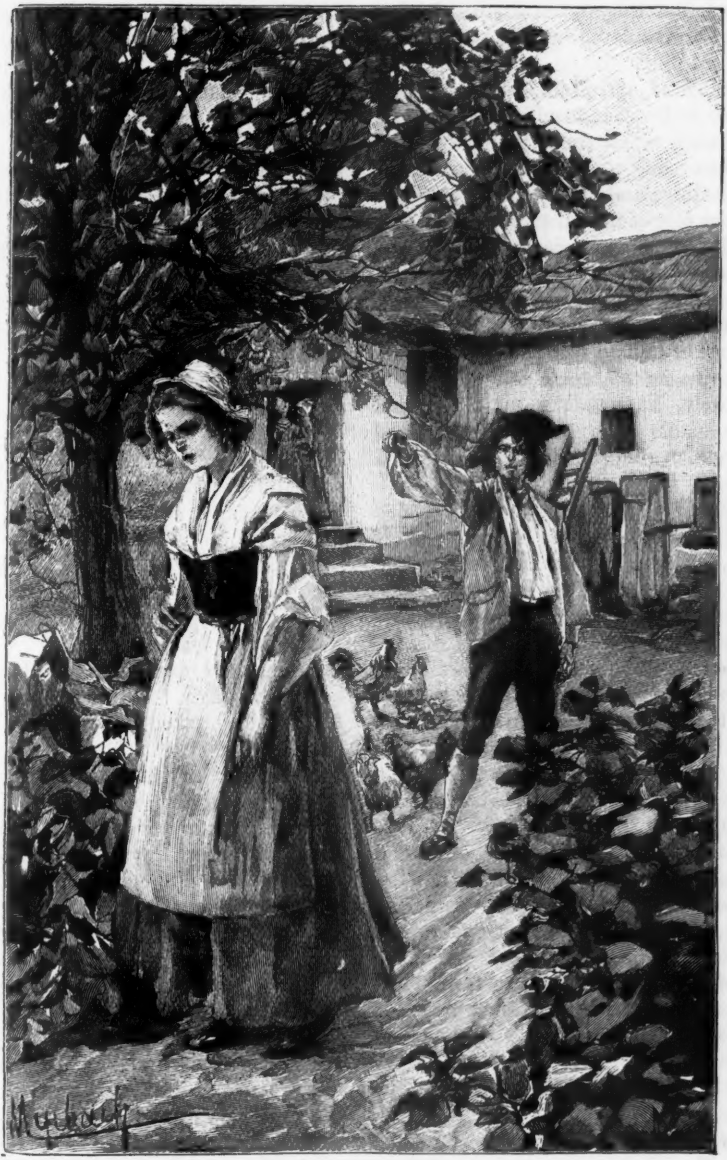
His restoration was due to a good nurse, but first of all to Zephyr, who had purchased the said nurse.

Shortly after its arrival on the boat, seeing the unhappy orphan pining and moaning, Zephyr thought, "Martine has watched and laboured, and given the poor creature an ocean of things to drink, but it will die all the same, for it cries for its mother's milk—sure and certain. We might put it out to nurse in one of the villages as we pass, but then we would have to answer such a lot of questions, and after all it might turn out badly."

On the same day, while the boat was lying at Pont de l'Arche, a goat-herd embarked with a flock of goats which he was going to sell in the market at Rouen. One of the goats kept up a continuous bleating, and refused even to eat, because, said the goat-herd, "I sold its kids no longer ago than yesterday, and its milk pains it."

Zephyr heard and reflected; shortly he had an idea; then he tied up the goat, covered its horns with rags, and, without saying a word, picked up the child who was busy crying his loudest, while Martine endeavoured to make him take some soup. As he made his way through the midst of the flock which obstructed the deck, Zephyr muttered, "If this fails, it will be buried in three days, and that is perhaps no misfortune, considering what awaits it. At any rate, I shall have nothing to blame myself for, if he will only do it, if the goat will only do it, and if the goat-herd will only do it."

Soliloquising in this manner and followed by Martine, the little fat man laid Alexander down beside the bereaved mother. Mrs. Goat commenced to bleat and butt with her head. Soon, however, she snifled over the intruder, and in a second stood quite still, while the child began to drink greedily. At the sight, Zephyr cried, "Eh, my little



" Clear out, or I will call the gendarme "

beauty, there's no need for any ceremony here. See, Martine, when the little fellow has had enough, he'll sleep the sleep of the just, and the good beast will be quite quiet, for fear of wakening him. Ah! I warrant they are well enough pleased with each other; all they want is to come to an understanding."

In fact, the pair understood each other admirably, and the bargain was concluded between the goat and the little two-legged kid.

In a little time they were able to leave the goat entirely untethered, her instinct having taught her how to avoid hurting her pseudo-kid.

The goat-herd agreed to sell the improvised nurse to Brochet; and then for the six months during which the suckling went on, nurse and nursling could never be separated without bleatings and tears. The one slept between the feet of the other, protected by a shed. The sole inconvenience was that the child insisted in going on all fours behind his "Nonnow," and in crying "beh" when he wanted a drink. Nevertheless, he learned the language of human beings. At two years, or thereabouts, as they could tell his age only approximately, he was the most beautiful child imaginable; the water-men admired and loved him almost as much as Martine did.

For Martine those six months glided past very happily, and quickly, as happy times do, causing regrets for their rapid flight.

She had resumed the dress of her sex; she forgot her anxieties and hours of sadness; and she did many services for her good friends, who would have liked to keep her with them always. But trade was very bad and began to cause embarrassment; often the barge had to lie to in the middle of the river, Brochet not having money enough to pay for towing-horses.

Meanwhile the 9th Thermidor put an end to the Reign of Terror. When the news of this deliverance reached the lands bordering the Seine, Zephyr, who brought it to the barge, cried, "The prisons are open, the guillotines are down, and a man from Paris says that it is as true as gospel that the scoundrels will take the place of the good folks in the prisons."

"Ahoy!" cried Brochet, sceptical by nature.

"There s no ahoy about it, comrade; business will pick itself up again, and then we can buy a new gown for Martine and pretty shoes for the youngster."

"Ahoy, ahoy! our business? never."

Brochet's foresight was only too accurate. From that time, travellers and traders deserted daily the old rickety hulk, either for other better-appointed barges, or for the mail-coaches, the rapidity of which was regarded at that time as extraordinary. These coaches covered on an average three leagues an hour, and also travelled by night.

Distressed by the privations which the two watermen imposed upon themselves on her account, Martine resolved to leave them. Since people were no longer being arrested without either rhyme or reason, she would go to Dame Raimbaud, who would surely procure her employment on the farm or somewhere else.

Once decided, Martine waited until the barge began to approach Paris. Then she asked permission from father Brochet to land and pay a visit to the good old country-woman.

Brochet cried, "Ahoy, ahoy!" affirmatively; adding, "Leave the child—too heavy—too little."

As she looked with pride on her adopted son Martine thought that he really was too heavy to carry, and too small to make the journey on foot.

Alexander, or rather Alex, as they already called him, was therefore left under the charge of the goat and of Brochet: Zephyr was away on business.

As she drew near to Bas-Meudon, Martine's heart beat high. Would she be welcome? And if they asked her what she could do, durst she reply, "I know nothing at all; nobody ever taught me anything, neither sewing nor ironing, nor reading nor writing. However, I am very willing, I am strong, and I will accept any terms, provided always I can get food for myself and for an unfortunate orphan which I will never abandon. Thank God I have kept the money which Dame Raimbaud gave me; it will be sufficient to buy clothes, or at least shoes, for two years."

The door of the yard was wide open; and the house-dogs barked on the chain, as before, when Martine first entered the farm. In the large hall, not so orderly it must be said, Gothon crumbled bread into the soup intended for the mid-day meal, while Fanchon chased half a dozen fowls and geese which cackled about the table.

"How can Dame Raimbaud endure that for a single moment?" said Martine to herself, more and more astonished at the disorder which she saw everywhere. Then she said aloud, "Good-day, Fanchon; good-day, Gothon. Don't you recognise me?"

"The citizeness Martine! Impossible!"

cried both servants at once, the one ceasing to crumble the bread, and the other to chase the fowls.

"It is me, however. Kiss me, and tell me the news of your mistress, I beg you."

As she spoke, Martine went from the one to the other, and kissed them on both cheeks.

Gothon and Fanchon returned her kisses; then, their faces lengthening, each seized the corner of her apron and began to rub her eyes.

"Oh! oh! Ahé, ahé!" they cried, sobbing noisily.

"*Mon Dieu*, is she dead?"

"Yes, yes. The poor creature neither ate nor drank, except against her conscience, so to speak, after Jacques went to the wars; and it was last month when she was at the market that a hawker cried, 'Great victory of General Jourdan at Fleurus. Heroic death of Sergeant Raimbaud.' Immediately, without remembering that Jacques wasn't a sergeant, she fainted right away. Afterwards she learnt her error, but she never recovered the shock, and passed away crying 'Jacques, Jacques.' Just before, she had spoken kindly of you and of the baby."

Gothon added, "And worse than all, Gros-Bois has hired the farm and all the belongings of the deceased. Ah! the servants haven't gained anything by the change, I can tell you, citizeness Martine."

"Aha! remember, Madam Fanchon, that I don't need you if you are not contented, nor you either, Madam Gothon; and your business will soon be done, I assure you, if you slander your master in the presence of vagabonds."

It was Gros-Bois who said this with a furious look. Entering unseen by the three women, he had overheard their conversation.

The servants hung their heads; but, staring straight at the unmannerly fellow, Martine replied, "I am no vagabond, and you know it well, citizen Gros-Bois."

"Vagabond or not, clear out, or I will call the gendarmes, who will ask you what you did with the jewel you hid so well. Ah! the citizeness Raimbaud was too good-natured, too credulous; you made her believe a parcel of lies. But I wasn't your dupe. You understand; be off or beware the prison. I have a mind to let loose the dogs."

Gros-Bois had a bitter grudge against Martine as well on account of his own mistaken idea, as because of the jests which it had pleased his comrades to shower on him when they had learnt the truth from Jacques: the gunner had recently judged it wise to tell the whole story of the daughter of the gaoler of Saint-Lazare.

Gothon and Fanchon dared not interfere, nor any of the servants who happened to come upon the scene during the altercation, for they all feared the anger of the new tenant, as hard and stingy as Dame Raimbaud and her son had been generous and indulgent. They all regretted deeply their old masters. Ah! why had Jacques vexed his mother by enlisting?

In the meantime, Martine had left the hall without saying a word. Followed by the abuse which Gros-Bois continued to shout after her, she crossed the yard where the dogs, fortunately chained up, barked their loudest, and made as if to leap on her. When she reached the avenue, the unfortunate girl gave way to her grief, weeping for Dame Raimbaud and weeping for herself.

For a time she remained downcast, oppressed by her deep sorrow. At last, when evening came on, she hastened towards the river. As soon as she saw the water through a curtain of trees, she sat down to recover her breath, and looking beneath her chanced to see a man walking along the towing-path. Then, stifling a cry, and more dead than alive, she followed with her eyes this person, who was all in rags, and who disappeared under the porch of an inn a little way off.

Beside herself with fear, and thinking that she was pursued, Martine walked on and reached the bank, where she found the wherry. Rowing as well as she could, she got over the few fathoms which separated her from the boat anchored in mid-stream.

"What is it? What's the matter?" asked Zephyr, helping her aboard, while Brochet fastened the wherry to the stern.

When she had recovered her breath, Martine told her friends of the death of Dame Raimbaud, and of her having seen her father accidentally. "He did not see me," she added; "but hide me, take me away; I am afraid, I am afraid! If he finds us he will kill us."

"Will he!" said Zephyr. "Let him just come and try!"

"Ahoy!" cried Brochet. "Fathers have authority. We must go."

"To be sure," rejoined Zephyr. "Business is no better here than anywhere else. We came in ballast, and we can go in ballast. Martine, my child, hide in the deck-house for to-night. We will start again at dawn."

"Have you money for a horse?"

"Be easy, Brochet. There's enough to pay for relays to Caudebec. After that, we must trust to God."

"For the love of heaven," cried Martine, "take all I have! It is very little, alas! Ah! how I wish I could help you!"

"I know it, little one; but that will not get us out of the difficulty. No, for myself, I would sooner swallow the boat-hook, yes, I would sooner swallow the boat-hook than take your money. What do you say about it, Brochet?"

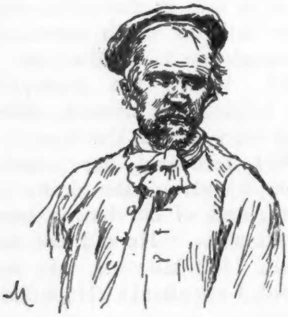
"Ahoy! ahoy! never, never!"

Martine wept hot tears. Distressed by his "Mama's" sorrow, Alex climbed on the poor girl's knees, and putting his arms round her neck, kissed her cheeks and her eyes; then as her tears still flowed, he dried them with a lock of his golden hair.

The two sailors turned, afraid lest they should be seen to weep too. They cursed in silence the poverty which would force them to part with these children. However, they would not let them go without having seen them both as comfortably provided for as possible.

CHAPTER VIII

THE VATTEVILLES



THE barge was once more anchored below Caudebec in a very secure creek, sheltered from the violence of the waves, which are very dangerous above that town, when at the inflow of a high tide the current of the Seine encounters the rush of the sea, forming a formidable bar.

A great resolution had been taken. Brochet and Zephyr had been engaged, the one as pilot, the other as deck hand, on a new towing-boat, with the captain of which they were acquainted. The boat plied between Caen and the mouth of the Orne.

But, before setting about their new employment, Zephyr and Brochet had made Martine tell them the little she knew about her family, originally from Yport. Martine remembered that her mother had sometimes spoken of a sister married to a fisherman of Yport, called Cyprien Vatteville.

Proceeding upon this vague indication, Zephyr had borrowed the nag of a farmer, which he forthwith bestrode and rode off from Caudebec to Yport. After four days' absence, being once more on board the old boat, he conversed with his comrade about the journey, or rather he talked and his comrade listened, while Martine, Bignette (the goat), and Alex, having landed, ran along the banks all aglow with the spring blossoms.

"You see, Brochet," said Zephyr, "I want to get the thing over, because it's a hard thing to have to do."

"That's so."

"Yes. I went off, and after sleeping at Montivilliers, I finished the journey at a stretch, that is to say, after breathing the nag for an hour at Criquetot. And all the way to Yport, I can tell you, the roads are like the bed of a dry river, and that Cyprien Vatteville is like an old sea-dog. However, we were on the best of terms at once, by the same token we couldn't agree about anything."

"Fine fellow, Cyprien?"

"The folks say he's not so bad; I asked them. He is a fisherman, and Mayor of Yport. They would not have made him mayor if he had been ill-conditioned, would they?"

"Ahoy! ahoy!" said Brochet, always sceptical.

"Any way, we haven't a choice, and Martine is sensible enough not to let herself be ill-treated. Then I must tell you that Cyprien Vatteville has a wife who looks somewhat of an invalid, and very good-natured; and a boy whom I didn't catch sight of, as he was on the sea. In conclusion, I may tell you also that I have pledged my faith to pay the Vattevilles twenty-four half-crowns a year, so that Martine, the child, and the goat as well, may live with them, and nothing to grumble about."

"Grumbling! To whom?"

"To us, of course!"

"And in what way, we being so far off?"

"Carps and cod-fish! By letter."

"Martine can neither read nor write."

Zephyr scratched his ear with a disconsolate air. "Ah!" he said, "that is true. But you can write, and Martine will easily find some one to reply for her. We shall get news in this way, and perhaps you or I can go and see how she gets on."

"Misery," cried Brochet with a rueful face. "Misery. Leave me alone."

Zephyr obeyed, sighing. He also had his own share of grief. Since the death of his parents, which happened when he was quite a child, he could not remember a time when he had had such a lump in his throat. After a little he took the wherry and went to tell the news to Martine, while Brochet leaning against the deck-house followed him with his eyes.

From time to time a butterfly brushed the water with its wings, leaving a dusty stain on the surface of the river. The sun lit up the landscape, the birds chased each other about the boscage on the banks, and some fisherman passed by singing. The splendid weather, which put all nature in a holiday mood, filled Brochet with the deepest misery; and although he was quite unconscious of it, the contrast between the happiness without, and the wretchedness within, increased still more the bitterness of his thoughts.

He had never done harm to any one; on the contrary, he had had compassion on those poorer than himself; and he had toiled and laboured on this miserable barge, of which he loved every plank. Having lost his own wife and children, he had set his affections upon two orphans. Now he had to leave the old boat, which had been sold for firewood; and Martine and the dear child would soon have to go out into the world, the sport of chance. Was there then nothing but pain and misery for the poor?

The sun was setting when Zephyr and his companions returned on board, without attracting the attention of Brochet, who still sat motionless, his eyes fixed, occupied in suffering.

The sun disappeared, and the new moon sank down behind the forest of Manlevrier. One by one all the sounds had gradually ceased; nature fell asleep. Then slowly a great peace sank into the heart of the old sailor, who murmured, as he looked at the bright reflection of the stars in the river, "Have I forgotten God? Heaven is over all."

Next day Brochet quitted, without any apparent emotion, the poor old towing-boat, about which were already gathered those who had purchased it, armed with saws and hammers, and bent on its demolition.

As for Zephyr, he blubbered; and Martine sobbed in spite of her efforts to control her grief.

They went away in a country cart—the girl, the two men, Alex and the goat. The last, not without some trouble, had been fastened to an old box containing the modest wardrobe of the two orphans.

They arrived in the evening, by abominable roads and at a foot-pace, at the large town of Bolbec; there beasts and people supped and slept at a small inn.

In the morning at dawn, after a sad farewell, Brochet, almost unable to tear himself away, turned at last and ran off. Then the horse was again yoked, Bignette once more fastened in the bottom of the cart; and with Alex in the arms of Martine, and Zephyr on the box, they again set out upon the road.

At the end of the second stage, Yport and the unknown awaited the orphans, whose young lives had already endured so many vicissitudes.

Zephyr stayed at Yport for a day and a night; and when he mounted again into his cart to return, full of great ideas regarding the abilities of municipal officials, he said to Cyprien Vatteville, "Citizen mayor, it is not necessary to ask if you can read and write. You would not be mayor if you were not educated."

"Certainly not," replied the mayor of Yport, boldly and without blushing.

"In that case, we may address to you things intended for your niece, and you will explain the writing to her; is it not so?"

"I will not fail to do so."

"Then I am satisfied." Leaning down with his mouth to Cyprien's ear, Zephyr added: "You had better keep from your niece the little arrangement about the twenty-four half-crowns."

"Why so?"

"She is such a good girl, and so unselfish that she would be wretched, sure and certain, if she thought that Brochet and I were perhaps stinting ourselves for her."

"Quite right, citizen. Keep your mind easy; I won't tell her."

And he certainly took care not to. On the contrary, he often reproached Martine with being a burden, a useless creature whom he supported out of charity. At Easter, when there came by some means or other a parcel containing a new dress for his niece and another for Alexander, Cyprien always abstracted several pieces for his own use. Then he gave the orphans the remainder, "bought," said he, "with my good cash, and in these times of paper money, it's more than I can afford; but I count on you paying it back to me in work, little lazy bones."

When a letter came, it gave Vatteville no uneasiness, because he burnt it, not without abstracting the money, which he regarded as his due, and also sometimes one or two half-crowns wrapped up in paper and inscribed, "For Martine and Alex."

The two sailors were astonished that they received nothing more in the shape of a reply than a brief receipt. It never entered their heads that even for that the mayor of Yport had to wait until some traveller passed through the town, a rarer thing in those days than in these; for not feeling himself quite innocent, the mayor dared not trust any of the "scholars" of the Commune, who would have been sure to gossip about his ignorance. Besides, the "scholars" were only three in number, nor did they live in the village itself.

In these proceedings, Cyprien was always successful, because anything addressed to the mayor of Yport was invariably delivered at the pretentious hovel which bore the pompous name of "The Mairie."

As long as they lived, Brochet and Zephyr always hoped that some happy accident would allow them to visit Yport; but the chance seemed never to occur, and from month to month and from year to year they put off the journey. Meantime, they saved their money sou by sou, and pinched themselves in order to pay regularly the sum agreed on with the mayor, and also to increase the contents of a little old cash-box, a piece of jetsam picked up on the shore one day by Zephyr when he was gathering shells.

Some years had passed, governments had been overturned, terrible wars had broken out and ended, and a peace, apparently established on a solid basis, had just been signed, when we next see Martine, seated beside a sick woman at the back of a large room, low-ceiled and dark. In spite of scrupulous neatness, the earthen floor flagged with coarse unequal slates, the ceiling with its old irregular beams, and its one window of green knotted glass, gave the room a very sombre look in the twilight, while the gusts of the west wind shook the roofs and walls of the houses, strongly built as they were, bordering the single street of which Yport at that time consisted.

Even in our days this village is not properly a port, as its name would lead one to suppose, nor does it even stand upon a bay. It is quite unlike places in the neighbourhood, where all along the shore high cliffs rise, sometimes opening into large valleys; and where the villages have become one after the other watering-places, too fashionable indeed with their many villas, hotels, casinos, &c.

Behind stretched a wood, once a forest; in front a long and very narrow chine leads down to a little open harbour, where in certain directions of the wind the waves rise to a great height.

To the right and left immense cliffs, which look as if they had been hewn by the hand of man, lend a little protection from the east winds to the chine and the harbour; but these high walls shut off the valley also from the light; for the people of Yport the sun sets sooner and rises later than for others, fine days are short, and the wind howls eeriely.

Those who really love the sea find a special charm in Yport; and then the sailors of the village constitute a race by themselves, bold, adventurous, and devoted to each other.

Like a number of Breton cemeteries, that of Yport contains many tombstones in memory of sailors drowned in the attempt to save others.

When the tempest rages, and the waves lash the cliffs, if a ship appears in distress in the offing, while the people of the neighbouring harbours are still thinking about it, discussing whether they should, whether they could, cross the stormy waves without being wrecked, those of Yport have already set out.

Since the establishment of lifeboats, the crew of that of Yport has been one of the most useful. At the last general meeting of the society, my heart beat high when I heard of the devotion of Captain Vatinel and his companions, and saw the former advancing proud and happy, but very bashfully, to receive his gold medal. Quickly his delight overcame his embarrassment; he stepped out upon the platform among the admirals, generals, and the throng of officers, and then, his fine bronzed face bursting into a smile, the worthy fellow shouted, "Long live the navy!"

As I looked at the other people present in that assembly, it seemed to me that many of them had tears in their eyes; that was a healthy emotion, such as Parisians seldom experience, and which leaves a pleasant memory behind.

But we are forgetting the Vattevilles. In the gloomy room there were, besides the two persons already mentioned, a boy of about ten, and another some years older: both stood with their backs to the fire, in which burned smokily fragments of tarred wood, and both were eating pieces of black bread. There was this difference between the two; while the eyes of the elder wandered sadly to the end of the room, those of the younger wore an irritated look.

"Martine," murmured a voice very faint and low, and with a somewhat sing-song intonation, as is the manner of the people of Normandy, "Martine, you have been a good girl, and I wish to tell you something." Then speaking lower still, "He is not there—you are sure he cannot hear?"

"He is hunting the guillemot. But you mustn't excite yourself. Drink a little chicken broth, while I shake up the pillow. Now, take the cup, and then try and sleep."

The sick woman took the cup in her feeble hands. "Ah! how good it is," she said. "I have never tasted better." Then, with a frightened air, "What would he say if he knew you had boiled a fowl for me?"

You mustn't agitate yourself like that, aunt."

"I am so afraid of him, Martine."

"The soup was not made here; it comes from Grainval. M. Jean gave it to Noel for us."

"M. Jean is very kind."

"Were you not his nurse?"

"He is very far from being happy, Martine; because he is dissatisfied, and dying with *ennui* at Grainval."

Lowering her head, Martine replied, "Who *is* happy, aunt?"

"You do not often complain in spite of everything."

"What would be the use? But you must sleep now. When you waken there is still some soup left; and then Noel caught a fine sole for your supper."

"Cyprien will be annoyed."

"No, mother," replied the boy, coming forward; "no, because when he went a hunting, I had just come in from the sea, and I told him that I would keep the sole for you, and he replied, 'As you choose.' Now, do go to sleep. I shall set about mending the nets as long as the light lasts."

"And I shall take my wheel," said Martine. "Alex can play with the little boats which M. Jean gave him. Do you hear, Alex? There must be no noise, because aunt needs to sleep."

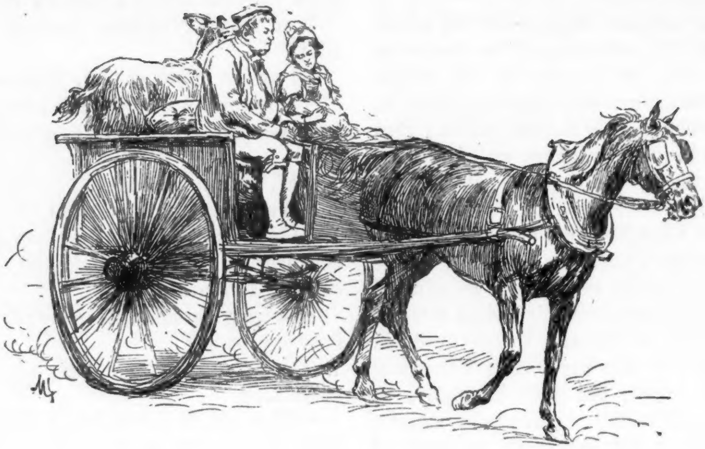
Alex nodded his head, and went to the window, where he found some specially well-made toys.

The invalid soon fell into a doze, and they heard her breathing heavily in the gusts of the wind.

Twilight fell; and silently by the light of a wood fire, Noel and Martine continued their work; but Alex was restless, sighing and yawning. Several times he tried to leave the room, but he was always prevented by Martine. Then he fixed his eyes with a very discontented expression on the little green window panes streaming with rain.

Shortly the street door creaked on its rusty hinges, and accompanied by a wet blast, an uncouth figure entered the room.

Carefully closing the door, the new arrival took off a huge great-coat which enveloped him from head to foot, and they beheld a very young man, who said in a pleasant voice,



"Upon the road"

"Good evening my friends; how is my nurse to-day?"

Jean de Grainval, as the young man was called, was very tall. His face was beardless, with regular features which harmonised perfectly with each other. His large brown eyes had a far-off look; his mouth was well-chiselled; and his hair, naturally wavy, fell to his neck and crowned a high forehead. But his slightly bent figure, his slender limbs, and his hollow cheeks gave the young man an appearance of extreme delicacy.

Noel and his cousin having replied to his friendly greeting, Martine added: "My aunt feels easier. She has taken with much enjoyment half of your good soup and a little wine. Many thanks to the baron for his gifts."

Jean inclined his head without replying, and Noel said, "Your father, who detests having to stay in the house, must find the time hang heavy on his hands."

"Yes, but he is not in the house, although I did my best to keep him. He left it this morning in spite of my warnings about the coming storm."

"The storm, Monsieur Jean! There were no signs of it till the middle of the day, when it broke suddenly."

"But you know, Noel, that M. Jean is a bit of a sorcerer."

With a smile that lit up his face, Jean replied, "There is no sorcery about it. I observe and reflect as I watch the sea, which I wish so much to roam over. But I don't see Alex. Where has he gone?"

"Alex, Alex," repeated Martine, in a low voice, afraid of wakening the invalid.

But Alex did not reply, and a current of cold air entering by the open door at once explained his disappearance.

In defiance of Martine's express order Alex had slipped out.

"*Mon Dieu!*" said the young girl, "I wager that in spite of the squall he has run down to the harbour, where the waves must be terrible. Ah! I shall go mad with anxiety, and these gipsies at Vaucottes, who, they say, steal children!"

"I shall go in search of him," said Noel, already at the door.

"Do, my dear Noel. Go, and take Monsieur Jean's overcoat. Will you let him, Monsieur Jean?"

"To be sure."

But, shrugging his shoulders and laughing heartily, Noel declined the offer and glided out of the house.

Then, having seated himself upon a stool beside the wheel to which the spinner had returned, Jean said very tenderly, "You weep too much, Martine; you have too much care, too many griefs; indeed, my poor girl, your life is made up of trouble and worry."

"Monsieur Jean, nothing would trouble me if Alex were only good and docile. Ah!

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, he is lost here: give me your advice. He was not made to live with such as us. I love him, God knows how I love him! but if I knew any place to send him to, if I could put him into the hands of a good schoolmaster! The old village teacher at Fécamp said that that was the only thing to do; but it needs money."

Jean remained silent. What advice could he give her? Although a gentleman's son, was he not as poor as his friend Noel, and even less able to deliver himself from the inaction which was eating his heart out? Without illtreating him, his father was uniformly cold. On his return from exile four years before, to find his manor half-ruined, and his estates parcelled out, the Baron de Grainval, declaring himself to be poorer than Job, deprived both himself and his son even of the most necessary things. At the age of eighteen Jean had no other occupation than, like his father, to spend his best days in hunting and fishing.

A certain amount of instruction which he had received under the careful direction of his mother—unfortunately dead since their return to France—and a library which had remained intact at the Manor, alone prevented the youth from dying of *ennui*; but dreaming only of voyages and adventures by sea, he despaired of ever being able to follow the career in which many of his ancestors had distinguished themselves. To all his requests, to all his prayers, the baron replied angrily, "Never! You hear! I will never allow you to serve the men who oppressed our country. When the king returns, and that cannot be long now, I will present you at court, then you will receive at once the rank of a naval officer. Did they not, a most unheard-of thing, appoint off-hand to be adjutant-general, a simple captain of artillery, who had, they say, distinguished himself at the siege of Toulon?"

But the king did not come back. To the Directory succeeded the Consulate; then came the Consulate for life; and already the Imperial Crown overshadowed the head of the ever-victorious Consul, whose career appeared incredible, supernatural even, to those who had watched it only from a distance.

The genius of the man destined to revive the Empire of the West attained its apogee during the short period between 1796 and 1802, a period which saw the success of so many gigantic enterprises, so many famous battles won, and the development of so many great conceptions. In those days the subordinates were worthy of their chief; and even the faults of the enemy seemed to conspire for the good fortune of the general.

The first Italian campaign (1796–97) was carried on, as all the world knows, with unpaid troops, ill-fed, and ill-clad; and yet it was a succession of victories—at Arcola, at Mondovi, at the Bridge of Lodi, at Rivoli, &c.; and those very troops pursued the Austrian army of Prince Charles along the road to Vienna as far as Leoben.

The Egyptian expedition followed in 1798; but the want of reinforcements, illness, and the wretched state of the French navy, which was destroyed at Aboukir, caused its entire failure.

Had it been more carefully elaborated, the plan conceived by Napoleon would perhaps have secured us the absolute empire of India and of the Eastern Seas.

After the Egyptian campaign the Consulate replaced the Directory; and the First Consul took command of the army of Italy.

People hardly knew he had started, when he was already across the Alps with his artillery. Then came Marengo in the wake of other victories; while Moreau, the greatest captain of the Republic, crossed the Rhine, and in battle after battle opened to his army the gates of Vienna after the victory of Hohenlinden.

Hohenlinden and Marengo brought about the Peace of Luneville with the Emperor of Austria (1801). In the following year, the Treaty of Amiens, concluded with England, seemed to secure to France all her recent conquests, and to the Consul (named Consul for life, 1802) a renown more brilliant than that of Alexander, Cæsar, or Charlemagne.

The country foresaw an era of enduring prosperity; the churches were reopened, the exiles returned, civil war was at an end, the law of prescription abolished, the Bank of France created, wealth and thrift protected by the National Debt; and lastly, the order of the Legion of Honour, intended as an award for soldiers and officers alike, filled up the measure of the enthusiasm of the army for their unconquered general, whose glory, without precedent in modern history, was as yet untarnished.

JONAH AND CHRIST

By the Rev. P. HAY HUNTER, Author of "The Story of Daniel," etc.

REPEATEDLY, we are told, the Jews threw out this challenge to our Lord—*Master, we would see a sign from thee: Show us a sign from heaven: What sign showest thou unto us?* The demand might sometimes be made in good faith, but as a rule it was inspired by scepticism and hostility. It was a favourite device of the Jewish *literati*, to discredit the authority of the new Teacher and weaken His hold on the populace; and apparently it must have met with some success, in an age and among a people notoriously greedy of the marvellous, or it would not have been so frequently tried.

Our Lord's enemies professed themselves dissatisfied with His miracles, as credentials of His divine mission. They did not look upon the miracles, as we may prefer to look upon them, as expressions of the character of Him who wrought them, but simply as evidences of His power; and as such they pronounced them to be inconclusive. They admitted that His works of healing, for instance, were very remarkable; but they insinuated that very remarkable cures were sometimes wrought by purely natural means, and sometimes by the use of magic. Let Christ work such a miracle as should silence all contradiction and force the most stubborn incredulity to its knees. Let Him call upon the heavens to attest His claims, and let the heavens hear and answer. Let Him ask of God, and obtain, some startling phenomenon, some interference on a grand scale with the order of the universe, which should prove beyond dispute that He enjoyed the divine favour and held the divine commission. They read in their history how Joshua had halted the course of the sun, how Elijah had brought down fire from heaven, how Isaiah had made the shadow of the gnomon travel backwards on the dial. Let Christ, who ranked Himself as greater than the greatest of the prophets, do a work greater than the greatest of theirs. Then there would be no longer any room for hesitation, and all men, bowing down before the visible manifestation of divinity, would admit His superhuman character, and accept His teaching as the very word of God.

Christ met this challenge with a cold and stern refusal. The Gospels show in many places how considerate and pitiful He was towards even the most timorous and infantile faith. He would not tread out in any human soul the very faintest flicker of a desire after the life He offered. He would bend down in infinite compassion and condescension, and encourage the poorest and weakest of earth's sons and daughters in the very feeblest effort to rise and come to Him. But for these *seekers after a sign* He had nothing but the severest condemnation. He saw and exposed the hard scepticism that lay behind their simulated eagerness to be convinced. *This is an evil generation*, He said; *they seek a sign; and there shall no sign be given it, but the sign of Jonah the prophet.* It was a crushing retort and a scathing rebuke.

Very striking, almost startling, is this reference of our Lord to that strange figure of the past, the herald of doom to Nineveh, the missionary *malgré lui*. In the "goodly fellowship of the prophets," the son of Amittai stands apart, in a niche of his own. His calling was unique. To him, centuries before St. Paul, the word of the Lord came, *Depart! for I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles;* and in a very different spirit from the Apostle the prophet received his call. Was he, a *Nabi*, an inspired man of Israel, to go and preach to idolaters? Was he to *take the children's bread and cast it to dogs?* The passionate rebellion of the man's soul may be read between the concise lines of the narrative. Hence that wild escapade of the voyage, that desperate attempt to gain some region of the earth where peradventure the Lord's hand may not reach him. Sent westward, across the desert, to the banks of the Tigris, he flies eastward, across the sea, to the Pillars of Hercules.

Naturally, when one thinks of a sign or miracle in connection with the prophet Jonah, one is apt to think of that extraordinary episode in his life, when he was jettisoned by the Phœnician sailors, swallowed alive by the great sea-fish, and afterwards cast up on dry land. It is to be remarked, however, that our Lord's appeal to the history of Jonah, as St. Luke records it—in, no doubt, its authentic form—makes not the slightest allusion to this singular experience. *There shall no sign be given*, Christ says, *but the sign of Jonah the prophet.* And immediately afterwards He tells what that sign was. *For*, He adds, *as Jonah was a sign unto the Ninevites, so shall also the Son of man be to this generation. . . . . For they repented at the preaching of Jonah; and, behold, a greater than Jonah is here.* Jonah himself, the personality of the man, the impression of earnestness which the very sight of him conveyed, the unmistakable accent of truth and reality in his preaching—that was the sign. Herein lay the secret of his power. And herein lies the parallel, suggested by the Lord Himself, between the excessively human prophet of Gath-hefer, and the divine Prophet of Nazareth.

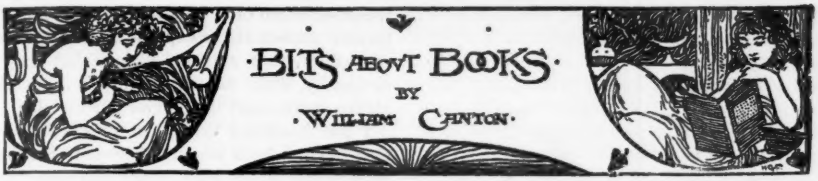
And in truth it was a very wonderful sign, this of the prophet Jonah. To the great metropolis on the Tigris, that vast, splendid, sinful city, the Queen of all the East, he came, a single, solitary man. The Ninevites knew nothing about him, his antecedents and adventures; he was to them a stranger, a foreigner, with no power but in his message, with no weapon but his cry. He entered in at the gate of Nineveh, and at once, above the clamour of the imperial city, uplifted his voice and proclaimed its impending doom. He stalked through the busy streets, a mysterious, terrible apparition, wrapt in the black haircloth mantle of the Hebrew prophet, gaunt, haggard and dishevelled, and with a look on his face from which men might well turn their eyes away. For he detested the work he was doing. He loathed and despised those Gentiles whom he had been sent to save. He thirsted for their destruction, even while he sounded the alarm in their ears and called upon them to repent. To witness the effect of his preaching filled him with baffled rage. But he must go through with his task: a compulsion was upon him which he could not resist, and from which he could not escape. He spoke the truth in hate. He believed in the word which had been put into his mouth; he preached with conviction, and therefore with power. He passed through the crowded bazaars, glittering with all the costly wares of the East; he passed the temples of the gods, Anu, and Bel, and Istar, with the colossal winged sphinxes and human-headed bulls at their portals; he passed the sculptured marble obelisks, the proud trophies of victorious wars; he passed the stately palaces of the nobles and the high walls of their hunting-parks—mile after mile of streets and mansions, teeming with life, loud with the roar of traffic and all the myriad noises of the huge Assyrian capital, the London and Paris combined of its day. Rumour sped before, and terror lay behind him. He found the Ninevites buying and selling, sporting and carousing: he left them prone upon the earth, fasting and weeping, clothed in sackcloth. One day's journey he went on, and behind him fell a silence as of death. Another day's journey, and still the silence followed him. Yet a third day, and now he had traversed Nineveh from end to end, and its people, from the greatest of them to the least, from the king on his throne to the meanest slave, had humbled themselves before this unknown messenger of Heaven, and repented of their sins in dust and ashes. This is the real marvel of the life of Jonah: his *sign*. There could be nothing more wonderful than this conquest of a mighty city by a single man; this instantaneous victory won by the summons to repentance; this early example of what the Apostle calls the *foolishness of preaching*, subduing a people whose arms had subdued the world.

The really miraculous thing in Jonah's achievement was, that he worked no miracle. He simply came, showed himself, and preached. And this was the moral which our Lord drew from his story. When He was called upon for His credentials, Christ put His miracles in the second place, always. He is found saying at one time practically this: Believe me for myself: but if not, if you cannot rise to that, then *believe me for the very works' sake*—distinctly as a secondary thing. Again He says, at the conclusion of one of His parables, with a reference to the greatest miracle of all, that of His own resurrection: *If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.* It is the same lesson that He took from the history of Jonah: *As Jonah was a sign unto the Ninevites, so shall* *also the Son of man be to this generation.* It was the personality and the preaching of Jonah that converted the Assyrians. So it was the personality and the preaching of Christ that should convert the world. Not His miracles, but Himself.

In reading the account of the miracles of Jesus, we cannot but admire the power combined with self-restraint of the divine Worker; the always unselfish exercise of His mastery over the forces of Nature; the love and pity for suffering humanity which He constantly displayed. And we see in His recorded life a beautiful harmony and consistency, in which the miracles, so far from being a jarring note, are but another phase of His teaching. But these are things far away from our common experience. They were designed to serve a merely temporary end. What we have, as a permanent possession, is the Lord's person and teaching. Christ's life is still the revelation and the example of holiness. His teaching is still the message of divine wisdom and charity. There is that in man's heart which responds to the accent of truth. It was this, in a dim, imperfect way, that brought the Ninevites under the spell of the strange missionary whom God sent to them: *So the people of Nineveh believed God*, says the Book of Jonah. And it is this, in a brighter and more perfect way, that brings men to God through His Christ. They still hear the words of Him who spake as never man spake. They still follow the steps of Him who walked with God as never man walked before. That is their sign, and they need no other. They find in the Gospels not merely a list of miraculous deeds and a collection of wonderful sayings. They find a Person there: a heart that beats, a spirit that breathes. A Person who, to them, lives a life as real as their own; who is the embodiment of their highest thoughts, the satisfaction of their best desires, and the fulfilment of their dearest hopes.

Such was the meaning which Christ found in the narrative of this primitive mission to the heathen, and the use He made of it against those who invited Him to depart from His chosen method of working. His answer to the Jews shows distinctly the right lines on which to go, in all cases of difficulty. It is vain to seek a sign. There is no royal road to conviction, no short cut to certainty. Men have laboriously to spell out the lesson which they cannot read at a glance. They have slowly to unravel the tangled skein which they cannot cut through at one quick, sharp stroke. They need not wish that God would send an angel of light to guide them, as He did to the Hebrew captain of old; or that the walls of difficulty would topple over and crumble in dust before them, like those of the beleaguered town at the sound of the priestly trumpets. Against the challenge of the Pharisees, *Show us a sign*, may be set the prayer of the Apostles, *Increase our faith.* "We do not ask Thee to level down our difficulties, but give us strength to surmount them. We do not ask Thee to make our path straight and smooth, but give us patience to follow it. We do not ask Thee for a full illumination, but help us to walk by the light we have. We do not ask Thee for any sign or wonder, but only to *increase our faith!*"

It does not matter what the difficulty may be, whether in conduct or in creed. It may be one of those stringent tests, those searching assays, which circumstance applies to character. It may be the trouble of the divided mind, at the dividing of the ways. It may be some thorn in the flesh, some crook in the lot, some crease in the pillow which a man has to bear without knowing why, and but dimly discerning how. Whatever the difficulty, there is but one way for true manhood to take it. Not to shirk the difficulty, and seek some easy and cowardly way round it or out of it. Not to make common cause with the Pharisees, and ask a sign. The sign is already given. And it is not such as came from the sullen evangelist of Nineveh, but such as comes from the gracious Saviour of mankind.



BITS ABOUT BOOKS

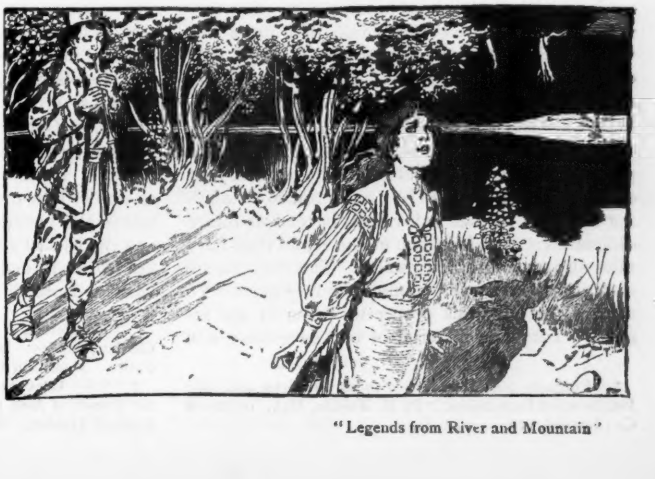
BY

WILLIAM CANTON

IN "Studies of Childhood," Dr. Sully has produced a book which is as fresh and delightful as it is large-hearted and wise; which is as amusing as it is gravely illuminative; which, in a word, is at once an admirable piece of psychological research and an almost inexhaustible repertory of the sayings and doings of the diminutive people to whom it is pretended that we men and women trace our descent.* No father or mother, no teacher of children but will be the wiser, the better, the less self-confident, the more considerate, who reads these careful investigations into the workings of the perplexed but alert little soul peering into and feeling for the solid and the fleeting things of life through each of his five senses. The author does not profess to have written a complete treatise, for which, indeed, the right material is hardly yet sufficient, but he has covered a great deal of little known ground, and that in a spirit of sympathy which never breaks away into enthusiasm, and of philosophic seriousness which is never betrayed into pedantry. My limits will not allow me to follow him chapter by chapter through the age of imagination, the dawn of reason, the product of child-thought, linguistics in little, the invasion of fear, the first glimmerings of morality, the conflict with and recognition of law, down to the early adventures in the region of art; these the biddable reader will seek out for his own delectation; I can but touch on a casual point or two in passing. On the child's susceptibility to fear it is impossible to dwell too often or too strongly. Whether it be that we have not yet outgrown the terrors of savage places and of lightless nights experienced by our ancient race-fathers, or whether fear, like hope, is one of the essentials of our nature, it seems impossible that a child should ever wholly escape the invasion of dread and fright. Imagination cannot forecast what terror shall spring out on the small traveller, but sooner or later he will learn what it is to fear. It may be a sparrow, a wood louse, the sea, a mountain; inevitably it will be something. A friend tells me he was scared when a child by the letters of the alphabet—that was in a dream; and a lady who was terrified by the sea assures me that what she feels even now at the sight of a mountain or of anything colossal "would be fear were she a child." "Mothers would do well to remember," Dr. Sully observes, "that even religious instruction, when injudiciously presented, may add to the terrors of the dark." One cannot guess what genuine distress prompted the child's request: "Mother, dear, take away God, and leave the candle."

Referring to the difficulty which besets the use of pronouns between two and three years, the author remarks that a child will say, "What I'm going to do?" when he means, "What are you going to do?" and will speak of himself as "you," but I do not notice that he explains the naturalness of the mistake. A child is addressed as "you"—a sort of *name*, he conceives, and so, when speaking of himself, very properly adopts the name given him. Similarly he hears his elders speaking of themselves as "I;" that must obviously be their name, and he is quite logical when he says; "Where I'm going to? (Where are you going?) You (I) go with I (you)."

Then how quickly apprehensive of the aim of words, in spite of their ignorance of words, the wee folk seem to be. What story-book is really too advanced for them? Many a mother must have made the remark, "I'm afraid you can't understand it, dear," and have received an answer similar to,



"Legends from River and Mountain"

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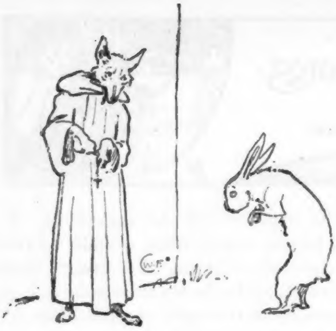
* "Studies in Childhood." By James Sully, M.A., LL.D., author of "Outlines of Psychology." Longmans, Green & Co. 10*s.* 6*d.*



"The Most Delectable History of Reynard the Fox"

if not so trenchant as, that recorded by Dr. Sully, "Oh, yes, I can very well, if only you would not explain." Their amazing quotations and apt applications of phrases sufficiently prove that they do understand a vocabulary which is supposed to be far beyond their powers.

At this point we come to the question of the wisdom or otherwise of placing fairy tales in the hands of a child. Mr. Holman, one of her Majesty's inspectors, takes a very grave view, indeed, of our delinquencies in this matter.* To read fairy tales, he warns us in his able and suggestive book on "Education," is to practise a sort of intellectual and moral atavism, and to fill susceptible young brains with false conceptions, misleading suggestions, and notions prejudicial to what is accurate and valuable. I demur with unhesitating audacity. Dr. Sully meets the most serious point when he gives it as his opinion that "as to confusing a child's sense of truth by indulging him in story, the evil seems to be problematic, and, if it exists at all, only slight and temporary." Mr. Holman contends that "ordinary fairy tales and folk-lore are not only beyond a child's experience, but outside experience altogether"—in other words, not in accordance with the truths of nature. Why, that constitutes *the* charm of the fairy tale, that there *is* a world of delight outside the region of law. And does any one suppose that the child is under any misconception as to what is fact and what make-believe? "Experience shows that equally attractive stories based upon actual facts give just as much present pleasure"—yes, but where do you find your equally attractive stories?—"and provide an abiding source of further enjoyment, instead of future difficulties;" to which one might rejoin that fairy tales also are an "abiding source," that the "future difficulties" seem very remote contingencies. To discard the fairy tale proper in favour of the so-called "fairy tale material of our own times and knowledge," what would that be but to purchase the acquisition of a handful of crude facts in history or science at the expense of that divine sense of wonder, that spiritual vision, that imaginative sympathy, which are worth more to the world than all the spoils of all the ologies put together?

I am hardened in my contumacy by observing that the first book which influenced the Bishop of Manchester in his early years was that imperishable but impeachable work, "Jack and the Beanstalk." He is reported to have said that his first ideas of something above and beyond this tangible planet were derived from its enthralling pages. If that were so, how much may one hope from the row of delightful fairy books which lie on the table before me for handy reference, and which contain revelations enough to start on their spiritual way all the prelates, philosophers, statesmen, poets, and inventors that the earth can need for at least a generation or two to come? And let me give precedence to "The Heroes," Kingsley's exquisitely beautiful version of the noble Greek legends of Perseus, Theseus, and the Argonauts.* It is just forty years since the little book was first printed, and it it still as fresh and sweet and stimulative as it was to one devourer of fiction in eighteen hundred and —blot! Surely child s book was never written with more childlike and poetic simplicity, and quite as surely child's memory could not be peopled with more beautiful and inspiring conceptions than these of the old Hellenic imagination.

Novelty is by no means the chief recommendation of Miss Harding's translation of Chodsko's "Slav Tales."† The volume possesses a singular distinction of its own. The old Slav peasants and herdsmen must have been a remarkably dreamy and gentle race to have shaped these boldly imaginative and tender legends. What a fine fancy is this, to make the summit of the high hills the seat of Time, the hearth of his great solar fire, around which the Months—"Men of God," they are called —are found seated on great blocks of stone by the ill-used little step-child, who is sent out into the snowy forest to gather violets. She tells her trouble to the strange company, and the great Setchene (January) gives his place to Brezene (March); the fire blazes up, the snows melt, the trees bud, the grass grows green, the meadows are full of violets. "Gather them quickly, Marouckla," says Brezene; and thus the first cruel ordeal is gone through. But the Men of God know how to punish as well as how to help; a wave of Setchene's wand brings the north-east wind and the driving snow, and the wicked step-mother and insolent step-sister are frozen to death in the mountain forest. Then what a depth of feeling there is for children, for animals, even for the trees of the woodland. Once when the king is in council, he and his sages hear the most delightful singing of birds, and on inquiring he is informed of a perfectly magical birth of many babies. As he sits puzzling over this deep mystery, the palace is suddenly lit up with dazzling lights; the queen's little daughter has opened her eyes! What can childlessness be but a punishment for sin? Kindness to a fly secures George the love of the Princess with the Golden Hair; the Born Fool gives a dead tree-stump his cap to keep it from the cold, and wins the friendship of a great oak: "This withered tree is my son, and up to this time no one has grieved for his dead youth but me." Prince Dobrotek sees an owl rending a hare, and flings what seems to be a stone at it, and kills the bird, but the stone was a skull, which speaks to him: "I belonged to an unhappy man who took his own life, and for this crime of suicide I have been condemned to roll in the mud until I was the means of saving the life of one of God's creatures." With the exception of the "Old World Japan Legends," which I referred to in January, this seems to me quite the most human-hearted and poetic of the recent volumes of fairy stories that I have seen.

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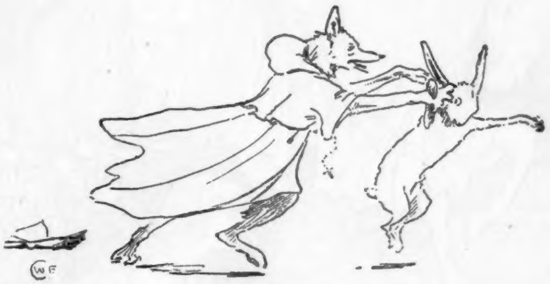
* "Education; an Introduction to its Principles and their Psychological Foundations." By H. Holman, M.A. Isbister & Co., Limited. 6*s.*

* "The Heroes, or Greek Fairy Tales for my Children." By Charles Kingsley. With illustrations by the Author. Pocket edition. Macmillan & Co. 1*s.* 6*d.*

† "Fairy Tales of the Slav Peasants and Herdsmen." From the French of Alex. Chodsko. Translated and illustrated by Emily J. Harding. George Allen. 6*s.*



"The Most Delectable History of Reynard the Fox"

In the somewhat miscellaneous collection, "Legends from River and Mountain,"* many of the tales are touched with the same glamour, but they are presented in a form in which one feels that the naïveté of the original narrator has lost something through the self-conscious art of the modern author. Still the book will be a wonder world for the child, and it will repay the attention of the older reader who has not lost the capacity of enjoying what Lowell called "the day-dreams of the poor." In particular, he will linger over the curious adventure of Ovid in exile, and will ask, with little hope of an answer, how much of it is attributable to the humble story-teller among the pine-woods of Sinaia or in the mountains beyond.

The makers of the Slav tales, and the untutored poets who shaped "Snow Bird" and "The Water Tiger," appear to be separated by the breadth of whole centuries of civilisation.† Miss Compton mentions that these American-Indian Tales are founded on the Smithsonian Reports and on the folk-lore contained in Schoolcraft, Copway, and Catlin. The task has been admirably executed, but what a remote, primitive kind of intellectual and moral life the stories reveal! The Indian seems to be in that stage of childhood in which observation is keen and close, but emotion—especially pity and tenderness—has hardly yet been awakened. The Indian describes what he sees; the Slav what he would like to see. The typical Indian story-teller is Iagoo, in whose great ears the slightest noise becomes loud as thunder, whose sharp eyes can see twice as many feathers as any one else on a flying bird and "all the little colours underneath." Nature puzzles him; and many of his tales are his explanations of her fantastic tricks. And yet he has points of resemblance to his older brothers. Take this description of the joy of a man who sees a friend he thought dead: "He laughed so loudly that the clouds were broken and a rainbow appeared above the trees." The great wind which touched the dead bones, and when Little Elk cried "Arise" the bones rose up living men, suggests a very ancient literature indeed. And there is an Oriental subtlety about the fashion in which the wizard fulfilled his promise to the adventurers who visited the Sun-Prince: "'You who wished to live for ever shall have that wish granted now. Thereupon he turned one of them into a cedar-tree, and the other into a grey rock."

Most delectable, indeed, is Mr. Jacobs' edition of the "Secular Bible" and "World's Book," the quips, rogueries, stratagems, and escapes of Reynard the Fox.* The text, that of the late Sir Henry Pole ("Felix Summerley") mostly adapted from Caxton's, has a delicious quaintness and piquancy, which are enhanced by the clever drawings of Mr. W. Frank Calderon, while in thirty interesting pages of introduction Mr. Jacobs condenses all that can be said as to the origin and development of this celebrated beast-epic.

Delightfully fresh as the stories of distant lands may be, let us not forget those which were told centuries ago about the winter fires of our own ancestors. Mr. Baring-Gould, whose pen is as charming as his knowledge and industry are inexhaustible,

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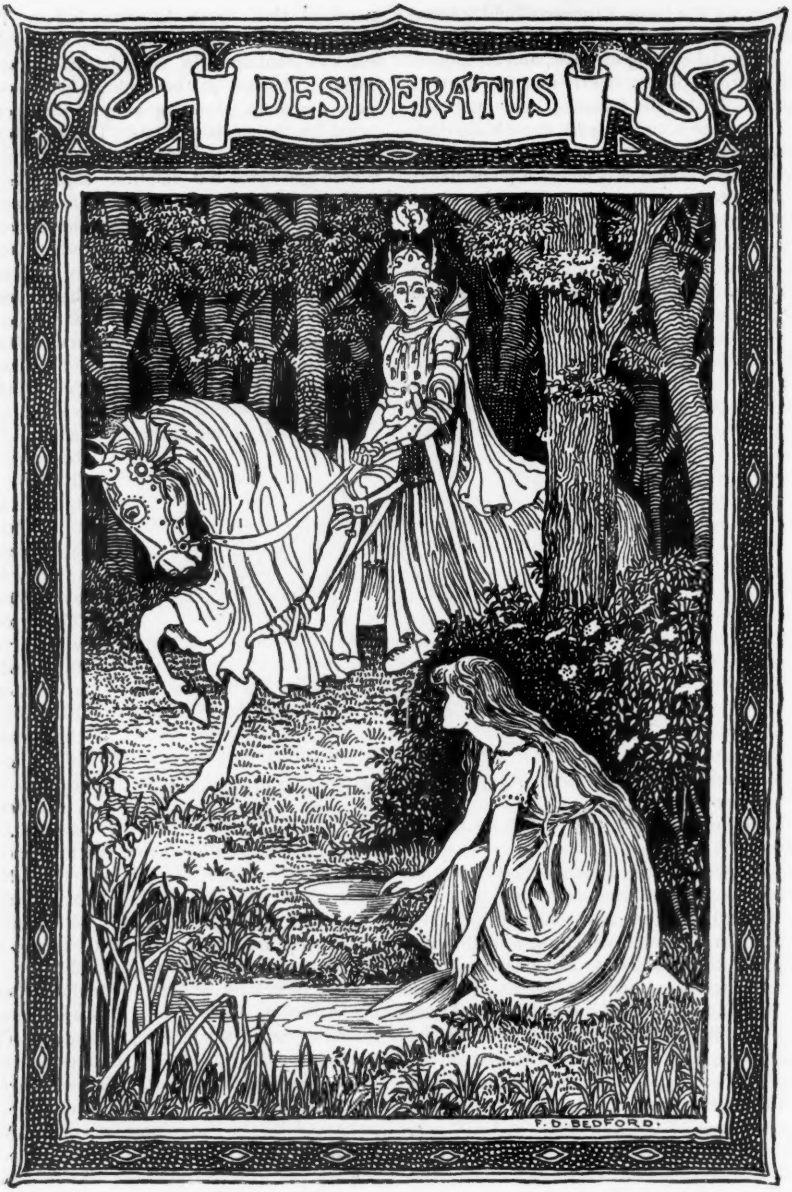
* "Legends from River and Mountain. By Carmen Sylva (H.M. the Queen of Roumania) and Alma Strettell. With illustrations by T. H. Robinson. George Allen. 6*s*.

† "Snow Bird and the Water Tiger, and other American-Indian Tales." By Margaret Compton. With drawings by Walter Conant Greenough. Lawrence & Bullen. 3*s*. 6*d*.

* "The Most Delectable History of Reynard the Fox." Edited with introduction and notes by Joseph Jacobs. Done into pictures by W. Frank Calderon. Macmillan & Co. (The Cranford Series.) 6*s*.



"Old English Fairy Tales"

has made a most attractive collection of these old English tales.* While the brief notes in which he indicates the sources from which he has drawn give one some notion of the research which his task has entailed, it is perhaps the best praise to say that the stories themselves are simple and natural enough to have been told by some old village nurse. No child, bearded or apple-cheeked, will read this volume with its beautiful legend of "Robert the Evil" without hoping that Mr. Baring-Gould will fulfill his promise of a second series.

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* "Old English Fairy Tales." Collected by S. Baring-Gould, M.A., author of "Mehalah," "The Tragedy of the Cæsars," etc. Illustrated by F. D. Bedford. Second Edition. Methuen & Co. 6*s*.

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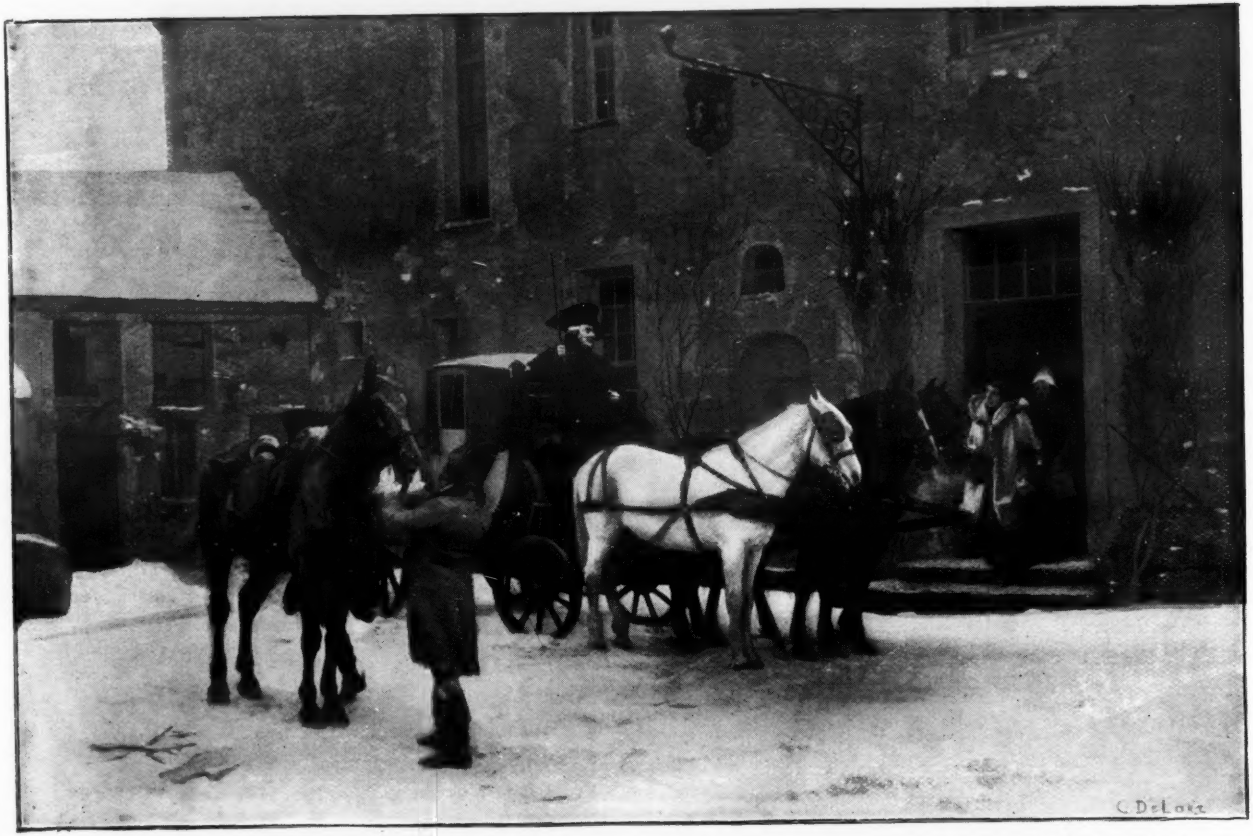

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THE DEPARTURE

By C. Delort

FALSE COIN OR TRUE?*

By F. MONTRÉSOR, Author of "Into the Highways and Hedges," etc.

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CHAPTER VII

LINDA parted with John Maclean at the corner of the street in which the conjuror lived, and ran home, and upstairs to Nanette.

Nanette grunted discontentedly.

"How late you are!" she said. "You come in breathless, and with kisses and love-making written all over you! You will have your eggs in the fire one fine morning, mon chou; and it is you who will have fear at the blaze. I am in terror each day lest monsieur should guess."

Linda laughed, and put both hands to her hot cheeks.

"I do not care who knows," she said.

She took off her dress, and began brushing her hair before the looking-glass.

Her pretty white shoulders were no longer thin, and had lost their trick of stooping. Her voice had a merrier and more girlish ring in it than heretofore.

"Don't be cross, Nanny," she said coaxingly; "I don't like it when you are cross. I am so sorry I wasn't in before. I ran all the way down the street to make up the lost time. That is what makes my cheeks burn."

"Ah! that and other things," Nanette muttered.

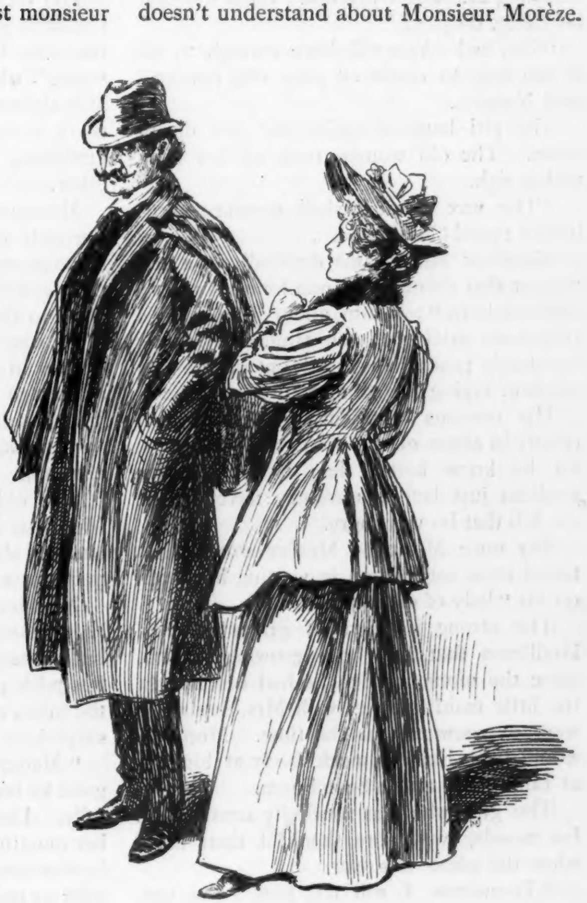
Linda went behind the Frenchwoman's chair, and put her bare arms round Nanette's neck, the brush and comb still in her hands.

"Nanny! However am I to get dressed if you don't help me? You know that I must not be late. I wouldn't keep Monsieur Morèze waiting—no, not for the world; and him so good to me, though John is always trying to persuade me that he isn't."

Nanette pulled Linda's arms apart, and twisted round in her chair.

"Which is it?" she asked solemnly. "Voyez-vous, it is one man or the other; but *both!* no! that you can *not*, Your Mr. Maclean has reason."

"No, he hasn't," said Linda. "John doesn't understand about Monsieur Morèze.



A FLING DOWN OF THE GLOVE

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He thinks—oh, I don't know what dreadful things he doesn't think. He——"

"Depêche toi, Mademoiselle!"

The man's voice broke in on their colloquy. The women looked at each other in dismay; then Linda scrambled into her white dress with a celerity worthy of Monsieur Morèze himself, Nanette helping her. She looked even prettier than usual, Nanette thought, in spite of the hurried toilette. Only, when she was quite ready, and was standing with her hand on the door handle, there crossed her face for one instant the old strained, anxious look, the shadow of her miserable childhood.

"Nanny, dear," she whispered under her breath, "I had a sort of a terror when I was by the river. A feeling as if some one were watching us. You—you don't think it meant anything, do you?"

"No, no! You will have enough to do if you stop to count all your silly fancies," said Nanette.

The girl laughed again, and ran downstairs. The old woman took up her work with a sigh.

"The wax candles shall measure three inches round!" said she.

Monsieur Morèze was decidedly in a bad temper that evening. Linda found it utterly impossible to "tell him about John" while they were driving to the Hall, and he was constantly putting his head out of the cab window, urging the cabman to drive faster.

His nervous irritability expended itself chiefly in abuse of the driver and the horse, for he knew better than to frighten his medium just before a *séance;* nevertheless, she felt that he was angry.

For once Monsieur Morèze would have found some satisfaction in venting his wrath on his "lady of distinction."

The strong instincts of protection and kindliness that had been growing in him, since the moment when he had first fought the little maid's battles with Mrs. Swainson, were overpowered for the time. Monsieur would have liked to mock freely at himself, at Linda, and at the Scotchman.

The girl, who was morbidly sensitive to his moods, was more thankful than usual when the *séance* was over.

"To-morrow I will tell him," she promised herself; but, somehow her courage was sinking fast, and it was with an unheroic feeling of relief that she heard him announce to Nanette that he should be absent for a night or two.

He had a little business to attend to, he should probably come back only in time for the Saturday performance. Well, then, "to-morrow" would be a free day, a respite!

Clearly it would be impossible to make confessions to-morrow. On his return he should hear everything.

Linda awoke the next day with a comfortable sense of rest and peace. Her nerves had been rather shaken last night, though she would have found it difficult to explain why, for Monsieur had certainly not scolded her; now he was probably miles away, She would not need to make an effort for at least twenty-four hours.

Her relief was, perhaps, a little inconsistent with her assurance to John and Nanette that she had no fears, that she did not "care" whether Monsieur guessed or not. It is almost impossible to be consistent when one's reason pulls one way, backed too by gratitude, and one's natural instinct the other.

Moreover, if one is naturally a coward, the only thing left is to act with as much courage as one can summon. It is only people with iron nerves who can afford to allow to themselves that they are afraid.

It was characteristic of a certain fine quality in the girl that she would not take advantage of the master's absence to have John inside the house.

"It's *his* house, and it wouldn't be fair," she said.

She did not even let John know that Monsieur Morèze was away; whereby, oddly enough, she disappointed the conjuror's expectations.

Monsieur Morèze came back unexpectedly long before the twenty-four hours were over, but he caught no mice at play. Nanette saw his quick glance at the cups and plates on the table, and guessed that he had had his suspicions.

"Mademoiselle is not far off. She has gone to buy a cake for tea," she said cheerfully. Linda's scruples, that had seemed to her unnatural and absurd, had evidently been heaven-sent. "Monsieur will have his tea with us to-day. It is all ready, and la petite will be pleased to see him back so early."

"She shall have the pleasure at once. I

will go to fetch her," said Monsieur. "How often have I said that she is too much of a celebrity, and much too pretty to be allowed to wander about London alone. Where is she, then?"

"Just across the road at the pastry-cook's, where I can watch the whole journey there and back," said Nanette triumphantly.

It was a mercy that the child *was* alone, especially since Monsieur still looked like a thunder-cloud.

Nanette saw him cross the road, and go into the shop, and she uttered an ejaculation of thankfulness. "The blessed lady certainly guards her," she thought; "for it might so easily have been otherwise."

Linda was chatting with the woman who served her. Monsieur Morèze heard her laugh when he entered the shop. Linda was in much better spirits, and laughed more merrily than of yore. The pastry-cook's boy was staring at her with admiration. Monsieur tweaked the lad's ear viciously, which caused a slight commotion.

Linda turned round and saw him. "Ah! you have come back, Monsieur," she said.

"Evidently," said Monsieur Morèze.

He threw down a shilling on the counter.

"Keep the change; Mademoiselle does not want it," he said grandly. "Besides," he added in French to Linda, "You have had a sixpennyworth of conversation."

Linda blushed, and gathered up her cakes. "I quite forgot that you don't like me to talk to people."

They had left the shop now, and he was walking by her side. She turned to him with a little air of apology, her fair face still slightly flushed, her eyes a little anxious, but a smile on her lips. She did not like even the faintest shadow of displeasure, but "Monsieur" was easily mollified as a rule. Then her smile died away all at once; when her eyes met his, she knew that he knew.

"What ees it? Haf you a guilty conscience? But take care where you go," he said.

He put his hand on hers as they crossed the road. "Without me you would haf been run over; but now you are safe, you will pull your hand away—hein?"

The girl walked on in front of him for a few paces without answering. They turned into a square of old-fashioned, dingy houses that stood back from the thoroughfare.

Here she paused, leaning against the garden paling, her face curiously white.

"You know!" she said. "I can hear in your voice that you know; but I was meaning to tell you myself. Indeed, indeed this is quite true, Monsieur! Every day I've meant to tell you, but somehow it—it was difficult. I haven't wanted to behave badly to you. I wouldn't have John come to your house while you were away. This very day I have been saying that so soon as ever Monsieur comes home he shall hear everything."

She clasped and unclasped her fingers while she spoke. Every gesture and every intonation was unconsciously appealing. Yet Monsieur Morèze had expressed no anger. He stood, with bent head, tracing patterns with his stick on the dusty road. At her last words he shrugged his shoulders.

"Your thought was prophetic, for I do now mean to hear evairyting. All de same, I might have waited till de great day dat de priests talk about, when all de secrets are called on de house-tops, eef I had not found out. Where did you meet first your Mr.—Mr.—ah, how does he say it?"

"His name is John Maclean," said Linda. Somehow the very sound of the words stilled her violent and unaccountable panic. "I do not know why I was so silly just now. I am not ashamed. I am very proud of John," she cried.

She made a rather pathetic effort to regain her self-control.

They walked slowly down the length of the square, and Monsieur Morèze proceeded to draw the whole of the story, such as it was, from her, with very little trouble.

"Monsieur" had been angry, and something more than angry, when he had seen her with her lover; now his anger died away. John had, after all, so very small a chance against him. John had not played on her emotions twice a week, for years, nor held her will captive.

The foolish little tale, too, was so natural. His medium was bound, after all, to fall in love with some one. She was hardly more to blame for that, than for the fever she had had when he had first taken her into his house. Calf love, like measles, is a thing that must be got through. It was highly "inconvenient," Monsieur thought (as he had thought once before, when the child had so nearly died on his hands), but he ought to have expected it.

So he was partially mollified, though more than once the confessions he extorted, made him swear under his breath at the Scotchman, and make comments that jarred on the girl.

Monsieur had never before treated her with anything approaching disrespect. She was, perforce, seeing a side of him that she would very much have preferred to remain blind to. It was her own fault, she said to herself, ruefully enough. She ought not to have had any concealments from him.

"So you met him again in de hall, and did remember at once dat he was de red-headed Monsieur who had made so fine a noise? Mon Dieu! and I was vary sorry about dat! How she has been shocked and startled, I said to myself. But, after all, you forgave him vary quickly. Mais enfin, to forgive is what a woman most enjoys, hein? And you, perhaps, did not after all so much mind?"

The sneer in his voice brought the colour to Linda's cheeks. For a moment she wished for John to defend her. Then she was ashamed of her desire. No, no, she was thankful he was *not* here. Thankful for the sake of both men.

"I hadn't anything to forgive. It was only that John didn't understand," she said. "He didn't know that you have been so good to me. He meant to take my part. There aren't so many people wanting to take trouble for anybody who they think put upon," cried the girl. "You and him, Monsieur, you are the only two as *I've* ever seen go out of their ways to help girls who've no claim on them."

"I and him!" said Monsieur, laughing, in spite of himself. "But he would not feel complimented, your so vary pious and respectable, Monsieur Maclean. You do not say dat to him, hein?"

"Yes, but I do," said Linda quickly.

She knew, even while she spoke, that Monsieur was less bitter now; she too had a power at her command. She was not proud and conscious of it, as Monsieur was proud of his, but she used it all the same.

There had been a faint suggestion of sadness in his voice; she answered that. She was no mesmerist, able to impose her will; she was only a woman able to touch that "other part" of him.

"Of course I do," she cried. "Do you fancy I forget? I don't think I've ever forgotten."

She looked straight before her, with eyes that saw, not this quiet square where the almonds were flowering, but a Bristol lodging-house, and a desperate, frightened child going "out into the streets."

"I shouldn't be here now, if you hadn't been at Mrs. Swainson's then. I shouldn't never have had months and years of happiness. I shouldn't have had John," said Linda, softly. "However long I live I won't forget."

Her face, while she spoke, was transfigured with the joy that comes once in a lifetime.

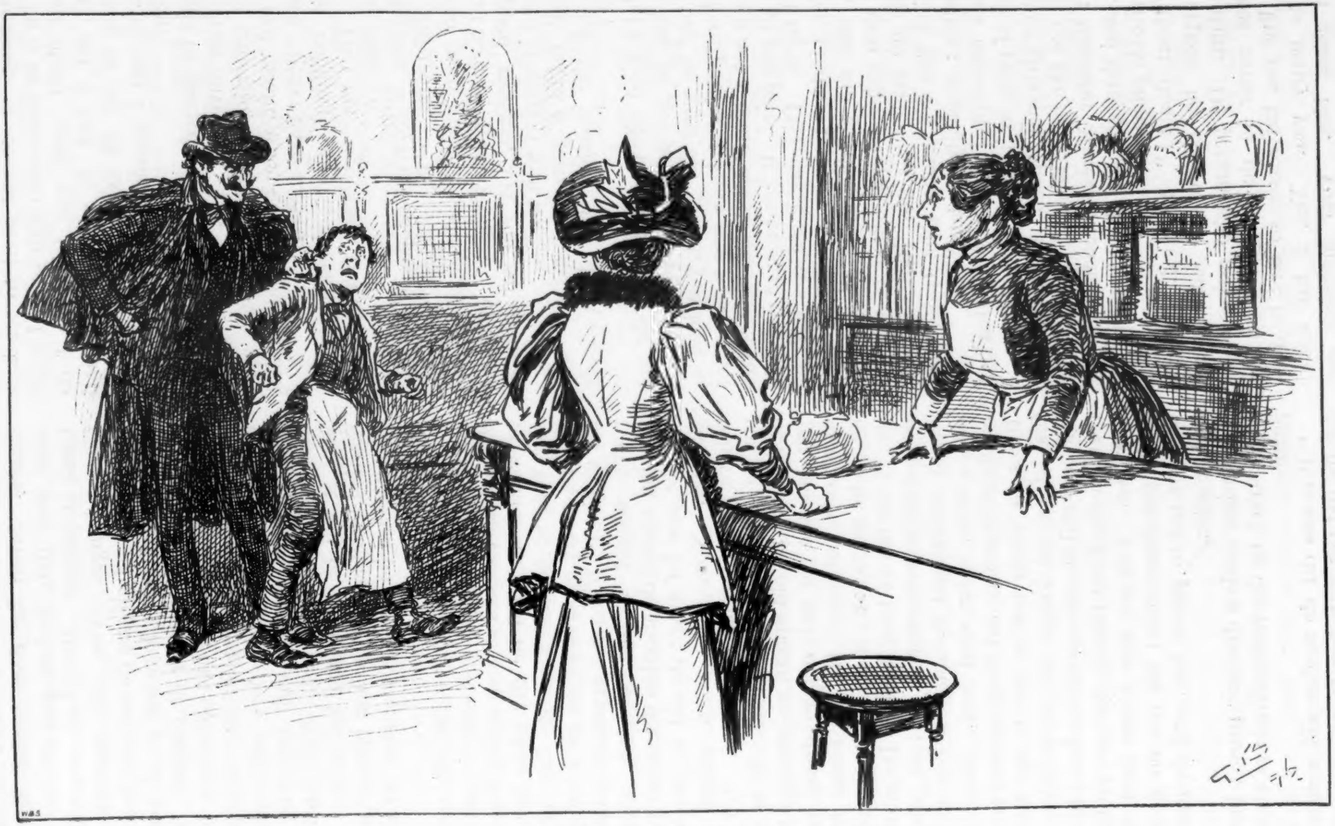
Monsieur Morèze turned his head away, and spoke without looking at her.

"It is all vary pretty. I wish you would keep dat expression when we are on de stage; it ees like church music and de smell of incense. But it was not yesterday dat I was born. Gratitude ees a beautiful sentiment. I am old enough to haf learnt what does happen to de beautiful sentiments when dey come in de way of de lover. What does your so excellent Scotchman say to it, hein?"

"John does not understand," said Linda, evasively.

"Which is where I haf de advantage," said Monsieur Morèze. "See now, it ees my turn to talk, and I haf someting to say to you. It ees not quite what I did mean to say at first, and you need not be afraid; it ees only common sense I will talk to you. Leesten, Linda! When I did take you away with me, it was because I did see you would pay me. Bien! I had reason. I generally haf. But I had even more right than I knew at first. You are without any doubt a vary wonderful success. With Hélène—who was also a good medium in her way—I did not make one quarter de stir. You are made for it. You haf a constitution quite peculiar, and you are also vary pretty. It ees, den, matter of course dat I do not wish you to marry. Ç'a va sans dire—is it not so?"

He paused for an answer, but got none, and went on again rapidly. "Dat ees my view. You see I do tell you plain, you



"Monsieur tweaked the lad's ear viciously" would be a loss to me. I haf nevair before found ainy one so sensitive. With you I can do ainything. I do not need to touch or even be in de same room with you. I could without doubt make you feel what I do choose, eef I had de whole of England between, or eef, for example, you were in Scotland, and I standing in dis square in London."

Again he paused for a moment, and his companion shivered.

She understood suddenly and fully what John had meant, when he had told her that she had "better have starved."

The conjuror's words struck her very hard. They were significant, and they were terribly true.

"Dat also is so, n'est ce pas?" he said, again insistently. "But yes, you know it! I haf so many times experimented on you, dat you do answer to a thought. You are a very good medium, and you haf been at ease and in comfort with me."

Linda made a gesture of assent. The ease and the comfort had been dearly bought!

"But a good wife to ce Monsieur, *dat* you would not be, nor at ease, nor in comfort with him," he went on. "Ah, you look as eef I were putting a knife into you. After all, I am not a beast, dat I should tell you dis to gif you pain. It ees because it ees de truth I say it. One day I see you walk by de river, Linda. I say to myself, 'Voilà la petite, who will go de way of all women.' All of dem either do make fools of men, or else dey are made fools of. If it ees to de last kind that dey belong, then they repent themselves; generally too late."

Linda interrupted with a smile that had a touch of pride in it.

"Other girls may repent," she said; "but John is not like other men."

And Monsieur Moreze stretched out his hands, and shrugged his shoulders, with an indescribable grimace.

"Without doubt!" he cried. "I do not suppose he ees of de same stuff, mon enfant. De person who makes of us fools ees nevair in de least like all de rest! But you haf reason so far; he does mean to marry you. Yes, I haf found out all about him. Your Monsieur ees serious. He ees serious to distraction. He ees vary respectable. He does support a mother and a sister already. For money? he has not too much, but he ees careful. When he does spread his porridge vary thin, it does just go round de family at present. With four, one will haf always hunger. You will perhaps take dat in turn. I gif you de warning, however, dat to haf hunger does not at all become you, nor ees it good for de temper. Monsieur Maclean ees not like other men, hein? Good! dat ees lucky; for he will need to be vary different, eef he does still smile on you, when he see you with red eyes, and does feel himself pinched. Shall I tell you what it will be when you haf been a year married to him? (We will gif him one whole year because he ees a young man so extraordinary).

"To begin de story. De old mother already does not lof you—ees it not so? Ah, but dat too goes without saying, it ees not to wonder at. Till de day when her son saw you, he consulted her de first of all. He was a vary good son (you see I am quite fair to him.) When you appeared, it was de young against de old, de hot, new lof pushing against de affection dat ees of years. De hot new lof wins; de old woman must gif way. Now, voyez vous, petite, you believe it ees *you* haf conquered. I, I tell you *no*! It is not you at all. It is only de nature. De old woman ees stronger than you, but she ees only not so strong as de man's own passions. He has nevair made lof till he meets you; it ees not to marvel at dat he catches de fever badly. De mothers do not always comprehend dat; de girls do nevair understand it, unless it ees de bad ones; mais, enfin, c'est vrai. Bien! de excellent Monsieur has been married a year. It ees no longer new to him to haf a wife; his lof ees no longer on de bubble; but dere ees still an extra mouth to feed; in fact (pardon me, if you please), dere are probably now two. You are now always tired, your back does always ache; but you do de vary best you can to please him, and de mother and de sister."

Monsieur made a dramatic pause; he was really struck by the verisimilitude of his own picture.

"It is now dat de mother will remember dat she did not wish him to marry you, dat you haf brought him not one penny, dat you had not a name! You are not strong even to sweep and dust and cook; in such a house you are no good at all. She will tell you dat—often and often; and she will be right. For Monsieur Maclean, I do not say dat he will in de least ill-use you. No, I gif him evairy credit. He will do his duty (unless you make him jealous, which would be another story), but he will see you no more pretty when de colour and de figure are gone, and at bottom he ees hard, he ees vary like his mother. Haf I not said she, after all, is stronger than you? Well, he will see at last dat she had reason. It will be a comfort to her; she will forgif him then. To be right is always a satisfaction, even when de porridge will not go round. For you, perhaps, it will hardly be so consoling. Mais, enfin, some one must always go to de wall, and it will be your turn."

"I don't believe it! Oh, I don't believe it!" cried Linda; but the very vehemence of her denial belied her words.

Even while he spoke, her unwilling eyes pictured the future he prophesied.

"Don't tell me about it," she cried. "Oh, Monsieur, let me be happy!" She spoke piteously, with an almost childish pathos.

Monsieur Morèze could easily impress her; it is even possible that he had half impressed himself!

For his own sake he had not the slightest intention of letting her John carry her off; but he told himself that it was really rather fortunate for Linda that the marriage was not in his programme.

"Ah, but it ees I who do guard your happiness," he said. "To marry Monsieur Maclean would not at all suit you. It is *I* who am an angel vary much in disguise! Ah! you do not think so now, but I assure you, petite, dat I do feel de wings sprouting! Regardez donc; eef you were as strong as dat cart-horse, who pulls de coals along in front of us, and eef your skin were also so tough as his, in dat case it would perhaps be not so bad for you to marry de poor man wid de red hair. As it ees, de load would break your back, and de temper your heart. One has but to look at him to see de last. Why do I tell you? But to show you what you haf escaped."

"But I have not," cried Linda with sudden energy.

She threw out both hands as if she were trying to break some invisible fetter. "Monsieur, my life is mine," she exclaimed; "not any one else's. It ain't yours, it ain't even John's. It's mine; and if everything you say is going to happen, and ten times worse, yet I'll do as I like with it. It will be worth while."

They were still walking up and down the quiet square, where she had chosen to fight the unequal contest out. Monsieur Morèze turned round and lifted his hat with a mock homage, that had yet a touch of reality about it. "Brava," he said, "but you are not, after all, a coward, Linde! See now, dat was meant for a—what ees de word?—a fling down of de glove—a defiance? Ah, dat ees it. A defiance, hein? And, eef I were quite de devil your monsieur does tink me, I might pick it up and say, "Try den, if you will, which ees stronger—you, who I can command any minute of de day, or I. Mon Dieu! your monsieur would be bold eef he did take for a wife a woman who must come eef I were to call her, and must speak with my words if I choose. But, after all, I do not want to quarrel. I am not so cruel. We will make a fair bargain, and dere shall be no anger in it. Come; you will promise me to take de time to consider all de wise words I haf said. For one month you will not see Monsieur Maclean, and I—I will not say one more word against him till de month ees over. Shall it be so?"

He smiled, not unkindly, and held out his hand.

That reckless speech of hers, that rather despairing defiance, had actually touched him. Moreover, Linda's implicit belief in the magnitude of his power always gratified his self-esteem.

"We have not been bad friends, and for me, I do much prefer dat you should like me," he said. "Will you promise? I advise it."

Linda hesitated for a moment, then nodded in assent. She did not take his hand; his hardly veiled threats had touched her too nearly.

As for Monsieur Morèze, he had recovered both temper and spirits.

"Good! dat ees right; and I trust you, petite," he said cheerfully. "At present we are good friends once more. We will drive home now, for you look white as the pavement. Ah, but eef you were to marry de

Scotchman, you would haf alwayes to walk."

He signalled to a hansom, and jumped in beside her. Monsieur Moreze was lavish over small sums. On the whole, he was pleased with himself. Indeed, there was small doubt on which side of the scale the so-called "bargain" dipped.

"But if, with a whole month to work in, I cannot outwit the Scotchman, I shall deserve to lose," he reflected.

CHAPTER VIII

LINDA went home with indignation in her heart.

She had never before felt angry with Monsieur Moreze; it was a new sensation.

"Your John would be bold eef he did take for a wife a woman who must come eef I call her, and must speak with my words, eef I choose."

It was that hardly veiled threat that had roused her.

Monsieur Moreze should have known better than to threaten a woman. There is scarcely any surer means of awakening her defiance. He had boasted a little too much. The worst of playing to a mob is that the player loses in delicacy; his effects become too strong.

Linda was haunted by horrible visions that were but the shadows and reflections of her waking thoughts.

In her dreams she dismissed John in despite of herself; she tried to entreat him to stay, and found, to her horror, that her tongue, compelled to do the conjuror's will, was bidding him go. One night she woke to find herself in the hall.

The sensation of cold stones against her bare feet had awakened her.

She went back to her room shivering.

She could rest no more. The vague terrors that oppressed her drove her to her knees.

She knelt under the picture of the Madonna before which a night-light was burning.

The eternal goodness that we cling to, that shows itself to us men and women in guises so diverse, was most manifest to Linda as a protecting and parental power.

John would have been horrified at her "leaning to Papistry," but the picture of mother and child helped to quiet her fears.

Life was *not* all made up of mysterious, unnatural influences. It meant the honest love of an upright man, and the blessed burden of children, and the effort to be good!

When she rose from her knees Nanette called softly to her from her corner of the room.

"Come here, mon ange, I've something to say to you."

Linda ran across to her, and sat on the bed, and the old woman talked in an eager whisper.

The dawn, peering into that funny little French room in the heart of London, found the two still in earnest confabulation.

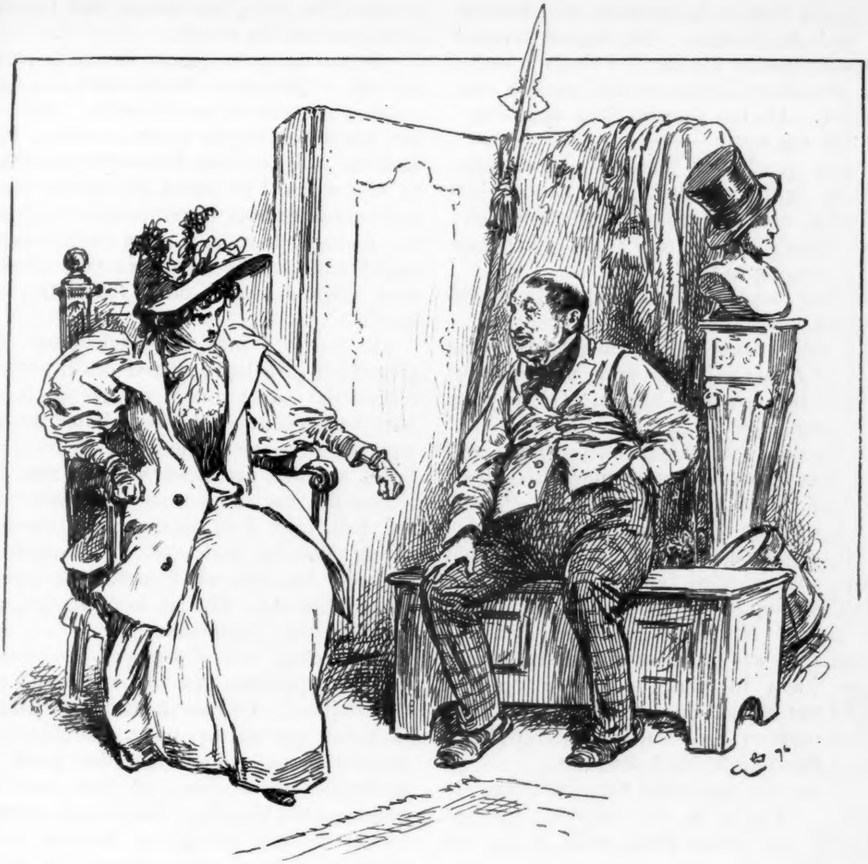
Nanette sitting bolt upright, her brown face framed in a starched and pleated nightcap; Linda with her hair loose on her shoulders, looking, in her straight white night-gown, like the angel Nanette had called her, but with a most human and unangelic anxiety at her heart.

"She said so. I am telling you her very words: 'I've come to give your little saint a warning,' she said. 'Tell her that if she wants to marry her lover, she'd best be quick about it, or she'll find the sea between.' Now, the woman's got no love for you, ma chérie, but I think that what she told me is the truth, for she does not wish Monsieur to carry you off, for her own sake. She is mad—absolutely mad about him. Mon Dieu, she cannot understand when she has no more chance; when a man is dead sick of her! As for Monsieur, he is not without sense, though he may amuse himself. He would never take Hélène abroad, though that was what she always wanted. With you he is different. See now, I have told you everything, petite. May Mary Mother protect me on the day when Monsieur finds me out!"

The light had broadened now; the carts were beginning to rattle by.

Linda got off the bed, and pulled up the window-blinds, and threw open the window.

"Oh dear! I am glad the morning has come!" she cried. "Things seem more natural-like in daylight. Nanny, if Monsieur Moreze ever shows one sign of meaning to take me away, I know what I'll do; but till he does, I'll keep my promise to him."



"We know all about your feelings. What happened next?"

She put her head out of the window. The sky showed clear and primrose-coloured above the smoke of chimneys.

"I mayn't write to you, but good-morning, good-morning to you, John," she whispered.

"What are you saying?" asked Nanette.

"It is going to be very fine," said Linda. "The days are much more sunshiny than they used to be, I think."

Nanette gave an odd little grunt, and turned over on her side.

"Then, you'd better make your hay," she said. "But for me—I am going to sleep."

Mr. Schonenwetter was just about to put up his shutters one August night, when a woman stumbled over the doorstep, and then came hurriedly in.

Even before he saw her face, Aaron noticed that she was possessed by some strong emotion. She walked across the shop, and leaned her arms on the counter.

There was a freedom in her movements, there was a restless excitement in the tones of her voice, that Aaron, at the first glance, attributed to the influence of drink; at the second, to anger or grief.

"I've something to sell," said she.

"Couldn't come to a better shop, my dear," answered the Jew cheerfully. Then, with quickened interest, he recognised the conjuror's ex-medium. "There's that little account between us," he said; "but let's see what you've brought."

"You'll have to be content with hearing it," said the woman. She leaned forward and whispered in his ear: "I've got a secret that Monsieur Moreze would give his eyes to know. He has shut his door against me. Me that was worth——"

"Yes, yes," said the Jew impatiently. "We've heard all that. He treated you shameful, and showed his bad taste—eh? Well, what's the secret? Ah, you know you're longing to tell."

Hélène looked at him defiantly; her mood changed and shifted like a weathercock.

"I don't know that I will after all," she cried. "*I* ain't a Jew to wring my living out of other people's heart-breaks. *I* don't want your dirty money."

"It's not been offered you yet, my dear," said Aaron drily. "She must have been drinking, after all," he reflected. "She'll lose her beauty if she goes on on that tack."

He observed her torn dress, and split boots, and draggled bonnet. She was certainly hard-up. Should he turn her out of the shop? No, he might as well hear the secret. It was probably worthless, but one never knew in what unlikely places one might not happen on a treasure-trove. Mr. Schonenwetter had dealt in "secrets," and found them profitable before now.

"I suppose you came for something," he said. "You're a bit excited to-night. Hadn't you better think what it was you wanted?"

Hélène put her hands to her head. Then she looked up with suddenly kindling eyes.

"I want to see him; I want another chance," she cried. She was handsome still. At that moment she was even beautiful, with the beauty of a tragedy queen.

"Now, upon my soul," said Aaron, with half-mocking admiration, "if I were in the Frenchman's shoes you shouldn't ask twice. But I am not, and he ain't so accommodating as I am. You see you wounded his vanity, which is easier reached than his heart, but which don't heal as quick."

"Get me into the house where I can speak to him," said Hélène, "and I'll make him listen yet."

Aaron smiled at the vanity of her hope. It was absurd that she should not recognise that any attempt to re-instate herself by an appeal to the conjuror's feelings was ludicrous in its futility. Nevertheless, it was easy to promise the thing she asked, and his ears itched to hear her secret.

"It is a dangerous game for me to play," he said. "Monsieur Moreze ain't altogether a safe gentleman to meddle with. But—ah you know how to get round us men, Miss Hélène. I'll do what I can for you—that's to say, when I've heard the whole story. Let's consult about it comfortably, my dear, for I shan't have any more customers to-night, and, I take it, you've your time at your disposal now—only too much so, eh?"

He led her into the back room, and placed her in a high, carved chair, while he lighted the gas-jet above her. As she leaned back he noticed that she was thinner, that she stopped to cough in the midst of every sentence, and that her hands were hot and dry.

She did not tell a story connectedly, but the Jew, from long practice, was clever at sifting details, and apt to discriminate between the gist of a statement and its embellishments. He let her talk on, and drew his own conclusions.

First came the oft-repeated account of her old triumphs, and of her quarrel with the conjuror. Of how she had been justified (a point proved by many complimentary anecdotes) in telling him he would be nothing without her; of how she had threatened to leave him, but had not expected him to be mad enough to take her at her word; of how a cruel chance had so infatuated the public that his rashness remained, alas! unpunished; while her mistake was bitterly brought home to her.

She described how she had followed him one evening, and how he had laughed and threatened to appeal to the police to protect "de helpless foreigner." The girl by his side had been shocked, and had remonstrated. *Her* pity had stung Hélène more sharply than had his scorn.

"I went after them to Emperor's Hall and hissed him," she said. "He didn't like that. Oh, I know how it excites him to be hissed. I made all the noise I could, and I wished I could make more. I think I was a bit light-headed with rage. When I saw that little white idiot in the "Marvellous experiment with a dagger," I was that angry with her—there—set up in my place, that I called out 'Shame' at the top of my voice.

"A man standing behind me (I'd heard

him breathing hard and shuffling his feet before) joined in all of a sudden and shouted too. He jumped up all in a fuss, his face nearly as red as his hair, and went blundering on to the stage. I didn't wait to see the end; I went out. It don't seem as if I could sit still long anywhere. I get a kind of a 'driven' feeling that—— "

"Yes, yes," said Aaron, interrupting hastily, foreseeing another divergence, "we know all about your feelings. What happened next?"

Hélène stretched her arms out wide, with a weary hysterical laugh.

"He knows all about that!" she cried. "He knows all that! Listen to him; he hasn't got a heart that's as big as a dried filbert; but he quite understands all that!"

Aaron looked at her suspiciously. Hélène was decidedly volcanic to-night. He edged a little further away.

It was odd to reflect on how she must have followed the Frenchman! Watching his outgoings and incomings, growing ever thinner and poorer, and more feverishly eager!

Women were curiously made. Worth the study—even the worst of them.

If Monsieur Morèze did not mind what he was about, he would be stabbed in the street one of these days. She was just the sort to do that kind of thing, Aaron reflected. A dangerous animal to have driven in a corner.

"Well, my dear, so you went into the street, and then?" he said softly.

"I walked about, up and down," said Hélène, "and then I changed my mind and tried to get in again, but I hadn't another shilling in my pocket, and that's his fault d——n him and hers!—and presently the Scotchman, him who made all the row, comes quick into the street, and when he sees me, he holds out his hand and he says to me, all out of breath like, and with his eyes shining, 'I'm glad there was one woman in that sink of iniquity who had not the heart to sit still and look on. I honour you for it, miss.' I don't know what he meant," added Hélène, "unless he was fool enough to think the girl was really being hurt; I daresay he was. But it don't matter. Not that he's altogether a silly, either."

"Far from it, I should think," said Aaron; "he is evidently a man of taste."

"Oh, it ain't me, he's after," said Hélène; "and about that girl, he's as stupid as the rest of them. I don't know what nonsense he did not talk. Something about rescuing her from such a life, and it's being the ruin of her soul and body, and about her being no more than a child; though she's eighteen, if she's a day, and I'll be bound she's not lived a year with Monsieur Morèze for nothing, though she does look as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. But this Scotchman ain't the only one she's taken in with her soft ways. Why, there's a dozen at least I've seen at the stage-door waiting for her coming out. Not but what that's Monsieur Morèze's doing as much as hers. It's the mystery and the fuss he makes over her, hurrying her into the cab without allowing a word with any one; that's what it is, for she ain't even pretty."

"He's sharp enough," said Aaron; "I don't know any one that understands changing the metals better—copper into silver, and silver into gold. It ain't only on the boards that he does that."

"Ah!" said Hélène, with growing excitement, "but he's found his match for all his sharpness. She's sold him! Little hypocrite."

"Eh, what?" cried Aaron, "I always thought that girl was a deep one. It stands to reason, as you say; no one could be such an innocent as she's by way of being; but if she's outwitted him—upon my word, I ain't sure she's as wise as she is clever; for there'll be the devil to pay, she'll find. He don't forget in a hurry."

"He certainly don't," said Hélène bitterly; "and she knows it too. She's in mortal terror of him. She's as great a coward as ever I saw. If I played her game, at least I'd play it well; but she shilly-shallies till her lover would have given her up before now, if he wasn't as obstinate as a mule. It's all obstinacy. He's determined Monsieur Morèze shan't have her, and he's got it in his head that she's ill-used, for all she tells him to the contrary. Ill-used! Why, Monsieur Morèze gives her every dress she puts on, and he treats her as if she was a princess. He would not let me look at her if he could help it."

"You said, 'for all she tells him,'" said Aaron. "Her friend has done more than look, then."

"He's done more than look for this month past," said Hélène, with a short laugh. "He's met her most days; and, if he'd had his way, he'd have married her first, and told the conjuror afterwards. But no; she wouldn't have that. She cried, and talked about deceiving the man who had been kind to her, and she wouldn't run away from him, and yet she did not dare tell him. At the last out the whole story comes somehow—I don't know how—and says she: 'If you please, I'm going to be married.'"

Aaron whistled. "I thought you said she was a coward," he remarked.

"So she is; but she's a little stupid too," cried Hélène; "and whatever he sees in her, I——"

"Yes, yes; but the point, my dear, the point!" said Aaron. "So she told him the story, and then? Eh?"

Hélène stared stupidly for a minute, and put her hand to her head again. She found it difficult to relate anything connectedly. The curious, horrible fact that the conjuror would have no more to do with her was so much more important than anything else, that it kept looming up, dwarfing all other facts.

Hélène could not accept the inevitable. She could only fight against it spasmodically and unreasonably. She had fought against it for two years, growing older and weaker in the struggle.

"Go on, go on. What did he say?" said Aaron, whose eyes were twinkling with curiosity.

"I don't know, and it don't matter," said Hélène. "P'raps he told her lies; perhaps he didn't. It wouldn't hardly be worth his while to say much to that little milk-faced slip of a thing, I should think; but, whatever he said, he meant to take her to New York. I found out that much. And whether she liked it or no. Now, I put it to you, Mr. Schonenwetter, which of us two ought to go to America—her or me? and which——"

"Oh! of course there ain't no comparison between you," interposed Aaron judiciously. "But did she get wind of his little game? or did the lover come to the rescue—eh? or is he still meaning to take his pretty dear?"

"She ain't his," said Hélène quickly, "nor never was. She's got no more blood than a fish. She plays her see-saw between the two just as long as she can. She won't see her lover because of some ridiculous promise that, she says, she's given her master; and yet she's scared at the thought of giving him up; till, all of a sudden, the conjuror mentions, by the way, that he means to take her to Liverpool for a change of air (she's been looking a bit pastier than usual), and that startled her. I'd given her a hint as to what his intentions was, and it seems to have come over her all at once that there wasn't no time to lose. She first gives him the slip, and is off—this very afternoon!"

Aaron chuckled. "So that baby-faced girl has been one too many for our friend," he cried. "Now I should have thought him quite clever enough to keep a cage-door shut if he chose. It's odd, ain't it? I never fancied him much of a fool."

"No more he is," said Hélène, with a quick sobbing breath; "but she's the only one he ever believed in—and that's done it."

Aaron's hard, clear eyes twinkled in the gaslight. Her despair did not touch, but it interested him, as a curious fact in natural history. He was a keen observer of other people's passions, and had plenty of acuteness, though little sympathy.

"This is a very interesting story, Miss Hélène, but I don't see much secret about it. I suppose Monsieur Morèze knows by now that, for the second time in his career, he's been thrown over at the last moment? Oh! why there's an at-home at Lady Pattison's to-night."

Hélène nodded. "That's all he was waiting for," she said; "he would not miss that; he was determined to go. It's what he has always wanted. As soon as ever it was over he meant to be off—medium and all. But he don't know where she is now, and he'd give"—an odd smile came over her face—"he'd give his eyes to catch her. But he won't! *I* could tell him, but it has never come across him to ask me. I'm of no account now! I'm not!"

"Where is she?" asked Aaron eagerly. And Hélène laughed.

"That's what I've got to sell," she said. "Oh! it's worth something. He'll give a pretty penny to whoever can tell him. But I don't want no money. I shan't require it no more. Some one else will keep me after to-night. You may have the secret and sell it as dear as you can, if you'll just let me into that there grand house this evening. I'd like to see him there! Fancy now! the big drawing-room, and the lights, and the flowers, and all the ladies waiting. He wasn't satisfied with the Hall; not with all the money he made! Fancy it! he'll have got his wish, and no medium there. For you shan't have charge of her yet, Mr. Schonenwetter; not till the party has begun. What do you suppose the little fool did? She slipped away from him without a word to any one—(wouldn't get the old French body she's so thick with into trouble, she said)—and she went straight to Mr. Maclean's (that's her lover, you know). But he was out, and his mother would not let her inside the door; so there she was without a place to lay her head on! She comes to me then, because I'd given *her* the warning, and says she, quite straight out: 'I know you wanted me to leave Monsieur Moreze. Well, I've done it! Hide me from him to-night and I'll write to John, and to-morrow morning John will come and fetch me, and I shall need no one to hide me from any man ever any more. And you needn't ever be jealous of me again.'"

Aaron drew a deep breath. "I shouldn't have given her credit for it, but it wasn't a bad idea," he said. "Do you think her 'John' will come now, or will the old mother tug the hardest?"

"Oh, he'll come," said Hélène, "but, whether he'll find her there, I can't say. What do you think about that? How much do you think Monsieur Moreze would give to be there first? A pretty penny, I fancy! He ain't like some of us; though he likes money, he likes a few other things more. He'll not forgive that girl the trick she has played him; not if she were worth ten millions to him. But he'll be even with her, and he'll make her sorry for herself. I'm not afraid as he'll be too forgiving. But you'll get your price. Come now, Mr. Schonenwetter, I've heard as you've the key to Lady Pattison's house; get me inside it, introduce me to that nice gentleman of a butler as brought you that bit of silver you showed me once, and you shall have the girl's address to do as you like with. It wants an hour to the time he's due at Russell Square, but he'll be late to-night."

Aaron looked at her meditatively. "I don't quite understand your game, my dear," said he, "but I'd do a deal to oblige a lady. Come now, show me where the bird's hidden first, and then we'll stroll round to the aristocratic parts the Frenchman's so fond of, and I'll see if I can't get you in. If I may make so bold, though, you'd better dress up a bit better; especially," he added, "as the conjuror always had an eye to beauty; and, excuse me, but you can't afford to go untidy now. Who knows? If you're looking your best, you might touch any man's heart."

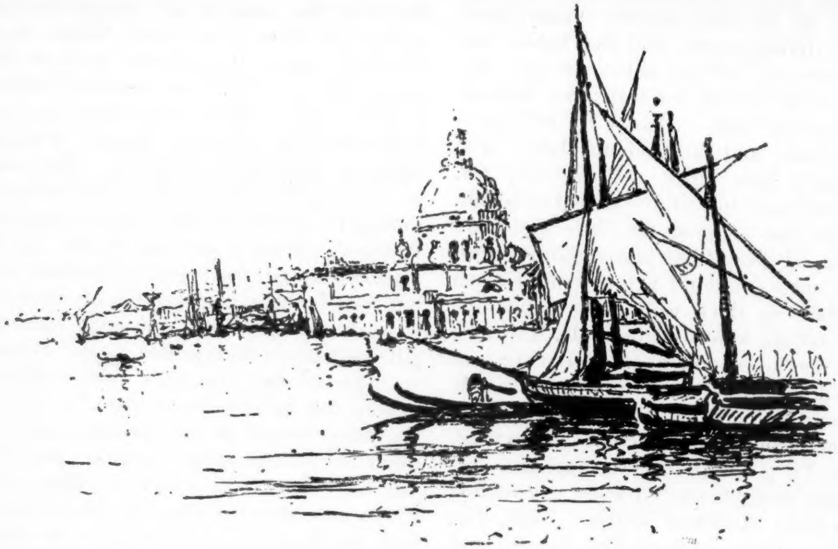
But he sneered as he spoke. Only a woman could have had any hope in such a plan.

"I've no doubt," said Hélène, calmly. "Thank you, Mr. Schonenwetter. I have tried before, and it's been no go, but *this* time I shall touch him."

LOVE AND DEATH

All day she lay tossing with troubled brain;
All night no kindly dew of sleep was shed
Upon that weary brow; beside her bed
A mother watch'd, a father's hand was fain
To soothe his darling's sighs—alas, in vain!
Love could not bring relief, so Death instead
Closed the tired eyes and eased the throbbing head,
And Baby smiled, and rested from her pain.
Is then great Love so weak, and Death so strong?—
Peace, wounded heart, we may not argue thus;
For so we wrong ourselves, and do thee wrong,
O happy infant soul, now pass'd above.
Thanks be to Him who tasted thee for us,
We know, O restful Death, thou too art Love.

W. TREGO WEBB.



SKETCH BY CLARA MONTALBA

SOME AUTOGRAPH LETTERS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS

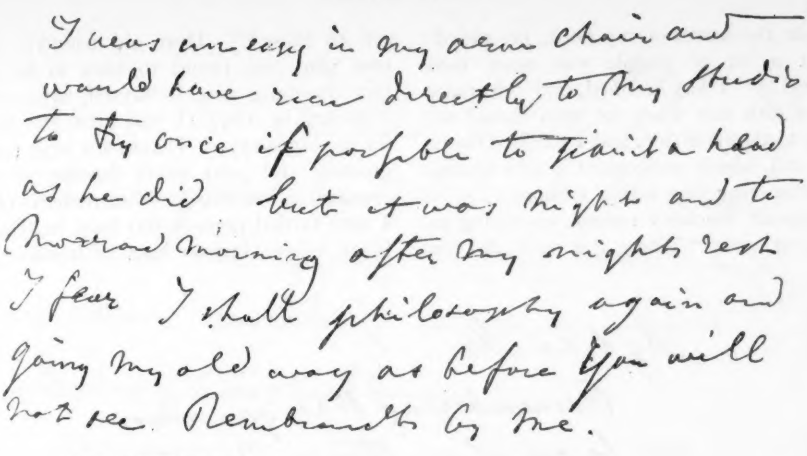
By I. M. W.

TO be quite honest, I have little sympathy with the autograph-hunter. I am ready to admit that he or she is a pest to society—an undaunted intruder who rushes in "where angels fear to tread," and that the unflattering remarks often hurled in their direction are deservedly strong and scathing.

And yet I am one of the tribe! Sometimes, it is true, my collection makes me feel a little bit ashamed, but at other times I turn over the letters, "all dead paper, mute and white," and yet seeming "alive and quivering," with the greatest possible interest and not a little pride, for at least it shows, as a cousin once kindly put it, "an enormous amount of cheek!" And really without "cheek" one makes but a poor performance in this world.

There is something so delightful in "getting hold," as it were, of the real every-day selves of writers whose learned books we may have struggled through, or of great artists, the glory of whose paintings seemed to raise them to spheres beyond our ken. I have a letter before me from a brilliant young poet, who gives a suffering friend the following advice: "Paint your sternum with tincture of iodine (just the breast-bone only) and rub your neck and chest night and morning with camphorated oil. These are simple things and useful, proved by the writer many times." Truly does a touch of Nature make the whole world kin. And then, from a great English artist, is not this refreshing and un-awe-inspiring? "Our red-currant bushes promise abundantly. I am to see to the boiling stalks and all this year. The stupid folk here boil all the pretty pink down to butter-scotch colour, and taste too. We are having a fine rain for the grass, and the fruit-trees—apples, pears and plums—look * * * well, having all set first-rate; and hurrah for the bellyache for the boys."

I began at the age of ten to attack all the famous people I could think of, and great were the lamentations as day after day slipped



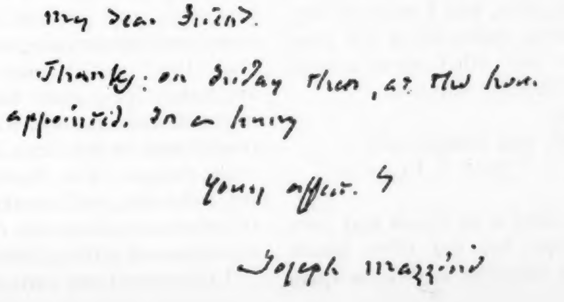
I was un easy in my arm chair and would have run directly to my Studio to try once if possible to paint a head as he did but it was night and to morrow morning after my nights rest I fear I shall philosophy again and going my old way as before You will not see Rembrandts by me.

From JOSEF ISRAELS]

past, and it dawned upon me that my extra-stamped envelopes and carefully written requests had been consigned by an unscrupulous secretary to the waste-paper basket. It was always more consoling to blame the secretary, and so keep alive one's respect for the great men themselves. How I love Sir Henry Irving! In what courteous words did he acknowledge my letter, and hope that some day he would learn that I had "been able to visit the Lyceum!" My father reminded him of his kindness in later years, and again with a charming geniality he begged that I would come behind the scenes one day and see him. At the same time Mr. Gladstone was among my victims, but his answer was not so satisfactory. In spite of my assuring him in the most beautiful copper-plate that I was a strong Liberal and a warm admirer of his, he had the hard-heartedness to forward an elaborate lithographic production stating that "the applications for his autograph from persons with whom he had not the honour of being acquainted were so numerous, that he had to make it a rule not to accede to them."

I think my politics changed from that day. That was long ago, and since then a parliamentary friend has given me a postcard of Mr. Gladstone's. It is rather an interesting one, as the recipient had an extra penny to pay, owing to the G.O.M. having signed his vigorous *W. E. Gladstone* on the side for the "Address only." One would have thought that all his traffic in postcards would have made him wiser!

The signatures that were written specially for me, and the letters addressed to myself or my parents, have of course the greatest interest for me now, and recall vividly the kind and famous men who interested themselves in a child's collection. I well remember when John Bright, after trying pen upon pen (shame to our household!), exclaimed with a grumpiness which must have been the Quaker equivalent for a swear, "What abominable pens you keep;" and then turn-



My dear Friend.

Thanks: on Friday then, at the hour appointed. In a hurry

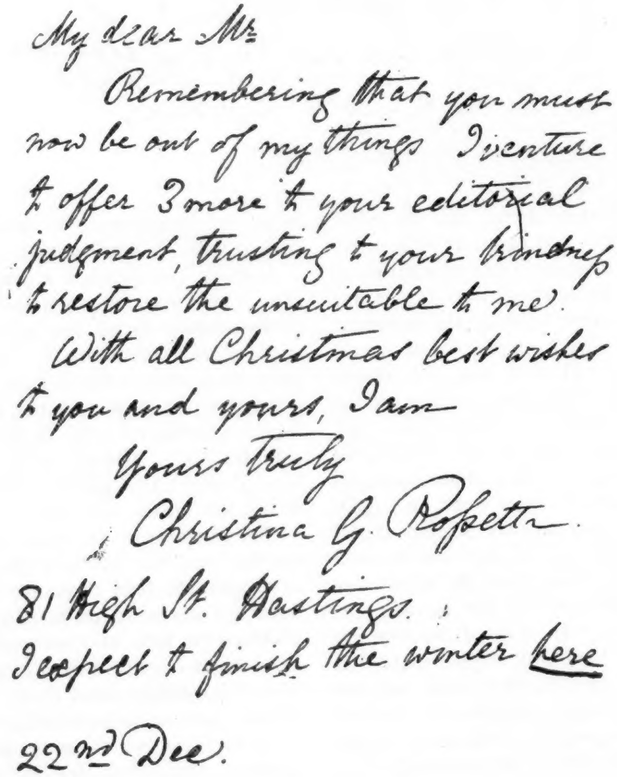
Yours affect.ly

Joseph Mazzini

ing over the leaves of my book, he added: "What a lot of people you must have bothered!" I was terrified, and felt much happier with him when we went round our garden to the river-side, and I watched his intense and boyish excitement over a brother fisherman struggling with a salmon.

Professor Blackie's remark, on seeing my collection, was: "Where the devil did you get all these?" Dear old friend! I am now glad and proud to have in its pages this charming note to myself, written from Pitlochry in 1893 (I had sent him flowers for his birthday): "Thanks for your friendly greeting and your sweet flowers, sweet in themselves but sweeter from memory of you. I have tarried perhaps too long in this sublunar sphere, but so long as it may please Providence to keep me in view of Scottish bens and Scottish glens, may I never do anything that may seem unworthy of the good opinion of —— and other warm-hearted and high-minded Scottish damsels.

"Ever yours,
"Humanly and evangelically
"JOHN S. BLACKIE."



My dear Mr.

Remembering that you must now be out of my things I venture to offer 3 more to your editorial judgment, trusting to your kindness to restore the unsuitable to me.

With all Christmas best wishes to you and yours, I am

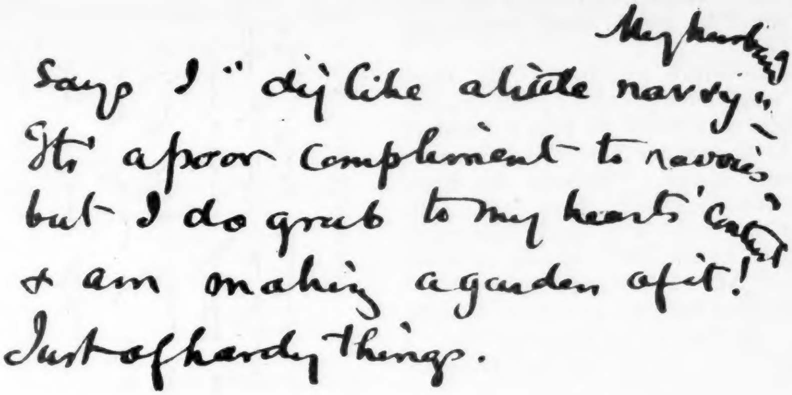
Yours truly
Christina G. Rossetti

81 High St. Hastings.
I expect to finish the winter here

22nd Dec.

For a wonder there is no Greek text here or on the envelope, but our other letters from him have his favourite *ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ* (speaking the truth in love), put in as a postscript and on the envelope. It was sometimes embarrassing when, during a visit, the "Pro" would insist on thus labelling any letters lying ready for the post. They might be answers to invitations, or letters of condolence, or accounts, but that was of no consequence. The Professor never forgot my collection, and constantly sent me contributions, an illustration of his warm-hearted kindness and unforgetfulness.

I discovered one *rara avis* who quite en-



My husband
Says I "dig like a little navvy".
It's a poor compliment to navvies
but I do grub to my heart's content
& am making a garden of it!
Just of hardy things.

From MRS. EWING]

joyed being persecuted for his signature, and who responded in a way that ought to be a lesson to other celebrities. This was old Thomas Edward, the cobbler naturalist, who sent a sheet covered with many carefully written examples of "Yours very truly, Thomas Edward;" and then another sheet with a set of "Yours sincerely, Thomas Edward," adding a note of explanation, "Perhaps you will like these better!" Here is an interesting bit from one of his last letters, given to me by his biographer, Dr. Smiles: "As for myself, I am in many respects about the same as ever. I can still admire and appreciate the works of Nature with as keen a relish as of yore. My bodily faculties, however, are not the same. All I am able to do now when out is to search about for everything which can neither run very fast nor fly—as worms, snails, shells, and plants, and such like." One can picture the old man grubbing about, keen to the very last.

Some of my "artist" letters are very dear to me. Look at this delightful fragment from Josef Israels, who has, as he himself puts it quaintly, "an English of myself!" He had just been reading an article on Rembrandt, and writes: "I was uneasy in my armchair and would have run directly to my studio to try once, if possible, to paint a head as he did, but it was night, and to-morrow morning I fear I shall philosophy again, and going my old way as before, you will not see Rembrandt by me." Or this: "I did my best and hope you will see that my hand is not yet weakening. If God will, I hope to begin now a good series of pictures. Who knows? Michel Angelo made his best picture 'The Final Judgment' on his sixty-four. I am only sixty-one, so you see I have time to learn."

To come nearer home, who wrote more charming letters than Charles Keene, that simplest and most lovable of men? He was weak and ill when he wrote thus, but it reminds one so much of his curious "Thames" pipes and his love of simple fare that I shall copy it out, sad though it be: "This necessity of explaining and saying so much about No. 1 makes one shrink from writing—one cause of my procrastination, but I will make it as short as I can, a strong sign of a queasy stomach, I took a sudden horror of tobacco! who have been such a smoker all my life. And then I was obliged to diet myself, and found that oatmeal under various forms was what I could digest easiest—I eat cream with it, and for dinner they make it savoury in various ways. . . . . I fancy I have done my last work for *Punch*—having to keep my legs up I find an irksome position for drawing, and I miss my studio and properties." Talking of his great friend, Edward Fitzgerald, the brilliant translator of "Omar Khayyám," Keene says in another letter: "I miss him still—one of the pleasures of my life was taken when he died. I used to stay with him at 'Little Grange,' and his bookish tastes and love of his county (mine) and his recollections to me were so fascinating; also his love of music and art." Poor Keene, when he visited us some years before this breakdown, his tiny clay pipe was never out of his mouth, except when it was being filled!

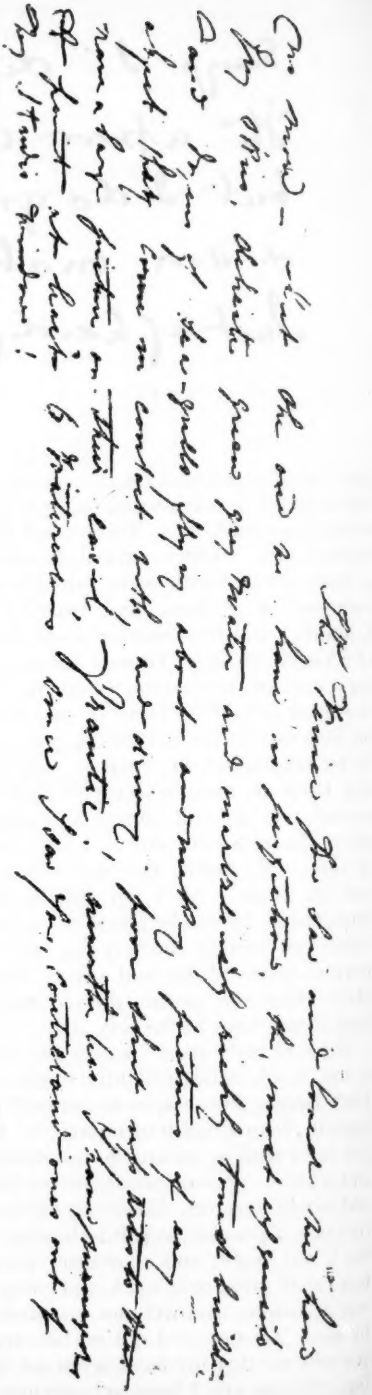
Another artistic pipe-lover is Mr. Henschell, whose letter contains a pencil drawing of a briar pipe which he begs a friend of mine to procure for him. His directions are vague enough: "Between the Royal Hotel and somewhere about half a mile further on there is a small tobacconist shop kept by an elderly woman, in which I found the loveliest pipe imaginable;" and he wishes the pipe and its little "wash-leather bag" to be forwarded to him. I must not forget to say that Mr. Henschell enclosed a postal order!

The letter I now take up has a certain solemnity about it. It was written by kind, hearty John Pettie only a few days before he died. He says his doctor has pulled him through a bad illness, but that he is "now convalescent and happy. I have had much warm sympathy from my friends, and feel grateful to them. . . . . May God bless you all," he adds.

Several characteristic notes have for their *motif* the refusal or acceptance of an invitation. Russell Lowell writes to his would-be hostess: "It is really too bad, but on the 12th of June I shall have just finished congratulating the University of Bologna on her completing her eight hundredth year. I shall be almost sorry that she has lived so long, and shall get back to a younger world as soon as I can." And Mrs. Keeley heads her refusal of a dinner-party with these lines:

"Thus when two feasts at which there's nought to pay,
Fall unpropitious on the self-same day,
The anxious 'cit' each invitation views,
And ponders which to take and which refuse.
To give up *this* or give up *that* is loth,
And sighs to think he cannot dine at both."

Mr. Herbert Spencer elaborately explains that "Monday, the 7th, will suit me quite as well, or indeed better. The same post that brought your note brought an invitation to dine out on Thursday, the 3rd, and as it rather discomposes me to dine out two days running your change from Friday to Monday is fortunate for me." A card of Mr. Samuel Rogers, in the most exquisite, delicate, and laborious handwriting, states that he "will have the Honor of dining at the Anniversary dinner of the Royal Academy." But it is sacrilegious to ignore the old gentleman's



The Venice you saw and loved [illegible] here
is no more — but the one we have is perfection, the most exquisite
grey skies, delicate green grey water and marvellously richly toned buildings
and dozens of sea-gulls flying about and making pictures of any
object they come in contact with, and driving poor short-sighted artists ~~that~~
have a large picture on their easel, frantic! nevertheless I have managed
to paint at least 6 watercolours since I saw you, contraband ones out of
my studio window!

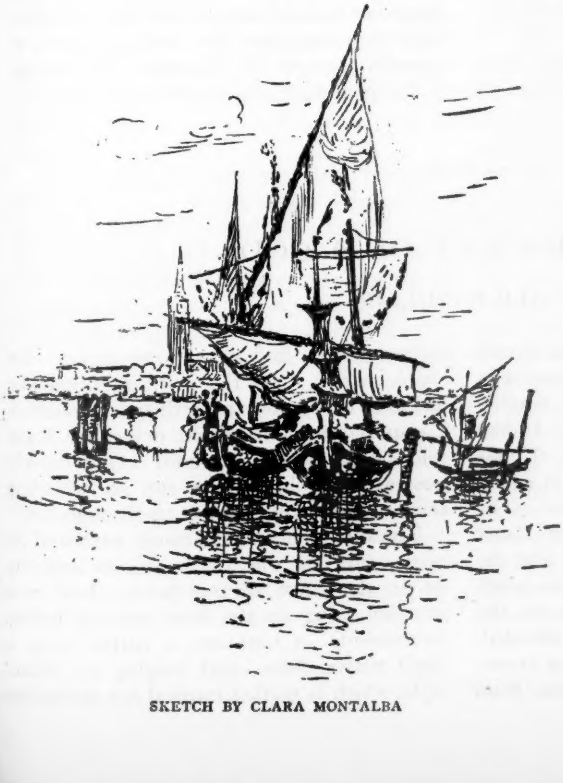
From CLARA MONTALBA]

careful arrangement of well-balanced lines! The original might be a model for us careless moderns. Joseph Mazzini makes an appointment in a concise way. No verbosity in this:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Thanks. On Friday then at the hour appointed. In a hurry.
"Yours affectionately,
"JOSEPH MAZZINI."

Was Mrs. Carlyle the "dear Friend," I wonder?

But Mrs. Keeley, though a very worthy one, must not be my only representative of the fair sex. Here is a little faded note from Miss Christina Rossetti (see facsimile, p. 232): and one from Miss Harriet Martineau, as laconic and as much to the point as Mazzini's: "I am sorry, but it can't be helped. Many thanks for your letter. Yours very truly, H. M." Another is from Miss Charlotte Yonge, "who would like to review 'Our Garden Friends and Foes,' by the Rev. J. G. Wood, and 'The Small House at Allington,' by Anthony Trollope." Mrs. Ewing, the authoress of that charming little book "Jackanapes," which fascinated the world a few years ago, writes to my mother in 1884 about its birth: "I wrote the story between three or four years ago with an expenditure of labour and general 'output' that seemed comic in view of its length, and it has been so pleasant to me that it has found its way into hearing at last. The S.P.C.K. were nervous about it at first, but they have had 19,000 this Christmas so far, and they were selling 500 a day when I last heard of it. . . . . I get desperately 'low' over my work; it falls so sadly below even my own small aims, and encouragement is very encouraging." And then she goes on to talk of her garden with that love of gardening and flowers which shows itself in "Marx's Meadow" and "Lob-lie-by-the-fire," and others of her delicious tales. "We have a not-bad semi-detached villa, and the patch of potato-ground thereto attached adds a charm to life for me. My husband says I dig like a little navvy. It's a poor compliment to navvies, but I do grub to my heart's content, and am making a garden of it! Just of hardy things. Blessed be the parcel-post! for thereto I owe many contributions sent me by friends, and as I label them and put my friends' names also it makes my border highly interesting to me. I am abandoning myself to 'herbaceous stuff,' as gardeners contemptuously call 'hardies!' . . . . A Dorsetshire parson, whom I had never seen but who liked my scribblings, pilgrimaged over to see me last autumn, and brought me nineteen splendid big climbing roses to cover my new bare walls — climbing Devoniensis, Cloth of Gold, &c. &c. Was not that a benefaction!"



SKETCH BY CLARA MONTALBA

And not in literature only do the names of women come to the front in my book. Among artists, Miss Clara Montalba's quaint writing and brilliant pen-and-ink sketches are of the greatest interest.

"The Venice you saw and loved we have no more; but the one we have is perfection. The most exquisite grey skies, delicate green-grey water, and

SKETCH BY CLARA MONTALBA

marvellously richly-toned buildings, and dozens of sea-gulls flying about, and making pictures of every object they come in contact with, and driving poor, shut-up artists that have a large picture on their easel frantic! Nevertheless, I have managed to paint at least six water-colours since I saw you, contraband ones, out of my studio window!"

Among scientists Miss Philippa Fawcett is hobnobbing with Lord Rayleigh and Lord Kelvin, while Miss Agnes Clerke, of astronomical fame, holds her own in a discussion with the Astronomer-Royal of Cape Town.

And what shall I say of the letters of Ruskin and Matthew Arnold, and of Motley who tells his friend that he would like to amuse, but knows he is "as tedious as a king!" of Huxley and James Nasmyth; of Tadema and Sir Frederic Leighton, and of hundreds of others? Time would indeed fail me, and patience would fail my readers, were I to enlarge upon more of the signatures before me—some bold and strong, some weak and wavering, some clear and distinct, and many—very many—cramped and illegible, yet each possessing a distinct "flavour" of the writer.

After all, cannot something be said in favour of the much maligned autograph-hunter? If the above letters have helped in any way to recall the "personalities" of their authors, surely he may feel that he is not altogether a social outcast, but that he rather deserves recognition for handing down to posterity some of the thoughts and sayings of the great men and women of his day.

THE DESCENT OF A GOD

By ALICE PHILLIPS

WHILE going the rounds of several native houses giving lessons in Scripture, needlework, reading and writing to the Indian girls in the zenanas of Madras, I was fortunate enough to enter a house in which a curious ceremony was in progress. The mistress of the house, a woman of about thirty-five years, had been very ill; and she believed, as is always the case here when misfortunes occur, that her ill-health was the work of some god whom she had offended. She wished to consult him as to what atonement she must make, so as to be free from further illness and get strong again. To enable her to know the god's intentions, he had to be called down to earth and questioned. I inquired how he would descend. I was told by the women around, "Oh! he will possess that old woman you see standing there, and he will speak to us through her."

The rooms of a native house surround an open court; in one of the rooms opening on to the court of this house, three men were squatting on the floor, playing Indian instruments—a tom-tom, a native harp, a shrill native flute—and singing in Indian style, which is neither musical nor melodious from an English point of view. The musicians implored the god to descend. The room in which they sat had nothing in it but two large pots, illuminated from within, and decorated with lotos and other sacred flowers, with heaped offerings of rice, betel and cocoa-nuts. This was the altar to the god.

The court was filled with men, women and children, continually coming and going, all of them laughing, talking, grumbling, or quarrelling, and apparently unheeding the progress of the religious ceremony. Every one was interested in my interest, and the daughter of the house brought me a chair, placing it in the best position for me to watch the details of the ceremony. After listening for a short time to the non-musical music, I saw an old woman, with streaming grey hair reaching to her shoulders, step out and stand before the altar. I watched closely. For about five minutes the old woman stood motionless, the men continuing to tom-tom and pray to the god to favour them by descending. Suddenly I saw the woman begin to shake slightly; then the shaking increased so that her whole body was moving up and down; besides this motion she swung herself round from side to side, lifting her arms over her head with each turn of the body; it reminded me of the body-swinging exercises in the English dumb-bells. After these strange gymnastics she sat down and twisted her head round and round over a plate of rice.

At this point, the master of the ceremonies asked the god, "Why did the illness come upon the woman?" The god hissed through the old woman, which meant, I was told, that he was extremely angry. At this rebuff the men tried a little more soothing music, but the god was so furious he ascended again to his own place, leaving the old woman in her right mind.

As all the needful questions had not been asked the ceremony had to be gone through again. Fresh offerings were strewed before the altar, the music recommenced, and the old woman, after being refreshed with a drink of water, stood as before, motionless in front of the altar. We had not long to wait before the god showed his descent by possessing the woman again. He had the same effect on her as at the first time, only the possession was more violent—so violent indeed that the woman danced around the court, her face set, her eyes closed, her hair hanging about her face. Pieces of lighted twisted rope were given her; these she extinguished by putting them into her mouth, or by beating herself with them. When all the pieces of rope had smouldered out, the same petition was urged upon the god, who, however, was still incensed. The men then began to reason with him. It was amusing to see them shrug their shoulders and look at each other, as if to say: "It's no use, we can't do anything with him." At last, to the reiterated question "Why has this sickness happened to this woman?" came the god's answer through the possessed woman, who continued to dance throughout the ceremony: "Because she did not go to a temple on a certain hill last year to worship me, nor did she give me any offerings of money."

"What must she do to atone for her sins?"

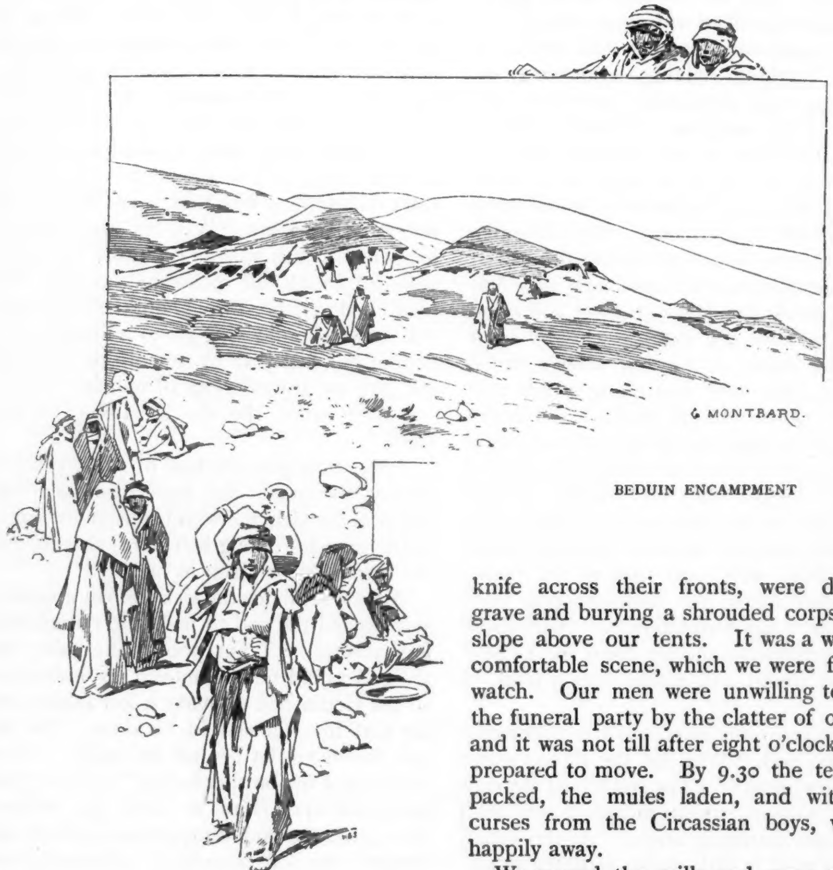
"She must give me half of every piece of money she gets; she must also have the heads of her daughters and sons-in-law (most of the men have long hair here) shaved, and the hair must be given to me."

At this sentence the sick woman appeared and begged the god to make the punishment less severe. "I am poor," she said; but the god would not be moved by entreaties, so the victim had to make a low salaam and say that his will should be done. But the god would not let her off so easily. "You have vexed my brother-in-law," he said, "and must call upon him to know his wishes." So saying, the god disappeared, and the old woman was left standing, exhausted, and panting pitiably. The sick woman would of course do the god's bidding, and the money and hair would be given to the priests. The ruthless god has to be obeyed whatever he demands. Naturally, to me an English girl, the scene was deeply impressive. But I have got to know that, in India, gods in mortal shape abound, and the awe they create is as great as if they really came down from the sky above. To some Indian folk, Queen Victoria is a god, and they worship her as a heaven-descended deity.

ALI DIÂB'S TENT

By GEORGE ADAM SMITH, LL.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY G. MONTBARD



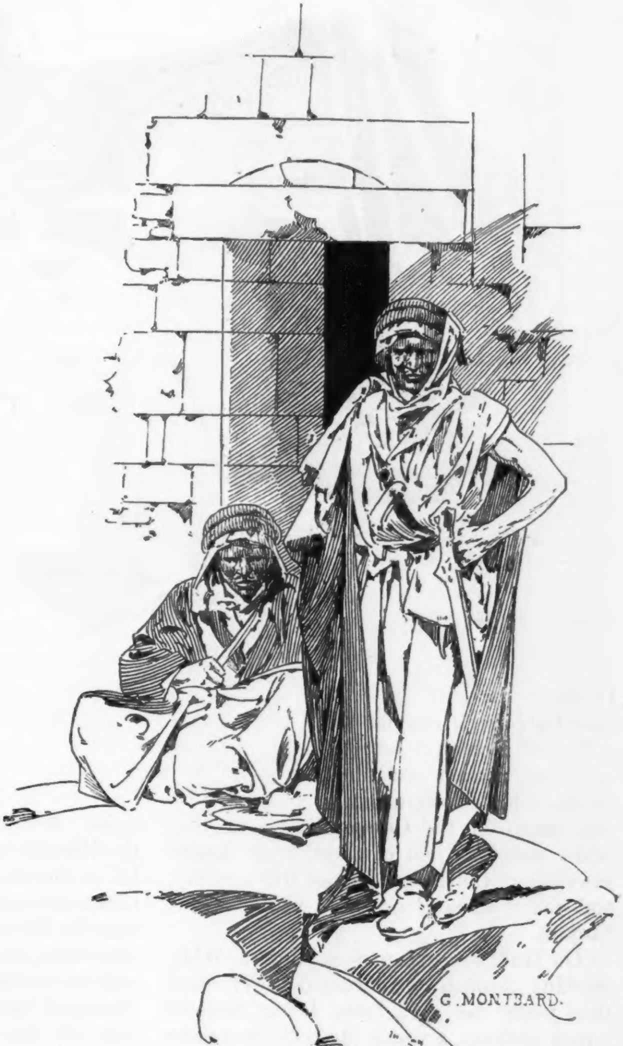
BEDUIN ENCAMPMENT

IT was Saturday, June 30, 1891. We had spent the night at Rabbath Ammon, and we rose before it was light to get quietly away from the "dour" Circassians, who have colonised the site and are rapidly removing its ruins. In the early part of the night we had heard shots from further up the Wady; there was the rumour of a skirmish between the Circassians and the Beduin for the rights of some mills upon the stream. And now, as dawn broke and the mists lifted, half a dozen Circassians, men who never smile and wear a large naked knife across their fronts, were digging a grave and burying a shrouded corpse on the slope above our tents. It was a weird, uncomfortable scene, which we were forced to watch. Our men were unwilling to disturb the funeral party by the clatter of our start, and it was not till after eight o'clock that we prepared to move. By 9.30 the tents were packed, the mules laden, and with a few curses from the Circassian boys, we were happily away.

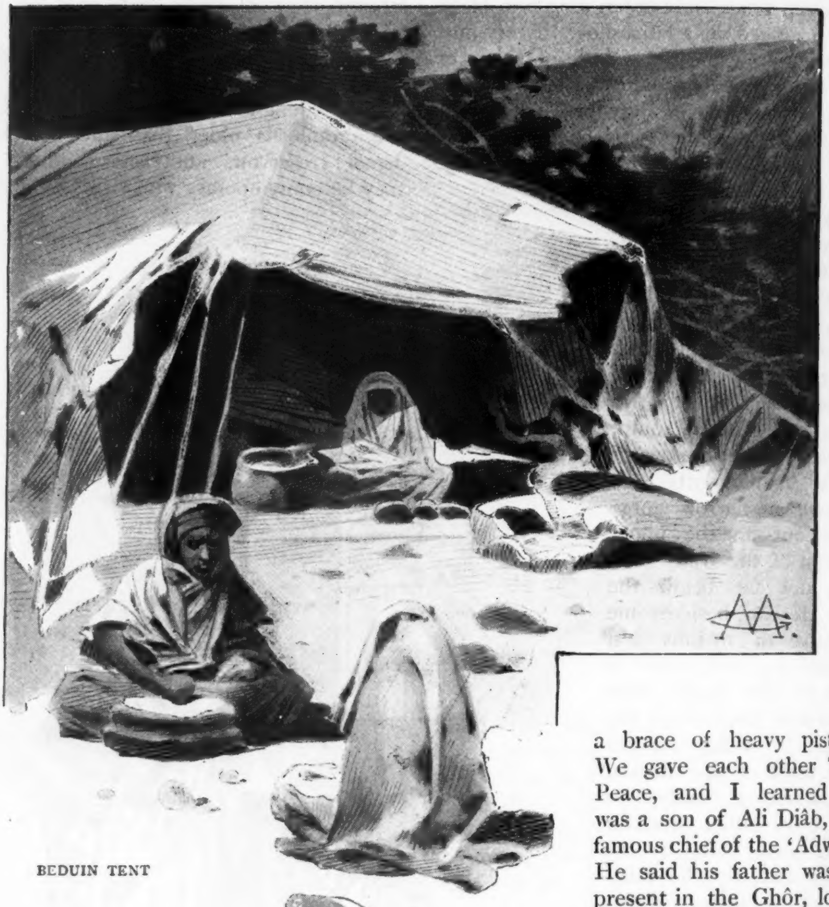
We passed the mills and came upon the Beduin at the well a little beyond. There were about two hundred and fifty camels feeding; but no tents, nor women, nor children. Some of the herdsmen had broken faces. We passed up the Wady, which turns south-west, and at the top of it came out through downs upon a great rolling plateau covered with thistles, brown grass, patches of corn, and quantities of a bushy thyme which scented the breezes. A tree, the only one in sight, was pointed out as the scene of Balaam's functions; its solitary prominence could scarcely have helped catching one or other of the traditions that drift across these featureless levels. In the far distance lay a Bedawee camp, eight or ten long, low, black tents, arranged in a horseshoe. Every now and then we came on a flock of sheep or goats with one shepherd. Blessed land, where there is never a cry for "bakshish!" We got our drinking cups filled with milk from the udder for nothing, or in exchange for a little tobacco.

Striking west for some hours across the plateau, we broke towards two o'clock into a valley full of oaks, and had sight from the edge of it of the great tower on the Mount of Olives, some thirty-five miles away. Turning south, we passed an encampment of the 'Adwân tribe, and through a narrow gorge came out on the upper portion of the Wady Hesbân, not far below the 'Ain Hesbân, beside some gardens of melons and cucumbers, with ruins in view to the south. Our tents were pitched half-way down the valley on the east bank of the stream, off which a "lade" is taken on either side for mills used both by the Arabs and by the fellâhin of the plateau above. After our usual Saturday afternoon washing of clothes, we settled down for Sunday. Of many happy camping places in Palestine, this was one of the happiest. We contrasted it with that of the previous Sunday at Pella in the Ghôr, where the muleteers set us the example of utter prostration in the stifling heat. How welcome the change to these uplands of Moab, where, although it was midsummer, the temperature at noon was but little over 80°, the scent of wild thyme and the murmur of bees filled the air, and the cool winds swept over the Ghôr from the west.

The stone remains of the Wady Hesbân bear records of almost every age of this country's long and crowded history. There are cromlechs older than the coming of Israel; reservoirs and water-conduits, that may be contemporary with "the fishpools of



BEDUIN TYPES



BEDUIN TENT

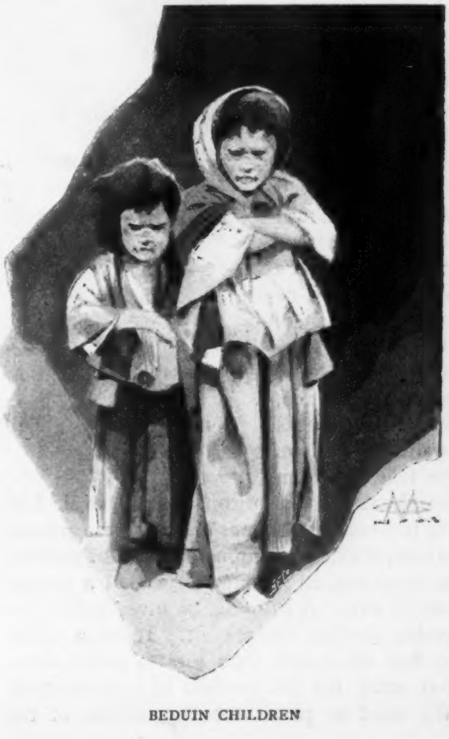
Heshbon by the gate of Bath-Rabbim" ; not far off a bit of Roman road ; on the ruins nearest our tents the five-fold Jerusalem Cross, the stamp of the Crusaders ; on another ruin a nine-branched candlestick, an Arabic inscription of the beginning of this century; and the "wazms," or tribal marks of the 'Adwân.

The latter were our present interest. While strolling through a half-ruined tower which they partly use as a barn, I met, beneath a dark archway, a young Bedawee in a dress of finer quality than the usual. He had no matchlock across his back like the three more coarsely dressed men who were with him, but carried a scimitar and in his sash a brace of heavy pistols. We gave each other The Peace, and I learned he was a son of Ali Diâb, the famous chief of the 'Adwân. He said his father was at present in the Ghôr, looking after the harvest of some crops he had there. His men and he were short, like all the Beduin we met, none of whom seemed to me to be over five feet eight. Beside the tall fellâhin of Palestine the Nomads look very small. If the former be, as alleged, the descendants of the ancient Canaanites and Amorites, it is not surprising that the Hebrews, themselves a nomad tribe, and during their long wanderings accustomed only to nomad enemies, should have been dismayed before "the height of the inhabitants of the land." But every Bedawee figure we met was lithe and well-strung; there did not seem to be an ounce of superfluous flesh upon them. Their eyes are black and very restless, like those of a wild beast. The black cotton kerchief, which most of them wear upon the head, increases their sinister look. Ali Diâb's son carried a more cheerful headdress. He was a pretty boy of about twenty-one.

In the afternoon, when we came back from a walk, we saw a stir in the camp. A negro held an ass by the kitchen door, and two Arabs with their long matchlocks were hunkering beside him. Our cook, Yusuf, was bowing as low as his fat carcase would let him, to somebody invisible in our tent. It argued a distinguished visitor. But we were scarcely prepared for a woman. As we got near, a brown-faced, black-eyed Bedawee matron, in a long loose robe of blue linen, came forward to greet us, and in her lap a heap of cucumbers, onions and melons. Like Abigail, she brought gifts. She was the wife of Ali Diâl, a woman of thirty-five or forty years of age, clean, genial, and "wise-like." She stroked my wife's chin several times and kissed her repeatedly. She was unveiled, and spoke freely to myself. Apologising for her husband's absence, she gave us an invitation to a feast that same evening. We begged to be allowed to postpone it till to-morrow. "We are Nazarenes," I said, "and this is the day of our Lord." I cannot tell whether she understood, but she smiled prettily and granted our request. "She would send messengers for us at the proper hour." And so she mounted her ass and rode away. The honest freedom of this woman was very singular in that Moslem world; but it was not the only proof we found among the Beduin of how much the laws of Mohammed have spoiled the old Arabian manners.

When she had gone a difficulty arose. We had not expected to be entertained by Arabs, and had brought no gifts with us. We could afterwards send a robe from Jerusalem to the young chief, but we had no present for our hostess. My wife had brought a good new shawl from London, but it was creased and furrowed. What was to be done? We remembered Yusuf. He had been engaged as a cook; but his great weight—a good sixteen stones—suggested a mangle. We explained our plan, pointed out that it was compatible with the smoking of unlimited cigarettes, and he joyfully agreed. Next day, while we were off on an expedition, he carefully damped and folded the shawl, laid it between two camp beds, and lolled and rolled over it all the afternoon.

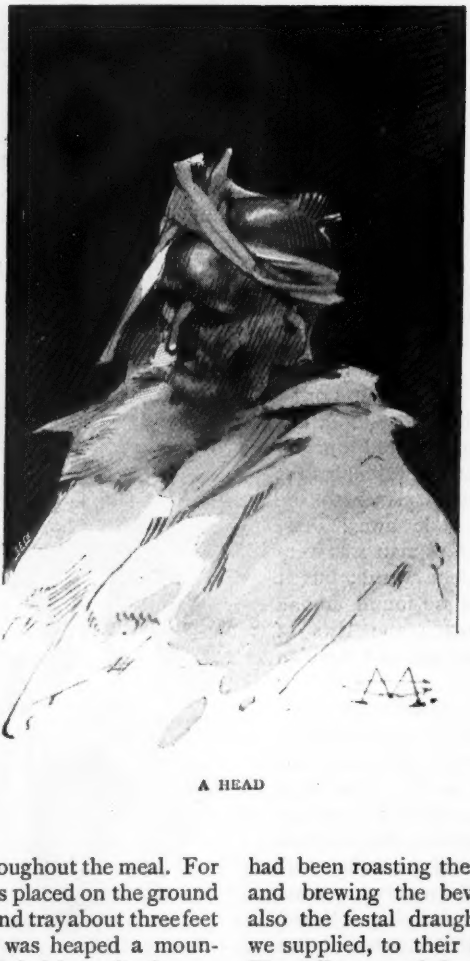
As we were returning from our climb of Mount Nebo, which occupied most of Monday, and were still some distance from the camp, we saw, approaching the latter from another direction, a very singular procession. A young man in Frankish riding dress was leading a weary horse; there followed a veiled maiden on a mule, and then an old man with a club. It was even more romantic than it seemed. Our friend, the Rev. Mr. Sykes, of Es-Salt, who has held for some years that furthest outpost of Christendom towards the desert, had been at Medeba with the Kaimakam and some soldiers to rescue one of the young women of his flock from a man who had abducted her. The old man with the club was her uncle. They had found her, and unwilling to risk a night in Medeba, unable to return to Es-Salt, and knowing we were in the neighbourhood, they sought our tents for



BEDUIN CHILDREN

shelter. The benefit was still more ours. We welcomed the arrival of a friend with a competent Arab tongue, and engaged him to go with us to the ‘Adwân.

Just at sunset there arrived from the latter four mounted messengers with the word that all things were now ready. So making our retinue as imposing as we could, we rode over the hill and entered the Arab camp just as the stars were visible. We were welcomed with a great noise, the men firing their flintlocks in the air, while the dogs barked and the children and women cried out. At the chief's tent, which generally stands on the right of the entrance to the horseshoe camp, we were helped to dismount by Ali's two sons, and led into the outer guest-chamber, where they set us very comfortably upon pillows on the ground, a young chief on either side, and some of the older men round a small fire at the mouth of the tent. Our friend, the chief's wife, welcomed us and then vanished. Behind us, separated only by a goat's-hair curtain, was the women's compartment of the tent, and from this she talked to us throughout the meal. For the first course there was placed on the ground in front of us, a huge round tray about three feet in diameter, on which was heaped a mountain of rice. A little digital investigation revealed another component. It was a sheep cooked whole and then torn to pieces, none too small for the method of consumption. We used as plates the thin scones of the camp; for spoons and forks our fingers. The young chiefs, to show honour to the only lady of the party, groped among the rice and handed her from time to time a choice morsel of mutton. Then we had sausages, the only ones I ever saw that deserved to be called ideal; for the skin of each was a vine-leaf and the contents raisins and rice. Surely, if they eat sausages in Paradise, these are they! The third course was a huge water-melon, to accompany which several mahogany babies were rolled under the curtain from the women's apartment for our admiration. The young chiefs behaved very prettily with these babies: they were their own boys. Between each course bowls of fresh water from the brook outside were passed round for the washing of our hands, and after the last came the coffee and cigarettes.



A HEAD

With that curious etiquette—so significant of the barbaric East—by which, in order to disarm suspicion as to the most poisonable dish of the feast, the host lets his guest see every stage of the manufacture of his coffee: the men at the tent door, ever since we entered, had been roasting the beans, bruising them, and brewing the beverage. They gave us also the festal draught of cinnamon; while we supplied, to their delight, the cigarettes. The talk was varied. It was started by the babies—and the passing of the family baby round the table would, let me suggest, be an unfailing remedy for the stiffest of dinner-parties. When the babies left, we changed to our country and our Queen, about whose sovereignty over us there came a shrewd word from the wife behind the curtain. Then, of all subjects in the world, one of the older Arabs lugged in, with many gurgles of wonder, the Forth Bridge! He had seen a picture of it "shot from the mouth of a lantern all over the white wall of a house" in Jerusalem. "Wallah! It was a thing more wonderful than the 'wabur'* with the great guns which he had seen on the sea at Jaffa!" We tried to explain the bridge, but found it was the lantern which amazed them—the lantern that shot out pictures like powder. I was reminded of some other Arabs who told me of a wonderful glass which, when a man put it to his eyes, drew far away things quite close to them—"sucked them near," as one of them said. When we had exhausted these marvels of our Frankish cunning, the talk turned somehow upon the life of the camp, and gradually we got to their religion. I asked them what sacrifices they made. "We sacrifice every year"—I understood in our spring. "For what?" "Minshan el mawât—for the sake of the dead." "What good does it do the dead?" "It keeps them in our mind." "What other sacrifices have you?" "We slay in the tents, when the great yearly sacrifices are made at Mecca." "For what?" "Minshan el mawât," replied one of the young men. But a grey-beard corrected him: "Nay, my son, these be not minshan el mawât, but minshan Allah—for the sake of God." What he meant he could not further explain, or more probably, we failed to understand him. But then we learnt that there were occasional sacrifices of more appreciable efficacy. Should a chief's son be very ill, they would offer a costly beast as a substitute for his life. Should a costly beast be ill, they would offer a lamb or kid: always, it is to be noticed, a life less valuable to spare a life more valuable. Then the grey-beard who had spoken said, "And what sacrifices have ye Nazarenes?" So Mr. Sykes took up the parable, and told them of the One Supreme Sacrifice which is the centre of our religion: the sacrifice not of the less for the more valuable, but of the most precious and holy life of all for the lives of the worthless and miserable. For a moment the restless Arab eyes were fixed upon him with wonder at a thing so strange, and then began to wander again. But I shall never forget the sight of those wild faces lit up by the dying fire at the mouth of the tent, with the deep night beyond and the great yellow stars above the outline of the hill. The Arabs had heard the essential difference between the Christian faith and their own; perhaps some of their hearts, in the day of distress, would recall the wonder and the grace of it.

We broke up soon after. My wife was taken for a few minutes into the inner apartment, and showed the five or six women there a photograph of our baby. "Abyad!" "Zereef!" were the exclamations that reached us: How white! How pretty! The chief's wife followed her outside into the darkness. We presented the shawl, and promised to send to Mr. Sykes robes for the young chiefs. I formally embraced and kissed them. We mounted our horses, and in ten minutes were back in our own camp. Sykes left us next morning for Salt with the rescued maiden and her uncle; and we crossed the Jordan and left Beduin land behind us.

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* The Italian—vapore.

IMMORTALITY AND NOTHINGNESS

By PETER BAYNE, M.A., LL.D.

SOME little time has gone by since readers in general, including the simply and earnestly Christian portion of English society, were made aware that one particular section of Professor Huxley's admirers had engraved five lines of a highly questionable kind upon his tomb.

It would be an obvious misrepresentation to speak of Professor Huxley as concurring in the Christian faith of his countrymen.

But he was a man of strongly marked character, lucid in thought, suspicious of the falsehood of extremes, neither a materialist nor a fatalist, and totally incapable of what might have impressed him as adulation of the divine power that "maketh for righteousness." The extravagances of pessimism he struck down with trenchant blow, and the rampant arrogancies of dogmatic atheism he still more peremptorily repudiated. His countrymen, therefore, cannot be expected to admit that he would have chosen to be represented as thanking God for consigning him to eternal darkness. This, however, is exactly what the writers of the lines referred to expect us to do. It is not without considerable reluctance that we reprint the lines, but with a studious wish to be fair to all parties, we are compelled to quote them :

> "And if there be no meeting past the grave,
> If all is darkness, silence, yet 'tis rest.
> Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep,
> For God still giveth His beloved sleep,
> And if an endless sleep His will—so best."

That is to say, we are asked to take it as a matter of course that Huxley, professing religion, believing in God, would have meekly, nay, smilingly consented to waive all claim to immortality. Is it not hard to reconcile such a supposition with the manliness of his character and with the position he took up, for example, in his controversy with General Booth in *The Times?* On that occasion, he did not scruple to quote our Lord's word, *metanoia*, a change in the mind and the inner man, as descriptive of Christian repentance, in contradistinction to the noisy externalities of drum and fife on which General Booth relies so much. It may be in place also, and is due to Huxley, to mention that the movement of his spiritual growth appears to have been in the direction of closer approximation to Christian standards, rather than in that of falling back on the arid flats of deism, not to speak of atheism. His recent avowal of his high regard for Thomas Aquinas, a schoolman, who greatly influenced Calvin, amounts to weighty evidence on this point. Nor can Englishmen, without doing Huxley great injustice, forget how earnestly he called upon England not to cast aside her Bible, and how bitterly he was in some quarters reviled as a hypocrite for his pains.

But it is really of slight importance, comparatively speaking, what was the belief or the sentiment of Huxley. The serious thing is to have it made clear, on behalf of all who call themselves in the full sense Christians, that a Christianity denuded of immortal life is a Christianity divorced from Christ. One observes with perfect amazement the seeming *nonchalance* of not a few well-meaning Christian people towards the heavenly, as distinguished from the earthly, message of our Lord.

It is impossible to repel from a candid mind the humiliating idea that George Eliot's melancholy jest about other-worldliness—melancholy from her lips in particular, because it was the absence of the blue sky of heavenly hope from her religion that made her life so sad—has impelled panic-stricken Christians not a few to keep the heavenly ideal in the background, and ostentatiously parade their labours in the field of time.

Doubtless, Christians, both lay and clerical, are bound to work in the divine service in things temporal as much as they can. But the Lord Himself expressly came preaching the kingdom of heaven, and it is when the light of our heavenly inheritance most completely envelops us that our light shines most expressively among men.

It is well that Christians should in due measure realise the startling, almost the agonising implications which a renunciation of immortality brings with it in these days of victorious and boastful science. No generation has had so full an apprehension of the great principle, now accepted by all scientific authorities, of the conservation of energy, as ours. All educated men are aware that no force included in the ordinary mechanical working of the universe can either create or destroy a single atom. If the body, and the body alone, constitutes the man—if death transforms him simply into a clod of the valley—then he is the most evanescent entity in the universe, the day-fly of time, the ephemeron of eternity. In that case even the vegetable organisms of his own planet outlive him, the oak and olive renewing their youth while many human generations pass away. Man is born to the inheritance of faculties of sense, of reason, of conscience that impel and enable him to scan and to interrogate the scene by which he finds himself surrounded. He measures and weighs the globe, and detects the secrets of its movement about the sun. It is using little more than a figure of speech to express a fact, when we say that he mounts in thought to the stars and trims his shallop to sail the milky way. At length, by spectrum analysis, he has learned that the elements composing the globe below his feet are the same in kind as those composing the starry bodies, wherever the glance of the telescope can pierce. In one word, he is endowed with faculties that fit him for the exploration of the universe, he is nurtured to expect immortality. Is it conceivable that his Maker, at the end of his pitiful apprenticeship of seventy years, should doom him to sink into nothingness and night? Surely all incredibilities are one degree less incredible than this.

Professor Huxley was a layman. So was Tennyson. And it is not without deep satisfaction that Englishmen may reflect that the whole range of literature might be ransacked, without laying bare a more comprehensive or conclusive plea in vindication of man's grand instinct of immortality than that which has been bequeathed us by Tennyson. It will well repay a careful consideration.

The poet begins at the beginning. Man, for whom he undertakes to speak, deems himself immortal from the moment when he becomes conscious of responding to a divine Spirit. He "seems to hear a heavenly Friend." He is conscious of being encouraged by that Friend to expect the perpetuation of His friendship when time shall have passed into "eternity." When asked how he connects the encouragement to expect an eternal existence with his heavenly Friend, Tennyson replies by asking from what other source could the very conception of immortality have arisen. The victory of death *seemed* to be final and unquestioned.

'The simple senses crowned his head :
'Omega! thou art Lord,' they said,
'We find no motion in the dead.'"

But man was aware of an over-ruling spirit-power that he could not but listen to. Tennyson asks, therefore,

"Who forged that other influence,
That heat of inward evidence,
By which he doubts against the sense?"

The answer to the question of course must be that the "other influence" is derived from God, the heavenly Friend; and the poet, while reverently adoring his divine Friend, affirms, with solemn boldness, that it would be unworthy of noble friendship, first to awaken and then to extinguish the hope of immortality. Pointedly excluding every form of self-seeking, putting from him as poison every form of mere sugary "other-worldliness," he yet maintains that the Almighty is pledged to afford a sphere of immortal activity to the human friend He has prepared for it. The magnificent verses in which Tennyson has expressed this persuasion are familiar, but it can do no one any harm to read them again:

"Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea.
Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong,
Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she;
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be."

"The wages of sin is death: if the wages of Virtue be dust,
Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm and the fly?
She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just.
To rest in a golden grave, or to bask in a summer sky;
Give her the wages of going on, and not to die."

Had the hypothesis of those who are prepared to make renunciation of immortal life, not only without remonstrance but with placid and acquiescent graciosity, been that God had kept Himself impenetrably muffled in the background, Tennyson's treatment of this subject would have been, and rightly, different. Had no suggestion reached man that the Author of his existence and of all existence dwelt in everlasting mansions, but that *he*, the human offspring, was an Œdipus, doomed to eternal banishment from his Father's house, then might there indeed have been some plausibility for the substitution of a feebly euphuistic illusion of eternal sleep in place of the gruesome blackness of eternal death. But a God who has so far revealed Himself to man as to permit man to speak to *Him* cannot, if He is the infinite Righteousness and the infinite Goodness, refuse eternally to speak to *man*.

Tennyson, let it be repeated, was a layman, and had some touch of a layman's distrust of ecclesiastics and loose feeling about theological systems and creeds. But he had a great poet's openmindedness to all the intimations which pour in from the surrounding universe upon the soul of man. His ethical sympathies were at once exalted, intense, and burningly clear. It is not too much to say that he glowed with sacred anger at the idea that the Infinite Intelligence, Will, and Power, addressed by man as God, could have let man gain the hope of immortality if that hope were a mere bauble wherewith to quiet a child for an hour. The gentlest of men, and profoundly reverent, he felt that it would be an insult to God to suppose Him capable of making the blue heavens that canopy the world the vehicle of a lie. Spiritual, moral, ethical prostration and self-extinction cannot be accepted by God as praise. It is flattery, immoral flattery, and whatever is immoral is irreligious.

And can it be doubted that Wordsworth would on this point have sided with Tennyson? Mr. Hutton says truly of Wordsworth that he "had seen the light of the countenance of God, shining clear into the face of duty." May one not feel sure that he, Wordsworth, would have been content to base the entire argument of his ode on the *Intimations of Immortality* upon a consideration of what was due by God to man? And, to come back in some sense to our starting-point, may we not be gravely doubtful whether the manly and cant-hating Huxley would not have agreed with Tennyson and Wordsworth, not completely indeed, but more than with those officious friends of his who ostentatiously prostrate themselves, and wish imaginatively to prostrate him, before an Infinite Despot, who, on their own hypothesis, treats them as Monmouth was treated by his unrelenting father?

[Since the above article was written, the respected and well-known author has himself passed into that "Life Immortal" of which he had thought so reverently.—ED. G.W.]

LADY BLANCHE BALFOUR

A REMINISCENCE

BY THE REV. JAMES ROBERTSON, D.D., WHITTINGEHAME

FIRST PAPER

THE following pages contain a short sketch and study from memory of the life and character of the late Lady Blanche Balfour of Whittingehame, mother of the present First Lord of the Treasury. Often in former years I have thought of putting down, for the sake of their value to myself, the recollections I have of her; and now I attempt this, not for my own sake only, but in the belief that many will welcome even an imperfect account of one whose work of life survives and bears witness to her in the public eminence of more than one or two of her children.

Lady Blanche Gascoigne Cecil, born in 1825, was a daughter of the second Marquess of Salisbury, and therefore a sister of the present Prime Minister, older than he by five years. She lost her mother—a gifted woman—at the age of twelve. The upbringing she received from her father was hardy, perhaps even hard. It is told of him that he would return from the House of Lords in the middle of the night, and at his summons, "Get up, girls, we're going to Hatfield," his daughters had to be out of bed and ready for the journey with the least possible delay. We cannot, however, call it a fault that he had them educated very much in the manner usual for boys, both as regards indoor studies and outdoor exercises. In riding and driving they were skilled and fearless, and one of them—Lady Mildred—was declared years after, by Rarey, the American "horse-tamer," to be the best lady "whip" in England.

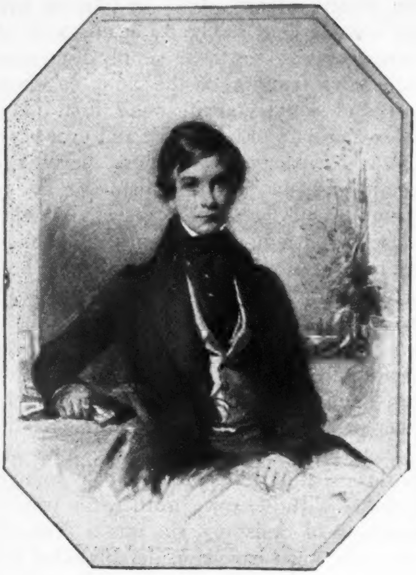
One of Lady Blanche's girlish admirations, which continued also in her maturer life, was for the great Duke of Wellington. He was a frequent visitor at Hatfield, and Lord Salisbury's children were often at Strathfieldsaye. The Duke was specially fond of Lady Blanche. An early gift of his was a little watch "with strict injunctions to her to wind it up every morning." Another gift, of special interest, was a plan of the field of Waterloo copied from one made before the battle was fought. The old coachman at Whittingehame used to tell with pride that when the Duke and Lady Blanche happened to be at the same evening-party it was always he who conducted her to her carriage. He became godfather to her eldest son, who was named Arthur after him.

A friendship, of importance in its results, which Lady Blanche early made, was with one of the daughters of Mr. Faithfull, the rector of Hatfield, a girl a few years older than herself, with whom she had some tastes in common, especially for music; and as their intercourse continued it was very closely connected with Lady Blanche's inner spiritual history. She seems in her early life to have felt at times great pressure on her spirit, as so many sensitive souls have done, from the doctrine of election, being haunted by the dread of being predestined to wrath. She found in course of years complete deliverance from this; but the memory of it perhaps contributed to the great attachment she had to the thought of God as The Father. She spoke of God as "Father," in a way which struck me, when I first heard it, as new and unusual. It was, indeed, greatly less usual thirty years ago than it is now. She did not come all at once to settled religious conviction and peace. Not indeed till some time after her marriage did she attain to the light in which those who knew her later in life could perceive that she stood.

After being much admired in her first appearances in society Lady Blanche became engaged to James Maitland Balfour, the eldest son of the proprietor of Whittingehame, in East Lothian, and they were married in 1843, while she was still only eighteen. Their home for the first four years after marriage was in St. James's Place, London; but they were often in Scotland for long visits at Whittingehame and elsewhere. The ways of her husband's family were in some respects different from hers. Her tastes were greatly literary, both by training and from natural bent. Theirs, again, were in almost every case the tastes simply of country gentlemen's families of the time, to whom sport and country affairs were first. Her husband, a man of high spirit and eventually of proved capacity for business, never had more interest in literature than was due to her impulse and companionship. A rather undisciplined temper, frequent in his family, may have been somewhat trying to her, and, on the other hand, a bride who had no care for dress or knowledge of it, and whose tastes were for intellectual society, may have been perplexing to them. A great affection, however, soon existed between her and several of her new kindred, particularly Mrs. Balfour of Balbirnie, her two daughters, and Mr. Charles Balfour, her husband's younger brother. With her own brother, the present Marquess of Salisbury, she was a favourite sister, who must have considerably aided and influenced him. They corresponded much, and he was a frequent visitor in her house.

In regard to the Church of the country Lady Blanche was so far prepared for coming to Scotland by the fact that already, as all her life through, she reckoned differences in the form of Church government trifles. The form of service, however, in the parish church and the extempore prayers would be new to her, and the parish minister of the time at Whittingehame was old, and of an old school, now, I believe, without representative. He was a kindly, blunt man, but very far away from such a parishioner as Lady Blanche. I recollect her mentioning him only once and with a slight shudder. A single anecdote will sufficiently indicate the type of man. It was told me after a wedding had taken place in Whittingehame Church. This was not the first that had been there, my informant said. In Mr. Lumsden's time a marriage had been arranged to take place at the manse. The weather was wet, the roads were muddy, and the marriage party arrived much bedraggled. The old minister met them at the door, and, holding out the key of the church, said: "Hae! gang to the kirk: ye're no to come into my hoose wi' your guttery feet."

In the year 1847 Mr. James Maitland Balfour succeeded by his father's death tc the property of Whittingehame, and he and his wife henceforth had their home there. What Lady Blanche was like at this time, in



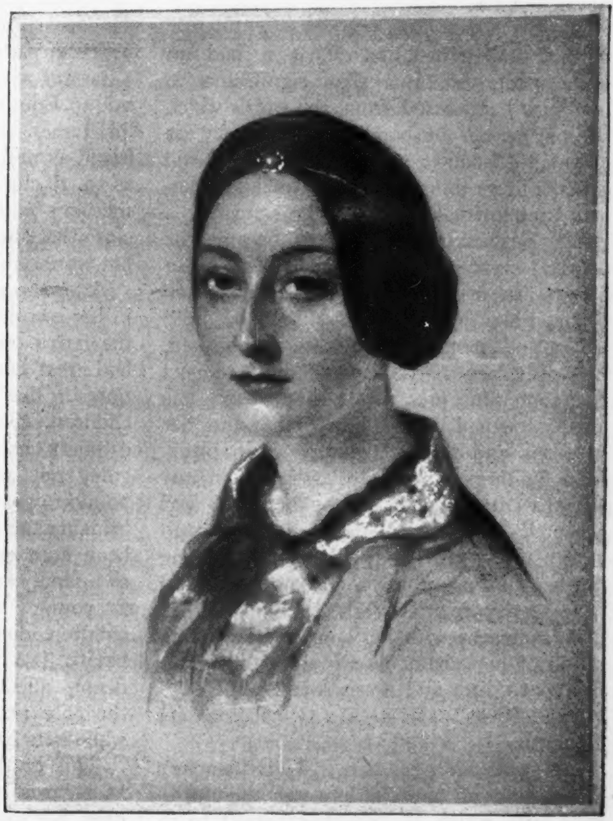
JAMES MAITLAND BALFOUR

person and character, can in some degree be guessed from a small portrait of her that remains, and from the memory of her first years, which long survived among the people of the parish and neighbourhood. One could see that she had been a wonder and charm to them. They soon began to be aware of her strongly sympathetic feelings towards her poorer neighbours, and years afterwards they still told with admiration and pleasure how she drove about the country in her early married days with the dash and fearlessness natural to her great spirit and splendid physical courage. She had four ponies, spotted brown on white, like circus ponies, two of which she drove, and two, according to the fashion of the time, were ridden by outriders. Her doings and movements gave that stir to country life and that brightness which comes of its routine being pleasantly broken, and the people had that interest in her which they always have in youth, courage, and frankness.

Some years before his death a property had been bought by her father-in-law in Ross-shire, and the management of it became a great interest to her husband and herself after his succession to ownership. The property had, I believe, been forfeited after the rebellion of 1745, was afterwards bought by a syndicate of lawyers, and had been for a long time without resident owner. The people accordingly, in that remote strath, had remained much behind in the general advance of the country. When Mr. Balfour came to be owner there were no roads, the cottages were of a primitive Highland type, the cattle of an inferior breed, and the cultivation carried on partly by the crooked hoe called in Gaelic, I believe, the "cascroim," and partly by rude home-made ploughs, drawn by a horse and cow together, the crofter's wife often leading the cow. Such practices as that of taking blood from the cattle in winter to mix and cook with oatmeal still survived. Mr. Balfour selected as factor a man of judgment and energy, who still lives, and who has enjoyed the confidence of the family for over forty years. He was sent to improve matters, on plans for the property and people matured in conversation, and he was told he would not be asked to transmit any rent for five years. No income would be looked for in that period, but rather outlay would be made in road-making, training the people in work, and various other steps of advance. At first the changes made by the factor were not at all liked. Steps were found necessary from the excessive population which, in spite of careful and costly arrangements to make them easy and gradual, were resented, and Mr. Balfour got letters threatening him with a very hostile reception when next he visited his property in the North. By the time, however, when he and Lady Blanche did again visit Strathconan, taking their children with them, the sentiment had so altered, through experience of real benefits, that the people asked the factor what they might do to show their gratitude. Mr. Smith could only suggest their giving a welcome by meeting the carriage as it neared the end of the journey and dragging it up to the Lodge. It must have been for a moment startling, even alarming, when, as they drove up the glen, a body of men came in sight for this purpose. A word explained the matter, and soon Lady Blanche was inquiring with full heart what it would be fitting to do in return for the people's kindness. A ball was given and a supper after, at which last, however, an unlooked for difficulty arose. The people were unaccustomed to the use in eating of knife and fork. Forks were new to them. It had been the usual custom on festive occasions to pass round the joint of meat—a rare luxury—from hand to hand, and each person used to cut off a piece for himself. If at a marriage feast the bride passed on the joint to an unmarried man it was a compliment to him, and a good omen of his own marriage being near. Or there might be something of a scramble to get it after her, and so be in the way of luck. Such were some of the still surviving ways and ideas in that strath.

For many years afterwards the management of this property, and care for the welfare and progress of the people, much engaged the thoughts of Mr. Balfour and Lady Blanche. The methods used were wise, liberal, and practical. Agricultural improvements went on steadily for years till, in buildings, implements, methods of cultivation, and breed of cattle, the glen was fully abreast of the most prosperous districts. A trained nurse was provided by Lady Blanche, the nearest doctor being about eighteen miles off. Not the least valuable boon was a good school, which was built, maintained, and often visited by Lady Blanche. Accordingly, when I came, some years later, to have experience of young people from Strathconan coming into an East Lothian parish, I found them rather above than below our usual standard in the Lowlands. Many from that glen have risen to good positions in professional careers. The people were indeed of a fine spirit, and only needed opportunity. They loved and honoured Lady Blanche, who, on her part, greatly loved them, and, I believe, no agents from outside were ever able to stir among them agitation of a political kind against the proprietor, between whose family and themselves there was an affection which increased with years, and continued in the generation following.

The public career of Lady Blanche's husband was destined to be short. He sat in the House of Commons for a time as member for the Haddington Burghs. He was for some years Chairman of the North British Railway Company. Another position which he filled with great effectiveness and popularity was that of Major-Commandant of the East Lothian Yeomanry Cavalry. The members of that corps subscribed a sum of money in order to have a portrait of him painted by an Edinburgh artist. But just as he was dressing to go to Edinburgh for a first sitting, he was seized with a pain, which turned out to be due to affection of the lungs. An illness followed of a protracted kind, in course of which he and his wife twice visited the island of Madeira, in hope of benefit from



LADY BLANCHE BALFOUR

its climate; but from the second visit he never returned.

With the quickness of strong affection Lady Blanche early saw the serious character of her husband's illness and was filled with apprehension. "He's dying; I know it; I know it," she said to a friend one day in a paroxysm of grief, "What is all the world to me if my husband is dying?" But half an hour after, Mr. Balfour himself being now present, all her bright cheerfulness of manner was resumed. As his illness went on she devoted herself to him with entire abandonment. He became wholly dependent on her and could bear no one else attending to him. A lady who sailed in the same ship with them to Madeira on their second visit told that Mr. Balfour was laid daily on the deck on cushions, and she noticed that his eyes followed his wife continually, as if he did not care to look at anything else. She did everything for him herself, and after his death she never had good health.

This is in few words the outward history of that time in her life. That it had an inner history too, of no slight significance to her, may be guessed from the words which she put on her husband's tombstone by his grave in Madeira: "Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."

Her husband's death (1856) became the dividing event in Lady Blanche's life. After her return from Madeira her special work began, which was, as she said, to be both father and mother to her eight children. Her early friend, Miss Faithfull, came to meet her soon after her return home and was greatly touched by the sight of her and her five sons and three daughters all in black. Miss Faithfull offered to assist her in any way she could, and by-and-by her offer was accepted. For many years she used to spend long periods with Lady Blanche, lightening her work in many ways, and no one could have been more fitted to give such help either from sympathy with her aims or from admiration of her character and gifts. Another frequent visitor and much loved helper was "Aunt Rose"—Miss M. G. Balfour of Balbirnie.

The outstanding feature in Lady Blanche's upbringing of her children was the entireness with which she devoted herself to it. She completely gave up whatever enjoyments of social intercourse might have interferred with this, her great object of life, and she was unsparing of trouble in regard to every detail of her children's training to a degree not only beyond usual custom, but beyond ordinary imagination. This was the more remarkable because of what has been already mentioned—her permanently impaired health. One of her daughters has told me that she never knew her mother really well in health, though only now does she understand what it must have cost her to go through the labour she undertook in the years of her widowhood. The serious illnesses of her children were occasions when her devotion to them was most striking and memorable, and I have often been told of the battle she fought successfully against a visitation of diphtheria from which they suffered. Her son Gerald* was the first to take it, soon after coming home for Christmas holidays. All the others took it in succession, and not till April had they all recovered. Gerald was dangerously ill and had most serious relapses. Twice in particular—both times on a Sunday—he was so ill that the coachman had to ride to Edinburgh, twenty-two miles off, for Sir James Simpson, who was an intimate friend as well as greatly trusted for his skill as a doctor. During many weeks their mother's watching and attendance were so close that she never had on her usual clothes, but wore only a dressing-gown.

After the diphtheria was nearly overcome in her own house, it showed itself at one of the farms on the estate, and Lady Blanche had great concern for the people who were now in like anxiety with herself for their children. She visited the families daily, carefully changing her dress for the visit, and going out and in by the steps from her boudoir window, as a precaution against bringing the illness to her servants, who had been kept as completely separate from her own family as possible. Only one of them—a young nursery-maid—took it. Eight children died at the farm, some houses having two deaths in them, and she was deeply affected, sympathising intensely with the poor people who had lost their children while hers had been all spared to her.

This battle with disease was again costly as regards her own health. Before it was over, her wedding-ring had to be cut off on

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* The present Chief Secretary for Ireland.

WHITTINGEHAME HOUSE (SOUTH FRONT)

account of her fingers having swollen so much. She must have greatly needed rest; but while the children were still recovering she started them in the diversion of conducting a family newspaper in manuscript, which was called the *Whittingehame Advertiser*. All contributed to it, she herself taking her share, and it used to be read aloud, in full conclave, every week.

Another experience, of quite a different kind, in her family's history was still much spoken of in the neighbourhood when I came to it a few years afterwards. Some spoke of it with admiration, others reckoned it odd and doubtful; all felt, however, that Lady Blanche was a person whose thoughts were not like other people's thoughts, and who could do things which other people could not do. The Cotton Famine in Lancashire during the American civil war stirred her sympathy greatly. She joined, I do not doubt, in subscribing to the fund for its relief, and, as it happened at the time that her establishment had been reduced—probably with a view to her going abroad with her children—she used the opportunity to make a novel proposal to them. They were told that, if they liked to do the work of the house, any money that was saved in this way would go to the help of the distressed people. When they agreed to take this up the house was divided. The few servants remaining had the use of the still-room at one end of it to prepare their own meals in, and the kitchen was made over to Lady Blanche's daughters, who, after the two eldest had a few lessons from the cook before she left, did the family cooking, with the assistance, for the roughest work, of only two quite untrained Lancashire girls, who were brought from amid the "idle sorrow" of the time in Manchester to stay in Whittingehame House. Lady Blanche's sons had also work of the house which they could do allotted them, such as cleaning of boots and knives. Of course the young ladies were new to cutting up and cooking meat; so the meals at first were very irregularly achieved and were trying enough even to youthful appetites. They must have been still more trying to Lady Blanche herself, who was really an invalid always. But more than one purpose of hers was secured. The help sent to Lancashire was greater by the amount saved in household expenses; her children had the sense of giving this share of help through their own labour and self-denial; and they had besides a discipline of great value, as no doubt their mother intended, in the thorough knowledge acquired of details of housekeeping, and in the check given to dependence on comforts. Others, perhaps, in her circumstances might have imagined and planned such a procedure as this; but few could have carried it through. It led, of course, to many amusing situations. One day, for example, the parish minister of the time—a quite different man from the one formerly mentioned—was at Whittingehame House seeing Lady Blanche in the forenoon. As he came away she said, "I would ask you to stay to luncheon, Mr. Scott, but my daughters are doubtful if the steak will be rightly done!"

My personal knowledge of Lady Blanche began when she was about forty years of age, and half-way through the period of her children's education. Those were still the days of patronage in the Church of Scotland: her eldest son (at this time a minor) was patron of the parish, and when Mr. Scott died it was left to her by the other trustees to appoint a successor. She made, of course, many inquiries. Among others she consulted one (the late Mr. T. G. Murray of Stenton) whose kind opinion of me I still value. She went about hearing those preach who were recommended to her, and I recall vividly the first time I had her for a hearer. It was on a dark winter evening, and at a service which I conducted chiefly for young people of the small town where I was assistant minister. A carriage with lamps drove past me as I plodded down the hill towards the church. This unwonted sight was followed by the beadle telling me at the church door, in an impressed whisper, that two ladies had come, and one of them had asked him who was to preach. "She's a real leddy, sir," he assured me. My address was on the life of Judas Iscariot, and I was glad to have the veil of a gas jet between me and these unlooked-for hearers. Had I known as I afterwards knew Lady Blanche Balfour and her friend Miss Faithfull, I should have had no wish to forget their presence.

My first interview with her was in unusual circumstances. I was confined to bed by illness in the house of a kind friend, and, as Lady Blanche's time for making the appointment was now short, she came to my bedside and talked. I still remember how much I was struck by her air and presence, her rich, liquid voice, her bright, stimulating talk, and the higher level of thought and courage into which one felt raised while conversing with her. In a day or two after, I had from her the following short letter:

"WHITTINGEHAME, PRESTONKIRK,
"*Dec. 30th*, 1864.

"DEAR SIR,

"On my return to-day through Edinburgh, I had the opportunity of some conversation with my brother-in-law and co-trustee, Mr. Balfour of Balgonie. He cordially agrees with me that we need not delay longer to make you the offer, so far as the patrons are entitled to do so, of the parish of Whittingehame.

"It has been my earnest prayer that our good Father would guide my choice. If you accept the offer I am sure that it will be in reliance on His blessing.

"I remain, yours faithfully
"BLANCHE BALFOUR."

I had still, of course, the ordeal to go through of preaching in the parish, that the people might have opportunity to object to me, or to call me to be their minister; but it will be understood that I saw my way more clearly and hopefully before me because of the spirit in which my appointment had been made.

ON THE USE OF SCIENCE TO CHRISTIANS

By EMMA MARIE CAILLARD

HOW SCIENCE HELPS US TO SEE THAT MORAL EVIL IS NOT "NATURAL."

THIRD PAPER

AS the result of our former considerations, we were led to a very beautiful conclusion, viz: that the whole of nature, originating in, and tending towards God, has as it were "come to itself" in man, and in man who is capable of conscious communion with God knows itself to be spiritual. But at this point there rises before us a true and terrible vision which seems to blot out the glorious prospect to which we had attained. It is the vision of moral evil, of all the hideous wickedness, cruelty and vice which have defiled and polluted the stream of human life, till we feel as though it were tainted at its very source, and could never become wholly sweet and pure. This vision we must face. We cannot deny it, or turn away from it, and if we are ever to take our stand on the firm ground that good is not only better than, but stronger than evil, because the former is, and the latter is not in accordance with the natural—*i.e.*, the Divine—order, it must be because we have dared to acknowledge and give full weight to the evidence which is apparently against such a conclusion.

At first sight, the theory of evolution would seem to be wholly opposed to it. If nothing is unfolded from the germ, but that which was originally infolded, it would seem inevitable, that we should regard moral evil as having been so infolded, and thus the only word which modern science could say, the only light which she could give on this deepest of all questions, would seem to drive us upon the awful conviction that the creation of God was not "good." To set such a doubt as this at rest, we must go deeper than we have gone before, yet some of the thoughts already suggested will prove of service in our examination.

It was remarked in the last paper that if we want to judge what is the true tendency of evolution, we must test it by the highest stage it has reached. Therefore we said the life of nature is best interpreted by the life of man. Taking now the life of man, what do we regard as the highest stage in that, and how shall it be interpreted?

The standards of moral worth differ with different eras, different nations, different conditions of civilisation, different degrees of individual attainment. Nevertheless, there is a consensus that a life of moral worth is the highest kind of human life; and, in the ethical history of mankind, we find that moral worth is increasingly judged with reference to the regard shown for others. The self-regarding—as we commonly say selfish—life is less and less held to be a truly moral life. Science has its own explanation of this fact. Throughout the whole range of organic life, that towards which evolution tends is the improvement and furtherance of the life of the *species*, and since this can only be attained by the more perfect, and better adapted life of individuals the sacrifice of many less fit (the less adaptable) individuals is entailed in order that the more fit (more adaptable) may survive and propagate their kind, among whom the same sort of "selection" is carried on. From generation to generation, therefore, we have in every species, be it animal or vegetable, an enforced and unconscious sacrifice of individuals for the collective good. When we come to the human stage, this sacrifice, if made, cannot be unconscious. In the early stages of human progress it is so to some extent, but when experience and reflection have become more mature, the fact is clearly perceived and intelligently acted on that the safety, welfare and happiness of each individual depend on the safety, welfare and happiness of the community to which he belongs, and it is therefore in the interest of each individual to be unselfish, to "look not only on his own things, but also on the things of others." The course of natural development compels him to do this; "therefore," says Science, "morality and the 'altruistic' sentiments are the outcome of evolution and are natural." As Christians we may fully and gladly allow this; we may fully and gladly allow that the good husband, father and citizen, the upright, honest fair-dealing man, the philanthropist is acting far more in accordance with the demands of nature, than the brutal, licentious or even merely pleasure-loving self-seeker, or than the thief, the swindler and the murderer. The very fact that society is compelled to repress evil-doers, because their presence thwarts the development of social—*i.e.*, of human life, shows that social life and the virtues which are the indispensable conditions of its existence and progress, are "natural" to man and that he cannot develop without them.

History confirms science on this point. We always find that moral laxity and an excessive luxury and self-indulgence are the signs of individual and national decadence. We are not left in any doubt that the great stream line of human progress "makes for righteousness," however far short of its goal it may yet fall, and that "love which is the fulfilling of law" is the necessary condition of social and therefore of individual well-being. Science cannot of course *account* for this. She simply points it out as a fact. But to the Christian who sees in the natural the expression of the divine, this fact is full of deep meaning. If nature makes for righteousness, then God is righteous; then the vision of an All-pure and All-holy is not an empty dream, the child of a useful illusion, but a reflection of the most strengthening and invigorating truth which the mind of man can grasp, an assurance that despite all that seems to lead to an opposite conclusion, the "hunger and thirst after righteousness" which is at the bottom of man's restlessness and dissatisfaction, is not the empty craving of disease, but a healthy and blessed appetite which shall most surely be satisfied.

The theory of evolution shows then that however moral evil may have arisen, it is not *inherent* in human nature. The highest and truest expression of manhood is neither an immoral, nor an unmoral, but a moral life, so that we may truly say the latter is *natural*, and what thwarts it is unnatural. Further than this science cannot help us much, but the help so far given is not to be despised. Surrounded by evil as we are, feeling its power within ourselves as we do, it is a gladdening corroboration of the teaching of our Christian faith to find that "the dry light of science" brings more and more clearly into view the fact, that true human progress is only possible through the deepening and widening of the moral sense and of regard for others. "Be ye holy, for I am holy," is shown to be not a mere arbitrary command, but a necessity of our nature, if that nature is ever to fulfil its "promise and potency."

ON BEING "HARD UP"

By EUGENE ELERTON

THE condition of being "hard up" is a relative one, for it is as possible for the man with his thousands as the clerk with but thirty shillings a week to be so placed. My lady, who takes a stall at a charity bazaar, and my lord, who lectures on the necessity for thrift among wage-earners, sometimes have a little difficulty in meeting their own household expenses. The doctor who waits for a patient, and the barrister who waits for a brief, do not always find it an easy matter to earn their daily bread. But the world is wise, and believes only what it sees.

When we who live in Bohemia say we are "hard up" we mean, literally, that we are not sure where next week's rent is coming from, or even the common necessaries of life. We are generally among the unemployed at such times, and unless on the tramp for work, we saunter about the parks, or visit those places of amusement for which no charge is made. Perchance our fancy leads us to the old Abbey, where we dream about those quiet sleepers for whom the bitterness of life and death is past. Or we speculate about the future, for there is always a future before us; about the time when the world will have recognised our talents, when those who have treated us as ordinary mortals will be forced to acknowledge our superiority, and when those who might have employed us will assuredly regret the golden opportunities they have lost by refusing our services.

But our chief occupation is to look for work, and while that ordeal lasts our minds are liable to pass through three different phases.

The hopeful phase is when we seek work for the first time. Possibly we are entire strangers to the great city and its ways. We have entered its gates without introductions, with little experience of life, less money, and yet with the grand idea of stepping into some lucrative appointment that may be had almost for the asking. If of an adventure-loving and enterprising spirit we are prepared to enjoy this new experience. The untried city has a fascination for us; its streets, its buildings, the faces of its inhabitants—all touch our fancy. We set off full of hope—we are so sure that fate has something bright in store. We go from agent to agent, from editor to editor, from publisher to publisher, from one place of business to another. Agents are, naturally, pleased to pocket their fees as they smilingly assure us they will do their best to find us work. Editors receive us with a tired air, and point to a pile of unread MSS. Poor editors! Publishers do us the honour of assuming that we have a book for inspection. Business employers scan us with a commercial eye. "No business capacity" is their inward comment; we read it in their faces.

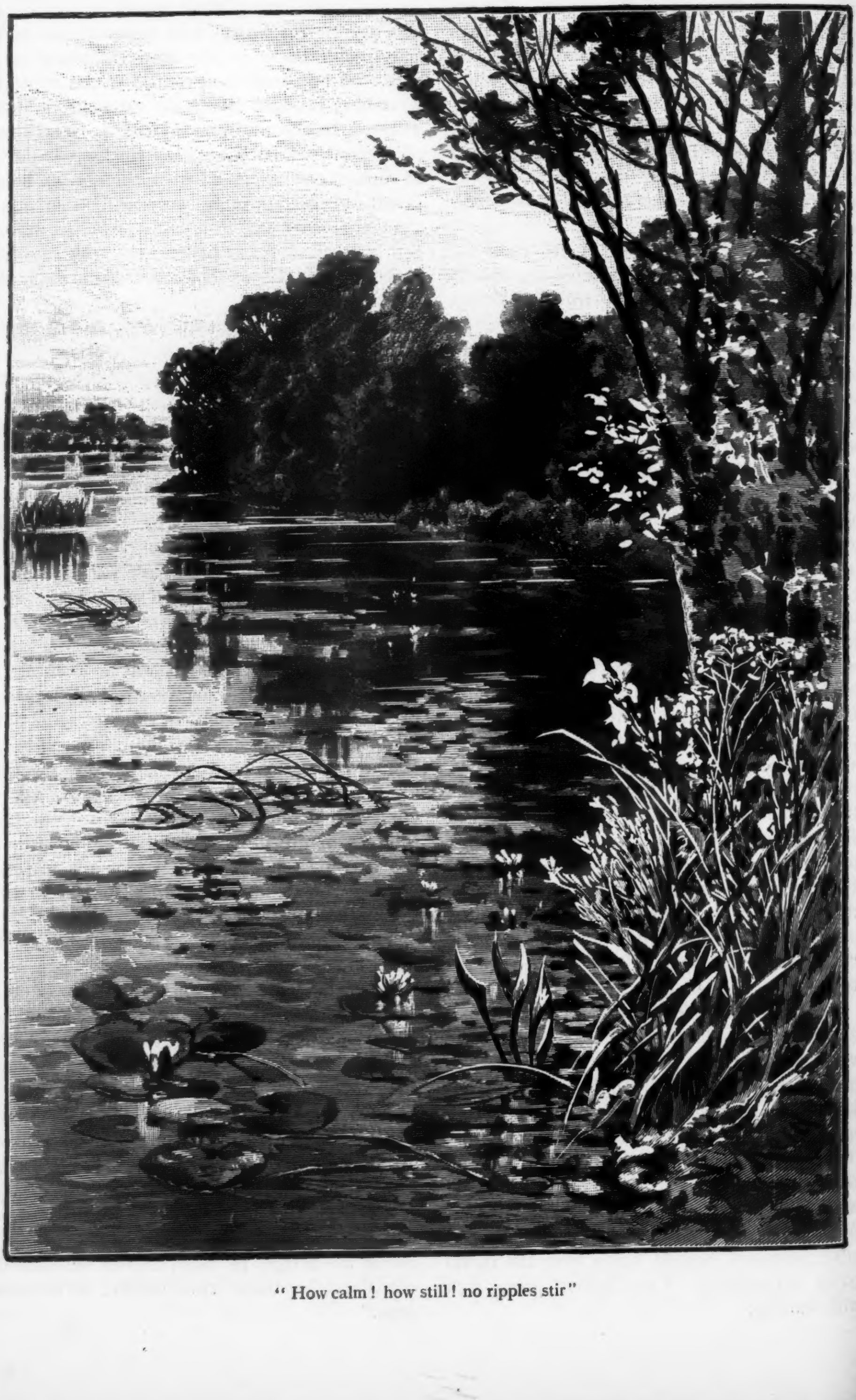
All this is far from encouraging, but we are not easily daunted, the hopeful phase lasts a long time. It is only, perhaps, when our purses begin to grow light and our landlady's bill correspondingly heavy, that we enter upon the phase of despair. For then it is that a sort of despair begins to creep over us. We feel as if we should never get work. Our letters remain unanswered, our MSS. are returned with "regrets," our advertisements benefit none save the newspaper proprietors. Our hearts grow sick with waiting.

No one, unless he has really lived through it, can understand what agony there is in this waiting for work, in its expectations and disappointments; in the physical weakness, if caused by insufficient food, and the mental weariness brought about by exhaustion and worry. In the morning we rise with a feeling of hope that something may turn up to-day, at night-time we lie down with the desolate certainty that nothing ever will turn up, that our lives will thus wear away, as have the lives of so many before us; why should it be better for us than for hundreds of others?

But if nothing turns up during this second phase, if we do not fall ill, or collapse altogether—the latter happens sometimes—we pass into the indifferent phase, and this is, perhaps, the saddest of all. Then we no longer care if we get work or not. Whether we live or die is of but small consequence to us. We are without hope, expectancy or energy. Others, far better than we, have been obliged to take refuge in the workhouse at this crisis—it was all life had to offer them.

Possibly there is enough work for every one. The successful assure me there is. Let us assume that they are right, that it is our own fault when we do not earn enough to feed and clothe ourselves. Well, we are but human after all, and in our unsuccessful efforts everything must be taken into account. We are not all constituted alike, nor do we all possess that strength of will which overcomes great difficulties. This is no plea for laziness or unwillingness to work, but when life becomes one continued struggle for existence the strongest grow weary, and the weak ones utterly fail.

I am no socialist. Nature has ***not*** made men equal, and neither Socialism nor Anarchism will ever make them equal. At the same time, all my sympathies are with the unsuccessful individual, whose life is a continual struggle for existence, and who lives in a perpetual state of being "hard up." It is to him I would extend the right hand of fellowship, for I, too, hail from his ranks. And this being so I have nought to offer him, save the comfort that lies in the words of the renowned Count of Monte Cristo—"Until the day when God shall deign to reveal the future to man, human wisdom is contained in these two words: ***Wait and hope.***"



" How calm ! how still ! no ripples stir "

DOG-DAYS

How calm! how still! no ripples stir,
No breezes wake
Thy silent undisturb'd repose
Sweet placid lake!
On thy smooth breast, with upturn'd eyes
The lilies float,
Each snowy head en-pillow'd on
A leafy boat.
Like sentinels around the brink
The dark trees stand,
Whilst scarce less real, gleams below
A mirror'd band.
Save the soft plash of water-rat,
Or startled bird,
Or sudden whiz of dragon-fly
Naught else is stirr'd.
The leaves above droop motionless,
Each grass seems still,
And merry birds o'ercome with heat
Have hush'd each trill.
So everywhere the earth lies wrapp'd
In trance-like sleep,
And as I gaze, a dreamy spell
Will o'er me creep.
Too hot for speech! all work, all books
Distasteful prove,
So musingly I watch the forms
That round me move.
Far overhead, in deep blue sky,
A snowy haze
Hangs motionless, then fades away
E'en as I gaze—
Emblem of life! our little day
So quickly past,
Our place left bare, till others rise
To fade as fast!
Thus year by year fair nature tells
Her truthful tale
To all who with a listening ear
Frequent the dale.
Year after year, these ancient trees
Spread wide their shade,
When summer's hottest rays are thrown
A-down the glade—
Still whispering tho' fierce may be
Life's scorching ray
A calm retreat, a shelter safe
Is by the way,
One all unchang'd midst changing scenes
Can still give rest,
What matters then, the scorching sun,
Peace fills the breast.

A. F. T.

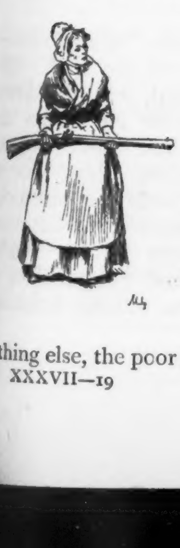
UNDER THE TRICOLOUR

By P. de NANTEUIL

ILLUSTRATED BY MYRBACH

CHAPTER IX

THE MAYOR OF YPORT

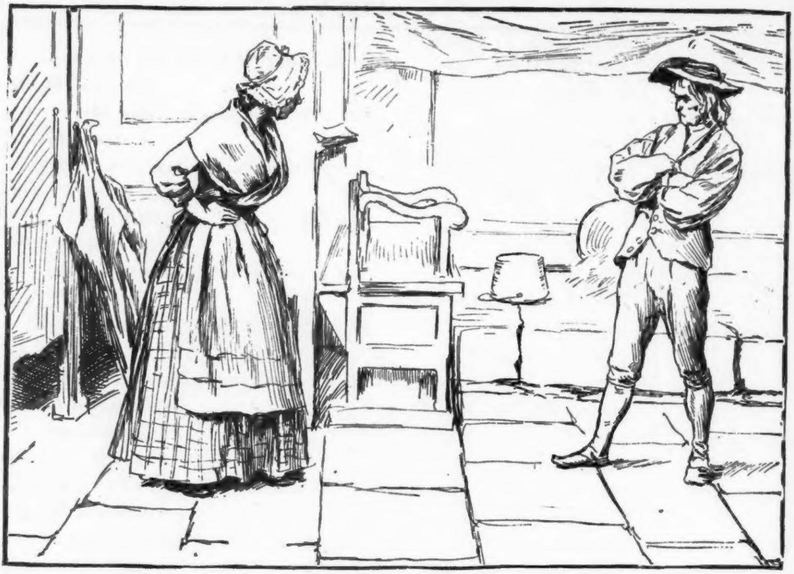


But we must leave those exalted spheres, to return to the people of our story.

Noel was an intelligent boy, naturally very courageous and very upright; although he was two years younger than Martine they were great friends, and from that friendship, if from nothing else, the poor girl derived some comfort.

In return, Martine was a great help to her cousin. She inspired him with a desire for knowledge, and made him determine that he would not be like his comrades, who were for the most part coarse fellows, almost savages, the true descendants of the old Norman race, which is the least polished in the world, but also the boldest and hardiest.

At the time of Martine's arrival at the house of the Mayor of Yport, Noel was entering his fifteenth year. He was a tall, strong lad, whom his father abused, and whom his mother, an invalid and ill-treated herself by her brutal husband, dared not defend. Mathilde could only weep and



" Uncle, we must come to an understanding "

groan when she was not under the eye of her tyrant: in his presence she hung her head without a word. Noel offered no resistance either, because he quickly saw that were he to resist, his mother's lot would be made even more wretched; and he loved his poor suffering mother, who pined away without once asserting herself. Things were in this condition when Martine, Alex, and the goat became members of the family.

At first, fearing that Martine might know of a certain transaction, Cyprien concealed his evil disposition, and his spontaneous hatred of the child. As for the goat, she seemed to him a good acquisition: she could browse on the grass and the young shoots of the hedges, and so cost nothing—indeed her milk would supply the breakfast of the family; then she would have kids which could be sold. Biquette, then, was welcomed, and relatively well treated: it is necessary to deal gently with milch-animals, or the source of the milk may be dried up.

Martine's uncle soon discovered also the way to make the most of his niece, who out of sheer good-will took over the management of the house. Only she scrubbed a little too much: why wash the floor, the dishes, and the windows? Never, in Vatteville's memory, had these things been cleaned. Still he benefited by it, and if Martine chose to deprive herself of sleep in order to scrub, that was her affair. And then there was no difficulty about her food; when the fishing failed, she lived on black bread cheerfully. Ah! if only there had been no litttle Alex, as greedy as a shark, treated by Martine as if he had been a prince, and occupying far too much of her time! But he would soon show Martine how the land lay; she was only a girl after all, and girls were sent into the world to serve the men.

In these matters, however, Vatteville failed to show Martine the lie of the land. She was a very intelligent girl, and she knew that her services were worth more than the maintenance of herself and Alex; and although she was ignorant for a long time of the generosity of her friends the boatmen, she said to herself sometimes, "What does it matter? Some farmer in the neighbourhood would hire me gladly, since I can do the work of two without fatiguing myself."

One evening, Cyprien having grumbled

very much at Alexander's appetite, and having also struck him without any apparent cause, Martine, when she found herself alone with the mayor, said to him, "Uncle, we must come to an understanding. I shall soon reach my majority, shall I not?"

"I know nothing about it, and care less."

"Still, I wish to know where I was baptized."

"I can't tell you; there are so many churches; besides, I'll be hanged if I know where our registers are."

"In that case there is nothing to show that you are my uncle. Consequently, I can go when I like, and you have no right to keep me here."

"Not my niece! Why, everybody here will tell you that you are the daughter of my dead sister who married Duclot at Fécamp."

"At Fécamp! Then I was baptized at Fécamp?"

"Did I say Fécamp?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Then I wasn't thinking what I was saying. And so, little beggar, you are not my niece, and you want to leave me too after all you have cost me."

"Oh! I earn more than my bread in your house, and more than the child's."

"Not at all; you yourself eat more than you're worth, and the child is simply a burden."

"Very well; you can get rid of that burden if you will let me go and hire myself at Fécamp, where my masters would take Alex into the bargain and not lose by it either, sir; for I would manage to earn his bread as well as my own."

Then as her uncle turned pale with rage, Martine added, "Yes, I will go and hire myself, unless we can come to a better understanding."

The mayor had great difficulty in keeping his hands off her.

"Speak," he cried. "Out with it! What do you want, you wicked hussy?"

"In the first place, I wish Alex to be allowed to eat as much as he needs, and that he shall not be sent supperless to bed like last night."

"He was impudent."

"If it occurs again, tell me, and I—yes, I will scold the poor orphan, who was born to live in a palace. You understand; he must not want for food as long as I have arms and the will to work for him."

"Agreed! Is that enough?"

"You must never strike him."

"Never, on the word of a mayor. You, on your side, will repay me in work."

"As much as I have done since the day I came here, neither more nor less."

"You will have to do more, or I am mistaken."

"No! and then there is another thing; and unless you agree to it, I will not stay in your house, for I only ask justice."

"Mercy on us! Are you going to make me mad by asking money? Eh! and a fine time you've chosen, when I am ruined, robbed. The assignats have put my head in the noose. There's not half a sou in the house, and you want money, you mean thing!"

As he said this, the miser trembled. In imagination he already saw Martine possessed of the bag in which he kept the half-crowns sent by the sailors. No, he would die sooner.

Suspecting Cyprien's thoughts, the girl replied: "Listen in the meantime and worry about it afterwards—there will be plenty of time. I demand an hour in the evening for Noel and myself in which to learn to read and write."

"To read and write!" cried Cyprien, unable to believe his ears. What need was there to learn such things. He himself had never gone further than the primer, and yet he had been elected mayor, and managed the commune perfectly; nor were the people of Yport any better scholars.

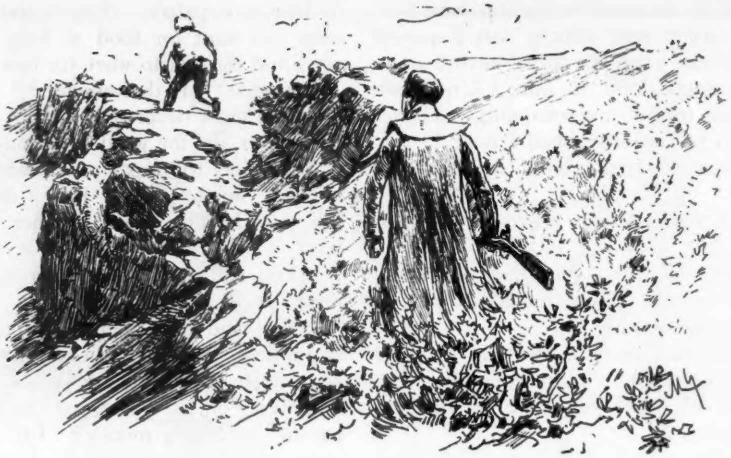
"Who will teach you?" he asked in a raised voice.

"The schoolmaster of Fécamp, who comes every holiday to his little farm at Vaucottes."

"For nothing? You would never give money to Cæsar?"

Martine shrugged her shoulders, thinking it useless to explain to the heartless miser that the good schoolmaster would ask no fee for helping Noel, whom he had known and loved since he was a baby, nor for helping Noel's cousin either.

After having thought an instant, and weighed the pros and cons, Cyprien replied:



“Disappearing suddenly”

“Very well, I agree; but the work mustn't suffer.”

“Keep to your bargain, and you will find the work will go on all right.”

When Noel learned the result of this conversation he could hardly believe it.

“There must be something,” he said, “that we don't know about, or my father would scarcely be so accommodating. All the same, Martine, it was very brave of you to face him in this way. I wouldn't have dared to do it.”

“Pooh! Uncle is hot-tempered, but perhaps not such a very bad man after all.”

“I didn't say he was bad.”

“We always have his promise; and then you see when one knows how to get on both with beasts and people one is very strong. Sometimes, for example, Biquette tries to butt me, for she doesn't like me, and only follows Alex. Well, if I look her in the face without flinching, she turns away instead of rushing at me.”

“Martine, the next time my father wants to beat me I will try your plan, and tell him—a thing or two.”

“Yes, but you must be careful that you are in the right; and don't be insolent.”

Some time after that Noel put his project into execution. Whilst at sea with his father on a stormy day the boat two or three times missed the wind in tacking, because, the helm being very difficult to manage, Noel failed to bring her round in time.

Cyprien became furious, and stormed at his son; and when they landed still continued to load him with reproaches. At last, at the end of his vocabulary, he launched a formidable blow at his son, which the latter, however, succeeded in dodging, without saying a word in reply to the paternal abuse.

Then, very pale, but with eyes steadily fixed on the face of the infuriated brute: “Father,” said Noel, “did you see some ships in the offing?”

“In with you and attend to the nets, instead of talking nonsense.”

“'Tis not nonsense. I will take my oath that one of these ships is a privateer in pursuit of an English vessel.”

“What's that to us?”

“This: that at the very first blow from your hand I shall take a boat—perhaps one of yours—and I shall sail across the sea until I meet a privateer. The old pilot of Fécamp assures me that privateers are always undermanned. I would ship as cabin-boy. That is what will happen if you hit me again.”

Shaking with anger, Cyprien seized an oar, and, advancing upon his son, raised it to strike; but the blow did not fall. Cyprien threw the oar down, saying: “Begone, or I'll kill you!”

Noel did not wait to be told twice.

The event proved that Martine was right. “It pays best to be on good terms with horned beasts." However, the restraint which he imposed upon himself increased greatly, though secretly, Cyprien's ill-will and hatred to Martine, whom he worked as if she had been an actual slave.

His aversion proceeded in the first instance from the wrong he had done the poor girl. Wicked people are made so; they hate their victims. In the second place, in the presence of his niece he no longer dared to abuse his wife, except in words. Lastly, he suspected it was Martine who had inspired Noel with the spirit of rebellion.

In the meantime, from Havre there came information regarding the smuggling of English goods at Yport. From the inquiry which followed, the mayor did not come off with clean hands. Definite proof was lacking and he was not indicted, but he lost his post, which was given to his bitterest enemy, Jerome Valain, a man who could read with ease. The new mayor joked with the members of the commune at Vatteville's expense. This mortally offended the deposed mayor, who persuaded himself wrongly that his niece and his son had blabbed about the smuggling.

Then, employing his Normandy peasant's cunning in the service of his hatred, he divined that his surest vengeance would consist in separating Alex from Martine and Noel. Soon, with the aid of caresses, flatteries, and presents, he obtained an ever-increasing influence over the child's mind, and a very baneful influence it was. He secretly incited the child to disobey his adopted mother and Noel; in secret, also, he urged him to an obstinate refusal to learn the lessons in which Martine endeavoured to interest him.

Violent and passionate, but with a good heart, Alexander was not inaccessible to reproof and reason; he wept, and promised to amend, and his caresses obtained for him the pardon which he never implored in vain. Martine would then say to herself: "As the years go on all his faults will leave him, and my Alexander will become my joy and comfort; and some day, if I find his friends, I shall be able to tell them that I have brought him up to be a gallant boy worthy of his name and of his family."

What tears, what prayers, what indulgences Martine employed in succession to lead the child aright! But the tempter had at his command means, powerful in another way than those at his niece's disposal, by which he always led the boy away without showing his hand.

As he grew up, the hopes of Martine fled one by one; for, alas! the good impulses of her adopted son became rarer and rarer, while his evil instincts developed daily.

As soon as he saw Alex capable of lying, and of playing the hypocrite without blushing, Cyprien employed him in criminal enterprises, and, unfortunately, Martine could not fight against a danger of which she was ignorant. Noel, too, was as far as she from suspecting the truth. However, finding Alex one day hidden in a fissure of the cliff playing with some silver coins, sous and half-sous, Noel, much surprised, questioned the child, who replied that he had just picked up the money on the road to Vaucottes by the side of a hedge.

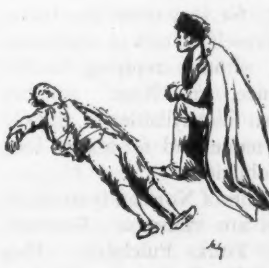
As thoughtless as children usually are, to Martine Alex said that his little hoard had been given him by a traveller whom he had shown the way to Grainval, no longer ago than the Tuesday of the preceding week.

These were lies, as they soon knew, although Alex would never admit his fault. On the contrary, furious at having been detected, he threatened to leave the house and join a band of gipsies, encamped in the neighbourhood.

It was only a few days after the discovery of this gross deception that the little rebel stole out of the room where Martine, Noel, and Jean de Grainval were conversing on the night of the storm.

CHAPTER X

A STORMY NIGHT



MARTINE and Noel passed the whole night in the greatest anxiety. Neither of them could lie down, and alternately they went to the door to see if the boy was returning.

Instead of decreasing, the storm seemed to augment its fury. Rushing in from the swollen sea the waves, breaking with a deafening noise, surged up to the houses nearest the shore. For the young people there was a gleam of hope in the fact that Cyprien had not returned either. Perhaps Alex was with his uncle; surprised by the tempest, they had doubtless taken shelter under the cliff, where were many small caves which the highest tides never reached, but which could only be approached at low water. In the morning when the tide was out the truants would return.

Although he regarded this as a very forlorn hope, Jean returned to Grainval, because he feared to distress his father if he remained longer away.

At the manor, Nice, the old servant who was sitting up, seemed to have lost her head. "Ah!" she cried, as soon as she had refastened the great entrance door, "Ah! Jean, this is a night of horrors. Your father, who is not in the house, has certainly been killed—yes, killed, sure and certain, as I'm a living woman."

"Killed! what do you mean? Explain yourself. Do you even know where my father has gone to?"

"No, he went out saying, 'If I don't come back, don't wait for me. Jean can take what remains of the dinner, and you can take what Jean leaves. I have drawn two jugs of cider for you which you will find under the hall table.' Yes, he said that, Monsieur le Baron; and just fancy, they are his last words. Oh!—oh!—hoo!—ahoo!"

Upon that, lifting her apron to her eyes, Nice sobbed bitterly, while Jean proceeded to visit every room in the manor in order to verify his father's absence, of which he was inclined to doubt; for very often the Baron de Grainval shut himself up now in one room, now in another, without replying to the appeals of Bérénice, or "Nice" as they called her; the two first syllables of the old servant's original name had for a very long time been lost in oblivion.

Among the peasants of Normandy strangely pretentious names are common; Bérénice, Clorinde, Cæsar, Titus, Pulchérie. They obtained them doubtless from their godfathers and godmothers, who in their turn probably received them from the lords and ladies of the neighbouring *châteaux;* but, by abbreviation of Pulchérie, for example, they make Chérie, of Bérénice, Nice.

To Jean's great surprise, none of the doors were fastened on the inside, and of the Baron de Grainval not a sign was to be seen. When he returned to the great kitchen, where they ordinarily had their meals, Jean had again to endure the ravings of Nice.

"Sure and certain, Monsieur le Baron has been plundered by the brigands; those gipsies who squat behind Yport, you know, are nothing else. Very well, in these nights of the equinox where we are now as it were, wehr-wolves and sorcerers haunt the cliffs, ghouls come from the cemeteries——"

"Oh!" cried Jean, pushing back his chair and running to the window, which he opened, "Oh! don't you hear, Nice—a cry for help? What! are you mad? Let me go, or I may hurt you."

Nice, imagining that Jean had heard—who knows? perhaps seen, the ghouls and wehr-wolves who were calling him from without, clasped her horny hands round the neck of her young master, without listening to him, without hearing him perhaps, while her teeth chattered with fear.

In a paroxysm of impatience Jean disengaged himself violently from her stifling embrace, and while the old woman dropped on her knees, he again put on his overcoat and hobnailed shoes. Then he said, "Where is the gun?—not my father's, the other one; and the powder and the balls?"

"I—I—don't know. What's the use of thinking—of balls—and powder? Sorcerers have no—no bodies. Ah! Jean; don't listen to them any more; shut the window, put to the bolts, and let us say our prayers. When they hear the sacred words the ghouls will fly away."

"Fool! there are neither sorcerers nor ghouls. Listen, out at sea, a cannon firing at regular intervals; that means 'A ship in distress requires help.' It is impossible to help them from here; but if the sound of my gun fired from the cliff could reach the ship, those in command might perhaps understand that it is possible to land at Grainval with less danger than at any other part of the shore."

Nice had now recovered her senses, and she quickly lent effective aid to her young master.

"The balls are in the chimney-corner," she said, "and here is wadding all ready. The flask is full, and with a double charge that blunderbluss makes a devil of a noise. Go, Jean, and God bring you back with the shipwrecked folk. I will go and pray till you return."

"You are a good creature. Keep the fire in. If my father returns, tell him what I have thought it my duty to do."

Five minutes after, Jean was climbing the grassy slope of the cliff at the foot of which the old manor had been built some hundreds of years before.

The rain had ceased, but the wind still blew loudly. Great clouds raced across the sky, sometimes hiding, sometimes revealing the moon, then in her third quarter. The cannon-shots, booming along the shore, were heard every quarter of an hour.

Arrived at the summit, Jean hurried to the very edge of the cliff, and endeavoured to make out something on the surface of the sea which roared and rumbled far beneath.

By the dim light of the moon the white crests of the waves were visible, and the black rocks on which the rollers broke with a roar, but out on the sea nothing could be seen. Untiringly, Jean fired his gun at measured intervals as long as powder and ball lasted. Sometimes he thought he heard despairing cries just under his feet; but it was impossible to go down and find out whether it was imagination or not, for the waves still lashed the base of the cliff.

At last a white streak appeared, announcing day, and Jean took his way along a path, so ill-defined that only a goat could have followed it confidently; however, it shortened very much the journey from the village to the shore of Grainval.

As soon as he had reached the beach, which the ebbing tide began to expose, he was much surprised to observe some figures defined against the white walls of the cliff.

Had the shipwrecked people reached the hospitable shore safe and well? No, that idea fell to the ground at once at the sound of the distress gun.

Had people come then to the help of the wrecked vessel, from Yport, or Grainval by the shore? No, for the sea still washed the two headlands by which they must have passed.

Had they come from the farms or the hamlets scattered over the heights?

No, that was inadmissible, since, except by doubling the two submerged headlands, the only way to the shore was that over the cliff from the summit of which Jean had watched the sea for several hours without seeing a single human being.

Still these people who now began to move about and to converse in excited tones, could not have fallen from the sky. Whence had they come if not from the heights, or the shoreland.

Jean put these questions to himself as he approached the group now lit up by the red beams of the rising sun—a sun which, by the way, announced a continuation of the storm.

About ten furlongs from the headland, which separated the territory of Grainval from that of Yport, Jean's attention was all at once distracted by the sudden appearance almost at his side of a very little man, or what at least seemed at first to be a very little man; it was really a boy dressed in a long rough coat from the collar of which emerged a very childish face.

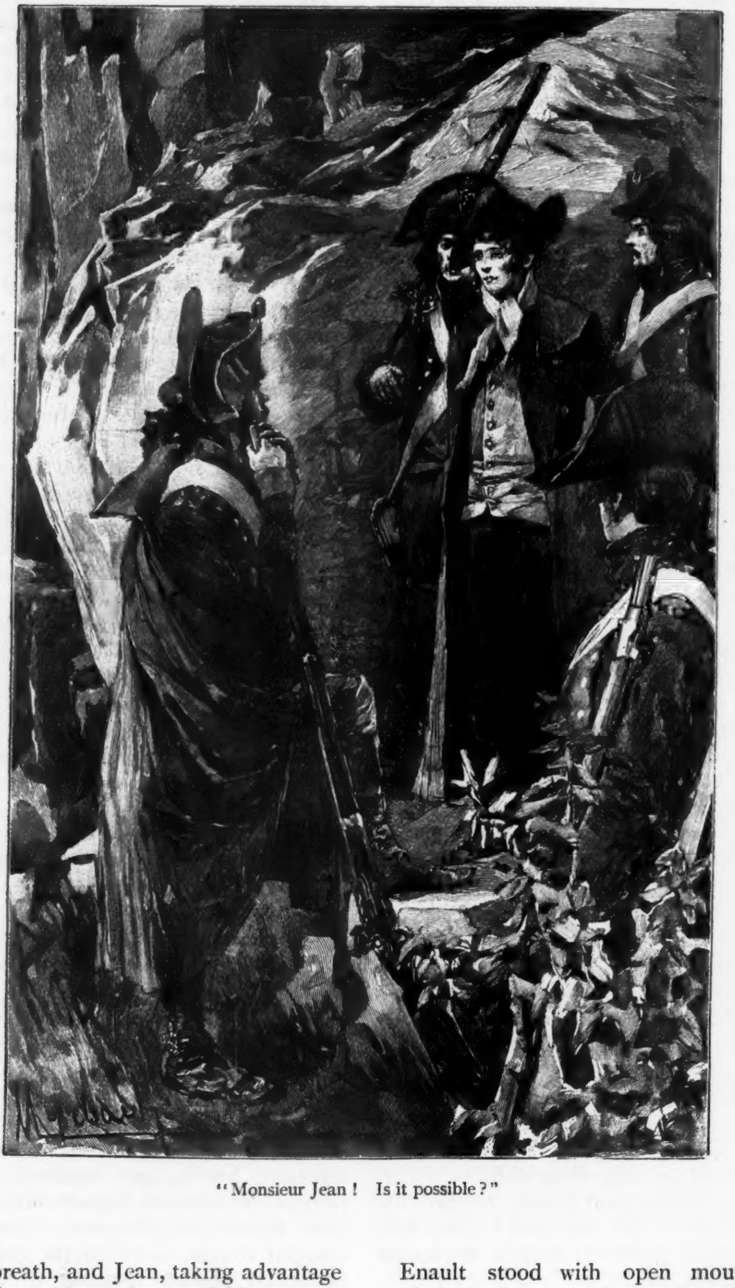
"Alex!" cried Jean, "Alex, wretched boy, what are you doing here? They are distressed at your absence. Ah! stand still! where are you going? Wait—wait for me!"

Alex paid no heed. On the contrary, having thrown off the great-coat, he climbed up not by the road, but over the steep rocks, with the agility of a wild cat.

Jean, however, in pursuing him, succeeded in reaching before him a bend in the road by which the fugitive would be forced to pass before he could reach the top of the cliff; but the boy played leap-frog over Jean's head, and without pausing to take breath continued his ascent, disappearing suddenly in a thicket of briars.

In his astonishment Jean lost several seconds; but he had hardly resumed the pursuit when he felt himself suddenly seized from behind and pinioned. Then he was dragged roughly down to the group, where he found himself exposed to very harsh treatment, while they all asked him questions, speaking together, which, of course, prevented his replies from being heard.

As nothing here below can go on for ever, even those who shouted the loudest had to



"Monsieur Jean! Is it possible?"

pause for breath, and Jean, taking advantage of the respite, addressed one of his captors. "Enault," he cried, "do you not recognise me? Have we not often spread out nets together? Come, let me know what's the matter, quickly and plainly."

Enault stood with open mouth. He recognised Jean, and at last in place of replying to him, he muttered slowly. "Ah! well never! Monsieur Jean—is it possible? Jarnicoton, it beats me altogether."

"What do you mean? Explain yourself."

"Eh! That the son of a proprietor, who was once a baron and a noble, a fine young man too, and well-mannered, should be a sort of thief—no, not that. I know quite well that smugglers are not thieves, although they steal, all the same. Is it not so, corporal?"

The corporal returned after having withdrawn for an instant, and replied, "As for being thieves, they are not thieves; but as for being honest people, why they are not honest people. That's my opinion, Enault, and therefore, since he is an accomplice——"

"Accomplice!" cried Jean. "Accomplice in what? I didn't even know that smuggling was carried on here."

"Well, then, how did you come to run straight into the lion's mouth, as the saying is?"

Jean replied, "The cries from a ship in distress brought me out of the house. As I came down the road I saw Alexander, the little boy who lives at Yport with Cyprien Vatteville, and for whom his friends have been searching since last night. Just as I hoped to catch him your men pinioned me."

"Cyprien Vatteville is strongly suspected of having directed the enterprise; probably the boy served them as a spy. In any case you will be set at liberty; only I must ask you not to go away. Excuse me if I seem to exceed my duty."

"Certainly, corporal; I understand. Think no more about it. I will remain with you until you no longer doubt my innocence."

Once more at liberty, Jean was able to note exactly where he was. He knew the place perfectly well, a sort of platform above a natural passage about six or eight feet wide, and lying between two enormous rocks. At low water, he had often examined the lower portions of these rocks which were covered with every kind of shell-fish; but he did not know, and, except the smugglers, no one in the neighbourhood knew, that at the end of the passage there was a spacious grotto into which the sea never came, and which extended far under the cliff. A block of granite and a mass of wrack hid the entrance, and it was through this heap, always skilfully replaced, that the smugglers stole with the contraband goods which they landed on the beach of Grainval, where the shore was most accessible. In spite of this, the place was less carefully guarded than the creeks in the vicinity, because it was thought inaccessible, except by the road, and also by the two little headlands, which were constantly watched.

In the meantime two men came up and declared that the young brigand remained invisible, hidden, they knew not where, and that as far as the eye could reach there was not a human being on the cliff.

"Good; we shall take them yet," replied the brigadier, adding, "Monsieur Jean, you must be very curious about all this. Well, you will not regret having undergone a little inconvenience. So follow me, while my men watch the cliffs for my lieutenant, whom I have sent for to Fécamp. It is he who must decide on the measures to be taken."

Before accompanying the corporal, Jean threw a last look upon the still troubled sea, but could see neither torn sail nor disabled hull.

Evidently the distressed ship had sunk, if it had not been driven from their shores, for since dawn, that is for about two hours, the cannon shots had ceased to be heard.

"Come," said the corporal, leading the young man by the hand across the shingle, in which appeared here and there patches of soil and wrack.

And indeed Jean did not regret the "little inconvenience," when, having once got through the obstacles which the coastguardsman cleared away, he followed the band, preceded by the corporal, into the secret cave.

It was, without doubt, a natural grotto, but enlarged by the hand of man. Columns carved in high relief on the walls, and a sort of altar with some attempts at sculpture, seemed to indicate that formerly it had been used for some sacred purpose. On the ground lay several individuals tightly pinioned, with very dark faces and marked features, who maintained a grim silence. Smoking torches fixed against the wall threw a red light on the prisoners, and also on a quantity of miscellaneous articles gathered from all sides of the vast vault: torn bales from which issued carpets, shawls, webs of Indian stuffs, casks full of liqueurs from the isles, elephants' tusks, and in great variety, chests, packages, and barrels of tobacco and cigars.

When the corporal had shown him this wonderful assortment of goods which the coastguardsman had arranged symmetrically one above the other, he said to Jean:

"One doesn't need to be a wizard to know that all this came across the sea; but as to how it got here—that's a very different question."

Jean replied, "May there not be a second opening leading to some place further off and not guarded?"

"I have already sounded the walls. Shall we do it again? Stop, here is a hatchet at your feet."

Jean lifted the hatchet. "It is English," he said, "the name on the handle shows that clearly—Sheffield."

Then both men tapped the walls carefully, examining them by the light of a torch which one of the men had taken down.

No part gave a hollow sound; nothing indicated that any other opening existed than that by which they had entered.

"Have you questioned the prisoners, who are evidently gipsies?" asked Jean, when they had given over this fruitless investigation.

"Yes," replied the corporal, "but they refuse to reply. In fact they seem to be unable to speak French."

"In any case they must have accomplices, of whom they are doubtless only the tools."

"Certainly, since Vatteville's little boy acted as their guide within the hour."

"Tell me how you discovered the secret."

"With pleasure. Let us first sit down on this heap of shawls. Ah! when I was in Paris some two years ago, how proud the fashionable ladies were to walk in the garden of the Tuileries wearing shawls exactly like these, which are called, I never knew why, Cache-Mères."

"Cashmires," interposed Jean, "from the country where they are made. But go on."

"Well then, yesterday, while we were on service on the heights of Grainval, I said to Enault, 'Corporal, the tide rises. When it surges up against the cliff, the beggarly smugglers will not be able to land, especially as the storm is severe; so we can take a nap till the morning, I, you, and the rest.' I was already asleep with one eye open, and the others with both theirs shut, when a shadow passed before the door of the hut where we lay. I slipped out quickly, and as the moon just then shone out, I saw as plainly as I see you, the nephew of Cyprien Vatteville, the former mayor, running along the road which leads to your father's house. I could not understand what this child was doing so far from home at midnight, nor why instead of returning to Yport he went towards the manor—and that is a point I haven't cleared up yet. However, dismissing the young brigand from my mind, I looked again towards the beach, but could see nothing, for at the moment the moon was hidden. Then suddenly I hear steps, and lo and behold the little Alexander returns about twenty paces off, dragging after him something that scraped along the ground. He dived into the road and we after him, although Thomas nearly spoiled it all by swearing like a trooper."

At that Thomas cried, interrupting his chief, "Corporal, my leg was caught, and I felt myself entangled in a long rope."

"Thomas quickly disengaged himself, and we reached the shore where the rising tide began to surge against the foot of the cliff. Of the boy there was not the slightest trace; the moon which had reappeared showed him nowhere. We began even to think that I had been dreaming, or that the boy had fallen into the sea. Suddenly one, two, three stones fell into the water, where from I didn't know. While I looked about, just above our heads a light shone and vanished. I cried 'come on,' and we all plunged into the midst of the foam, and all of us safe and sound climbed the rock to the passage where you first saw us. The platform was deserted and as dark as the entrance to the passage. It was impossible to redescend without being dashed to pieces by the waves which began to reach us even where we were. 'In an hour we shall all be smashed up,' I said to my men; and they replied, 'Right you are, corporal.' A minute had hardly passed when we heard behind us another fall of stones, then a light appeared, and half a dozen men sprang on us. Our wet guns missed fire, and we had nothing but our hands and our knives with which to defend ourselves. We seemed to have made a good use of them, because, before the tide came up, the rascals were all overpowered and pinioned, and we safe in the shelter of the grotto, the entry of which we at once enlarged. We found the place perfectly lighted by torches fixed in the walls. We then tried to make the prisoners talk, but they kept silence, and the more we beat them, the more obstinate they grew. You are right in thinking them gipsies; I recognise them from having visited their camp at Vattetot."

"And the little Alexander?"

"That little rascal was discovered later on behind a bale where he had hidden himself. Like the gipsies, he refused to say a single compromising word; neither blows nor threats, caresses nor promises, could move him. Thomas, who kept him in sight, securely bound, slept unfortunately for barely a quarter of an hour. On wakening, the child was gone; nothing remained but the cords that had bound him, cut in several places. However, as the waves still roared under our feet, I believed him drowned, and was fool enough to say, 'Poor little fellow!' Well, the scoundrel had actually thrown himself into the sea, and where good folks find a grave he found a highway, for I saw him a minute afterwards climbing up the road. Now you know as much as I do. While we are waiting for the reinforcement which I have sent for to Fécamp, let us get out of this stuffy place. Two men will remain behind with the prisoners. Excuse me if my authority does not extend to granting you your liberty."

Jean replied with a smile, "Fulfil your duty to the letter, and be sure that I will not steal away." Then he followed the corporal out on to the beach, now entirely uncovered, whither a coastguardsman had already preceded them.

The weather was still bad; it rained, and the sky was as black as pitch, while the angry sea surged and rolled. In the midst of the green waves, the foam of which flew far and wide, a small boat was observed by the three men, and the corporal, who was very long-sighted, said, "I see them perfectly, and they are pulling strongly. There are several of them, but the tide drags the boat towards the Roche aux Moules. Ah! heaven! they will be overwhelmed, and we others can do nothing for them! If we could only throw them a rope!"

"A rope, did you say?" asked Jean.

"Yes, certainly; when I served the state, I saw lines thrown to distressed ships whenever it could be done. Those on board seized it, and we drew them ashore. It hardly ever failed. Here it is impossible, since we are not birds or fishes, for the Roche aux Moules is much too far off."

"Corporal, I am a good swimmer; I will make the attempt," said Jean.

"You would be dashed to pieces before you got near them."

"In God's name, let us hasten while they still struggle. I wish to try it. Somebody go and search for a rope in the grotto, while I strip."

The coastguardsman hurried to obey; and two minutes had hardly passed, when, with a rope fastened round his body, Jean swam or rather tried to swim, whilst with the end of the rope in his hand the corporal stood ready either to pay it out or pull it in.

Often upset by the heavy seas, Jean always recovered himself. At last, having passed through the worst of the rollers, the young man was seen, now tossed about at the will of the monstrous waves, which seemed ready to engulf him as they broke over him, now almost entirely uncovered, and swimming in space.

From the shore the corporal followed Jean's changing fortunes, saying to the man who stood behind him: "There, he is down; no, he's up again. Ah! now he is quite near the Roche aux Moules. Oh heaven! he is tossed on to the bank! It is all over! I would give—what would I not give to see him safe out of it! Look you, Thomas, the sons of nobles have hearts somewhere about them, whatever one may say. Ah! ah! There he is, there he is! Let out the rope, keep it running. Yes, he clambers up the black rock! Ah! he throws the end of the rope. Hold! he jumps into the water, he shouts to the boat, he rises up, surely, to show them the place where they may land. The boat arrives. What a sea comes down! Quite so, there she goes, upset! Accursed sea, now you have them in your clutches! But you shall not keep them, no! Thomas, take the rope; I will go too, so much the worse if I am drowned with the others!"

At one bound, having removed some of his clothes, the worthy corporal leaped in his turn into the water to attempt the salvation of those wretches whom the waves drove constantly out to sea.

By good chance the sea abated its fury, and no matter how strong the wind, the waves broke with less violence as the tide ebbed.

The fight was of short duration, otherwise the issue would have been fatal to almost all the shipwrecked people. At last, almost all of them wounded, the less injured supporting the others, and with the aid of the coastguardsmen who ran to meet them, the saviours and the saved reached *terra firma*.

Counting the corporal, there were a dozen in all, of whom several were insensible.

At the same time, descending by the steep road a number of people overran the beach.

The first of these consisted of a crowd of coastguardsmen with a lieutenant; then came the commissary of Fécamp, followed by peasants and fishermen inhabiting the neighbouring hamlets, who, having met the squad, came out of curiosity to see what was going on. The Baron de Grainval and Cyprien were walking side by side at the moment when they perceived two of the shipwrecked people whom the new-comers stood wondering at. Then with one voice the Baron and the fisherman exclaimed: "Jean! Noel!" And, a strange thing! instead of imitating the gentleman who had thrown himself on his knees beside the inanimate body of his son, Cyprien began dancing and running about, repeating incomprehensible words. As he did so, he seemed to be questioning the gipsies whom the coastguardsmen had brought down to the beach, with fetters on their legs and handcuffs on their wrists.

CHAPTER XI

FROM THE STABLE TO THE DEATH-CHAMBER

IN the evening the excitement of the Commune of Yport, which comprised the villages of Grainval and Vattetot, reached fever point; on the thresholds of the cottages and in the green farmyards they talked and exaggerated and perverted the events of the preceding day and night.

The mayor, who was the most garrulous, said to his deputy: "Sure and certain, citizen Coquille, that brigand Vatteville was at the bottom of the smuggling; he received the goods, and sold them in far-off places by means of his accomplices, whom we don't know yet, but whom we shall know, because the attorney has gone to Havre to arrange with the judge to-morrow morning about the inquiry."

"Then, citizen mayor, you say that Vatteville was the leader of the gipsies!"

"No; I don't say that. He hired them for a time. The chief of the gipsies—a man who understands and speaks French—told me that not more than an hour ago. On the other hand, it seems that these gipsies were ignorant even of the existence of the grotto before their arrival in the country, as they never set foot here till the other day. Then, how can you pretend that they had already carried on smuggling on our shores?"

"I don't pretend anything, citizen mayor."

"Well, if you don't pretend anything, hold your tongue. Then the gipsies have betrayed Cyprien. For his part, Cyprien swears that the gipsies lie. He swears also that if Noel, his son, took one of his boats, and the best, too, it was without his permission to go to the help of a ship in distress."

"Well, it is true that shots were heard from the sea all the night. And Noel, what does he say?"

"Nothing at all, as he is lying half-dead at the manor of Grainval, where they carried him on a stretcher with the son of the Baron, half-dead too, from having jumped into the water to try and save the ship that was going to pieces on the Roche aux Moules."

"How did Monsieur Jean come to be on the shore with the coastguardsmen?"

"I don't know, for I never asked him. Besides, if I had, he couldn't have answered, since, as I have just told you, he is half-dead. Then there is somebody else at the manor, and in my opinion he is the chief of the robbers; a tall, powerful, handsome man, armed with pistols and splendidly dressed. As soon as he was dried we could see his clothes of fine cloth trimmed with gold lace, and when you know that my grandmother used to tell us dreadful stories how robber chiefs were always covered with gold and jewels, you must see that here is a proof you can't deny."

"I don't deny it. Have you questioned this fine fellow?"

"Rather; and he answered, after I had announced my quality: 'I will talk to the judge. Till then, I pray you, citizen mayor, leave me in peace to look after these unfortunate victims of their own devotion.' I had just laid hands on him and no more, when the impudent knave shook me off so roughly that I fell on the wet shore. 'I advise you,' said he, 'not to trouble me, citizen mayor; and you, corporal, see that I am properly treated, or it will be made hot for you.' And with that he went after the coastguardsmen who were carrying the wounded up the road."

"And the smugglers—those we are certain are smugglers!"

"The gipsies and Cyprien?"

"Yes."

"The gendarmes from Fécamp have taken them away, and other gendarmes are waiting for the arrival of the magistrate from Havre to report on the death of two of the gipsies, and make an inventory of the goods in the grotto."

"Well, isn't this an astonishing business, citizen mayor?"

"It is, citizen deputy; and one which will enable us to laugh at the other villages. Won't my good woman open her eyes when she hears the whole thing from me!"

But his "good woman" knew all about it, having discussed the matter up and down with all the gossips in the neighbourhood; and it was she who informed her husband of the death of Mathilde, "who was killed by the shock of the bad news; not just at once you know, for Martine had time to fetch the old curé of Yport, returned from foreign parts only the other week, because it seems that churches are going to be churches once more, as they were when we were young."

"I know all about that. Well?" rejoined the mayor.

"Well, after she had received the sacraments, Mathilde went, 'Ah, ah!' Then her mouth opened; she had breathed her last, and everybody said, 'She is gone.' And there was every reason for it, too. To be told in the same breath that her husband and her son were arrested for theft—for the son is no better than the father."

"And Martine?"

"Ah! there's not much to be said about her. She is a girl to be pitied, seeing that her child—you know, the one she sort of adopted and picked up in Paris—ah, well! it has disappeared. In spite of the bad name of the family, however, I will myself take Martine for a servant. She is smart, neat, and active; and yet she can be hired very cheaply because of the bad name of the family."

"Offer her a crown a month—a half-crown you know."

"A half-crown? it's too much; she will likely be glad enough to take assignats. Oh, she won't be difficult to deal with, by reason always of the bad name of the family."

While these good people of Normandy were speculating in this manner on the misfortunes of poor Martine, she had cried herself into a doze, with her head leaning on the edge of the bed in which her aunt, all in white, now slept the last long sleep. There was nothing to affright in the appearance of the dead woman as she lay in the light of two large candles; it was written on her calm features that she no longer suffered, and her old beauty looked out again through the waxen face of death.

The grief of the last few hours had overwhelmed Martine. First there had been the night of watching and anxiety; then, in the morning, a long journey undertaken, fasting, in a deluge of rain—a fruitless journey, from which she had returned without having discovered the least trace of her adopted son. Then had come the departure of Noel and the two brave fishermen, who, facing the sea in its fury, went to the rescue of the ship which had been seen dismasted running headlong on the breakers. And the remainder of the day had been sadder still. From her pillow the dying woman asked continually for her husband, her son, and Alex. Towards evening the neighbours crowded into the cottage, and in the most callous manner narrated the evil tidings, with many perversions, as is always the case when news travels from mouth to mouth: that was Mathilde's death-blow.

The old priest, recently returned to Yport, softened the anguish of her last moments, and the poor mother passed away in the act of blessing her niece, and praying Martine to bless in her name the absent children.

And now, after having put everything in

order, Martine had dropped into a sleep. The wind had fallen suddenly, as is often the way in great tempests, and nothing broke the silence of the little cottage wrapped in slumber for several hours.

From the stable, which was quite close to the death-chamber, a bleating rose, sometimes very melancholy and prolonged. Biquette, the old nurse of Alex, protested thus against a negligence which she clearly considered unpardonable, having been accustomed to very different treatment hitherto.

Two milch-cows, which had also been neglected, remained in the tether, having nothing within their reach except some hay and dirty straw. The cows had made the best they could of this fodder; but like many other delicate and easily disgusted animals, Biquette would have died of hunger rather than touch disagreeable food.

Suddenly the bleating which had been low and plaintive, became loud and joyous; its tail began to wag, and straining its cord, Biquette attempted to climb up the wall. Soon the hinges creaked and a boy entered. After having closed the door, the boy fell into the arms, I should say, between the fore-feet of Biquette. Embracing each other and stretched upon the straw, Alex caressed the head and neck and breast of the goat, which on her part nibbled gently the face, hair, and hands of her former nursling.

Biquette was close upon her twelfth year. For a goat that is almost the extreme limit of old age. She had brought into the world a number of charming kids, which she loved as long as they required her care, and forgot as soon as they were weaned, while her first nursling remained the child of her heart. She was always ready to follow Alex across the fields and through the woods; and often she allowed him to quench his thirst with her milk, to the detriment of her famished offspring, who were very angry when they found the source exhausted.

In return, Alex never forgot "Nonnon," no matter what happened. In his times of mutiny and misconduct, "Nonnon" was not forsaken; he led her out to the green fields, when the weather was fine, and when it rained he saw that "Nonnon" had fresh straw, dry hay, and pure water to drink out of a clean trough. Then he would play in the stable with "Nonnon" to keep her from wearying.

And now he had come to her, braving the dangers which his young imagination increased a hundred-fold. In spite of everything, and at the risk of being caught, he wished once more to kiss "Nonnon" and "Mama;" the latter he hoped to find asleep.

He loved "Mama" very much indeed, although he troubled her and disobeyed her; and he felt at that critical hour how miserable he would be away from her. Still, "Mama" scolded him and punished him when he was naughty, whereas "Nonnon" had never once struck him with her horns. So he visited "Nonnon" first, and as he kissed the goat, he wept as if his little heart would break.

Ah! he had wept much already during the time that seemed as if it would never end in which he lay hidden in the midst of an inextricable heap of thorns. No one would have believed that a human being could ever reach safe and sound that mass of débris, fallen on a ledge of the cliff perpendicular above and below.

At the risk of breaking his bones a dozen times over Alex reached this heap, and when night had fallen he left it, running even greater risks than by day. Then, creeping along the ground and hugging the hedges, he reached the village and at last the stable. There, forgetting a resolution almost as soon as he had made it, and hearkening without a doubt to the voice of his good angel, he said to himself, "I shall tell Mama all, and she will understand that I repent, and that if I went on lying to help these wicked people, it was because my uncle Cyprien forced me to. Ah! will Mama be able to protect me from uncle Cyprien? He threatened to kill me if ever the hidden cave should be discovered."

For in order to guard against betrayal by the child whom he was leading astray, Cyprien had said every day, "If the coastguardsmen catch us, you, and you only will be punished, and with death too; you will be burned, or hanged, by the judge."

Too young and ignorant to detect the absurdity of such threats, Alex obeyed blindly, and swore every day to be silent. And now seized with terror, he dared not think of his oath, and continued to weep with his head buried in the long hair of "Nonnon," whilst, lying carelessly at the other end of the stable the two black cows ruminated at their leisure, following with their great round eyes the movements of the boy and the goat on whom the long straight moonbeams fell.

At length, gently pushing Biquette aside, Alex went in search of fresh grass which lay beyond the reach of the animals; he changed the straw and cleaned the ground. Having done all this, without turning towards the goat which bleated to recall him, he left the stable by another door opening into the room in which Martine slept. He knew that his "Mama" had slept there since his aunt became bedrid, and he said to himself, "I will kiss her without wakening her; I cannot go without kissing Mama."

But children, especially those brought up in the country, have an instinctive fear of death; so on the threshold Alex remained as if nailed to the spot, terror-struck, and with chattering teeth, ready to cry out, and in spite of a strong inclination, unable to fly.

His feet fastened to the ground, and his eyes upon the death-bed, he stood for some time motionless. Gradually, however, he took courage, as nothing moved under the white drapery, and he was also reassured by the regular breathing of his "Mama." Moreover, Alex possessed naturally a very strong will. He made up his mind, and all in a tremble, approached the bed. When he reached it, having made the sign of the cross, he recited the *De Profundis* which his "Mama" had taught him along with other prayers. Then he kissed softly the hair and the drooping hands of the sleeping woman whose face was still hidden in the bed-clothes.

This done, he retired backwards, his eyes full of tears, and his breast heaving with great sobs, while the plaintive bleating of Biquette increased still more the grief he felt.

Alexander Vorzof never forgot the deep distress of that parting; and he never heard the cry of a goat without living over again the events of that morning, as he wept and repeated to himself, "Mama said it—You will be punished if you are bad! Mama, Nonnon, I am lost, I will never see you again."

Before entering the wood, he looked out to sea, on which the moon shone softly. It was upon that sea that he intended to embark. At Havre, the road to which he knew, he would easily find a vessel on board of which he might ship as cabin-boy. But suddenly he realised difficulties which he had not yet faced. What could he say to the captain? He would have to lie again! But would they believe his lies? No, decidedly; he would be far better to go back and tell "Mama" all. She would hide him; and as he was still very little, they would have compassion on him. He had already gone back a few steps when a cock crowed, and at the same instant a streak of light appeared on the horizon. "Too late!" he sighed; "I would be caught before I could get home."

Too late? How much evil has been done, how much good left undone, because of those two simple words: Too late.

Alex was standing undecided in the middle of a road, barely within the selvage of the forest, when, springing out suddenly, a man leapt upon the terrified boy and dragged him away to a more thickly wooded part. There, loosening his hold but without letting his captive go, the man stopped and said, "You recognise me, I see, gallows-bird. It was you who betrayed us, and now I am going to make you pay for your treachery."

Alex trembled in every limb. Alas! he did indeed recognise in this wicked, brutal man, with the fiery red hair, one, who from the time he first came to the grotto of the smugglers had taken part in all their operations, without ever appearing in Yport. Cyprien and the rest of the gang called him Le Bœuf.

As his victim struggled to release himself and uttered cries for help, the man became frightened. A peasant, early afoot, might hear. Without a moment's hesitation he drew his knife across the boy's throat.

Although only the skin was severed, the blood flowed in great abundance, so that the man feared he had used too much force. Turning pale, he said, "Good, he has fainted. But no, the wound was not deep enough. Well, so much the better; he will not cry now until I have him safe. As for Cyprien, he will not denounce me; he would risk more than he could gain in doing so. The other who knew me is fortunately dead. If need were we could see after the disappearance of this youngster; but here in any case it would be imprudent."

Soliloquising in this manner, the man lifted Alex in his arms, and carried him through the wood to a clearing where the gipsies had established an encampment composed of half a score of tents very clumsily made of ill-trimmed cowhide. Three long waggons, somewhat like those which nomadic tribes still use, completed the encampment, which was guarded by several dogs like large wolves. Half a dozen goats, a bear, a large monkey, and a fox were tethered to some trees.

Women, filthily clad, were amusing half-naked children; some men lay asleep; while, apart, seated before the largest waggon, an old hag, ugly and foul, was tearing her hair, uttering at the same time wild screams.

She ceased her outcry, however, when the man who carried the boy, laid him at her feet, saying, "Lo, I have brought him."

The old woman threw herself upon Alex, and clasping him as if she meant to smother him, began to tear him with her teeth. Judging it necessary to interfere, the man uttered some words in a strange *patois;* whereupon the boy, suddenly released, fell upon the ground, while the old woman glaring at him furiously resumed her clamour.

Alex was very feeble through loss of blood, which still flowed drop by drop from the wound he had received under the chin. A young woman approached, carrying a cup of water, and seizing a piece of cloth which lay to her hand, she applied herself to dressing the wound and the bites, for the cheeks of the boy showed livid traces of the old woman's teeth.

As she did this, the young woman appeared to be neither astonished nor moved, and her wearied and sleepy face retained an unchanging expression.

While his wounds were being dressed, Alex fainted away. Having felt his pulse, the young woman muttered in very bad French and with a guttural accent, "Starved—eaten nothing for many a long hour." Then, without hurrying, shuffling along in old sandals which seemed about to slip off her feet at every step, she disappeared under a tent. After a second or two, she returned carrying a wooden cup filled with a highly-flavoured potion. Then, without heeding the abuse of the old woman, she gave the draught to the child, who drank it to the last drops without any pressing.

When the cup had been emptied, Alex, completely restored to life, returned at the same time to a sense of his sad position; however, as I have already said, he had an uncommon amount of self-possession for one so young, and looking round at the encampment and the people near him, he thought, "Since his arrival in this part, Le Bœuf has always shown that he hates me, and the others have a wicked look; they must be savages like those in Monsieur Jean's stories. I am sure, too, that they will have no pity on me."

Meanwhile Le Bœuf, as we will henceforth call him, and the women talked together in a *patois* composed of foreign phrases and bad French. The words, "discovered," "betrayed," "cage," "bear," were repeated again and again in their conversation. The old woman seemed to object to something, yielding only inch by inch. At last, when the trio had come to an agreement, the women withdrew; and Le Bœuf, remaining alone with the child, laid his great brown hand heavily upon his shoulder, and said, "That old woman who rules the gipsies and is all-powerful with them, wanted to kill you as a fox kills a chicken, but I have obtained your pardon."

"Ah!" said Alex, mistrusting Le Bœuf however, whose look was anything but reassuring.

"Yes, we will feed you and keep you hidden here until we go away."

"Then you will let me free—tell me. Oh! tell me you will! Oh! how good you are! How happy I shall be! Martine will reward you, you may be sure of that."

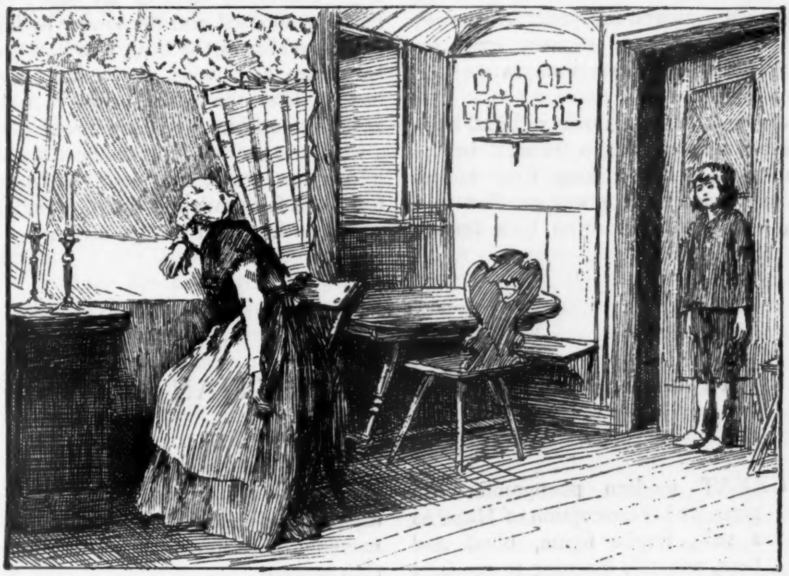
"Oh, I daresay," replied the man, laughing an evil laugh.

"When will these people go?"

"When the gendarmes and the judges have disappeared. You see, if the judges and the gendarmes knew all, they would want to put us in prison, and then we would all be condemned to death, you first."

"But you are great big men, and you have knives and guns for the very purpose of fighting the gendarmes."

"But they are soldiers, and much better armed than we are. No, when the judges and the gendarmes come, they must get



"Nailed to the spot, terror struck"

a-hold of you, or else they would tear out your nails and your eyes to make you tell them the secret of the grotto."

"My nails, my eyes! Ah! ah!"

"Yes, that is what is done with prisoners who won't speak."

"But I would speak; never you fear."

"I don't doubt it, and it is just that we don't want."

"What shall I do? Oh, God, what shall I do?"

"Remain hidden, as I have told you."

"In the dark grotto? Very well, although it's an awful place with rats."

"No, not there; because the gendarmes are still searching the neighbourhood. You will be kept in a place where nobody would dream of looking for you; I shall answer for that."

"Is it a place all dark; with rats in it?"

"The place is not particularly well lighted, but there are no rats. Well, we must go now. Are you ready?"

Alex nodded his head, but he trembled. and his quick intelligence already scented some treachery.

"Come along." Saying this Le Bœuf led Alex, still very weak, to one end of the camp, where there was a large cage made of heavy iron bars. Going quickly round this cage, Le Bœuf knocked down a board, behind which appeared a sort of press, high and very narrow.

Half-willingly and half by force, Alex was hoisted into the press. Then, as he saw Le Bœuf about to replace the board, he wanted to leap out; but not succeeding, he cried, "Oh, Citizen, Monsieur, oh! Le Bœuf, in God's name do not shut me up! I will be good, I will do all you wish. I will be choked, I am choking. Oh! oh!"

These last words seemed to come from far off, for the board, again adjusted, was now firmly fastened by an enormous bar of iron. Then, applying his mouth to the groove, so as to be heard, "Imbecile idiot!" said Le Bœuf, "you will not be choked, since the top of the cage is made of open bars. Still, if you say a word, or utter a cry, to-day or to-morrow or the next day, or, in fact, as long as we think it necessary to keep you hidden, well, in that case, we will open the cage, my pretty bird, only we open it on the other side, and your neighbour will eat you, and you will not be the first that Martin has devoured; flesh and bones; the bear will not leave a scrap of you. Ah! you are quiet now; it's as well for you. *Au revoir*, my fine fellow; if you are very quiet we will feed you at the same time as we feed the other."

Left alone, Alex sank down without, however, being able to stretch himself in the confined space. For a long time he remained in a swoon. He was recalled to a sense of his horrible position by a furious growling. Then he shouted, and tried to break the heavy walls of his cage; but the more he shouted and the louder he knocked the more Martin, the bear, who had been put back into his house, shook the cage and howled after the "fresh meat" which he smelt behind him. With a stroke or two of a whip, the bear's keeper changed its howling into a low growl, and soon, half-dead with fear, Alex fell again into a state of lethargy, in which he found, at least, oblivion.

THE CERTITUDE OF CHRISTIAN HOPE

By ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D.

A GREAT modern poet-painter has given us his conception of Hope as a pale, fragile figure, blind and bent, wistfully listening to the faint music drawn by her own finger from a one-stringed lyre. So sad, blind, yearning and self-beguiled is Hope, as most men know her. An unknown sculptor has carved on one of the capitals of the Doge's palace at Venice a different kind of Hope, who lifts praying hands and a waiting confident face, to a Hand stretched out to her from amidst a glory of sunbeams. Spenser has drawn two pictures of Hope, in one of which she is leaning on her silver anchor—

> "And ever up to heaven as she did pray,
> Her steadfast eyes were bent, nor swerved the other way."

That upward look makes all the difference. Hope directed heavenwards is strong, assured and glad. Turned earthwards, it cannot but be wavering and dashed with fear.

The stress laid on Christian hope in the Epistle to the Hebrews is noteworthy. Seldom can temptations to despair have been stronger than they were to the Jewish Christians who saw the fall of Jerusalem, and the sweeping away of the whole order that had seemed to them eternal. The shock of that fall made everything reel. Hence the letter abounds in exhortations to hold fast by hope, and of praises of its power as an element in Christian character. "We desire," says the writer, "that every one of you do show the same diligence to the full assurance of hope unto the end." He regards Christian hope as capable of rising to absolute certitude, and as needing diligent cultivation in order to be thus assured.

Now there may be subjective certainty or "full assurance" without objective certitude. A man may be quite confident of winning some future good, though he has no adequate grounds for his confidence. On the other hand, there may be a hesitating, tremulous grasp of a future good which in itself is certain. The perfection of hope is when it firmly grasps a firm future, and when the objective certitude and subjective certainty blend together. Such union is possible only in the sphere of Christian hope, and should always be realised there.

Universal experience tells that hope is less than certainty. Hopes and fears are intertwined, like a double star, of which one orb is black and the other brilliant, both revolving round a common centre and knit by unseen bands. If men would avail themselves of the grounds which Christianity supplies for forecasting their future, their hopes might be as certain as their remembrances. For Christian hope is no mere projection of longings into a dim and questionable future. It is no mere deduction from probabilities, but it rests immovable on three solid pillars, an eternal God to whom all time is subject, a past fact, and a present experience.

Of old God was named "the Hope of Israel," the New Testament transfers the name and speaks of "Christ who is our Hope." In two immutable things, God's promise and His oath, is laid the foundation for every anticipation of good which is more than a peradventure.

More specifically, the past fact of the Resurrection is the only real proof of a future life. There were many arguments for believing in the existence of America before Columbus, but when he went and came back and said, "I have been there," that settled the qusetion. There is all the difference in the world between the many reasons which may incline sanguine or weary men to wish for or believe in a future life, and the proof of that life which comes from the fact that one Man has died and has risen again. He has shown not by argument but by fact, that to die is not to cease to be. We look to the empty grave, and we know that death is transient and affects but the shell of a man. We lift our eyes to the occupied throne, and we know that where He lives His servants shall live also.

These are solid certainties on which hope may build. But Christian hope is further built on a present experience, and that in two ways. Paul has, in two places in the Romans, what one may call a genealogy of hope. In the former (Ch. v. 2–5) the sequence runs, "justified by faith—peace with God—access into this grace—rejoice in hope." In the latter (Ch. xv. 13) abounding in hope is treated as the result of "joy and peace in believing." But in both passages, sterner elements of experience appear as also productive of Christian hope, for, in the former of the two, tribulation is set forth as working patience, and patience, inasmuch as it is beyond the reach of unaided human power, as working experience or the proof of Divine power in operation, and that experience as producing hope. Similarly, in the second passage, hope is traced up to "patience and comfort of the Scriptures." So, then, the dark as well as the bright side of Christian experience leads to hope. The joy and peace of faith, feeble and interrupted as they may be, have the stamp of supremacy, and are manifestly capable of dominating and filling the whole nature. Because men can love God so much and do love Him so little, because they trust Him so far and do trust Him no farther, because they have a spark of the life Divine, and that life so contradicted and thwarted, there must be a region corresponding to the possibilities at present so hindered, and a time must come when the righteous, who here shine so dimly and are so often eclipsed by clouds of inconsistency, shall blaze forth like the sun in the kingdom of the Father. The Christian life is obviously designed to be perfect and to perfect its possessor. One can tell what a young cedar is coming to, though it is no higher than a dandelion.

But the sorrows as well as the joys, the burdens borne, the trials survived, the hard duties done, bear witness that Christian men have not been left to fight and toil and weep alone, but that a strong Helper is ever with them. Therefore these, too, beget hope. Its guiding beam is kindled from both sources. The sunbeams of joy and faith, focussed in the burning glass of faith, can light it, and a spark struck by the sharp collision of flint and steel can light it too. Blessed are those who thus can nurture an immortal hope by all events, all moods and all experiences!

But there may be a tragic want of correspondence between the thing hoped for and the emotion it excites. The one may be firm and the other wavering, as is often the case, both when men feebly grasp a future certainty, and when they are foolishly sure of an uncertain future. Christian hope does not rise to its full stature if it is dashed with doubt, and scarcely dares to say more than "perhaps." "Full assurance," a settled joyous conviction, is the only adequate response to the absolute certainties just spoken of. A strong anchor must have a strong cable, not a piece of packthread that will break when a strain comes. Flimsy tents, that a puff of wind overturns, should not be built on the rock. If a man has a staff to lean on which will not give nor break, the harder he leans, the better. The half-and-half confidence, with which many grasp the certainties of Christian hope is a degradation to the hope and a sin in the hoper. It is sometimes even thought a virtue to be humbly uncertain, and there is a type of Christian character, more common, indeed, formerly than now, which almost took it as a sign of grace not to be sure, and which never got near Paul's "I know in whom I have believed, and that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him."

The more certain that assurance is, the

more calm and sober it will be. Uncertainty makes hope feverish, and often interferes with present duty. But when we have "the sober certainty of 'coming' bliss," the pulse throbs no faster nor more irregularly, though, thank God! far more fully, because of the blessed hope. Christian people have to bend their efforts to make their hopes as assured in their experience as these are certain in themselves.

That assured hope is permanent. It lasts "unto the end." All others are outlived, whether fulfilled or disappointed, or, as so often happens, disappointed while fulfilled. How many harbours for which old people once steered are left behind! How many aims and hopes which once drew us have sunk below the horizon! As years advance there is less and less scope for anticipation. But it matters little though the sea is washing away the coast on this side the channel, if it is depositing fertile land on the other. Earthly hopes may become graver and fewer, without our being saddened, if the one great hope is gathering brightness and solidity. Winter nights are made brilliant by keener stars than shine on soft summer evenings, and the violet and red Northern Lights come in the late year. The Christian's prerogative is to be able to preserve the buoyancy of an onward look to the very end, and even when life here is all behind him to say, "I will praise Thee continually and hope yet more and more."

It will be a blessed end, if that angel who has led him all his life long, "a little onward lends her guiding hand," and brings him into the presence chamber of "Christ who is our Hope." She will not leave him then, for is she not one of the abiding Three?

This full assurance does not come to any man without his own sedulous effort after its possession and retention in abiding vigour. Many temptations work towards weakening it. The Hebrew Christians had special trials which might well cloud their confidence, and from the bewilderment of which they could only escape by a dead lift of effort, to keep a clutch on "the hope of the Gospel," all the tighter because, if they let it go, there was nothing before them but despair. Therefore, the writer of the epistle has the earnest "desire" that they should show forth diligence, in order to maintain unshaken and undimmed the joyous assurance which they were so sorely tempted to cast away. But he urges the exercise of "the *same* diligence." The same as what? Apparently the same as had been shown in their work and love towards God's name in their ministering to the saints. They had been strenuous and diligent in cultivating practical Christianity. The writer longs that they should be as earnest and persevering in their cultivation of "full assurance." It is not easy to keep up a due proportion between the doctrinal, the emotional, and the practical sides of our Christianity. And at present there is a distinct danger that the last-named, which is also last in order of time and should be the outcome in manifestation of the other two, shall be unduly developed at their expense, instead of being fed by their previous cultivation. We hear much of "practical Christianity," and the prevalent type of an earnest Christian to-day is a busy worker in some one of the many forms of present activity. By common consent doctrine is put in the background, and comparatively little is made of what our fathers called experimental religion, while work is urged with vehement summons and pursued with monopolising energy. We would not have less of it, but we desire more of these other forms of Christian life. There may be more machinery than there is boiler power to drive. It would be well if the same diligence as is shown in mission halls, schools, and all the other ways of "ministering" were shown in cultivating devout emotions and sentiments, and in meditating on Christian doctrines. For want of these, much busy Christianity is lop-sided.

It is to be doubted whether it has ever occurred to the average Christian that his hope was a thing to be cultivated by distinct and specific effort. But clearly, neither it nor any Christian emotion will grow if untended. The way of strengthening it is plain enough. If it is built on great certainties, it will be strong in proportion as these certainties occupy the mind and heart. The habit of meditating on the grounds and objects of Christian hope can be cultivated. If eyes are never lifted towards the goal, feet will never be drawn to run in the way that leads to it. If the great verities which feed hope are not ruminated on, their nutritive properties will not be experienced. Again, since present joy and peace in believing is a chief source of assured hope, the effort to deepen the former will be a sure way to brighten the latter. And that effort is most wisely directed and will be most certain of success, when it seeks to increase the faith which brings joy and peace, rather than to realise more of these, from a faith which remains of the same depth and force. But the direction in which diligence is most needed in the cultivation of hope is in restraining our anticipations from fastening on earthly good. Hope cannot serve two masters, nor can its current flow simultaneously in two directions. The tendrils of the climbing plant must be untwined from supports on the lower level, if it is to cling to the great upright prop. If a tree is to grow high, side shoots must be pruned, that the whole strength may go into the "leader." If men are mainly occupied with forecasts of earthly good, they will have little power left to fashion hopes of a fairer bliss. If we pluck the wing feathers out of hope by worldliness, it will be like some free, forest bird, caught, clipt, and condemned to the barnyard, where it walks about, picking up corn, instead of soaring towards heaven with its song.

Surely God has given us that great faculty for some better end than that we might taste earthly pleasures twice, or be impelled through life by a series of illusions. If we keep it occupied only with the uncertainties of time, it will play us false, and entice us onwards by impossible promises. We should not be the slaves of that sad maiden with blinded eyes and broken lyre. We should not mistake the singing in our own ears for heavenly music. There is one region in which our hope can expatiate amidst certainties. If we lay hold on Christ, we shall lift expectant eyes, that will not look in vain, to the Hand that reaches to us out of the sunbeams, and is laden with blessednesses for the present which are sure promises for the future. The Christian alone is certain of what he anticipates, and he alone will have to say, "The half hath not been told me." For all others, "their hope shall be cut off, and their trust shall be as a spider's web."

BISHOP BUTLER

By the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE

THIRD PAPER

IV. On the Relation of Bishop Butler's Argument to the Holy Scriptures.

THE supreme value of Butler will probably be in the future, as it has been in the past, found to lie in this: that the works of the bishop are singularly adapted to produce that mental attitude required for treating the questions which concern the dealings of God with man. But, as it seems to me, his works are also of intrinsic value with regard to a variety of questions which have sprung into great prominence and activity since his time. I propose now to touch upon one of them. It is the manner of God's dealing with man through the Holy Scriptures.

On the one hand, it is probable that a greater number of copies of the Sacred volume have been circulated among the different nations during the nineteenth century, than in all the preceding centuries put together. On the other side, is it not also probably true that the assaults upon the inspiration, authority, and historical trustworthiness of that volume have within the same period exceeded in number, in breadth of scope, in currency, in self-confidence, and in some sort of acceptance or tolerance among Christians, than of all previous ages combined?

The old, and what may be called the stereotyped, method of treating this subject in the orthodox precinct, was to assume what is called the verbal inspiration of the Bible. The prevalence of this theory shows how unsafe it is to place implicit reliance upon any authority which has acquired its title simply through its having been allowed to remain undisturbed through long periods of time. Of what avail is the verbal inspiration, if such there were, of the original Books of Scripture available for us, unless, by a perpetual miracle, provision has been made against the errors of copyists, printers, commentators whose notes find their way into the text, and translators into hundreds of languages? But the existence of such a miraculous provision is, I suppose, asserted by none.

The delayed mischief resulting from these usurpations of right, and this adoption of controversial positions which in the day of conflict prove untenable, is great and manifold. The discovery of error is formidable not only in proportion as the error is grave, but also in proportion as the interests involved in the subject are weighty. And the discredit of any one favourite argument, however small its intrinsic importance, infects all the other arguments legitimately available to support the same contention. For argument is propelled by impetus as well as weight.

Again, it seems undeniable that the indolence of human nature would be greatly flattered by a scheme such as that of the verbal inspiration of Holy Scripture. In this view it might be a great convenience that there should be put into the hands of each of us, as we grow up in succession, a volume which should operate as an Act of Parliament operates, to the last and farthest extremity of its letter. It is essential to such an idea of the Bible that it should be alike applicable to every portion of the volume. If any development in Divine Revelation be acknowledged, if any distinction of authority between different portions of the text be allowed, then, in order to deal with subjects so vast and difficult, we are compelled to assume so large a liberty as will enable us to meet all the consequences which follow from frankly abandoning the theory of verbal inspiration.

But the issue raised is not one of convenience or inconvenience; it is strictly one of fact. Has the Almighty given us, or has He not, a volume verbally inspired? And that question is conclusively answered by two brief observations: first, there is no absolute security for identity with the original record; and, secondly, there is no verbal inspiration of translators.

Now the teaching of Butler has the most direct bearing upon everything that is fundamental in the great inquiry, What is the character of the Holy Scriptures as a divine record? Let us try a little to develop the argument of Origen. If Nature and Scripture have the same origin, then we may expect to find in Scripture somewhat of the same difficulties that we find in the constitution of Nature. It seems obvious such a rule applies not only to this and that detail in the system of natural government, but to any characteristics which we may find attaching to the scheme of nature as a whole. Now there is one such characteristic which overrides and is antecedent to every other: it is that of the general method through which the evidence supplied by it is conveyed to us. And here we find it is not conveyed by precise and easy rules; we cannot lay hold of it in rough and ready forms. It requires observation and watchfulness at every step, to pick out from the mass of material which life places before us, what is available for our purpose, and carefully to put aside the rest. We know, indeed, that the whole of life is providentially ordered for us; and yet we also know how readily we may be misled when we attempt to read the will of God in the particular facts of life. His hand is in them all; but it does not follow that that hand and its working are at every point to be made visible to us. On the contrary, while we can clearly discern the general rules of divine government in nature, as Butler gives them, we find that these rules are neither absolute, nor to our eyes uniform; that they are attended all along with qualification and exception, and that literal interpretations are rarely given. Most of the judgments we can safely form upon them are after the fact, and are not therefore available in definite form for the determination offhand of the issues of conduct.

The Statutes of the realm may admit any amount of contest on the meaning of their text, but the text itself is of absolute authority throughout. If this were the case with Scripture, it would in the first place be not a little difficult to account for its fragmentary, unsystematic form, and again for the fragmentary and incomplete manner in which it most commonly deals with its subjects. A further and most formidable difficulty arises from the fact that it gives no definition of itself, and that the Canon has been formed by agency not inspired, and by judgments which were informal. But, when we turn to Butler, we find that as to the whole of these characteristics the work of God in Scripture corresponds with the work of God in Nature. The moral law, and its application to justice, veracity, fortitude, benevolence, and the like, do not rest upon determinate and formal judgments that can be quoted in a court or a controversy; and all the instruction which we receive on these great subjects is fragmentary, occasional, and incomplete in its particulars. The instruction it conveys is also mixed: it requires secretion and severance of material, that we may not be misled by premature or unwarrantable inference, and may by the removal of what is inappropriate turn all that is available to account. If therefore we had in Scripture, as we have in the Statutes of the realm, an uniform code, absolute and inflexible down to its last letter, should we not be obliged to say that the Author of Scripture had in the delivery of His revealed word followed a method somewhat broadly severed from that which he had pursued as the Author also of Nature, in the method of communicating His will?

Let us not, however, allow ourselves to be driven too far by logic. We seem to verge towards certain propositions such as these: that God's methods of conveying His will are not absolute but variously conditioned, and that His rule of supply for us, in faculty, in knowledge, in the adjustment of life, and in all beside, is not perfection, but sufficiency. But in matters of moral action, if we have not mathematical assurance, we may have, and we very commonly have, such conviction as dispenses with doubt. In the government of life, occasions of doubt, and even of doubt that refuses to bend, will arise from time to time; but the ordinary life of right-minded people is not troubled with them as regards conduct. If they speculate on the constitution of Nature, they find themselves in a region of labyrinthine difficulties; but the mass of mankind may well be content with their mental food from day to day, and this, by the merciful ordinance of God, is ready to hand. Nature indeed offers us with profusion (apart from much else), at every point of her surface, a combination of knowledge, delight, and mental training, which we do not sufficiently appreciate. All these are to be had by a kind and degree of mental application which are open to multitudes of men; and they will encounter little or no provocation to entangle themselves in the many and unsolved problems which are opened by a philosophical contemplation of this comprehensive subject. And so with regard to the Holy Scriptures, which are appointed to be the daily food of the people of God. Those, who with simplicity of mind accept them in that character, will surely find in them an ever-growing instruction as well as comfort, but need fear little perplexity, however grave the scientific questions concerning the Bible (so to call them) which, in another order of thought and experience have to be dealt with only by a few.

There is in this great matter, as in the whole adjustment of the supply divinely ordained for our mental aliment, a pervading application of the rule which adapts the back to the burden, the ordinary human soul to its environment. The teaching supplied by the words and actions of the great Exemplar, as it comes to the common eye, is in the highest degree simple, effective, and majestic, and finds its way with penetrating force to the mind and heart of man. Each dispensation of the Almighty works in alliance with His other dispensations; and we must look at them, as Butler teaches, not in isolation, but as a whole. If we are told that the apparatus for setting forth the Divine Word in Scripture, and for conveying it to our minds, is not one of mathematical precision, we have to bear in mind that it does not stand alone. The art, history, institutions, and life of Christendom are all based upon that, the record and the propagation of which were solemnly entrusted by our Lord at the close of His earthly career to human hands. In the period when there was no written Word beyond that of the older covenant, and when Christians as a scattered few scarcely dotted the surface of a hostile world, the abundance of miracle and of extraordinary gifts came in aid of the weakness inherent in the individual mind. As the Canon was gradually constructed, and the world so far at least reclaimed as to bear historic witness to Christ with ever-increasing force, miracles and extraordinary gifts ceased by degrees to form part of the stated sustenance of the Church, and the central verities enshrined in the creeds became axioms of infancy for us all. It is in his method of gathering and combining evidence that Butler supplies us with an instrumentality most valuable for the safe handling of this and of many other questions; and, being dead, he yet speaks even upon matters of which there was not a whisper in his day, but which now are echoing loudly through the world. One of these I have here endeavoured partially to open up; there are others which I eschew simply because it is not the proper aim of these papers to deal with questions contested among Christian bodies.

V. On some Points of Metaphysics raised by the Text of Bishop Butler.

When we are led to speak of metaphysics in relation to Butler, we find ourselves obliged to draw a great distinction at the outset. Bishop Butler found a body of ideas truly metaphysical in possession of the philosophic field. He was not born nor bound to question all opinions on all subjects. He set before himself a great purpose, namely, to establish the essential groundwork of an ethical system, which included God together with ourselves, and what lay between Him and ourselves. He sought to rectify the current ideas respecting God, ourselves, and the relations between God and ourselves; and, in doing this, to establish their due limitations. He conceived that these ideas, so rectified, were calculated to uphold a great fabric of belief; and he rationally justified and demanded, on principles acknowledged as irrefragable before the impartial tribunal of common experience, the adoption of a supernatural creed. In the prosecution of his great purpose, he applied himself not only with earnestness, but with the more vigilant circumspection, to gathering into his net whatever seemed to belong to it, lest anything should be lost. But metaphysics, as a whole, did not seem to belong to it; that is to say, did not seem either to promote or to cross and traverse his purpose in such a way as to compromise his principles or method. It was only at certain points that he found himself brought into contact with them.

I am far from asserting that either his methods or his principles were compromised by the metaphysical opinions which Butler found, and left in circulation. And I do not deny that he may have accepted them, or may have given them *primâ facie* the sanction of his authority. But I submit that they are not entitled to the real weight carried by that authority. They are merely unexamined opinions, traditions in some cases of recent and local philosophy, lying outside his province and his subject matter, though having points of contact with them.

I proceed to indicate the points I have in view.

1. In a note to the first chapter of the "Analogy," part i., he explains the meaning of his phrase "destruction of living powers" when taken in its widest sense. Stopping short of any term such as extinction or annihilation, he treats it as meaning that the being in whom they reside "shall be incapable of ever perceiving or acting again at all."* And he goes on to say: "We have no reason to think the destruction of living powers in (this) the former sense to be possible."

Thus, he seems to favour though not to be committed to the opinion that to extinguish or annihilate an existence not material is beyond the power of God.

On this I observe:

a. We are dealing with possibility only, not with likelihood, in the present remarks.

b. It may be difficult, if this opinion be admitted, to prevent its extension to material existences. This would bring us to the old heathen sentiment concerning the eternity of the universe.

c. It is easy to understand how the ancients, who regarded matter as uncreated and indestructible, might readily regard the soul as incapable of annihilation.

d. But can it be seriously asserted that the power to destroy is a greater power than the power to create? And unless this assertion can be made good, surely we, who believe in the creation of soul as well as body, are bound to admit a power of annihilating that which has been created.

e. It seems probable that this notion belonging to the philosophic schools had, like some other notions of kindred origin, made its way unperceived, within the precinct of religion. Unperceived, not in the sense that notice was never taken of it by individual minds, but that it never was made the subject of prolonged and separate consideration by the Church at large; which, in the formation of the Creeds, appears carefully to have kept clear of the subject.

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* Ch. I. sec. 4, *n.*

2. The next metaphysical argument I have to notice is set out in the same chapter (i. sect. 10):

"All presumption of death's being the destruction of living beings must go upon supposition that they are compounded, and so discerptible."

But the conscious being, so he proceeds, "is one and indiscerptible; and the organised body is simply so much foreign matter set apart for its service."

There may be force as well as much ingenuity in the proposition that death, which seems to proceed by severance of parts and dissolution, thereby seems to be an instrument of no natural aptitude for putting an end to a form of existence like consciousness, which appears to be at once complete and bound in an absolute unity within itself.

Admitting the inappropriateness of death, which proceeds by discerption, to deal with the soul, which supplies no evidence to show that it is liable to such a process, we cannot, I think, with safety rely upon indiscerptibility as a substantive argument for immortality. In a portion of the long and wearisome controversy between Clarke and Dadwell, we find a statement by Clarke on the argument from indiscerptibility, which may enable us to appreciate the value of that argument.* He writes as follows:

"As evidently as the known properties of matter point it to be certainly an indiscerpible (*sic*) substance, whatever other unknown properties it may be imbued with; so evidently, the known and confessed properties of immaterial beings prove them to be indiscerpible, whatever other unknown properties they likewise may be imbued with."

Now the state of the case appears to be this. Discerptibility is and must be an operation in space. It is a thing essentially related to space, and also to matter in space. But immaterial beings have, so far as we know, no relation to space; and cannot be described or indicated in terms of it, any more than questions of ethics can be indicated in terms of numbers. If, then, we have no right to declare the soul (which is presumed to be immaterial) discerptible, so neither have we any right to declare it to be indiscerptible; neither the one term nor the other touching in any material way its real character. So that an argument for or about the immortality of the soul, founded on indiscerptibility is wholly out of place.

But is it not assuming much to place human bodies so far from our true being as to hold that they "are no more ourselves, or part of ourselves than any other matter around us"? For our bodies do what no other foreign matter does: they enter habitually, nay unceasingly, and most intimately, into association with our mental and moral action, have a large influence upon it, and even seem to determine what are at least appreciable parts of it. They also lie betwixt us and all other material forms.

Moreover, we have to consider that religion has something to say to this matter. In the Apostles' Creed, we declare our belief in the resurrection of the body. St. Paul beseeches the Romans to present their bodies unto God as their reasonable service;* travelling herein immeasurably far from the heathenism around him, which had never conceived the dedication of the body to be a part of religion. And to the Thessalonians he writes: "I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."† So that the body is not an appendage but a portion, though a separate portion, of ourselves. And that spiritual body,‡ in which the righteous will be presented at the resurrection, is a product sprung from the seed of the natural body. So that, while the established relations between soul and body are at the critical point placed wholly beyond the compass of our knowledge, it seems impossible to treat the body, except in connection with its grosser accidents, as "foreign matter," a character incompatible with such relations.

3. In his Chapter on the Future Life, Butler attaches a great importance to the doctrine of continuance. In section 4 of this Chapter, he alleges that our possession of certain powers and capacities before death "is a presumption that we shall retain them through and after death," unless death supplies some positive reason to the contrary. He thinks there is always a probability that things will continue just as they are except

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* Clarke's "Defence of an Argument made use of in a Letter to Mr. Dadwell," p. 101 (ed. 1731).

* Romans xii. 1. † 1st Thes. v. 23.

‡ 1st Corinthians xv.

as to points "in which we have some reason to think they will be altered." And further he conceives that the continuance of the world until to-day is the one only reason for expecting that it will subsist to-morrow; and that the same may be justly affirmed as to all substances, except the self-existent. And in a cautionary summation of his reasonings near the end of the chapter* he seemingly gives us to understand by the reintroduction of this argument that he largely relies upon it as a positive argument for the support of his claim,† to have brought up to a "very considerable degree of probability" his contention on behalf of the living being, for a future state of existence. In popular phrase, everything may be expected to continue except those things as to which cause can be shown to anticipate their cessation.

This is an idea which must, I suppose, be termed metaphysical: it is quite distinct from that of continuing existence allied with, or depending upon, the fulfilment of purpose, and is in truth continuance as such, apart from any associated idea of waste or change on the one side, of an end to be gained or a reason to be alleged on the other. It appears to be a conception not easy to grasp. Nor can I see that, when it has been grasped, we can readily attach to it any presumption either in favour of or against the prolongation of the existence in question.

In truth, if we regard the question as believers in God—and such were both Butler and his assumed antagonists—we must surely find it hard to sever even for a moment the idea of any existence whatever without simultaneously entertaining an idea of the use to which it is appointed. If it is subserving that use, then *cœteris paribus* a presumption will arise in favour of continuance; if it is not performing its proper work, there may be some faint presumption of the reverse, but this may not be enough to build upon.

Another element of the case will be found in the two opposite conditions of exposure to change, or exemption from it—the former suggesting, though not proving, the approach of termination, and the latter leaning to the opposite expectation.

Butler refers to the physical conditions in which we are placed, and says the idea of their further continuance grows out of their having thus far continued. Here we seem to be drawn upon slippery ground. However it may have been in Butler's time, the scientific opinion of to-day anticipates an end of the world; which seems difficult to reconcile with the argument of what may be called neutral continuance as Butler presents it.

Is there not much to be said for another conception of the matter, viz., that continuance cannot be duly considered at all in the abstract and apart from purpose? If our world has the appearance of half-grown corn or of unripe fruit, we may suggest that there is a likelihood that it is destined, and will be allowed time, to bring its processes to maturity, to establish a clear issue, and, in the event of failure, to place that failure visibly on record.

4. In the Butler-Clarke Correspondence some points of metaphysics have been raised which are not in any immediate way connected with the "Analogy" or the "Sermons."

In his first letter Butler appears to follow Clarke in considering place to be a condition or incident of Divine existence. It is possible that this idea may have been encouraged by the declarations of Scripture and the article of the Creeds, which speak of our Lord as sitting at the right hand of God; and it probably did something in the sixteenth century towards perplexing Eucharistic doctrine. I suppose, however, that there is nothing of presumption in treating the declaration as a figure designed, like all other figures of Holy Scripture, to transcend the symbolical reality, and to elevate the conception involved. We may conceive the Deity to be exempt from all the limitations of space, and may take His omnipresence to mean that the placitude of Deity is alike operative in, or holds the same relation to, each part of the entire sphere through which locality extends.

In his fourth letter, Butler, still submitting to the yoke of a system which appears to impose physical and finite conditions on the Unseen and Infinite, assumes that spirits, as well as bodies, "exist in space," and conceives that space is "absolutely self-existent, and antecedently necessary to all existences, including even the self-existent." But I presume there are many who reject all physical limitations of this sort attempted to be imposed upon a Nature immeasurably above them. In this proposition I include limitations of time.

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* "Analogy," I. i. 30.

† *Ibid.* 32.

What may be said for Butler is that, even at this early period of his life, he was less magisterial than Clarke, as we see from his suspending his judgment on the Clarkian figment that space and duration are properties of the Divine substance; a specimen, as I conceive, of overbold adventure into regions where it is not given to us, under the conditions of present existence, to obtain a foothold.

VI. The Originality of Butler.

It is not necessary to dwell at great length on the originality of Bishop Butler.

The highest form of originality is "discovery;" and this is the phrase of eulogy which Macintosh[*] has applied to the Sermons of Butler. But it is with regard to the "Analogy" that the question of originality has been principally raised.

This subject was opened by Hallam, the historian. His history of European Literature terminates with the seventeenth century. The works of Butler, therefore, were not within his subject. But he has noticed at length, and greatly commended in certain portions of its argument, the treatise of Bishop Cumberland, *De Legibus Naturæ*, a work which was published in 1679. In a brief note he takes occasion to observe that the second and third chapters of the first part of the "Analogy" are in great part to be found in it.[†]

But he also shows in his text how much, in using the work of Cumberland, Butler had to avoid. Indeed he had not only to avoid particular arguments, but to adopt a different method of reasoning; for Cumberland had an ambition to put his processes of reasoning into mathematical form. But he gave to ethics a basis independently of revelation, and, as Butler did after him, he resorted to experience as the source from which to draw his supplies of argument.[‡]

In the preface to his edition of the Analogy, Bishop Fitzgerald has the following observation:[*]

"The second chapter of Foster's reply to Tindal, for instance, is a remarkable anticipation of Butler's reasoning in p. ii. c. vi. upon the want of universality in revelation; while the following passage in Bishop Berkeley's "Moderate Philosopher," clearly contains the germ of the whole argument." Then follows a long extract, of which the pith is contained in a single sentence:

"It will be sufficient, if such analogy appears between the dispensations of grace and nature, as may make it probable (although much should be unaccountable in both) to suppose them derived from the same author, and the workmanship of one and the same hand."

This is indeed a remarkable passage. It corresponds, not with the declaration of Origen, on which Butler founds himself, but rather with Butler's own amendment of that declaration. It was published in the year 1732, and it contains a summary of the entire argument. For that very reason, although it sets forth a grand anticipation of Butler, yet we cannot suppose Butler to have been indebted to it. The "Analogy" bears the date of 1736. It must have been published early in the year, for a second and amended edition appeared before the year expired. The "Sermons" had been published in 1726. Viewing the distribution of Butler's Works over his life, as well as the character of his mind, we can hardly doubt that he had been working out the argument of the 'Analogy' from a date considerably antecedent to 1732, and not improbably prior even to 1726. The germ must have been deposited, and have begun considerably to develop, before Berkeley gave his work to the world.

Once more, Dr. Bernard, who has a chair of Divinity in Dublin University, has printed a noteworthy paper entitled "The Predecessors of Bishop Butler."[†] He gives a list of writers to whom he thinks that Butler was variously indebted.

The first is Wilkins, Bishop of Chester, the author of "The Principles and Duties of Natural Religion." In his third chapter he pointed out that in common life men are to guide their actions by probable evidence when they cannot attain to certainty.

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[*] Fitzgerald's "Analogy," preface, p. xxxviii.

[†] Hallam's "History of European Literature," vol. iii. p. 317, *n.*

[‡] *Ibid.*, p. 301 *et seq.*

[*] See "Defence of the Usefulness, Truth, and Excellency of the Christian Religion." London, 1731.

[†] "The Predecessors of Bishop Butler." Hermathena, vol. xl. No. xx. 1894.

Wilkins has also cited from Grotius the passage given by Butler in the "Analogy," II. vi. 19. Butler's debt is, I think, to Grotius, not to Wilkins, as the terms of the citation seem to me to imply.

The gratification of a passion, according to Butler, would not please, but for "a prior suitableness between the object and the passion." This doctrine had been previously laid down by Wilkins.

Wilkins has very clearly defined superstition. Butler has not, and Dr. Bernard thinks the sense he puts upon it is not immediately apparent.

Butler and Wilkins have both referred to the Jews as a standing memorial and example.

They both regard the correspondence between conscience and self-love as indications of the wisdom and power of God.

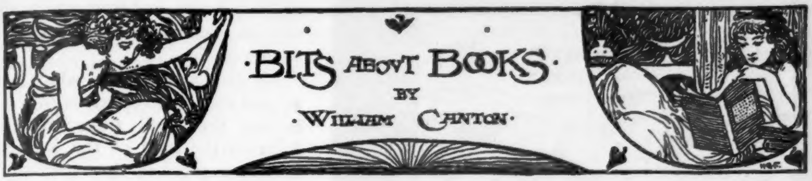
Dr. Bernard points out some heads under which the philosophy of Butler coincides with that of Shaftesbury; and also thinks that Colliber's work on "Natural and Revealed Religion" might have suggested some of the arguments used in the "Analogy."

It may perhaps be held that coincidences at certain points in two philosophical systems cannot safely be regarded as proofs that the one later in date is indebted to the earlier. Upon all subjects that have undergone open and repeated discussion, there is gradually accumulated a common stock of materials which cannot be treated as if they were exclusive properties, but remain open to the use of all. Much of what the acuteness and research of Dr. Bernard has drawn from Bishop Wilkins may fall within the scope of this remark. It is only when there is something decidedly peculiar in the matter or in the form given to it, that we can safely predicate derivation by the later author as probable or certain. The passages from Wilkins, who was a very considerable author, without doubt known to Butler, on probable evidence, and of the harmony between a passion and its objects, may probably be of this character.

Or again, we may say these cases are often like that of a young man beginning his career in the world of business, who receives from some friend a gift or loan of capital comparatively small, which by skill, courage, and assiduity he develops into a magnificent fortune.

It seems to me far from unlikely that the colossal character of Achilles may have been suggested to Homer by the great martial figure of Rameses the Second, a figure not less exceptional than that of the Achaian hero; but that, even if this should be the fact, it in no way detracts from the paramount conception presented to us in the "Iliad." It may indeed be a specific gift of genius to appropriate elementary material for the purposes of its grand combinations, and to give them an execution of which their original author had never dreamed. We may, then, securely say that Butler has a stock of originality amply sufficient to maintain his literary credit; and the question which has been raised, though worthy of discussion on its own grounds, is not one of great moment in reference to the claims of Butler and of his main works on the attention of the world.

As I own, it appears to me that if a student of Butler, after perusing and intelligently apprehending the "Analogy," were to be told it was not a work of originality, his nature, from its inmost depths, would cry out against the assertion. It matters not that particular thoughts, or even that several portions of the argument, may have been promulgated before him by others; even if we are to suppose, and the supposition might be somewhat violent if universally applied, that he was in every case cognizant of the passage cited against him. Surely if all this be granted, and be taken at the highest value which can be assigned to it, the originality of Butler's work remains indisputable. Are not these thoughts of other writers, scattered and uncombined, in the main like the separate bricks lying here and there, and from which a building has to be constructed? But the original mind in this case is not that which moulded the bricks; it is that which raised the building. Or if we go further, and admit that we find here and there the embryo of substantive portions of the Treatise, as Origen has supplied the embryo of the entire Treatise, will not the great work, though both may be original, be that of him who discerns and develops the capacities of what is still inorganic, and gives to it once for all a fully moulded and imperishable form? Till their hour comes, the atomic products await the hand and eye of the master-builder.



BITS ABOUT BOOKS

BY

WILLIAM CANTON

ALTHOUGH we have happily acquired the habit of regarding the Bible as a library while we continue to speak of it as a book, there are probably few of us who have quite realised the literary condition in which that library has been preserved for us. Whilst, too, we have all been alive to the beauty and splendour of innumerable passages, only a very small number of us can have been fully aware of the enormous difference, of the marvellous change, we should perceive were the Holy Scriptures presented to us in their proper literary form. That this task will be accomplished some day we may well hope, for its value will be incalculable; in the meanwhile Professor Moulton's "Literary Study of the Bible,"* which will be to thousands at once a delight and a revelation, places us in a position to do for ourselves, provisionally at least, what editors and printers have done in nearly every case except this in which it is most necessary. That the Bible should appeal only to a small number "as literature," Dr. Moulton considers easy of explanation. "Let the reader imagine the poems of Wordsworth, the plays of Shakespeare, the essays of Bacon, and the histories of Motley to be bound together in a single volume; let him suppose the titles of the poems and essays cut out, and the names of speakers and divisions of speeches removed, the whole divided up into sentences of a convenient length for parsing, and again into lessons containing a larger or smaller number of these sentences"—and he will have a fair parallel to the literary form in which the Bible is presented to us. It would not be deemed a minor matter were it only the literary aspect of the Bible which suffered from this state of things, but it cannot be doubted that our understanding and appreciation of its higher purposes are also limited and embarrassed. "A clear grasp of the outer literary form is an essential guide to the inner spirit and matter."

It is impossible in a few paragraphs to indicate the actual range of Dr. Moulton's labours, or to indicate the keen literary insight and the poetic sympathy which have enabled him to cast into a magically fresh and illuminative form so much that has so often proved strange and perplexing. In the course of his fine analysis of the Book of Job, he maintains against certain of the "Higher" critics that all the sections of such a poem are from the literary point of view equally genuine, and that the speeches of Elihu and the Divine Intervention carry forward the previous action of the poem to a natural dramatic climax. So, too, in his reading of the Sacred Books of Wisdom, he holds that "the Bible, in the universality of its literary field, finds a place for scepticism; but it presents the scepticism that is not impious but devout, not gloomy but a ground for sober happiness and a full life." And if there is an aspect in which "Ecclesiastes" is pessimist, and if every vista along which the Preacher looks for light appears to merge into dust and darkness, "like an answer to a challenge then comes the remaining 'Book of Wisdom'"—the apocryphal "Wisdom of Solomon"—"which puts forward the startling truths that God made not death, that righteousness is immortal."

To give one small specimen of the results of Dr. Moulton's method, let me ask the reader to turn to Isaiah xxiv. 13-16, and compare the text with the following passage in what is entitled the Rhapsody of Judgment and Salvation:

> *For thus shall it be in the midst of the earth among the people, as the shaking of an olive-tree, as the grape gleanings when the vintage is done. These shall lift up their voice, they shall shout.*
>
> VOICES FROM THE WEST.
>
> *For the Majesty of the* LORD!
>
> VOICES FROM THE EAST.
>
> *Wherefore glorify ye the* LORD *in the east!*
>
> VOICES FROM THE WEST.
>
> *Even the name of the* LORD, *the God of Israel, in the isles of the sea!*
>
> VOICES OF THE DOOMED.
>
> *From the uttermost parts of the earth have we heard songs, Glory to the righteous. But I said, I pine away, I pine away, woe is me!* &c. &c.

How far these and similar vivid dramatic changes are in harmony with the genius of Hebrew literature I must leave scholars to decide; to me they are strikingly suggestive and convincing, and the new text flashes on me with a splendour and lucidity never experienced before.

"Our English version of the Bible is one of the greatest classics in the language, but how many read it for the sake of the enjoyment which as pure literature it is fitted to afford?" The question is Mr. Frazer's, who, in a volume of over four hundred

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* "The Literary Study of the Bible: An Account of the leading forms of Literature represented in the Sacred Writings. Intended for English Readers." By Richard G. Moulton, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of Literature in English in the University of Chicago, late University Extension Lecturer (Cambridge and London). Isbister & Co., Limited. 10s. 6d.

SEAL OF THE TEMPTATION
"The Bible and the Monuments"

pages, delightfully printed and tastefully bound, has made an admirable selection of passages from both the Old and the New Testament.* A charming book, into which the busiest can dip for five minutes daily. As I tumble the pages I light on the sighing of Job:

> "I should have slept: then had I been at rest
> With kings and counsellors of the earth,
> Which built desolate places for themselves,"

and I turn to find another passage which *must* be included—yes, here it is, from Isaiah—one of the sublimest in the whole literature of death:

"Yea, the fir trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, Since thou art laid low, no feller is come up against us. Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak and say unto thee, Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols: the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee.'"

As I take up Mr. Boscawen's new book, "The Bible and the Monuments,"† I perceive that this terrible under-world of shadowy kings and phantom magnificence is, like so many other details in the old Hebrew beliefs, illustrated by the antique records deciphered from clay tablets and engraved cylinders of Assyria and Chaldea. In the land of darkness and decay, the land of ghostly dust-clouds, the Anunas or Masters sat on golden thrones beside the waters of life, but without hope of life; and the most striking of all the legends of old time is the descent of Istar to the land of no-return,

> "To the house from whose entrance light is shut out,
> The place where much dust is their bread,"

to the realm which when even a goddess enters she is stripped of crown and necklet, and breast-jewels and girdle and robe, till no beauty or pride of life remains, and from which she can only be released by being bathed in the waters of life.

Mr. Boscawen's book, which contains several exceedingly curious illustrations, is one that will throw considerable light on the path of the student who may be engaged on the records of creation, the serpent and the fall, and the deluge; but the author will do well to remove, when an opportunity occurs, a considerable number of misprints and some traces of hasty writing which disfigure a work of great ability and unusual interest.

In connection with this excellent desire to bring the Bible home to us as literature, to give it in our scheme of liberal education a place at least as prominent as that accorded to other literatures which are morally at an opposite pole from our standards of conduct and aspiration, I could not resist the wish, while reading two new books on St. Paul,* that some intrepid man of genius had attempted, or would yet attempt, to shape into a masterpiece for all Christendom—indeed for all time—the story of the thirty-odd years in the course of which Christianity

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"The Bible and the Monuments"

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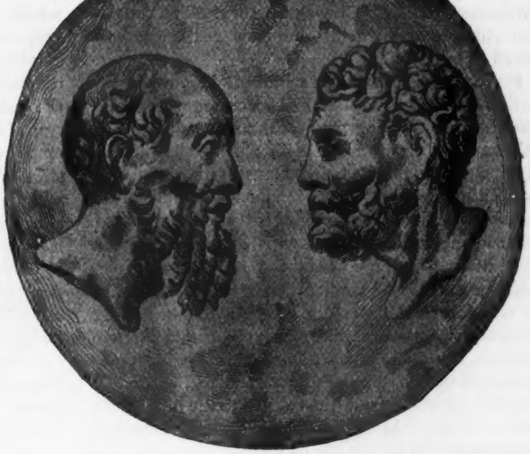
* "Passages of the Bible. Chosen for their literary beauty and interest." By J. G. Frazer, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Adam and Charles Black. 6s.

† "The Bible and the Monuments: The Primitive Hebrew Records in the light of Modern Research." By W. St. Chad Boscawen. Second edition. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 5s.

* "St. Paul the Traveller and the Roman Citizen." By W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L., LL.D. Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d.
"St. Paul: His Life and Epistles." By Cunningham Geikie, D.D., LL.D. 2 vols. With maps and illustrations. James Nisbet & Co. 12s.



BRONZE MEDALLION OF SS. PETER AND PAUL (*circ.* A.D. 208–225)
"St. Paul: His Life and Epistles"

was founded. I do not forget that such a work would absorb the Acts, the Epistles, Revelation, the most lurid chapters of Suetonius and Tacitus; that it would require enormous research and unwearied industry; that the difficulties would be colossal; but what a stupendous, what an enthralling achievement it would be! We need indeed a supreme poet to flash out upon us from the confusion of many books the real men, the actual condition, of those years. Like the dayspring in Job, it is the poet who takes hold of the ends of the earth and transforms it as clay is changed under a seal. We should realise, as we fail to realise now, the conviction that the end of all things was at hand. We should see Paul in his wanderings, planting little churches along his route, but seldom apparently convincing great crowds. We should begin to understand somewhat more deeply that marvellous conversion of the bitter persecutor, and that perplexing spiritual experience which made Christ and His earthly mission almost more real to him than they were to those who had seen the Redeemer in the flesh. We should perceive, too, more vividly the important effect on Christianity which flowed from the very fact that he had never seen the Saviour during His earthly career. The relationships of the various apostles would be made clear to us, and, as the end drew near, we should perceive how the ways of the companions of the Lord and of the man who had persecuted Him met at last in Babylon of the Beast. Then as the Sacred City of the Jews perished, and the figures of Paul and Peter vanished silently and mysteriously amid the smoke of the martyr-fires of the Rome of Nero, we should find that the most terrible, the most momentous, the most marvellous epoch in the history of mankind had been brought to a close.

Till such a masterpiece is written, however, we must be content to welcome such a fresh and suggestive monograph as this of Dr. Ramsay. Besides throwing light on the wanderings of St. Paul, he examines in close detail the structure and purpose of the Acts, which he regards as being St. Luke's expansion of his own travel-diary and notes of conversation with Paul, supplemented by his reading and research. The Acts, according to his view, were left unfinished; a "third discourse" was evidently intended to contain the result of the appeal to Cæsar—that result an acquittal, and consequently "a formal decision by the Supreme Court of the Empire that it was permissible to preach Christianity"—and to relate the story of the spread of Christianity to Rome, and of Paul's mission in the west.

There are numerous passages I should have liked to quote, but a single instance must suffice to indicate the curious care and the quick eye for detail which Dr. Ramsay brings to his task. In speaking of the imprisonment of Paul and Silas and of the great earthquake which broke their chains and threw open their dungeon, he remarks: "There are several difficulties which occur to every one on first reading this passage. (1.) The opening of the doors and the undoing of the bonds by the earthquake seem incredible to one who thinks of doors like those in our prisons and of handcuffed prisoners. But any one that has seen a Turkish prison will not wonder that the doors were thrown open: each door was merely closed by a bar, and the earthquake, as it passed along the ground, forced the door-posts apart from each other so that the bar slipped from its hold and the door swung open. The prisoners were fastened to the wall or in wooden stocks (*v.* 24); and the chains and stocks were detached from the wall, which was shaken so that spaces gaped between the stones." Then, as it was midnight and the gaoler had to call for lights, how could Paul from the inner prison see that the gaoler was going to kill himself? The answer is simple: "We must understand that the inner prison was a small cell, which had no window and no opening, except into the outer and larger prison, and that the outer prison, also, had one larger door in the opposite wall; then, if there were any faint starlight in the sky, still more if the moon were up, a person in the outer doorway would be distinguishable to one whose eyes were accustomed to the darkness, but the gaoler would only see black darkness in the prison."

Many other interesting points are dealt with in a characteristically fresh and lucid manner, such as

Paul's personal appearance, his thorn in the flesh, his financial resources while a prisoner at Cæsarea, the prevalence of Christianity at Rome, and the chronology of Early Church History. The book is one which no student of the New Testament can afford to overlook.

Dr. Cunningham Geikie's biblical labours are so well-known that it is sufficient to announce that he has added to the long list an exhaustive account of St. Paul, and has presented his Epistles, by means of elucidating phrases and clauses in distinctive type, in such a form that the reader should have practically no difficulty in arriving at the meaning of what in the ordinary versions is often exceedingly difficult and obscure. Let any one, for example, take the authorised version of the fifteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, beginning with the twelfth verse, and surely, if he is an average layman, he will acknowledge that Dr. Geikie's presentation of the text is, to say the least, extremely helpful. I quote from the twelfth to the nineteenth verse, distinguishing the apostle's words from his commentator's by the use of italics:

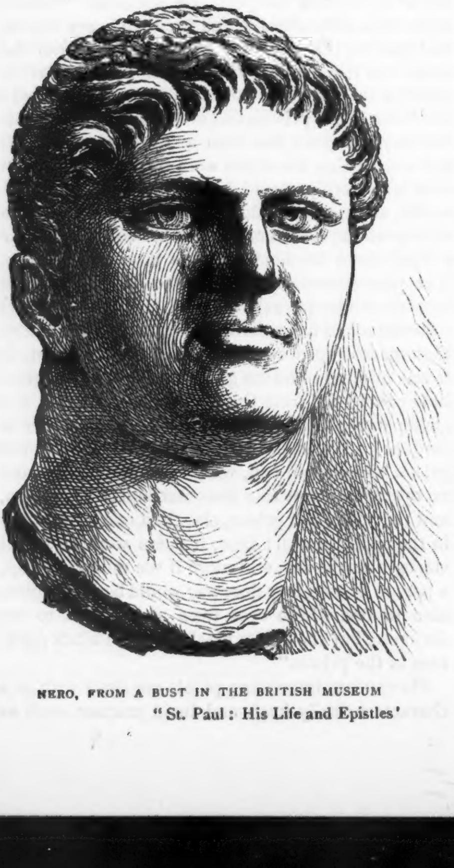
"(12) If, now, we preach concerning Christ, *and that rightly*, that He has been raised from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead? (13) *How can any one say so? For*, if there be no resurrection of the dead, then Christ has not been raised; (14) and if Christ has not been raised, then our preaching is an empty nothing, and your faith also is the same. (15) We, *apostles*, moreover, are found guilty of bearing false witness against God; because we have declared respecting Him that He raised up Christ; whom, *nevertheless*, He did not raise up, if it be the fact that the dead are not raised. (16) For if the dead are not raised, neither has Christ been raised: (17) And if Christ has not been raised, your faith is an empty nothing, you are still in *the guilt-bonds of* your sins. (18) In that case, also, those of your number who have fallen asleep have perished, *instead of being saved*. (19) *Nor is our own position, who preach, more enviable, for* if, in this life, we have only hoped in Christ *as hereafter coming in glory which we were to share, and if when we fall asleep that hope will vanish, and we find ourselves lost*, we are of all men most to be pitied."

"But this," adds the commentator in a transitional clause, "is not to be thought for a moment. Christ *has* risen, and through His resurrection the whole race of man will be saved."

One should be very chary of challenging any of Dr. Geikie's conclusions, but if the Epistle to Philemon was written at Cæsarea and not at Rome, that view surely cannot be maintained on the ground that "Onesimus could never have ventured near a State prisoner (at Rome) confined for Christianity. It would have been suicide to have done so." Paul's first imprisonment at Rome can hardly be said to have been "for Christianity"; and, in any case, we read that, "when we entered into Rome Paul was suffered to abide by himself with the soldier that guarded him," and "after three days" the "chief of the Jews" visited him, and for two years he received "all that went in unto him." One cannot but regard this as a slight slip easily made in the writing of so elaborate a work.

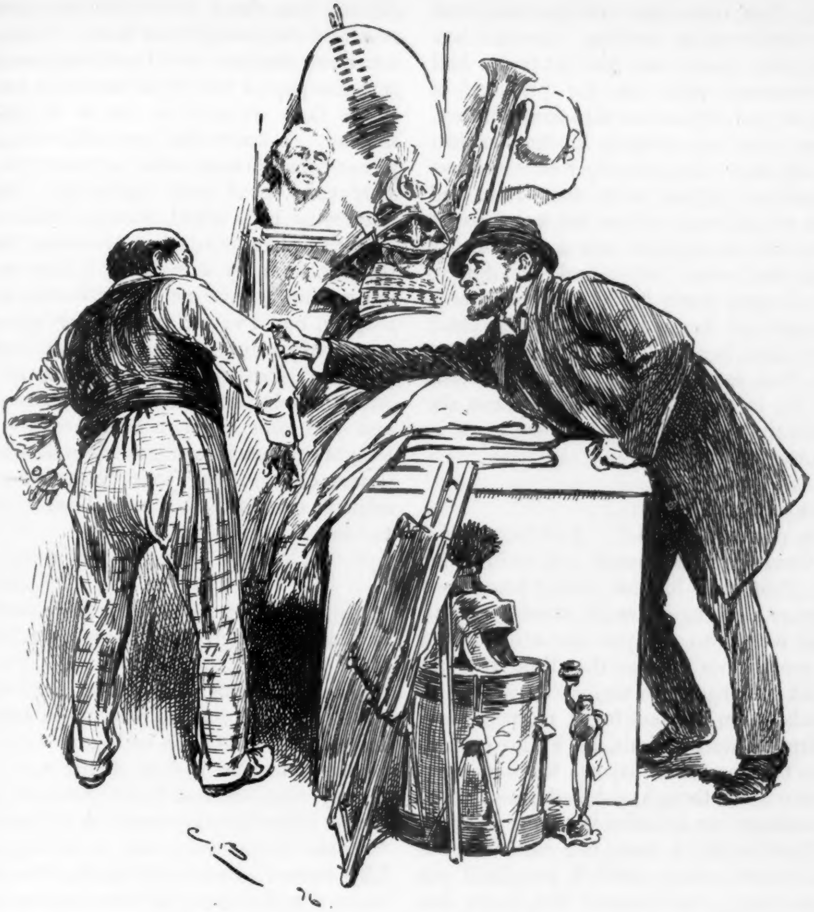
I cannot better conclude these brief notices of biblical studies than by calling attention to the fine new edition (the sixth) of Dr. Robert Young's "Analytical Concordance to the Bible" (Edinburgh: George Adam Young and Co.). In addition to a series of facsimiles of Hebrew, Greek, and Syriac texts, seven excellent maps, and a number of pictorial views, the volume contains a Hebrew-English and a Greek-English Lexicon, a sketch, by the Rev. Thomas Nicol, D.D., of recent explorations in Bible Lands, and other valuable appendices. Of the Concordance itself it is impossible to speak too highly in praise. Each word is accompanied by the Greek or Hebrew word used in the original text, and in the case of the Hebrew the "simplest reader," for whom the work is designed, is furnished with an English transliteration. A scholarly and indispensable book!

THE Editor requests the anonymous writer of the letter regarding a passage in St. John's Epistles, to send an address to which he can reply.



NERO, FROM A BUST IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

"St. Paul: His Life and Epistles"



" He leaned across the counter and grasped Aaron's sleeve "

FALSE COIN OR TRUE?*

BY F. MONTRÉSOR, AUTHOR OF "INTO THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

CHAPTER IX

LINDA sat alone in a long whitewashed dormitory. She sat on the twelfth mattress, at the far end of the apartment, counting from the door. All the mattresses would be occupied at night, but it was not late enough yet for the room to have filled. Every mattress was enclosed in a sort of box, which gave one the idea of a coffin; there was a rug for each, but no blankets, no sheets, and no pillow.

It was by especial favour that Linda had been allowed to come in so early, for the place was supposed to be open only from ten at night till ten in the morning. It was a woman's lodging-house, and was perfectly respectable, though frequented only by the very poor, but it was dreary to the last

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degree. The room was underground, and rather dark, even at midday. Linda's box was directly under the gas jet; she had paid twopence extra for the privilege of having the gas lighted at this unusual hour, and she was now writing busily, her feet curled up under her, her paper on her knee. She frowned slightly while she wrote, and seldom raised her eyes from her task; partly because the occupation was a new one to her (she had never before had occasion to write a letter), partly because her surroundings depressed her. Her writing was clear, however, and her spelling correct.

She had read a good deal, her natural tastes lay in a scholarly direction, and she had had times during the last few years in which to indulge them.

"DEAREST JOHN,—

"Do come to me quick. I am here at No. 10 Flower Lane by myself and waiting for you. Monsieur Morèze came home two weeks ago, and he knew all about you, and he told me not to see you nor write to you for a month, but to take that time to think over what he had been saying."

Linda's pen paused for a moment, and she drew a deep breath, as if the remembrance of those hard sayings weighed upon her even now, though she had most practically evinced her disbelief in them.

"That is why I have not met you, nor written lately, about which I am afraid you will be angry; but it wasn't that I ever had any doubts but that you would always be good to me, dear John; for I never do doubt that, in spite of all Monsieur Morèze says; no more than I do the rise of the sun (which, of course, it always will), but it was because it comes natural to me to do what he tells me; besides I owe him a great deal. I think I am a bad, ungrateful girl when I think of him. Do come quickly and tell me I did right."

Another pause. How terribly difficult it was to explain everything in writing.

"It takes so long to make it clear in a letter, but something happened that frightened me, and I've run away. I went to your home. I made sure that I should find you, but you were not there. Then I went to the girl who was Monsieur Morèze's medium before ever he met me. I went to her, because it was her that sent me a warning (I'll tell you about that when you come to me), and she brought me here. I am quite safe here, she says, but I am very lonesome and strange. I will begin to watch for you at the door so soon as ever it is light tomorrow. I know that you will come, but please come just as soon as ever you possibly can, for I feel frightened. Nanny knew what I was about, though I did not tell her in so many words, lest Monsieur Morèze should be angry with her. I have sold a rosary Nanny gave me to pay for the night's lodging, but I've left behind all the ornaments Monsieur Morèze gave me, because you don't like to see me with them. All except one little locket. It didn't cost much, and I've kept it for a remembrance. He bought it when I was getting well from an illness once. Dear John, please don't be angry at this, for he has often been very kind to me.

"Yours always,
"LINDA.

"P.S.—When we are married I shall have two names to sign like other people."

The letter was finished at last. Linda felt that the very act of writing to John had inspired her with fresh courage.

Mrs. Maclean had eyed her very suspiciously when she had fled for refuge to John's home. She had not dared to tell her story. She had come away with a sinking heart. The woman's roughness had hurt her doubly because of the strong likeness between mother and son. She did not mention that episode. She was too sore to write about it. She was one who expanded in the sunshine of affection, and shut herself up at a breath of dislike or contempt.

Fortunately her trust in John was unbounded. She was quite certain that no woman in the world could ever influence him against his own judgment. She dwelt slowly on the letters that formed his name when she addressed the envelope.

Then she went out to post her letter at the pillar-box at the end of the street.

There was thunder in the air, and the sky was overcast. Linda had effected her escape at about four o'clock; it was nearly ten now and she reflected, with a nervous shudder, that the conjuror must have discovered her defection by this time.

Would he go at once to John's house and

there demand his medium, or would he keep his engagement at Lady Pattesworth's first?

How astonished John would be, if he encountered Monsieur Morèze before receiving her letter.

Linda had never before been out alone so late. Monsieur Morèze had been particular on that score; she had a sense of guilt, as if the breaking through his rule, in this very minor degree, were an additional wrong she was doing him; but the letter must certainly be sent, and the serving of two masters had at last become impossible.

As she hurried along, a man and a woman, who had been walking on the opposite side of the street, stood still and looked after her.

"That's her!" said the woman. "Whatever is she doing now? and that tall, narrow house there, is where she'll sleep to-night. She's in the basement. They let out the beds there at fourpence each—Oh, she's posting her letter."

"There ain't any more deliveries to-night," said Aaron. "Her friend won't get that till nine o'clock to-morrow morning. I shall see Monsieur Morèze before then. He ought to be very much obliged to us, I'm sure!"

"Here she comes back again," said Hélène. "Stand back a bit, or she'll see you and take fright. How fast she runs up the street; she pops in like a rabbit into a hole."

Aaron laughed. "Do you think the weazel will be watching outside, when she pokes her nose out next?" he said. "Come along, my dear; we'll go to Grosvenor Place now, for I'm a man of my word."

They went on their way, and Linda returned to her corner in the long dormitory. Presently other women dropped in, one by one. Weary, draggled-looking wanderers, who disposed themselves for the night with few words and little ceremony, lying down in their dresses, for the most part, some even in their bonnets.

The atmosphere was oppressive; the sight of these careworn women, reposing in a row down the side of the room, struck her as grotesquely melancholy. They, most of them, looked so apathetic, so stolidly accustomed to discomfort, and she wished that it had not occurred to her that the place was like the mortuary at the union, into which she had been taken as a child to see her mother's body laid out. Had any of these women ever enjoyed life? Had any of them ever had a "John" to make love to them, a dear kind Nanny to pet them? Would she have looked like one of them if Monsieur Morèze had not lifted her above the struggle for existence? She had felt estranged from him since she had received Hélène's warning. In very self-defence she had been driven to claim her soul and body as her own. But now that she *was* free, her heart softened again to her master. No one, not even John, could quite eradicate her gratitude. "I couldn't help it! I couldn't help it," she said to herself; but she was oppressed with a sense of unpaid debts.

Monsieur Morèze had surrounded her with many small kindnesses. The remembrance of them beset her like accusing ghosts. Had he forborne to threaten her, it is possible that the girl might never have had the heart to liberate herself.

She did not sleep at all that night, but lay counting the beads which Nanette had given her over and over again, and waited for the dawn and John.

She was afraid to close her eyes. A remark that the Frenchman had made haunted her. She would not let her will sleep now.

"But eef there were de whole of England between—you could not choose but come!"

That speech had made her indignant; she was angry still when she thought of it, and then again between the waves of indignation, the spirit of his deeds spoke for the man.

"Oh, he can't be bad!" Linda whispered.

The woman next her raised a sleepy head and peered over the edge of her box.

"What 'yer mutterin' about?" she asked.

"I say that it's not true that he is bad," said Linda firmly. It somehow was a relief to her to say this aloud, though she was perfectly aware that the woman would not understand. "The bad part ain't really him at all. He is good, *good*."

* * * * *

The "At Home" was in full swing at Grosvenor Place.

Monsieur Morèze was expected, but was, as usual, very late in making his appearance.

Monsieur Moreze presumed on being the fashion, and seldom appeared till long after the appointed time. He gave himself airs that should have been held insufferable, but no one remonstrated with him.

Society, like a spoilt beauty, occasionally rather enjoys being bullied for a change, a fact which the little Frenchman had very quickly discovered.

The hostess cast anxious glances at the door; she wished that Monsieur Moreze would come to take the burden of the evening off her hands.

Lady Pattesworth cordially disliked receptions, though it had been her duty to entertain ever since she was married at eighteen!

She was a small, slim woman, and was most unbecomingly though richly dressed. Her maid and her dressmaker dressed her; she took no interest whatever in her own appearance. Yet, in spite of her plain features and her slight stature, she possessed a quiet dignity of her own that was free from self-consciousness, and entirely uninfluenced by her surroundings. Had she been dressed in linsey-woolsey or sackcloth, she would still have looked the greatest lady in the room.

Lady Pattesworth was an unpopular woman; she was gently unresponsive to advances, and she was usually accounted "hard." She did her duty by her guests without geniality, though with an impartial and painstaking thoroughness that should have won their respect.

Monsieur Moreze was announced at last, an hour and a half after the appointed time; he made his way through the crowd to the hostess.

"I haf to beg a tousand pardons, madame," said he. "My medium suffers. I dare not to bring her to-night. A headache, a migraine, a—what you will—possesses her. For me! I am desolated. I rave, I expostulate. I say to her, 'When so great an honour is offered you as dat Lady Pattesworth does wish to see you, it ees without all reason dat you so gif way.' But it was a foolish speech, for your beautiful sex, dey are quite above reason, and to talk of it even, did make her vary much de worse."

"It is unfortunate," said Lady Pattesworth coldly.

"For me! exceedingly, madame," said the conjuror; "for de others! no! I nevair let my audiences lose. I will offer you to-day a new and unparalleled experience. I will begin wid de sleight of hand, and will afterwards mesmerise evairy person in de room, eef you like. See now, I will transport you all to heaven or—de other place. Which you wills. You, mesdames, will all, without doubt, be at home in heaven. De difficulty will be to bring you back. Perhaps, den, it will be safer to begin wid de gentlemen."

He made his way to the stage while he spoke, and presently stood silently looking down on the assembly, surveying for a brief minute this drawing-room audience, before whom it had always been the height of his ambition to appear.

There was no space for chairs. The guests stood below him, watching him with languid curiosity; he was accustomed to greater enthusiasm.

The ladies yawned surreptitiously behind their fans, and thought of the balls that they had to go on to. Some of them looked weary, for the season was in full swing. The men put up their eyeglasses, and leaned against the wall.

Monsieur Moreze's sombre black eyes had a rather odd expression while he watched this *blasé* audience. All his nervous energy was roused; he was in a very fury of determination to excite and *possess* it.

Lady Pattesworth's "at homes" were apt to be slightly dull, but this evening the dulness was to be dispersed.

The room got hotter and hotter as the night wore on, but the ladies ceased to sigh for "somewhere to sit down," and there was a curious breathless hush.

Monsieur Moreze was no more remarkable as a conjuror than many a professor of the art before and since. It was in his own personality that his power lay. No one who saw and heard him that night was likely to forget the experience.

His voice, with the far-carrying ring in it, reached to the farthest end of the double drawing-room; his eyes, looking nowhere in particular, saw everything.

He addressed himself to individuals in distant corners at first. He begged "de young gentleman who has broke de button off his glove" to do him "de honour to attend." He asked "de mademoiselle wid de grey feather-fan" to "shut de feathers up, so dat madame behind may see." Then he felt himself gain command of his listeners.

He "held the room," and the flow of talk, seasoned by its bitter undertone, became more animated.

His compliments were barely civil in their mockery; his remarks were audaciously personal.

Some of the men would have shown their disgust, but that they feared being laughed at for taking a joke too seriously. The women were all leaning forward to listen to him.

The man was a born orator, and he was intensely excited. It was strange to see how his mood was reflected below the footlights.

He was willing to hypnotise any one who would give him the chance; and he made his subjects perform grotesquely incongruous antics, with a relish that had something uncanny about it.

In the fifteenth century, with its crude faith, Monsieur Morèze would have been burned for witchcraft; we of the nineteenth are glad to have our faculty of wonder tickled, even by way of a drawing-room amusement. We cannot afford to burn our wizards now.

It was a curious scene. Lady Pattesworth stood aloof, and looked on at it with growing distaste. She wished she had not allowed her secretary to engage this extraordinary little conjuror. She was ashamed of these hysterically "thrilled" ladies.

She wondered how they could condescend to such a display of emotion.

She interfered at last, in order to prevent a pretty delicate girl of eighteen from mounting on to the stage, and defying his power.

"It would be very silly of you!" said Lady Pattesworth, in clear, sensible tones, that were like drops of cold water. "To-morrow, when you are quite cool, you will be glad that you have had the sense to refrain." She added in a lower tone: "The man would make you look ridiculous, and we have had more than enough of this sort of thing already."

Monsieur's quick ear caught the aside.

"I should not haf made *mademoiselle* ridiculous; I nevair attempt de impossible," he declared.

The interruption had, however, broken the thread of the performance.

Monsieur Morèze looked at his watch, and brought the *séance* to an abrupt conclusion.

"I haf gone on too long for milady," he said, and he descended from the stage.

Lady Pattesworth was chillingly surprised when the conjuror took his leave of her.

That was a very unnecessary proceeding on his part.

"I am sure you have amused us all very nicely," she said, "and have done your best to make up for your assistant's having failed us."

"You are vary kind to say so," answered the Frenchman.

He glanced round the room with a smile.

"Dey all looked —— *amused*," he said. "All de same it was inexcusable of mademoiselle. She shall come herself and apologise to you. But, yes, on my honour she shall do dat!"

"Ah! Poor girl!" said Lady Pattesworth.

Something in the man's face or tone moved her. Monsieur Morèze saw well enough that she disliked him, and, though he could be suave enough on occasion, yet to-night this controller of spirits was himself possessed.

He found a sort of fierce satisfaction in shocking this fine lady in her own drawing-room.

What business had she to say, "Poor girl," when she spoke of his medium?

And what was the sentimental pity of a drawing-room society worth? Well, it was worth so much in his pocket, Monsieur Morèze reflected with a laugh.

He was a good deal surprised when, while he was packing up his properties in the library, the door opened, and Lady Pattesworth came in.

The little lady shut the door behind her, and addressed him with a directness that was not without dignity.

"I have to apologise for my interference, monsieur," said she (never was the word apologise said with a prouder humility), "but I wish to say that your medium's non-appearance will make no difference to the sum we owe you. I hope therefore that you will not be angry with her. I see that you are annoyed."

Monsieur Morèze shrugged his shoulders, and politely disclaimed the imputation.

"But I have heard that the girl is quite young. I—I am often very sorry for girls."

Her voice softened at the last words. Monsieur Morèze looked at her with a sudden flash of attention.

She was genuinely anxious, and a genuine emotion makes itself felt with extraordinary force.

"Milady speaks de truth," he said, "I will also—eef she likes! Shall I tell you de story, hein?"

"No, no," she said, "I do not wish to know about your affairs. I only——"

"You only gif me advice about dem," said Monsieur Morèze. "You are vary wise! It ees always much more easy to advise eef you do not hear too much. To see on de two sides, dat confuses. See now, milady, you haf made of yourself a judge. I did not ask you so far to condescend. Now you haf come, you must leesen, hein? Otherwise it ees not 'even'; ees not fair I would say. Besides de story will 'vary nicely amuse you.'"

He paused for a second, then went on rapidly.

"It ees, as all de stories are, of a man and of a girl," he said. "De man did one day stay in de lodgings of a vary respectable woman. She was of de kind who will say prayers all de Sabbath, and all de week-days will spoil de ungodly. Milady knows dat de saints are often tried by affliction (perhaps also de sinners, mais cela n' importe!), therefore de vary good woman had, for her torment, a good-for-nothing leetle slave who, I was told, had no rights in de world to begin with, and who, one could see, was not de sort to make for herself a place. De Nature, or de Providence (which milady likes), who makes de babies, did perhaps forget where dis one came from, for she did grow up vary pretty. She was easy to make cry or laugh. Afraid eef only one spoke in a sharp voice; vary fond of any one who was not unkind. One day she did commit one foolish fault. She was, besides, ill and had a cough dat disturbed de lodgers. De vary good woman could not any longer put up with her. De house was so vary respectable! She did turn de leetle girl out—out into de night."

Lady Pattesworth held out her hands with a quick appealing gesture. "A wicked, wicked woman!" she cried. "But the child?"

"De man also put out de hand," said Monsieur Morèze, "and saved her."

"Thank God!" said Lady Pattesworth. The tears stood in her eyes.

"Ah—Pour cela," said Monsieur Morèze, with a relapse into his usual manner, which left his listener ashamed of her earnestness. "De man was not one of de religious, milady. He wanted a medium; he did see dat de child was made for him! En effet—de venture did pay him well. De girl became more pretty wid evairy month. She became also young. (Ah, you smile, but I do tell you she had not known before what de youth tastes like.) He took de work out of her hands. She did learn to laugh and to be happy. De change pleased him! He was not at all stupid, dis man! He had seen de beauty under de shabby frock. When he lit up de candles, and put it on a throne, den de others saw it too. Dey were all quite ready now to make de pretty lady dere compliments! Ah, eet was a vary fine sight!"

He was silent again for a moment, then his voice took a graver tone.

"It did not seem to de man dat it would be difficult to keep what he had found. His hands were not so white as milady's." He stretched out his long-fingered, dexterous hand while he spoke. "Perhaps even dey had not alwayes been so clean; but he did know when he held a stone like de pearl in your ring, a stone white and without stain. He did keep it so."

"You have treated the girl well?" said Lady Pattesworth dubiously.

She was ashamed because the touch of pathos in his voice had brought a lump to her throat. She said in her own mind that she knew that the man was talking for effect. She would not condescend to this theatrical use of the third person! He was, of course, speaking of himself, though he might, or might not, be speaking the truth. It was absurd that she should be interested; yet she could not turn away now and leave the tale unfinished.

"Keep it a secret I implore you!" he whispered, dropping his voice to a stage aside. "La petite has been so much to be pitied! It would be a pity eef it were known, but, in fact, she has been vary happy. I haf, so far as I know, been vary kind to her.

"Milady, de girl grows tall and upright. I hear her voice singing about de house. De sound of it ees pleasant. On de stage she looks sad, but at home she ees gay like a bird. For me, I haf patience. I will not dat my mademoiselle shall become too common. I let her not be too much seen. I wait for de glory and de triumph she does owe me. Dat she does owe me! See, madame, when one ees my age, de blood runs not so hot and quick as before. One has, perhaps, not so many desires. But what one has still ambition for, dat ees no longer fancy; it ees like part of oneself, and not to be given up. I wait. De day I wait for comes. It comes at last. But—it ees unfortunate, n'est ce pas? La petite ees tired of de easy life; she ees grown a woman; she will haf a lover. I go to find her dis evening. I will make her my compliments dat she has so well repaid me. Dere ees de silence for an answer! She ees gone!"

"Do you mean that—that this girl, whom we have heard so much about, has actually run away from you?"

Lady Pattesworth was startled at this dénouement.

It gave the lie to all the excuses Monsieur Moreze had made before. Why did he confide in her, she wondered?

"You did offer me counsel. You did say, 'We pay you what was in de bargain. Do not, therefore, be angry.' Whether I am angry ees perhaps quite my own affair; but milady does not *mean* an impertinence, hein? She ees only 'sorry for de poor girl.' Bien! *I* also was sorry. I would ask now, 'Do you tink my mademoiselle does owe me anything?'"

Lady Pattesworth's honest grey eyes met his bravely.

Her sympathy was all with the girl, and if it had been possible for her to lie, she would have lied then.

She could, however, never be less than truthful in any circumstances, which, perhaps, partially accounted for her unpopularity.

"How can I tell?" she said slowly. "It may be that, if you were really kind to her, she had possibly some cause to—to feel grateful to you."

"Mais, non; dat ees not an answer. It ees not a case of sentiment," he cried impatiently. "Gratitude! it does not weigh much, it ees not in my line! Without doubt she did gif me plenty of dat! it ees a matter of business. I did take de child and lay out much money on her; now dat she ees a success, do you tink she does owe me ainything?"

And, very reluctantly, Lady Pattesworth answered, "Ye—es."

Monsieur Moreze smiled. "And I do alwayes make my debtors pay," he said. "In self-defence, madame, for else de duns would be at my door. I do thank you vary much for your advice. Good-night."

He picked up his properties, and held the door open for her. She went out of the room with a heavy heart. She had apparently done more harm than good.

The staircase was thronged with departing guests.

Monsieur Moreze enjoyed the way they turned to look at him while he crossed the hall. He had, at least, made a sensation this evening!

The heavy scent of hot-house plants, the scarlet and blue liveries, the diamonds, and the soft music; all these were signs of the accomplishment of an ambition.

He was triumphant and elated; yet, under all the triumph, angry and sore and hurt.

He was in the act of descending the steps that led into the outer hall, when a woman started forward and confronted him—a woman with despair in her face.

Those nearest to him shrank back. This figure was like an embodiment of the very spirit of tragedy. It was as though the sadness that underlies the swing of a valse had taken form. (The band was still playing in the verandah.)

The conjuror prided himself on the strength of his nerves, and he would not show that he was startled.

"Ah, Mademoiselle Hélène, you did dat vary well," he said. "You are my own pupil! Your stage effects are without doubt so—ah——"

He flung up his arms quickly to save his eyes; then staggered backwards and fell. Hélène had flung the vitriol she carried full at his face.

"For once I have made him attend to me," she said. "It is worth going to prison for!"

She stood quite still and upright among the startled crowd. Lady Pattesworth caught a momentary glimpse of her. Then some one opened the hall door and called for the police. Two men lifted the conjuror between them.

Some one came up and offered Lady Pattesworth his arm. "Come upstairs. You can do nothing. It is a shocking sight for you," he said. "Dear me! What an end to the comedy."

"Comedy!" said Lady Pattesworth. "But it was tragedy all through."

CHAPTER X

It is hard when one intends serving a friend, and making a little money out of him, to be baulked of both pleasures.

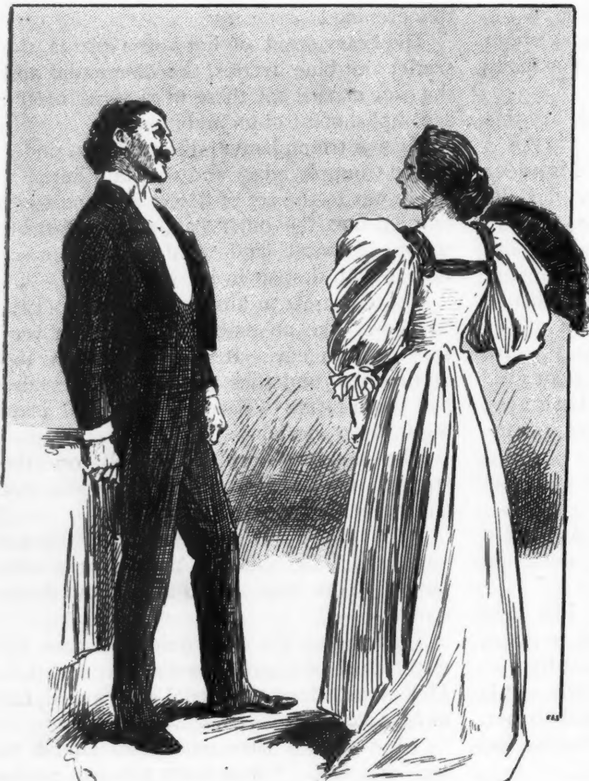
Aaron Schonenwetter felt himself decidedly ill-used. Hélène had put him in an awkward position; he had narrowly escaped being locked up himself as accessory to her mad designs, and he had had no chance of selling the secret. Monsieur Morèze was in the hands of the doctors—he had been taken to the nearest hospital—and mademoiselle Hélène was in the hands of the police. Why, then, in all probability, that little fool of a medium would have the best of it; she would be Mrs. Maclean after all.

Aaron, who had reached home and was relating the news of the conjuror's mishap to his mother, stopped to laugh in the midst of his chagrin when this last thought struck him.

"Upon my soul!" he cried, "she's had a wonderful near shave! and the beauty of it is, that she'll never know it. Monsieur Morèze will be months laid up, if he's a day. His arm is burnt right to the bone; I saw it when they cut the sleeve of his coat off, where the stuff had run down. He'll do no more on the boards anyhow, and by the time he is out again, the trick will be finished. That is, if this Scotchman means fair by the girl. It *is* queer to think of, ain't it? when one considers what a good chance there was that the Frenchman would have got wind of her first. I was there, meaning to give him the tip, when that mad woman put the stopper on. It's been a precious rum set out from first to last! For the life of me, I can never see why that slip of a girl took so well as she did!"

"I told you she would," said the old woman. "*I* saw it from the first, and it's a pity to my mind that that Scotch booby will get her, and a shameful waste! A commoner sort would have done his turn just as well and better. If it wasn't for the way Providence comes, breaking in and upsetting us, things would go a deal smoother and sensibler."

Aaron yawned and sighed. "One can't reckon on these sudden upsets, no more than



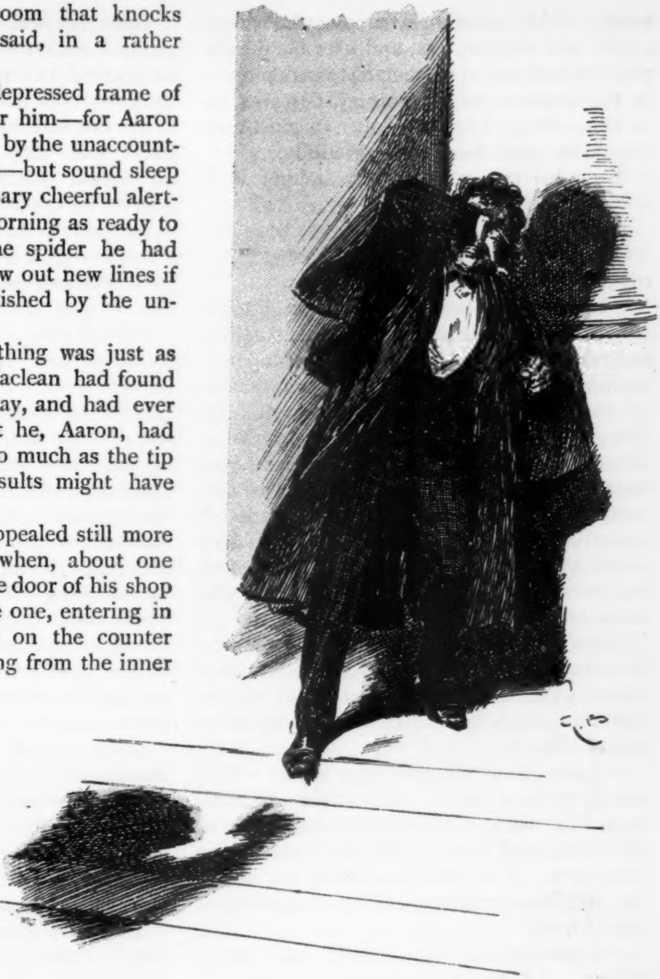
"You only give me advice about dem," said Monsieur Morèze. "You are vary wise" can a spider on the broom that knocks his work to pieces," he said, in a rather dispirited voice.

He went to bed in a depressed frame of mind that was unusual for him—for Aaron was seldom saddened even by the unaccountable bungles of Providence—but sound sleep restored him to his ordinary cheerful alertness. He woke in the morning as ready to make fresh plans as is the spider he had likened himself to, to throw out new lines if the old have been demolished by the unreasoning brutal broom.

After all, perhaps everything was just as well as it was. If John Maclean had found his sweetheart spirited away, and had ever got the least inkling that he, Aaron, had helped the conjuror, with so much as the tip of his little finger, the results might have been awkward.

This view of the case appealed still more forcibly to Aaron's mind, when, about one o'clock in the afternoon, the door of his shop opened violently, and some one, entering in a hurry, began drumming on the counter with a stick. Aaron, coming from the inner room, saw a broad-shouldered, blue-eyed man, whom he recognised at once from Hélène's description.

"I was just passing," said the new-comer. "And I thought I would look in and ask if ye can tell me whether this is true, seeing you have dealings with Monsieur Morèze."



" Flung up his arms quickly to save his eyes "

He took a paper out of his pocket and handed it across the table as he spoke. It was fresh from the press, and the paragraph pointed to contained "A Startling Occurrence at Lady Pattesworth's At Home Last Night."

Aaron read the account of the catastrophe with interest.

"Ah, poor fellow, he'd like to see that!" he remarked. "It would give Monsieur Morèze real pleasure to find himself in such a prominent place in the *Times*. Yes, it's quite true, queer, ain't it? but I have always said that it ain't ever safe to make an enemy of a woman; I never do it myself; no man can afford it."

"It's a just judgment," said John Maclean, and Aaron smiled.

"Monsieur Morèze hasn't your good opinion, sir?" he said interrogatively. The reply confirmed him in his guess as to his visitor's identity.

"My opeenion? my opeenion is that house breaking's honest compared to the way he makes his money," answered John, waxing broader in tongue as he grew warm, and speaking with an energy that, somehow, conveyed to Aaron that he suffered habitually by being restrained from translating this "opeenion" into something stronger than words. "My opeenion is that one who makes a show of a helpless lass, and uses his devil's power (which is just witchcraft) to earn money by the spectacle of her slavery, deserves to be horse-whipped at the least. In old times they *burnt* 'em," he added regretfully.

Then his face softened, as another idea occurred to him.

"The girl wasn't hurt, eh?" he said. "His medium, I mean, but it must have frightened her, poor lass."

"Haven't you heard?" said Aaron, after a moment's consideration, in which he rapidly reviewed the situation, and came to the conclusion that, since the Scotchman must now get the best of it, he might just as well help him; it was always good business to give a shove to the winning side. "Haven't you heard? The Lady of Distinction has run away from Monsieur Morèze. She made off yesterday evening. I heard (but I wouldn't swear it's true) that she went off straight to the house of a Mr. Maclean; perhaps you know him, sir?"

John's face flushed redder than ever; he leaned across the counter and grasped Aaron's sleeve, as if he feared the Jew might vanish into thin air, before he could get any more out of him.

"I am John Maclean," he said. "Tell me all ye know, man. It's no for idle curiosity I'm asking. I went with some samples to Dover, and am on my way back to the shop now. I've not been home the night. Do you know whether—do you know where she is now?"

"I couldn't say for certain," said Aaron slowly. "I did see some one uncommonly like Monsieur Morèze's medium, yesterday evening; she went into a lodging-house, as I shouldn't have thought up to the mark of such a very superior young lady. What are you thinking of doing, if you find her?"

"There's no 'if,'" said John; "I'll find her, sure enough. I'll no break bread till I have. *Do!* Go before the minister with her so soon as ever I can. Where is she?"

"You're in a great hurry," said Aaron. "Softly now. Look here, my friend, I am soft-hearted where young people is concerned, and my mother has a spare bedroom for lodgers. You bring your young woman here till you're married. Board and lodging a guinea a day, and we'll provide her wedding breakfast, eh!"

John gasped. Even in the midst of genuine anxiety for his poor little love (who he guessed but too truly had been turned away from his door), this exorbitant demand fairly shocked him. "A guinea the day! Good lord, man! Do ye think she lives on melted pearls, or that I am made of gold?" he cried.

"Couldn't do it for less," said Aaron. "I've too great a respect for the young lady. Mrs. Schonenwetter will be like a mother to her. Come, it's a bargain, then?"

"No, it's not," said John roughly. "Where is she, man? Out with it, if ye really know."

The Jew shook his head and drew back a step. "You won't gain anything by bullying," he said, not without some dignity. "And there ain't reason in it. It's my business to buy and sell. If you don't think your young woman is worth a few sovereigns, you're at liberty to go out of the shop, no need for any swearing. If you do want to find out where she is (and I will say she's a deal too pretty an article to be left knocking about on the loose), why then I'll tell you, but it ain't like I am going to give you information for nothing."

John glared at him doubtfully. He hated this "dirty Jew," and felt it an unkind fate that mixed him up with all these dishonest and much to be despised foreigners. He didn't want to be conciliatory.

"How do I know you won't be telling me lies?" he asked. It was a remark he would hardly have made to a compatriot, but it didn't occur to him that Aaron could be insulted.

"Oh, you won't know!" said the latter, with a contempt that was more decently veiled than was his visitor's. "You won't know! Some folks can't see when a man's telling truth and when he's not—that's their misfortune. But, I suppose, you'll recognise her when she's before you, eh? I'll take you to her, if you like, and the old lady can mind the shop; but we'll have the agreement clear first. She lodges here till you're man and wife—board and lodging a guinea the day (extras not included), and I will inform you of one thing gratis," added Aaron. "Monsieur Morèze ain't dead, though he's scotched, and *he* ain't one to lose a bargain through overmuch haggling. Upon my soul, I believe he'll recover yet;

and, if you haven't made sure of the girl, *he will.*"

"God forbid!" said John. If he had been a Romanist he would have crossed himself. "Needs must where the devil drives," he added. "Ye shall have the guineas, man! but I'll fetch her by myself. Where is she?"

"Don't you ever let on to Monsieur Morèze that I told you," said Aaron. "I am too good-natured by half, and that's a fact."

But he directed John to the lodging-house, after having obtained his written promise, which, it may be mentioned by the way, cost John uncommonly dear in the end.

Linda was waiting, with an expectation that had been growing more painfully keen with every minute since daybreak. She had been walking up and down the unsavoury street for hours, all the terrible possibilities that must have prevented John's coming in answer to her appeal, chasing each other through her brain. She durst not go far from No. 10, lest, after all, she might miss him. She tortured herself by fancying that, perhaps, she had missed him, that while her back had been turned he had come, and looked vainly for her, and gone away never to return. Or that he had come while she was still asleep, or that he had been run over on the way. She had eaten no breakfast, lest while she was eating he should arrive. By the time one o'clock came, she was faint with weariness and anxiety—and apprehension of the evil things that might have befallen him. But one disquieting thought she was spared; it never once occurred to her that John could possibly play her false, or be in any way to blame.

John met her walking for the hundredth time up that pavement, whose every speck and stain she felt she knew by heart. She neither spoke nor cried, but caught the sleeve of his coat between her hands and held him fast.

"My dear, my dear!" he cried, moved as he had never been before, "you'll be mine at last! Why, how white ye are, my precious darling. Did ye write to me? Did ye send for me? I've not been home the night and never knew. How was it all? Did you go to my house, and what did my mother say to ye, eh?" he cried. "But I'll no forgie her so long as I breathe if she was na good to ye."

He threw his arm round her, and the girl leaned against him for a moment with a look of utter content.

"It is all over and done with, anyway," she said, "and nothing matters any more now that you've come."

"Dear heart!" said John, "when you are my wife there's nothing that will matter!"

He was very gentle and very grave. His mother would hardly have recognised the "John" who was Linda's lover.

He accepted the responsibility of her action with a tender chivalry that filled her with a sensation of peace and rest.

He took her to the Jew's house according to the compact, and left her there, though with some misgivings. Had it been possible he would have married her that afternoon. As it was, he had to content himself with giving notice at the Registrar's office and with announcing his intentions at home. He knew that his news would be somewhat of a shock to his mother; and since he had loved Linda, John had softened to all women—for her sake. On the other hand, he was bitterly indignant that his poor little girl should have been turned away from his door. He was so angry that he could not trust himself to speak on that subject. The remembrance of it made his manner stern and defiant when he delivered himself of his tidings.

Mrs. Maclean listened to him with set lips. She was not altogether unprepared for this, but it was none the less bitter to her. She stood at the table in the parlour, washing the tea-things. Her big, capable hands continued the work without pause. She did not interrupt John's story or make any comment till he had quite finished it. Then, "It just comes to this, John," said she. "I'll no give my consent to what will be just the ruin of you! But you are your own master, and you can marry without your mother's blessing, if you like."

"That's true," said John, "and I'd be a verra fine creature if I didn't choose my own wife! But I don't want to quarrel with you, mother. I'll listen to what you've got to say."

Mrs. Maclean laughed harshly. "Hear to him! He's that dutiful!" she cried. "No, no, I won't trouble you, my son. You know what there is to say as well as I do. You've heard before now that you can't gather figs from thistles! A lassie without a name will make a proper mother to your bairns, no doubt. Though she can't turn her hand to honest work, at least she has no false pride about selling her——"

"You'd best stop there," said John.

He got up, and stood leaning with his hands on the table. The mother and son faced each other so for a second. The likeness between them was very strong.

"I should not have said that I would listen without warning you," said John. "I'll hear naught against my lass. If you finish that sentence, mother, it will be just the last word you'll ever say to me."

"Mother, mother, the pot has boiled over, and it's too heavy for me to lift!" cried a voice from the door. Janet stood there, looking white and scared.

Mrs. Maclean turned hastily, and, pushing by her, rushed into the kitchen.

Janet went up to her brother. "Eh, Jack, I'm no so verra fond of my mother, but she's just wrapped up in you," said she. "It's hard enough on her anyhow, I'm thinking! You needn't make it worse! Can't you bring your wife home without so much swearing about it?"

"Why weren't you here when she came? What's the use of a sister, if she's gadding about when she's wanted?" cried John wrathfully; and then his heart smote him. "I think I'm a brute," he said. "I'm not good enough to be her husband, Janet; but day and night I'm sorely anxious till she's safe."

Janet nodded sympathetically. She was shy of asking too many questions, for John was seldom confidential.

"I'm going to take to the dressmaking," she said presently. "You'll have mouths enough to feed without me. It's a brave thing you're doing!" she added, softly.

Little Janet had never adored her brother more.

"If it was another man who was meaning to marry on the little I've got, I should say he was a fool!" said John. "But Linda's no the kind to be taking care of herself."

"Is she very bonnie?" said Janet, wistfully.

"She is that," said John. "I thought her bonnier than all the world at first; and now I never compare her with the rest, for she's just herself to me, and I think her soul is even bonnier than her face. God bless her!"

"Ay, well," said Janet. "To have a bonnie face and a bonnie soul too is great luck. But I'll try to like her." Janet was ruefully conscious of her own defects while she spoke.

"There'll be no trying needed," said John. "It will be grand for you to have her here." Which was all he knew about it.

Mrs. Maclean made no more open objections to the marriage, but accepted the inevitable sullenly. John spent every moment that he could with Linda, and, in one respect, followed his sister's advice.

Linda had not heard of her master's misfortunes, and John kept that bit of information from her.

She was very happy—happier than she had ever been before.

John came to see her every day, and was demonstratively kind. Her entire dependence on him had stirred the very depths of his nature.

Each day seemed to knit them closer, and each day brought the wedding-day nearer.

Linda always walked with John after his business for the day was over, and would come in tired but contented, to fall asleep in a huge four-posted bed, with elaborately decorated canopy, under which, Mrs. Schonenwetter informed her, dukes and duchesses had reposed.

Her only longing was for Nanette. She would have liked at least to write to her; but there had been a tacit understanding between them that that had better not be, until she should be married. Monsieur Moreze's eyes were sharp, and the less communication between them the safer, till the deed were done.

"When you are turned into a full-blown madame, I will, perhaps, one day come to visit you, when Monsieur, your husband, is out," old Nanette had said. "But you will not see me often, for he does not at all like me."

The words had distressed Linda, but she promised herself that, when she should be John's wife, she would coax him into a better appreciation of Nanny.

In the meantime she abandoned herself to her dream of bliss. Certainly Aaron's roof had never sheltered a more unworldly guest! The Jew actually learned to believe in this girl's innocence, though he felt more contempt than admiration for her.

He bestowed a piece of advice on her one morning, that brought a momentary cloud to her face.

"You are the first young woman that's ever got the better of Monsieur Morèze. If you are wise, you'll put as many counties as you can between him and you," said he.

And, strange as it may seem, he spoke in good faith. Mr. Schonenwetter would have betrayed the girl's hiding-place for a few pounds, and would have slept no whit the worse for the transaction; but his former intentions did not in the least prevent him from giving her a friendly warning.

There was no malice in Aaron's machinations, and no ruth. Linda thrust aside the thought of the conjuror's anger; but she was even more glad than usual when it was time to get ready for John.

When he was with her she felt "safe." She ran up to the room (crammed with ticketed furniture) in which she slept, and stood gravely looking at her reflection in a long mirror that had reflected many a ballroom beauty in its day.

She wished that she could have arrayed herself beautifully for John, but she had only her ordinary dress with her. Monsieur Morèze had chosen that; he had indeed chosen all her dresses; consequently there was a flavour of picturesque originality about them that always disturbed John. Linda pinned a cambric handkerchief over her grey gown (the conjuror had discovered that grey suited the sweet-pea tints of her complexion) and tied back her curls in the way which John (not Monsieur Morèze) approved. From the bottom of her heart she was glad now that she was fair to see. She would go to her husband with empty hands; she had nothing but herself to give him.

While she gazed, a laugh behind her made her start.

"You needn't jump out of your skin. An old woman like me ain't worth turning colour for," said Mrs. Schonenwetter, who had crept into the room unobserved. She stood looking at her "lodger" with an odd combination of mockery and interest. "So you're going to marry that pig-headed Scotchman!" said she. "Well, well! If that angel's face of yours had had any brains to back it, you might have done better, my pretty!"

"Better?" said the girl; "why John is the best man in the world!"

Aaron's mother gave an unbelieving grunt. "You're a queer little fish," she cried; "a very queer little fish to have come out of Monsieur Morèze's net." But there was an underlying kindliness in her voice, and Linda, with a sudden craving for a woman's sympathy in her supreme happiness, stooped and kissed her.

"John will be here in a few minutes," she said. "I want somebody to be glad with me." The touch of the fresh, young face seemed almost to startle the old woman.

It was many years since any one had kissed Rebecca Schonenwetter.

She trotted out of the room, but presently returned with a necklace of silver coins in her hand. "Let me dress you up," she said. "Let me dress the bride. I've helped actresses by dozens, but never a real bride before, since the day I wore my own veil. I *was* a beauty, if you like! Not but what your face is the sweeter. Not a lucky face though," she muttered. "No, no, it ain't a good sign to 'look' like that. It means that there's storms a-coming."

"I only hope that John won't mind," said Linda doubtfully. "You see he don't like finery. He says it ain't respectable, and he wouldn't have me look different to other girls."

"Lor'!" said the old woman. "He should have spoken to the Almighty about that afore you was born. It's a terrible waste! a terrible waste."

"What? the necklace? Would you like to have it back?" said the girl quickly.

"Keep it, keep it, it wasn't that I meant. Monsieur Morèze *he* knew what your looks are worth, my dear!"

"But John loves *me*," said Linda softly.

LADY BLANCHE BALFOUR

A REMINISCENCE

BY THE REV. JAMES ROBERTSON, D.D., WHITTINGEHAME

CONCLUDING PAPER

WHAT first struck me, I think, when I came to know Lady Blanche at her home at Whittingehame was her originality of thinking and of life. This had its source partly in her great mental vigour. In conversation with her one had to use all one's mind. A slipshod answer, a half sincere or conventional thought would not serve with one who went so thoroughly into whatever she spoke about. She would talk long sometimes, walking backwards and forwards, perhaps, on the terrace that overlooked the lawn, on which her children might be playing croquet. She talked on many subjects, not least readily on those that were Biblical, and always with interest in whatever was fresh, and tolerance of whatever was real. She had been helped herself, like many others, by the writings of Thomas Erskine of Linlathen and set much value on them, and, accordingly, of conversations which I now but dimly recollect, one comes to my memory on the Epistle to the Ephesians and the doctrine of election, in which, I think, the character of her thought had been influenced by his. After a while, when full agreement was not reached, she turned to another subject, saying: "I see you are *grounded;* you have a conviction that satisfies your own mind."

But her originality was not only that which comes of intellectual vigour. It was due still more to her singleness of purpose in life and her unhesitating courage in carrying out anything which she thought to be right. With most people the assumption is that the usual way in which things are done is the best, or, anyhow, the only practicable way. With Lady Blanche the assumption seemed rather to be that in everything, if thought were applied to it, a better way could be found. She did apply thought, and when she saw the better thing to do, she did it. It might be quite contrary to the usual conventions of life; it might give rise to talk and comment; but these made no impression on her; she seemed to be without ear or regard for them. I do not mean that there was any tinge of defiance of custom in her spirit, but simply that she took the directest course, and was indifferent to the world's opinion. In connection with this marked characteristic of her life it was interesting to me to be told by one of her family of her saying once that, as life went on, she came to see that the world was oftener right than she had thought when she was younger.

I recall distinctly her appearance at this time of which I am writing—her constant dignity of movement with the freedom of conscious power, her fine face and eyes, from which there seemed never absent an expression which I can only describe by the word "purposeful." Even to a stranger who saw her only for a little while, elevated purpose was obviously the impelling force of her life.

To her own family what would first occur in thinking of her would be (as one of them expressed it) "her capacity ot loving, which it seemed impossible to get to the end of." She had that devotion to them, as has already been indicated, which made her, as it were, give her life for them in times of dangerous illness. But she had the rarer devotion which wholly gives up the everyday hours and thoughts. "I think," she said, "that the older life should be sacrificed to the younger," and she meant this in most practical truth. In the work of their upbringing she cut herself off not only from ordinary society, but even from all but very rare intercourse with many whom she loved greatly. And as time went on and her health grew worse she so husbanded her strength and reserved it for her children, that in vacation times, when all were at home, it was difficult to get her to attend to matters of business even of some importance. She plunged into fresh studies herself in order as much as possible to keep pace with her sons and give them, when beside her, the stimulus of her interest in what they were reading, and I recollect once feeling divided between sympathy and amusement at the despair of the factor, unable to get a reply to his letters, while I knew that she was taking time to accompany one of her sons in studying Chaucer and was probably giving her mind freely in other directions of a similar kind.

I have been asked sometimes whether Lady Blanche had definite aims for her children, and whether the distinction they have attained in public life was then in her thoughts. This I cannot answer from any word she dropped; but, so far as I can judge, she had no such special aims or ambitions for them. She had certainly not fixed on any one path of life in which she had set her heart on their distinguishing themselves. She watched with quick attention for signs of the special bent and talent of each, and, so far as this was discerned, she sought to cultivate it and give it scope and opportunity. Her third son's liking for Natural Science was early decided and obvious. First he took to geology, and his tutor was got to study it for his sake. Later on he came to have special interest in marine zoology. He was accordingly given full scope for dredging off Dunbar, a fisherman and his boat being engaged for him; and so it came about that very early in life he was practised in those observations at first hand in which, as well as in his rapidity of happy generalisation, he was one of the foremost men of his generation of scientific students.* I am sure that in the education of her children Lady Blanche thought rather of the duty of cultivating mental gifts than of any successes to which this might lead. She seemed to me to have the strongest conviction of any one I had known of the moral benefit of intellectual discipline. Mental and moral good were associated together in her mind with a wholly unusual closeness. Accordingly, in selecting tutors or schools for her sons she sought the qualities of intellectual vigour and truth of character with equal earnestness. And when she got these in any one she valued them. "You don't know," she said, looking towards a tutor who sat at some distance in the room, "how thankful I am for that man."

Of her own personal part in the teaching of her children, her reading of the Bible with them had the first place, and of the few photographs of that time it is a happy chance that one survives, taken by her second son, showing her seated with her Bible open on her knee, and her children gathered round her. Her daily lessons in the Bible, usually just after breakfast, were largely conversations, and she knew wonderfully how to make them interesting. "You know what boys are"—so I have had this described—"yet none of them would have missed those readings in the Bible." She had a great dread of allowing sacred things to become tedious, and it seemed to me characteristic of her when in looking through a volume of Frederick Robertson's sermons, which I had borrowed from the Library at Whittingehame House, I found one of them skilfully shortened to about half its length by crossings out with pencil, and new brief connections in her handwriting, written in the margin. Evidently this was done either for reading to her family with the least possible strain on their attention, or, more probably, for reading at Sunday evening prayers with her household. The sermon was one in the fourth volume on "Love," and, I think, from the text, "Have fervent charity among yourselves." As her health became still more shattered, and her weakness too great for these readings with all her children round her, she had them still to her own room to read the Bible with her one by one as long as she was able.

Very often of an evening she read aloud with her family for their amusement, and generally French stories—those of Dumas and others—dexterously changing, or giving a different close to the story when she did not like it. While she read they sat round the table occupied with drawing. Now and then in such evenings she read from Shakespeare, and in that amplest field of literature she found such scope for her powers and feelings that to hear her was memorable. She had a strong sense of humour—a fortunate thing for one who had to go through so much suffering—so she could easily amuse and be amused, sometimes going into fits of laughter at funny incidents; and, partly in consequence of this, with all the force and earnestness of her character, she was still companionable with her children.

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* Francis Maitland Balfour, LL.D., F.R.S., Professor of Animal Morphology at Cambridge (died 1882, aged 30). The following letter, written by Charles Darwin on receipt of the second volume of a work by Professor F. M. Balfour, testifies in an interesting manner both to the distinction of the younger man and to the generous appreciation of the veteran naturalist :—"My dear Balfour,—I thank you heartily for the present of your grand book, and I congratulate you on its completion. Although I read almost all of vol. i. I do not feel that I am worthy of your present, unless, indeed, the fullest conviction that it is a memorable work makes me worthy to receive it. . . . . Once again accept my thanks, for I am proud to receive a book from you, who, I know, will some day be the chief of the English biologists.—Believe me, yours sincerely, CHARLES DARWIN."—*From* Professor M. Foster's Introduction to Works of F. M. Balfour.

LADY BLANCHE BALFOUR IN WIDOWHOOD

One advantage is possible when children are brought up by a widowed mother in the fact that there may be a unity of aim and method which is sometimes not attained when both parents are alive. The great defect which more than makes up for this is usually the want of a father's authority. This want was not felt by Lady Blanche's children. Her authority in her family and household was unquestioned. She was indeed a woman fully corresponding to Wordsworth's ideal and description:

> "Nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, and command."

Hardly ever did son or daughter attempt to resist her wish, and her presence instantly quieted fits of temper even in others. From their first years her children learned self-control, and, if in public life they have been commended for this characteristic, they owe it in no small degree to their mother and her training. She expected obedience, and was for the most part scrupulously obeyed in great and little things both. Once, for instance, I remember an answer given by her elder daughters, then already grown up, which was just according to their usual attitude towards their mother. Being surprised to find that they did not know Frederick Robertson's sermons, I said they would find them extremely interesting. They replied that their mother did not wish them to read his sermons *yet*. This was enough. Again, with each of her sons she made an agreement while he was a boy that he would not begin to smoke, without telling her, before he was eighteen. Only one, she said, had broken the agreement. The obedience of her children was not yielded under pressure; but love, admiration, and awe of her were so mingled that they did not think of disobeying, and they found her sympathy as constant as her authority. One of her daughters has told me that when she was very young, if she had done anything wrong, she could not help going immediately to her mother to confess it. She recollects once losing a tame squirrel to which she was devoted, and could think of nothing else when she discovered her loss but to go with the cage to tell her mother about it. On the way to her room she met her going to do something important, and at sight of her tears her mother said sadly: "I have not time to hear any more just now of what you have done wrong." "It is not that," was the reply, "but my squirrel is lost." Lady Blanche then instantly gave up what she was about, and spent a long while condoling with the child.

She disliked waste, had an abhorrence of debt, and used various devices to make her family habitually exact in such directions. What virtue she sought to cultivate most in her children may be judged from her giving each of them, one after the other, at the time

F. M. Balfour C. C. Balfour G. W. Balfour Miss A. B. Balfour E. J. A. Balfour
Mrs. H. Sidgwick Lady B. Balfour Lady Rayleigh
A. J. Balfour

LADY BLANCHE BALFOUR AND HER CHILDREN

of their confirmation, a ring with "Truth" as the motto on the seal, and in the inside some text of Scripture engraved, containing the same word. She herself always wore a similar ring with the text inside "I am the way, the truth, and the life." Another favourite seal of hers, which always lay on her table, had the motto "Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra"—"Do the right in scorn of consequence."

I have said she avoided making religion tedious. She had also a special dread of unreal forms in religion, and I remember being struck by the kind of grace before meat which I once accidentally heard her use at luncheon. As she moved forward to the table with her family round her, she said in low, distinct, spontaneous manner, "Thank God," and then took her seat. She brought up her family in ignorance of such distinctions as "High Church," "Low Church," &c., and it was a surprise to them afterwards when they became aware of these and of the importance which many attached to them.

Considering the force with which Lady Blanche applied herself to her children's education and her constant watchfulness over its details, the idea may occur to some that her family might possibly have been the better for what has been called "a little wholesome neglect." Certainly neglect was not her method, but she was too wise not to leave a good deal to the natural bent of her children, and particularly to leave them free in anything they took in hand to carry it out in their own way. And she was kept from the error of excess in charge and control of them by the deep conviction she had, of which those who knew her best were most aware, that what she could *be* herself was of far more importance as an influence than anything she could *do* for them. Something of this conviction, I remember, showing itself in the course of a conversation in which I happened to mention a volume by Bushnell, the great American preacher. She had never heard of him; but when I named the titles of some of his sermons, and came to that on "Unconscious Influence," she had read it in pamphlet form and immediately said that she did not know what the man deserved who had written that sermon. Her work in her family was indeed not merely that of the affectionate and most capable mother, but that of the true servant of Christ. A servant of Christ she would have been, and with her might, although she had not had the impulse of affection for her children. And what kind of service she might have chosen may be judged from her saying once, "When I have finished with these young people I intend going to the East-end of London to work there." I was surprised in hearing this —not surprised that she should think of so devoting herself, but that she could still hope so far to recover strength as to be able for it. The spring and constant support of her life was indicated in an expression of hers to a very intimate friend—"I think I know what it is to pray 'seven times a day.'"

Lady Blanche's devotion to her children and anxiety for them were not allowed to take the form of giving way to nervous apprehension and so cultivating in them what the French call *mollesse*. When her eldest son had arranged to go with two friends during an autumn vacation for canoeing among the Hebrides, and a suggestion was made to her of the risks of ocean canoeing, Lady Blanche at once replied, "You would not have me spoil a character?" In actual fact she was on this occasion very anxious about what might happen, but would not stop her son from going, or let him guess her feeling. The party of young men did encounter considerable risk. They crossed from Skye to Rum in weather that was somewhat rough; one of them found that his canoe was leaking, and the other two had to tow it, while its occupant was baling out water most of the way. No harm, however, came of the adventure.

The following note belongs to this time of her life which I have tried to describe, when she was immersed in her family's education. It will be found to illustrate what I have written:

"DEAR MR. ROBERTSON,

"My sons are flocking in for the holidays, and I hope you will come to see us soon. Come to luncheon, or to have a cup of tea at five, or to join our party in the evening at 7.30. I heard something of your going away about this time, but I hope it will not be before they have seen something of you. I would gladly say 'before *we* have seen something of you;' but my days are still very uncertain, and all the strength I have is husbanded for our daily readings and talkings. One word more about the time of coming. I see my eldest son has fixed some hours in the morning for his necessary college reading, and is particularly anxious not to be interrupted. I have assured him that I think this can be managed at home, though it is generally supposed impossible. So I am going to ask you not to call before half-past one.

"I am pleased with the past three months. All of them have been working, though not all with equal success. I hope we shall have fine weather for the holidays and vacations, and that all will go back strong to work.

"For myself I am hopeful. We talk of two or three months abroad, and I believe it is wise and right to look forward with confidence in the answer to prayer.

"I have heard nothing for long of your poor workhouse girl in Fife.

"Believe me,
"Yours sincerely
"B. BALFOUR.

"Excuse an illegible hand—tired with accounts."

The manner in which Lady Blanche ordered her household was in harmony with those blended features of her character which have already been indicated—her strong sense of right, her unhesitating authority, and her sympathetic nature. She set great value on servants whom she found worthy of her trust. It was difficult to deceive her, and to have deceived her once was fatal; but a loyal servant had great appreciation from her, and some were devotedly loyal to her. I remember one telling me that she had been somewhat rebuked by her for replying that she was well, when in fact she was not. "But the truth is," said the servant to me, "I *felt* well because Lady Blanche spoke to me."

She was careful that her servants should have full advantage of the Lord's Day. Coming from England she had no rigid views regarding it such as have been called "Scotch" or "Sabbatarian"; but in order that her household should as little as possible be hindered from going to church, she reduced the cooking on Sunday to such a scale that for a time nothing hot, not even a potato, could be had in the house on that day. She was obliged by-and-by to relax this rule, but kept always to her general plan and aim. She liked to make Sunday different from other days with her children also, and, in addition to her private reading with each of them, she used to select a large number of books for them that might be interesting on that day.

Lady Blanche had an affectionate interest in the people round her on the estate and in the parish and neighbourhood. It was, I believe, one of her deciding reasons for attending the parish church that in this way she could express her sense of Christian unity with her immediate neighbours. When I came to the parish I found it was the custom with the elders at the half-yearly Communions to keep places for her and her family at the end of the Communion-table, which, as then arranged for the service, extended nearly the whole length of the church. Like many others from England who have known our Scottish order in celebrating the Lord's Supper she liked it much, and when I once spoke to her about getting the church renewed inside, she said, "Whatever you do, don't give up the long table." We had to do this, but, I am glad, not in her lifetime.

She was intensely sympathetic with any who were sick or in trouble, and would sometimes startle people by hastening herself to see things done, or to do them with her own hands in cases which she thought urgent or neglected. Her generosity was widely known. Yet she endeavoured to join with it thoroughness in making sure of right and of fitness in charitable giving. She could be very stern in refusing or disowning a person who had deceived her, or whom she found to be of unworthy character. And she did not spare trouble in sifting cases brought under her notice. I remember one day in my first year at Whittingehame, a woman called at the Manse, who told her story to an impulsive friend of mine who was staying with me, and won her heart by naming old Edinburgh people whom she herself had known in former years. The case was immediately put before Lady Blanche, and I recollect still the amusement I could not but feel at the opposite methods of the two ladies, and the impatient disappointment of my own friend, to whom Lady Blanche's inquiries seemed needlessly thorough. They resulted, however, in the too certain proof of imposture. But if a case of distress proved to be genuine and worthy of help, especially if anything noble or self-sacrificing in the previous conduct of the person stirred Lady Blanche, she was very likely to take it up with great considerateness—considerateness of the whole need, and considerateness of the feelings and character, that these should not be hurt or lowered by the manner of the help—and a case once taken up she would carry through, although it took years to do this. Once in Edinburgh, in hastening along the street to catch an afternoon train for home, she saw a child weeping bitterly. She stopped, questioned it, and was told it was starving, that at home they were all starving, and the mother dying. She let the train go, went with the child to see if the story was true, found it entirely so, and that the mother, who was a widow, was weighed upon in dying with the thought of what would become of her children. Before she left, Lady Blanche undertook to care for them, and this she did till they were started in life. Two or three months before her death I got a letter enclosed to me by a friend, which told of a young minister's widow on whom misfortune after misfortune had fallen. I was not asked to do anything. The person was quite unknown to Lady Blanche, and had no claim on her. I thought, however, I might send her the letter, and hoped she might think of giving a pound or two. In her letter in reply she enclosed a cheque for twenty pounds. About the same time I had a letter from her of very thoughtful inquiry in regard to a man who had seen better days, and if I should ascertain that he was in need, she thought of assisting him anonymously. Another letter of this kind I happen to have preserved. It was the reply I got to a request in behalf of a poor sick woman whose minister I had been when in the parish of Kinghorn. The date is 1869.

"Surely, dear Mr. Robertson, I am thankful, very thankful, to be of use to poor A.B., and it seems to be right to do this on her daughter's account as well as her own. I daresay your suggestion of six shillings per week, of which perhaps the parish would give two and six, is a fair estimate. But I should like to give a little beside this as, say, a pot

GRAVE OF LADY BLANCHE BALFOUR AND JAMES MAITLAND BALFOUR

of Liebig's essence or any little appetising indulgence from time to time, and a little money in hand—say about a shilling a week—all which, perhaps, Miss Fleming or some other Christian would take charge of. But I leave all to your judgment. I venture to send five pounds, and hope to learn you can make the poor woman's last days restful. . . . P.S.—You will let me know if she needs more, or one of my daughters if I am not here."

I am quite aware that many who read this account which I have given of Lady Blanche Balfour will think the praise exaggerated. But I am unable to write in any other manner of one whom I thought, during her life, the most remarkable woman I had known, and of whom my opinion is unchanged, rather is assured, after my added experience of life during nearly a quarter of a century that has elapsed since she died. Her stature, both intellectual and moral, grows as I look back and as I feel more able to estimate the spirit and gifts required to be what she was and to live as she lived. And I know that the admiration of some who knew her long and intimately would have been expressed perhaps even more strongly than mine has been.

One of these was Lady Grisell Baillie, dear and honoured in the Church of Scotland as its first deaconess. It will interest many of the best people in that Church to know that she was a friend of Lady Blanche in a very special sense. Many years ago, being in the neighbourhood of Dryburgh Abbey House, I called on Major Baillie, whom I knew, and got a welcome of very great heartiness from his sister when she found that I came from Whittingehame and had known her friend. She spoke of her with enthusiasm, showed me her own special table in the drawing-room, and said: "You see there are very few things on it, but one of them is a photograph of Lady Blanche Balfour." I met Lady Grisell again shortly before she died, and she went back to the same subject, and in the same manner, saying often: "There was no one like her."

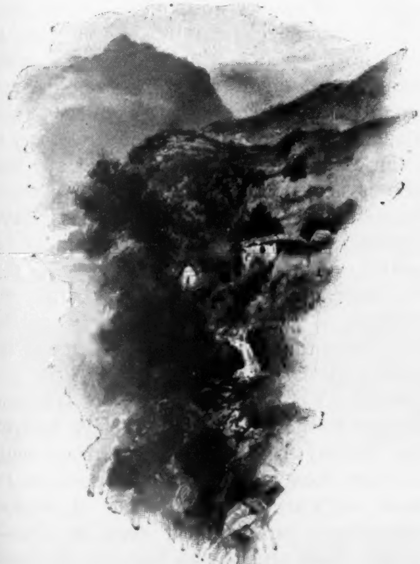
Lady Blanche had in very remarkable union, the two opposite qualities of force and tenderness. She had a courage, a resolution, and an intellectual vigour which belong to few men, but it was nevertheless in tenderness and womanliness that she was richest. Cultivated as she was, it was her wealth of nature that was most eminent, and this was joined to Christian devotion and self-control. Her mind was at once most ideal and most practical. There was something in her manner, or rather in her character, shining through her manner, which bespoke a singular elevation and had a powerful influence even upon those who spoke with her but for a little: for the elevation in her was of a kind that rather called one up to its level than exalted itself above one. "One always wanted to do better after being with her." Those who had to do with her in business liked to speak of her high sense of honour, and as a single indication of her own family's thoughts regarding her, I may venture to tell how a year or two ago, when I happened to be talking of her with one of her daughters, she exclaimed, "I wonder we are only what we are with such a mother."

Lady Blanche died in London in 1872, her age being then forty-seven. For two reasons her death was not untimely. She had finished the work given her to do; she had, besides, suffered greatly, and the doctors assured her family that she could not have continued to live except with still greater suffering. She was buried at Whittingehame on a bright summer day, in an ancient churchyard within the grounds of Whittingehame House; and some at least who were present felt that such a day of sunshine best fitted the thoughts which her life's end suggested. When it fell to me to prepare a funeral sermon for the Sunday after, I put for a text at the beginning of my manuscript that which first occurs to one in thinking of a devoted Christian's death, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth." As I went on, however, I saw that the text must be changed, that the proper words to go before what I was writing were these: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but, if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." This verse is the true key to her life, and I was glad afterwards to find that it expressed her own conscious principle, that this was a favourite text with her, and that her daughters had been reading it together on that account the Sunday before, when her body lay in the coffin near them. Yet that other text was fitly placed on the little cross of red granite that marks her grave; for to those who knew her strenuous life and long battle with suffering, it was a happy and satisfying thought that she had entered into rest.

LEVADA-WALKING IN MADEIRA

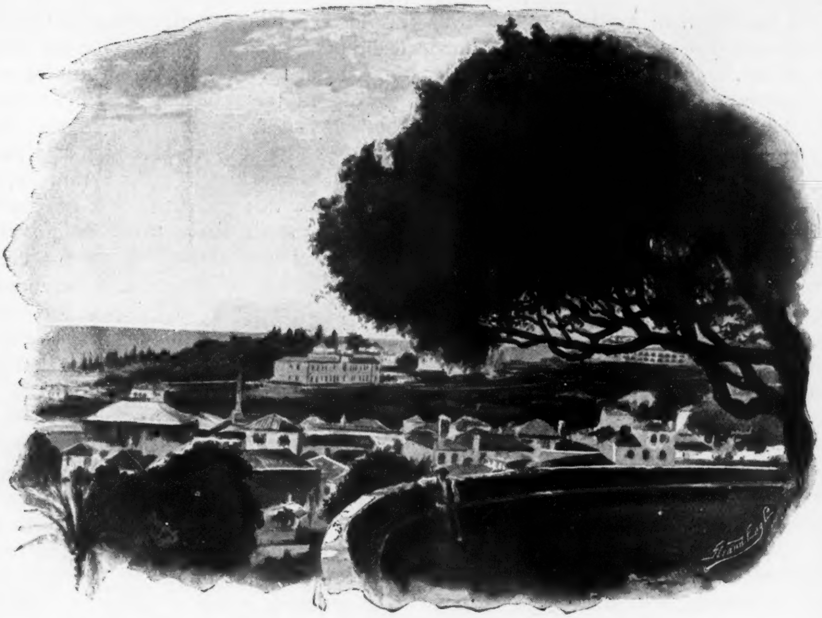
By EDWARD H. ROBERTSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR TWIDLE



WHY should the beautiful island of Madeira be entirely dedicated to the superannuated, the convalescent, and the overworked? Why should visitors be so few during the summer and autumn months, when the mountains are at their best? You may hunt through the hotels in Funchal without finding a single man who will not shrink at the bare idea of attempting to reach the Grand Curral or Ribeiro Frio on foot. It is not the object of these pages to try and persuade any one to take their custom away from the pony-boys or hammock-men when visiting such spots, but to point out that this small island contains in the fastnesses of its mountains such magnificently grand scenery as will amply repay the exertions of the strong and the energetic; for it is only on foot that the finest ravines can be ascended, and their wildest solitudes explored.

To the infirm and the invalid the Canaries



FUNCHAL FROM ABOVE THE ENGLISH CHURCH, BELLA VISTA

and Madeira offer equal attractions, remembering always that the drier climate of the former suits certain ailments; at both the accommodation will be found to satisfy all save the most incorrigible grumbler. It is sad indeed in this land of bright skies and beautiful flowers, to find so many compelled to confine their excursions to the radius of the hotel gardens; yet it is almost sadder to meet with men and women, happy in the possession of the inestimable blessings of health and strength, continually complaining of the dulness of Madeira life and the difficulty of finding something to do. Although only the strong and active can see the scenery to the best advantage, yet those whose climbing days are past can spend a most enjoyable holiday. There are several expeditions which, if the weather be favourable, will enable some very grand and wild scenery to be visited. These excursions are easily carried out; excellent ponies may be hired or hammocks may be used, while the return journey can be varied by a descent in the well-known running sledges. On many occasions I have spoken to gentlemen, with only three weeks to spend on their whole trip, who were quite enchanted with the island, its hotels, its mountains, and its people; they were ready to compare the scenery with the Rockies, or even the Himalayas. Among such the remark is universal, that if only those at home knew what a perfect place Madeira was for a holiday, the numbers of visitors would be much larger.

It is, however, the object of this paper to bring to the notice of those who are strong enough to enjoy walking, climbing and scrambling, the exceptional advantages which Madeira offers them. It is not necessary to be an extraordinarily good walker; any man who is accustomed to tramp the moors in August, or can successfully tackle a Welsh mountain, may be quite confident of his powers. There is a very general idea that the enervating air of the coast and the strength of the sun make what would be thought nothing of at home an almost impossible task in Madeira; but a little perseverance will dispel the feeling of lassitude, and the fresher air on the mountains tempers the midday heat. The pedestrian must, however, have a good head, for some of the finest walks are along the edges of abysmal precipices; he ought at once to discard British shoes and put his feet into the hands of a native bootmaker; his pleasure will also be much increased by a knowledge of natural history, in one or other of its many branches; and finally, if a smattering of the Portuguese language can be picked up, it will often be found most useful.

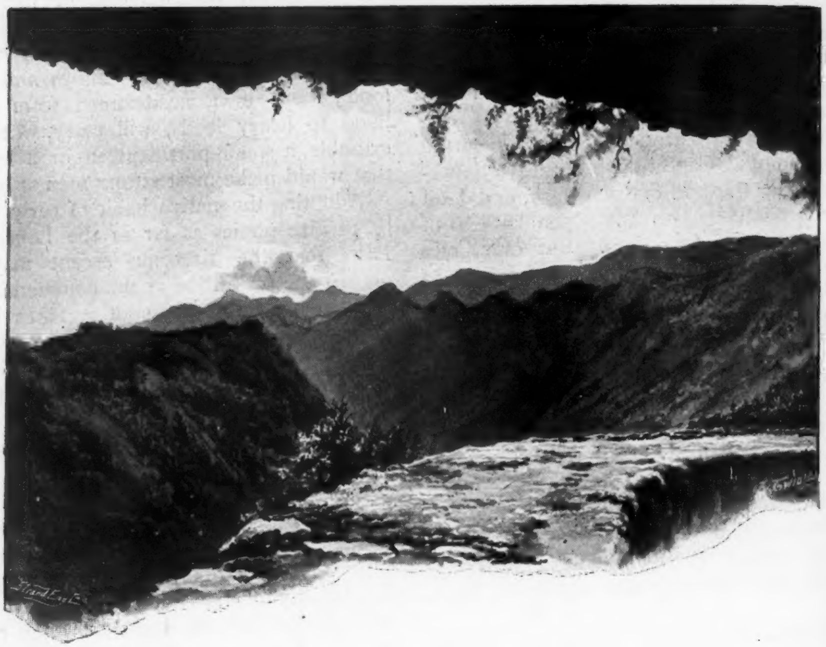
In these days everybody knows that the well-appointed Cape mail-boats leave Southampton at the end of each week, and land their passengers on the open beach of Funchal within four days. But everybody does not know what the north side of Madeira is like, and yet all who have seen it unite in declaring that they had no idea of the existence of such wild gorges, luxuriant vegetation and startling precipices. Don't take your ideas of the country from your invalid relative who has just returned from spending a winter at the Santa Clara Hotel; don't trust your South African brother who "did" Madeira during the five hours that his ship was coaling on his way home; but if you want to know what is to be seen there, go and explore for yourself.

In order to give an idea of the country I shall shortly describe one of the many expeditions that may be made.

For a very small figure a native can be hired to take a change of clothes and some food; these men, accustomed from childhood to heavy loads, will carry, without a grumble, a small portmanteau or a hamper that would make most strong men stagger.

Adopting the native habit of early rising, let us hire ponies as far as the Lamaçeiros Pass, that the tiresome ascent may not disgust the pedestrian at the commencement of the day; from this spot it takes but a short time to climb up to the celebrated aqueduct known as the *Levada do Furado.* As these water-ways or levadas are not only a most interesting feature of the island but a convenient guide to the tourist, it will be useful to know something about them. The necessity for a supply of water often calls forth much ingenuity and is the cause of a prodigious outlay of labour. Though perhaps we are hardly justified in comparing the levadas of the Madeira islanders with the aqueducts of the Romans or the canals of the Egyptians, they certainly deserve

WATERFALL IN CALDEIRA D'INFERNO



THE LAMAÇEIROS TOPS FROM A LEVADA TUNNEL (METADE)

more notice than guide-books have as yet given them. Nearly every little stream belongs to some proprietor or has been bought up by a village in its vicinity, and when any particular district requires a more ample supply of water, it must be purchased at a great cost or brought from some remote region. No river in the neighbourhood was available to meet the wants of a large town like Funchal, and in consequence the plan was conceived of conveying the waters of the northern streams in an open channel, right round the island to the city, following the contour of the hills. The difficulty of such a work as this must be seen to be fully realised. Every little gully has to be penetrated till it can be crossed at the proper level; the water-way has to be carried along the face of sheer precipices down which the workmen have to be lowered with their drills and blasting powder; frequently rivers already bought by some community below have to be bridged over or tunnelled under; and a staff of men must always be available when the work is completed to keep the channel water-tight. These levadas are not like ordinary roads which can choose their course, but where the spirit-level points, there the aqueduct must go; at one moment we find ourselves on the face of a cliff with a wall of black rock on one side and a terrific precipice on the other, while far below the masses of forest trees make a foreground to the blue Atlantic; the next minute we dive into the damp recesses of a dark ravine, where the trees are festooned with ferns and the dripping rocks painted with many-coloured mosses. The channels are from one to two feet deep and of similar breadth, while on the outside is a natural, or in some places a built, retaining wall, which offers a narrow yet secure path to the sure-footed mountaineer. It is quite evident that these water-courses give unrivalled opportunities to the pedestrian, for he can penetrate into the mountain fastnesses on an almost level road; he is following a guide that cannot lead him astray, and he passes through places and explores ravines and chasms which, but for the levada, would be absolutely inaccessible. The Levada do Furado, up to which we have climbed, comes from the wildest solitudes of the northern Metade river, and after winding round many a bluff and mountainside, it reaches the spot at which we strike it, but not till it has completed the extraordinary distance of sixty miles will it arrive at its destination. Many others nearly as long, and passing through just as wild scenery, may be met with in various parts of the island, and all, without exception, afford exciting walking and grand views. On this one in particular the botanist will revel in the wealth of ferns; they carpet the rocks; they literally paper the walls of the levada, and twenty different species may be picked. At every turn fresh views appear, and never does a levada weary you by going for long in a straight line. In front we can see the jagged, rocky peaks of Ruivo or Arriero standing out in bold outline against the sky.

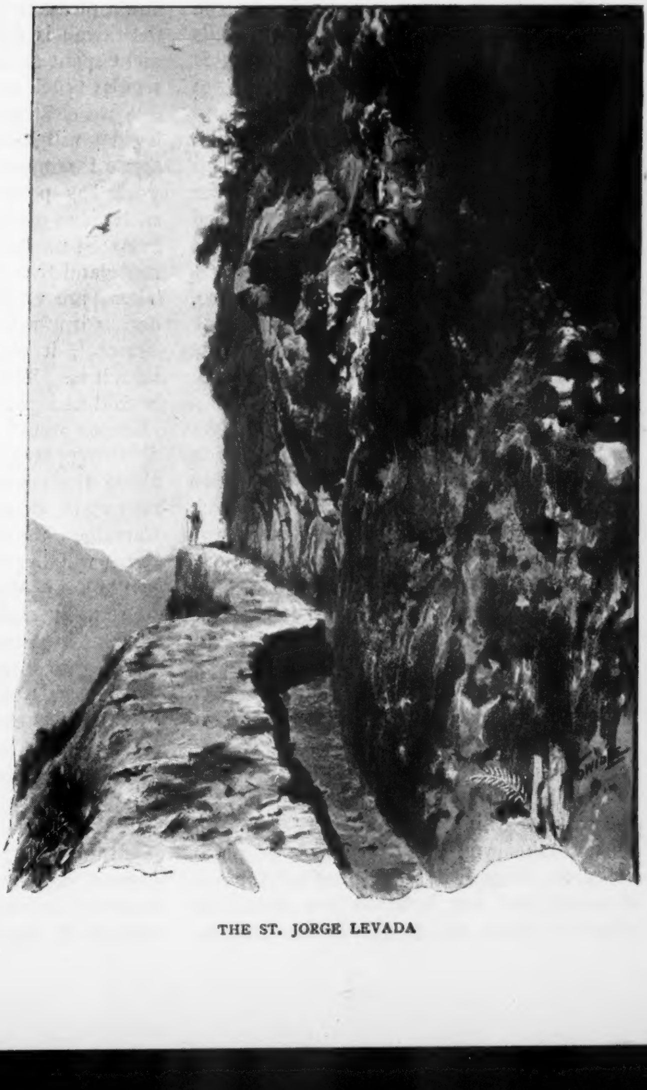
Three hours' walking brings us to one of the show views of the island; the levada crosses the Frio River and then leads through a cutting, into the Metade valley, where a big rock, usually called the Balcony, will serve us as a luncheon spot. Here a view of indescribable grandeur bursts upon us; I have no hesitation in saying that it is one of the finest views in the world.

Already a dozen different walks for another occasion will have been schemed out, and he will have but a craven spirit who does not long to stand on one or other of these towering black peaks.

This Metade view is a favourite excursion, and an ordinary pony track goes direct to it from Funchal, but no one who has walked along the edge of Furado will think of comparing the two approaches.

Mist, unfortunately, only too often interferes with the pleasure of these rambles, but it is seldom that it descends until midday, and an early start generally outwits this troublesome foe. From the resting-place an even more sensational water-way will be noticed, drawn, as it were, with a ruler across the opposite face, and the eye follows its line till it is lost among the black precipices, towards which our own guide is leading us.

By following the levada for some hours further we reach a cottage belonging to the Public Works Department, buried deep down among the Metade ravines and surrounded by forests of til, laurels, and giant heaths. Leave can easily be obtained to sleep here; there is usually an engineer who will welcome



THE ST. JORGE LEVADA

us and supply blankets and cooking requisites. This hut is only reached, however, after a very exciting piece of walking; the levada is very narrow, and in parts frightfully precipitous. But don't let me give any one the idea that it is dangerous; with a good head there is no difficulty, and with caution there is no danger. The track dives through some ravines into which the sunlight hardly ever penetrates; often tunnels have to be groped through, and in one place where the levada is unfinished the gap has to be crossed by steps cut in the rock. On the far side of a long tunnel the cottage is found, and probably the visitor will be surprised at the comfort and cleanliness of his quarters.

On my first visit to the Metade cottage, I arrived in mist, and never can I forget the view that revealed itself next morning. The mountains tower apparently overhead; the rocks, the trees, and the ferns, the waterfalls and the tortuous windings of the levada, as seen from the cottage door, combine to form this grand sight.

The second day's levada-walking quite equals the first; do Furado is followed up to its source, and then we get on to the Levada dos Vinhaticos, which we had noticed from the Balcony. This water-way is in bad repair, and must in some parts be very carefully negotiated. It runs below Pico Ruivo, the monarch of the island, and is cut along the main ridge. It was made to supply Santa Anna and Fayal, two parishes on the north coast, but is now being superseded by a levada from the St. Jorge river. Let us get on to this new levada at the point of junction and follow it up to its source. We pass two other engineers' houses, at either of which we could find a bed, and after some grand scenery, we reach the celebrated Caldeira d'Inferno.

This place has probably never been described in print, and it almost defies the attempt. Until the levada was cut this "Devil's Punch-bowl" was only known to the kites and crows, and it still remains absolutely inaccessible except by the water-way. Very few people have ever visited it. A crack in the cliff through which a stream flows is the opening to it. A scramble of a minute or two takes you into this awesome place. Imagine a huge cylinder, a hundred yards in diameter and five hundred feet deep, the sides of which are perpendicular and festooned with dripping ferns and shrubs. A waterfall leaps from the top into a large, blue, deep pool, and beside it the awestruck disturber of these solitudes stands buried in a seven-foot growth of the fern *Asplenium umbrosum.* Such spots are too eerie to linger in, and after hurriedly photographing the foot of the fall and the pool one is glad to return to the levada without. For a mile on each side of the Caldeira the track is cut in the sheer cliff, and below the thread-like stream of the St. Jorge river gleams white among the dark forests. At the source of the levada is another fine wild bit, called the Caldeira Verde. We must now retrace our steps, past a winding tunnel as far as the nearest engineer's cottage (Val do Lapin). From here a shepherd's track leads to the foot of the St. Jorge ravine; this is a fine scramble, and a pleasant change after the level levadas; the ravine is followed to the sea, and the night spent at Santa Anna, where there is a regular hotel.

With clear weather these two days on the levadas will have shown the new-comer what sort of scenery Madeira has to offer; the work has perhaps been hard, but amidst such views one can scarcely feel tired.

At Santa Anna a stay can be comfortably made and the provision basket replenished. There are endless walks from this centre, and as it is within seven hours by pony from Funchal, it ought to be more frequented than it is. The scenery on the north coast is wild and grand in the extreme, and I am in some doubt by which of the many ways to bring my party back. Let us march along the coast to Boa Ventura, where a very clean, decent inn is kept by Manoel de Carvalho; the road looks easy on the map, but it will be found to take the best part of five hours. Many grand points of view are passed, but nothing excels the Entroza, where the road is carried along the face of a huge cliff which goes sheer down into the sea. Horses can be safely taken along the coast, but the way is so steep and rough in places that walking is the more agreeable method.

After this short stage an early start should be made from Boa Ventura. The track, hardly passable for a pony, leads up the Boa Ventura river to the Torrinhas Pass. I cannot venture to describe the journey; it is grand beyond words. Twenty times you seem to be stopped by gigantic, inaccessible precipices, when a sudden turn in the path shows a way out of the difficulty. The climb is very long and trying, but the worst of the march is over when the ridge which looks down into the Grand Curral is gained. From this point, in clear weather, there is another view which is worth, of itself, a voyage to Madeira. All the principal peaks in the island are seen, and their outline against the sky is most fantastic. The road leads to the foot of the Curral and thence back to Funchal. The walk takes about nine hours, giving time for lunch and rests.

This four-day excursion is typical of many that may be planned out; they are practically inexhaustible, and can be arranged so as to suit the walking powers of each.

Just a word about the people. They are as harmless as their country; the stranger meets with no snakes, and need not fear mosquitoes, neither has he to take any precautions against being molested in the most out-of-the-way parts; everywhere civility, politeness, and pleasant faces will greet him. The prices asked are grotesque—often five times what will be finally accepted. Some find the absence of fixed prices abroad a great nuisance, but the bargaining in Madeira is so good-humoured and can be made so amusing, that the change of custom in this respect is rather refreshing. There is one reason that may account for the comparatively few visitors to the island; there are neither golf links nor cycling roads; all Madeira can do is to provide a very limited cricket ground and five miles of fairly level road. Most of the ways near the city are paved with "nubbly" stones and are trying to the feet, but in the country this paving ceases.

The hotels are under the management of the brothers Reid; their latest building—the New Hotel—with its beautiful gardens is on a cliff overlooking the bay. Here Mrs. Alfred Reid admirably provides for all her guests, and in many cases it is the comfort with which she surrounds her visitors that keeps them from exploring the northern side of the island.

Sufficient has now been written to show that any one in a small space of time may enjoy a thorough change by a visit to Madeira. I wish especially, however, to recommend the island to the young man, whether at school, college, or beginning a professional career, who can give the time, can spare the money, and possesses the strength. Let him try a fortnight's levada-walking, and he will return in the best of health, declaring that he never before spent a more delightful holiday, or saw more magnificent scenery.

THE BIBLE VIEW OF ATHEISM

By JAMES DENNEY, D.D.

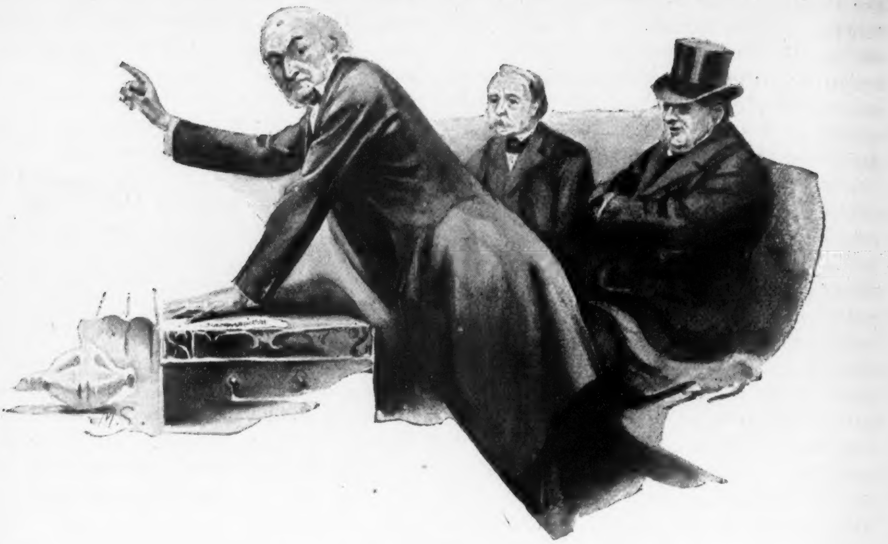
ATHEISM is a word that has largely fallen out of use, possibly because it was employed in too speculative a sense. Professed atheists must always have been rare, even before the modest dignity of agnosticism had been discovered by Professor Huxley. Since then, to avow atheism would be gratuitous, to say the least, and few but the fanatics of irreligion have thought it necessary to do so. In the book called "Natural Religion" there is a severe treatment of atheism under the three heads of wilfulness, little-mindedness, and extreme conventionalism. One cannot read it without catching the tone of the superior person who with all his horror of atheism has a profound dislike and distrust of religion in all its popular and historical forms—that is, in all the forms in which it has actually lived and been effective in the world. These three heads are no doubt suggestive, but they hardly go to the root of the matter. The atheist they represent may be quite unable to help the littleness of his mind; in that he is rather sinned against than sinning. But if the atheist—and this, I believe, is the scriptural conception of the character—is one who does not so much deny God as dispense with Him, the indications of atheism will be rather different.

It comes out unmistakably, where men's relations to others are concerned, in inhumanity and contempt of right. The typical atheist of the Old Testament is a man like Nebuchadnezzar or Antiochus, a tyrant intoxicated with pride and power, whose will is his only law. He eats up God's people as he eats bread, and no consideration of justice or humanity enters into his mind. That is the fool, the impious person, whose inmost conviction must be that there is no God; if he believed in God, his conduct would be inexplicable. This atheism of politics can be illustrated through all the history of nations, and he would be a bold man who should say, with his eye on the recent exploitation of Africa by the European peoples, that atheism was extinct. There might, one should think, be such a thing as a Christian process of conquest and colonisation; the opening up of savage lands to civilisation with the minimum of selfishness and violence, and the introduction there of the blessings which Christians themselves value most: there might be such a process of conquest as Christian men could carry out in obedience to God's voice; "*I* have given you the land, go in and possess it." But what is really seen is by no means such a Christian enterprize. In countless instances it is rank unmitigated atheism—an absolute contemptuous disregard of the rights of others, and of God's interest in His creatures. Nor is it only on this great scale that the atheism denounced in the Bible survives. The Psalms are full of references to it in another form—the oppression of the poor. So are the prophets. If they teach anything, it is that atheism and inhumanity are convertible terms. He who forgets what men are to God, who ignores those inalienable rights with which God has invested them, who tramples them under foot simply because he can do it and because it suits his convenience, he is the atheist *par excellence*, according to inspired teaching. Probably this is the easiest of sins, and the one to which the temptation is most universal. Who has not been conscious, when circumstances favoured, of the tendency to domineer and be intolerant, and forget what others are in God's sight? To be a theist out and out is as hard as to do to others as we would have them do to us; it is as hard because in reality it is exactly the same thing.

Another type of atheism, or perhaps we should say another aspect of it, is self-sufficiency. Schleiermacher derived religion from a feeling of absolute dependence: man is conscious that he is nothing in himself, and that his being is rooted in another. "In Him we live and move and have our being:" this is a vivid expression of theistic faith. The religion represented in the Bible exhibits this faith carried to its highest power. The saints take God as their refuge and their portion: all they have they have through Him; and what they hold in Him can never be lost. The whole framework of life may break down, its present order be dissolved, and all its happy ties broken; yet the soul retains its union with God, and its life and blessedness in Him. Over against this unreserved abandonment to God stands the atheistic life—the life of the man who says to himself, "I shall never be moved." Perhaps the best example of it is the Rich Fool in our Lord's parable. Instead of being absolutely dependent on God, he was absolutely self-dependent. In his prosperity he thought of no one but himself, in heaven or on earth. "Thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease." This atheism is the sin of the prosperous. Success tempts a man to believe in himself, and in his own competence to meet emergencies. He takes the complete responsibility for his life into his own hands. He cannot deny, if it is put as an abstract proposition, that he is not the only or the highest power in the universe, but he feels pretty confident that there is no power which can seriously affect his position. He is insured not only against the incompetence, the malice, and the misfortunes of others; he is insured against God. There are plenty of people like that. Their credit is so good that even heaven cannot shake it. The thought in their hearts is, I sit a queen: I shall never be in adversity. Whatever their speculative opinions or their religious professions may be, this temper is thoroughly atheistic. People sometimes speak of "practical atheism" as if it were not quite so unpardonable as atheism pure and simple; but it is only the practical kind which needs in practice to be taken account of. The self-sufficient, self-confident spirit, which feels and acts as though its times were in its own hands, not in God's, is atheism in its most offensive shape. There is none against which Scripture is more severe. In nations, as in the case of Babylon, God musters His hosts against it; to persons, like the rich man in the parable, He says "Thou fool." To deify oneself, for this is what it means, is the most daring way to dispense with God.

The nearest approach to speculative atheism found in the Bible is what may be described as moral scepticism. For agnosticism, in a certain sense, room must always be had in true religion. We do not, and cannot, know everything, and as long as there is a limitation to our knowledge, there must always be an element of venture and adventure in faith, and therefore, if we give our minds to it, a case to be stated for unbelief. What is not always noticed is the nature of the forces which prompt men to represent that case as stronger than it is. There are always people whose interest it would be that there should be no inviolable moral law, and no inexorable guardian of it. Life presents often enough the aspect of a moral chaos, and they are willing rather that it should be so. To begin with, it lightens immensely the burden of responsibility. No one can be summoned to exert all the energies of his nature on behalf of righteousness, if righteousness does not underlie all things, or if it is not destined to be ultimately triumphant; and there are always those who welcome a pretext for not exerting themselves. The sloth which appeals to the moral disorders of the world as *primâ facie* evidence that God is not there, is atheistic. Merely as sloth, it is bad, but it is worse when it becomes cynicism, sneers at the faith of others, and perverts the distinctions of good and evil. But to be at once cynical and sensual—to deride the reverence shown to God by others, and to ignore Him ourselves—is to be atheist in the worst because in the completest sense. That scepticism has rendered services to religion no one can deny. It has sapped conventional beliefs, which had ceased to be vital; it has provoked the mind to overcome its sluggishness and become religious too, if religion were to remain; it has deepened reverence by bringing out the mystery encompassing life on every hand. But the scepticism of which this can be said is not that which at heart is alienated from goodness, and inspired by a secret resentment of its claims. He who indulges this denies God only because he is His enemy; and the very nature of the denial proves that God exists. It is not an antithesis of ideas which is in question here, but an antagonism of wills, and one of them is the will of God. The man who acts in violation of the moral order of the world does not simply ignore an idea, he resists a force. It demands an effort to do so, and it is an effort to set aside God. Nothing can be more conclusively atheistic than this.

From this point of view we can easily understand, what most men have felt, that man's business in the world is not so much to find, as to furnish, proof of the existence of God. This is strikingly represented in the fourteenth Psalm. God looks down from heaven to see if there is any sign of His presence on the earth, and there is none: He sees a godless world. Men look round them in the same circumstances, and of course they see the same thing; for them too it is a godless world. Atheism reigns. Where, then, is the proof to come from that God is, and that He reigns over all? It can only come from the life and conduct of men themselves—from the justice and humanity with which they treat each other as children of God; from the reverence and humility with which they commit themselves to God as their Father; from the steadfast recognition, through all that makes it hard to hold, of the eternal law of righteousness, and the triumph assured for it by God. This is the only theism for which we need to care.



" Never finished even his first sentence "

BLACK ROD'S KNOCK

By MICHAEL MacDONAGH

ILLUSTRATED BY M. STAINFORTH

"BLACK ROD" is an important and picturesque functionary of Parliament. He is at once the policeman of the House of Lords and the Parliamentary messenger of the Sovereign. He executes the warrants issued by the Upper Chamber for the arrest of persons who have been adjudged guilty of a breach of its privileges or a contempt of its dignities. But in these days the curiosity of the public, or their love of sensation, is never piqued by the appearance of Black Rod in the *rôle* of a policeman. Indeed, it is seventy years now since a poor trembling wretch stood, in the custody of Black Rod, at the Bar of the House of Lords, charged with having outraged its awful majesty. He was a tradesman of Westminster. One winter's evening, after he had put up the shutters of his shop, he strolled across Old Palace Yard to hear a debate in the House of Lords. He had with him an umbrella, which he deposited in the charge of one of the doorkeepers before he entered the Strangers' Gallery. He never saw the article again. Another stranger, yielding to a too common weakness of frail humanity, carried it off, while its rightful owner—trustful of the might of the Imperial Parliament to protect, at least within its own sacred precincts, the property of its subjects—was drinking in political wisdom from the lips, perhaps, of the Duke of Wellington.

The tradesman of Westminster was naturally indignant over the loss of his umbrella, but the expression of his feelings assumed a form highly subversive of the ancient privileges of Parliament. He actually issued a process against the door-keeper of the House of Lords for the recovery of the value of the lost article! This was more than the House of Lords could stand. One of their door-keepers summoned to appear as a defendant in a court of law! Black Rod was despatched to arrest the daring shopkeeper, who was brought forthwith to the Bar, and soundly rated by the Lord Chancellor on his presumption in outraging the dignities of the House of Lords, because of the loss of a miserable umbrella. Happily he was *not* consigned to the Tower. He humbly apologised for his conduct, promised to take no further action against the door-keeper, and, after another severe reprimand, was escorted by Black Rod to Old Palace Yard and there discharged. That was the last public appearance of Black Rod as the executive officer of the House of Lords.

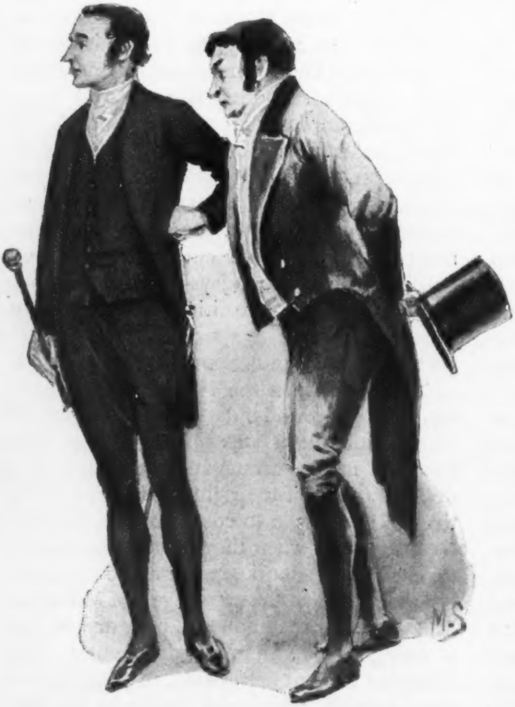
But as the Royal messenger, Black Rod is occasionally in evidence in both Chambers during the progress of a Session. When the Queen appears in the House of Lords, either personally or by commission, to open Parliament, to give the Royal Assent to Bills, or to prorogue Parliament—three constitutional functions which are controlled in form, if not in substance, by the prerogatives of the Crown—the members of both Chambers must be present; and it is in his capacity as Royal messenger that Black Rod is deputed on such an occasion to summon the Commons to the House of Lords. It is true that in our times the Sovereign is rarely present in person at any of these Parliamentary ceremonies. The prerogatives of the Crown, so far as they affect Parliamentary procedure, are nowadays usually exercised by commission. Five Lords Commissioners (including the Lord Chancellor) are appointed by the Queen to declare, on her behalf, in "the Speech from the Throne" (popularly known as "the Queen's Speech") the causes for which Parliament has been summoned to meet; to give to Bills which have passed both Houses that Royal Assent which is necessary to transform them into the law of the land; and, finally, to dismiss our legislators when their labours are over for the Session. But whether Her Majesty is personally present, or present only by commission, the message which Black Rod conveys to the Commons is the message of the Sovereign.

It would, however, appear from the reception always accorded Black Rod by the Commons, that he is not a very welcome visitor to the lower Chamber. As he walks along the lobby that lies between the Chamber of the Lords and the Chamber of the Commons his approach is heralded by an iron-throated usher shouting, "Black Rod! Way for Black Rod." But the moment that stentorian cry reaches the ears of the Sergeant-at-Arms in the House of Commons, he springs from his chair, close to the main entrance to the Chamber, and rushing to the open door behind him, closes it with a most inhospitable bang, right in the face of Black Rod, and securely locks and bolts it. The Sergeant-at-Arms then peers out into the lobby through a grated peep-hole, with a wooden slot, fixed in the stout oak door. Presently three faint knocks are heard at the door. They are administered by Black Rod. The petitionary appeal of this soft, humble "rat-a-tat-tat" no one could resist; and so, at a nod from the Speaker, the doors are flung open by the Sergeant-at-Arms, and in walks the Royal Messenger.

He is not a very formidable looking personage. Arrayed in his official attire—a black tunic lavishly slashed with gold embroideries, knee-breeches, silk stockings and silver-buckled shoes—he presents, indeed, a rather picturesque appearance; and there is not the slightest suggestion of aggressiveness, notwithstanding the sword that dangles by his side, and the short ebony rod, adorned with a gold knob, which he carries in his right hand, and from which he derives his curious title.

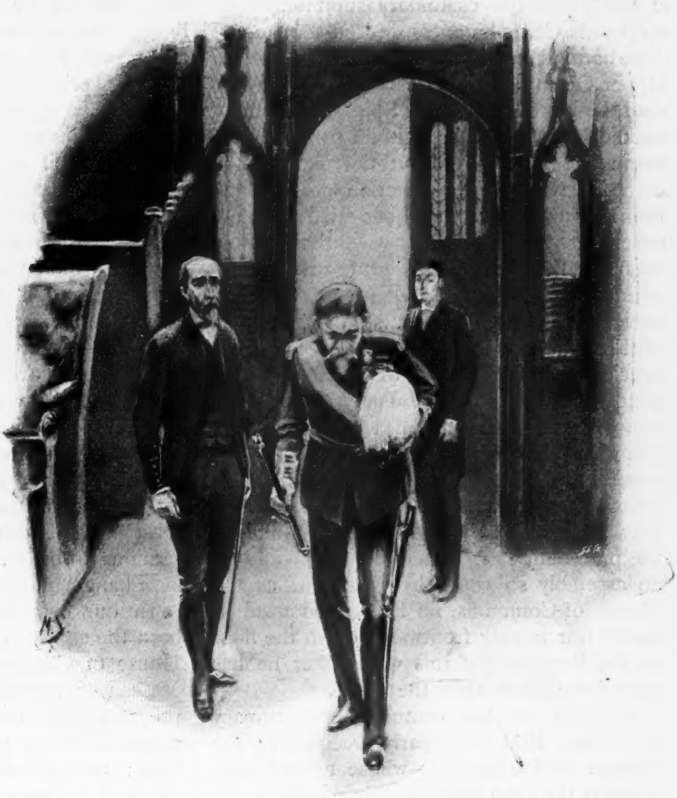
Why, then, this hostile reception given to Black Rod? Why this ignominious shutting of the door of the House of Commons in his inoffensive face? Why must he wait on the door mat, and knock three times for admission to the Chamber before it is granted to him? But really, appearances notwithstanding, no insult, no indignity is meant to the Royal Messenger. It is an ancient constitutional usage. It is one of many quaint and time-honoured customs still preserved in Parliament which, perhaps, seem meaningless, and even ridiculous nowadays—so far are they removed from the realities of things—but which in far-off years were of the utmost importance and significance. It is a survival of the times when the House of Commons was not so free and independent, or so sacred from hostile intrusion, as happily it has been now for many years. It is intended as a demonstration of the right of the representatives of the people to conduct their deliberations in secret when they deem it necessary; to close their doors against all comers, and especially against the messengers of Monarchs or Peers, and that nobody, high or low, but a duly elected Member, dare enter their Chamber without permission, respectfully and even humbly asked, and expressly granted. These three solemn knocks of Black Rod, therefore, strongly appeal to the historic imagination and recall many heart-stirring Parliamentary incidents in the long and bitter struggle for our Constitutional liberties.

But it must be confessed that some of our representatives fail to realise the true significance of this quaint ceremony. We know how thin the dividing line is between the sublime and the ridiculous; between tragedy and comedy; between pathos and bathos; and the House of Commons being readier to seize the ludicrous and the humorous, rather than the picturesque and the emotional side of things, it often happens that the entrance of Black Rod is the signal for irreverent laughter and sarcastic remarks. When the door of the House of Commons is opened for the Royal Messenger, the loud-voiced usher preceding him to the Bar, cries: "Black Rod." The business in hand is at once interrupted. Members retain their seats and wear their hats, but the Speaker respectfully rises to receive the message from the Sovereign. Black Rod advances slowly up the floor with solemn mien and low obeisances to the Chair, and, on reaching the Table, announces that "The Lords Commissioners desire the immediate attendance of Members of this honourable House in the House of Peers." When her Majesty is personally present in the House of Lords, the message which Black Rod delivers to the Commons is more peremptorily worded. It runs: "The Queen commands this honourable House to attend her Majesty immediately in the House of Peers."


"Black Rod was despatched to arrest the saucy shopkeeper"

The wording of the message was once the cause of an amusing episode in the House of Commons. General Sir W. Knollys was Black Rod at the time. In March 1880 he came down to summon the Commons to the House of Lords to hear the Royal Assent given by Commission to certain Bills. But instead of "desiring" the attendance of members at the House of Lords, he "required" it. Sir George Bowyer, an Irish representative, and apparently a great stickler for Constitutional etiquette, subsequently called the attention of the Speaker to what he described as "the unusual language" used by Black Rod, which he thought was contrary to established usage and the privileges of the House of Commons. He therefore appealed to the Speaker for a definite ruling that the word should be "desire" and not "require" in order that the objectionable expression used by Black Rod should not become a precedent. The Speaker (Mr. Brand) said that the customary word on such occasions was certainly "desire;" but he apprehended that the word "require" was only another form of the word "desire," and he therefore would not say that it was an improper expression. Happily perhaps for the good relations between the Estates of the Realm, the more peremptory form, which aroused the indignation of Sir George Bowyer, has not since been used by Black Rod.

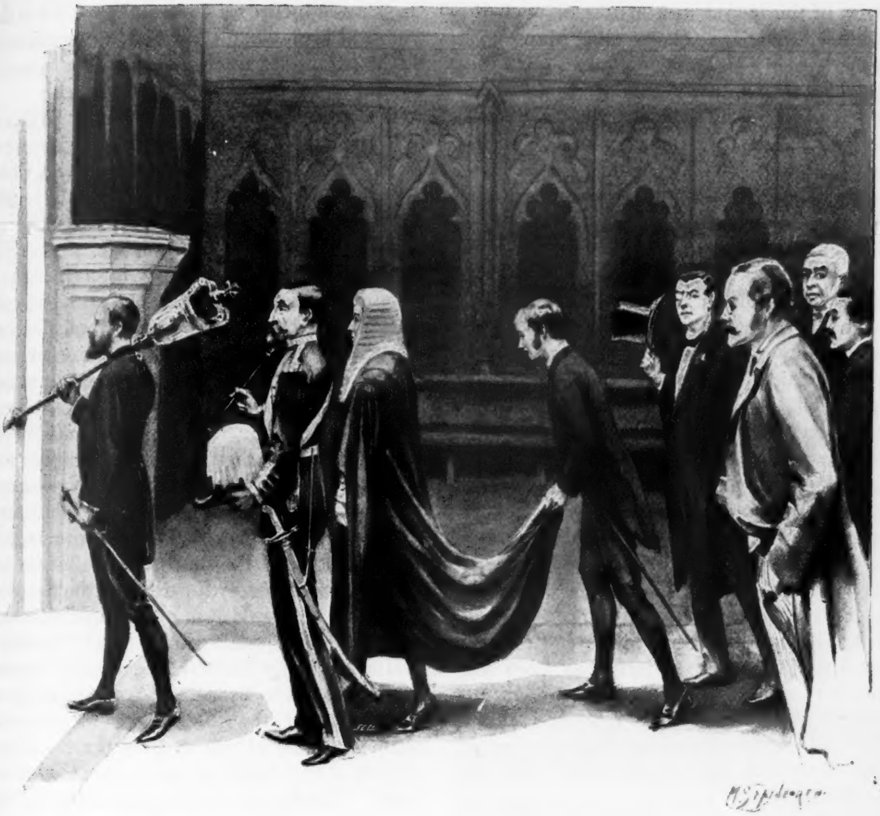
When Black Rod has delivered his message at the Table, he walks backwards down the floor bowing to the Chair, until he reaches the Bar where he awaits the Speaker. All the Members now stand up in their places and doff their hats as the Speaker, preceded by the Sergeant-at-arms, carrying the glittering brass mace on his shoulder, passes with Black Rod out of the Chamber, and followed first by the principal Members of the Government, and then by such representatives as care to join in the procession, proceeds along the corridors to the Bar of the House of Lords. The five Lords Commissioners, seated in ample scarlet robes and black three-cornered hats on a bench beneath the Throne, graciously acknowledge the presence of the Speaker—as he stands at the Bar between Black Rod and the Sergeant-at-Arms—by bowing their heads three times. The Letters Patent, or documents authorising the Lords to act on behalf of the Queen having been intoned by the Reading Clerk, the solemn announcement of the Royal Assent to the Bills—the titles of which are duly read—is made by the Clerk of the Parliaments, in that quaint Norman jargon which takes us back to the Conquest, "La Reyne le veult." This ceremony usually occupies a quarter of an hour. On its conclusion the Speaker returns to the House of Commons where, as he walks up the floor making lowly bows to the empty Chair, he is received by the Members standing uncovered, and immediately acquaints the House of the Bills which have received the Royal Assent.


"The doors are flung open by the Sergeant-at-Arms, and in walks the Royal Messenger"

Not the least interesting feature of the assembling of the present Session of Parliament in February was the first appearance of a new Black Rod. The office—to which a salary of £2000 per annum is attached, with an assistant called the "Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod," to discharge some of its limited duties—is in the personal gift of the Sovereign, and is invariably bestowed on an old military or naval officer. Admiral Sir James Drummond has accordingly been succeeded by General Sir Michael Biddulph. The first appearance of the gallant General in the *rôle* was distinguished by a few notable "new departures" from established usage. Sir Michael Biddulph discarded the old official dress of the office, and appeared in the more picturesque uniform of an Army General, wearing his many medals on his scarlet tunic, and carrying his plumed hat in his left hand, while he bore in his right a new rod of much larger dimensions than that which was carried for so many years by his predecessor. There is nothing perhaps more difficult than to walk backward from the Table to the Bar with ease and grace and dignity. Sir Michael Biddulph did not attempt the feat. After he had delivered at the Table the customary summons that the Lords Commissioners desired the immediate attendance of the Commons in the Upper Chamber to hear the Queen's Speech read, he bowed low to the Speaker, and then walked down to the Bar not in the conventional manner of progression, but the manner ordained by Nature. No objection was raised to the innovation. No member cried "Order, order" at the moment, nor when the Speaker returned from the House of Lords was his attention called to it by any stickler for ancient etiquette. Of course, the action of Black Rod may have been due solely to a species of "stage fright," to forgetfulness engendered by the natural embarrassment of a novice in a novel and trying situation; but whatever may have been the explanation—whether it was an unrehearsed effect, or an effect duly set down in the book of the play as amended by Sir Michael Biddulph—the precedent has been established; and in an assembly so ruled by precedent as the House of Commons, no Black Rod need in future fear to walk frontwards down the floor as the Sergeant-at-Arms walks after he has placed the Mace upon the Table.

Early in the last century the contumacy of a Black Rod was nearly precipitating the Houses of Parliament—whose normal relations at the time were anything but friendly—into a deadly quarrel. Sir Richard Onslow went up to the House of Peers to demand on behalf of the Whig Commons judgment against the famous Tory preacher, Dr. Sacheverell, who was then in custody for having assailed in the pulpit the principles of the Revolution. Black Rod, who sympathised with the opinions of the prisoner, first tried to prevent the entrance of the Speaker into the Chamber by putting his Rod across the door. The Speaker was mightily indignant. "If you do not take away the Black Rod," he roared at the top of his voice to the Lords assembled inside, "I will return to the House of Commons." This portentous threat had the desired effect. The Speaker and the Sergeant-at-Arms were admitted—but admitted grudgingly by Black Rod—and as they stood together at the Bar, his demeanour towards them was anything but respectful. "My Lords," said the Speaker again, "if you do not tell your Black Rod at once to go away, I will immediately return to the House of Commons." Black Rod was then ordered by the Lord Chancellor to bring in the prisoner, which he did reluctantly, and placed him in the place of honour on the Speaker's right hand. This act of the incorrigible functionary, Sir Richard Onslow regarded as the crowning insult. "My Lords," he roared, "if you do not immediately tell your Black Rod to go with the prisoner on the left of me, at some distance, I will return to the House of Commons." The fight between the two Houses which would have followed, if "Stiff Dick" (as this redoubtable Speaker was familiarly called) had carried out the awful threat to which he thus three times gave such forcible expression, was happily averted. His wishes were promptly complied with, much to the chagrin of the aggressive Black Rod, and the Lord Chancellor passed on Dr. Sacheverell the sentence of three years' suspension from preaching, besides directing the obnoxious sermon to be publicly burned by the common hangman.

In our own times, too, Black Rod has been the subject of angry discussions in the House of Commons. Formerly, the Royal Messenger entered the House during the progress of business, often in the middle of a speech which everybody was anxious to hear; and the representative on his feet, whoever he was—whether Minister or unofficial Member—had perforce to resume his seat, and to nurse his oratorical passion, to keep it warm—if that were possible under such depressing circumstances—for the quarter of an hour the Speaker was away in the House of Lords. Members of the House of Commons, therefore, complained occasionally of the inconvenience of "this invasion of Black Rod," as Mr. Labouchere once described the visit of the Royal Messenger. The more Radical and irreverent section of the House, indeed, assailed this venerable ceremony in a spirit of destructiveness. They argued that the Royal Assent is nowadays an empty form which might be done away with altogether. That iconoclastic view however found little sympathy. It is true that the Royal Assent has been shorn of much of the significance it wore in days when its denial was not unknown, but nevertheless the concurrence of the Soveriegn is, under the Constitution, still essential to



"The Speaker preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms carrying the glittering brass mace on his shoulder"

the validity of an Act of Parliament; and therefore cannot be dispensed with. On the other hand, there was a general desire that the visitations of Black Rod should be made at an hour convenient to the House of Commons. The case was hardly met by the reply which it is said the late Black Rod, Admiral Sir James Drummond, made to a Member who remonstrated with him on the untimeliness of his appearances in the Lower Chamber: "I fully understand your feelings on the subject," said the gallant sailor, "but you ought to remember that while there are 670 Members of Parliament there is only one Black Rod."

But nothing was done in the matter until the Session of 1890, after Mr. Gladstone had been interrupted in a speech by the advent of the Royal Messenger. It was on the evening of July 5, of that year, that this historic incident took place. An Irish grievance was under discussion. It was said that a politician had been sent to prison in Ireland for "shadowing the shadow by which he was shadowed," or, in other words, for obstructing a police constable who had been directed to keep an eye on his movements. The answer of the Government was that the man had his "legal remedy," if he felt aggrieved. Mr. Gladstone who was then in Opposition—it was during the regime of Mr. Balfour as Chief Secretary for Ireland—sprang to his feet, and leaning half-way across the table, and shaking a minatory forefinger at the Irish Attorney General, proceeded in a voice of deep severity to reprimand that learned gentleman, possibly on his use of the cold jargon of the lawyer in a matter of such importance. But the Grand Old Man never finished even his first sentence. He was interrupted by an ear-splitting cry of "Black Rod;" and manifestly a little startled he dropped back into his seat again. Of course Mr. Gladstone had too much respect and reverence for ancient procedures and old-time ceremonies of Parliament to have felt any annoyance over this abrupt interruption of his remarks; but his followers—especially the Radical and Nationalist wings—showed their resentment in the angry and menacing glances they cast at the Royal Messenger as he walked up the floor, and the loud cheers with which they greeted the sentiment, "Bother the House of Lords," which some member ventured to express.

The incident, however, was not without its amusing side. When the Speaker returned from the House of Lords, he made the customary announcement of what had taken place there. "I have to acquaint the House," said he, "that this House has been to the House of Peers, where it has been announced that her Majesty has been graciously pleased to give by Commission her Royal Assent to the Suck Drainage (No. 2) Bill." A roar of ironical laughter went up from all sides of the House. So all the row, the ill-temper, the amusement—the interruption of the proceedings of the greatest Legislature in the world, at the moment when its most eloquent and most renowned member was on his feet addressing it; the angry remonstrance of the Opposition; the solemn march of Mr. Speaker across the corridors to the House of Lords; the elaborate ceremony, with its antique Norman flavour, in that Chamber; the solemn walk back of the Speaker again to the House of Commons—were caused by the antics of a little insignificant river, with the comic, but appropriate name of Suck, in the county of Galway, whose voracious appetite for cows and hayricks in the winter season, when its waters are reinforced by the tributes of the hills, the Bill in question was intended to destroy by drainage!

Curiously enough, in Mr. William O'Brien's political novel, "When we were Boys" (published in 1889), there is a Chief Secretary, Mr. Jelliland, whose grand specific for the removal of the miseries and discontents of Ireland was the drainage of the river Suck. This, of course, is intended as a piece of sarcasm. It is directed against statesmen, who, in the opinion of the novelist, have failed to grasp the import and gravity of what is called the Irish Question. Well, if the drainage of the Suck has not accomplished the social regeneration of Ireland, it has indirectly led to an important readjustment of the machinery of Parliament. Following the interruption of Mr. Gladstone by the visit of Black Rod, communications passed between the Lord Chancellor on behalf of the House of Lords, and the Speaker on behalf of the House of Commons, which resulted in an arrangement that in future "Her Majesty's faithful Commons" should be summoned to hear the Royal Assent given to Bills before the commencement of public business in the House of Commons. Three o'clock is the hour at which the Commons meet. The Lords do not assemble till four. But, as a rule, business does not actually begin in the Commons till half-past three; and as the Lords agreed to meet an hour earlier than usual—that is at three o'clock—whenever it is necessary to hold a Commission for giving the Royal Assent to Bills, the despatch of Black Rod to "desire" the presence of the Commons in the upper Chamber, is so timed that his knock is now heard at the door of the House of Commons only during the quiet half-hour which follows the opening of that assembly.

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GOLD ORNAMENTS AND GEMS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

By A. W. JARVIS

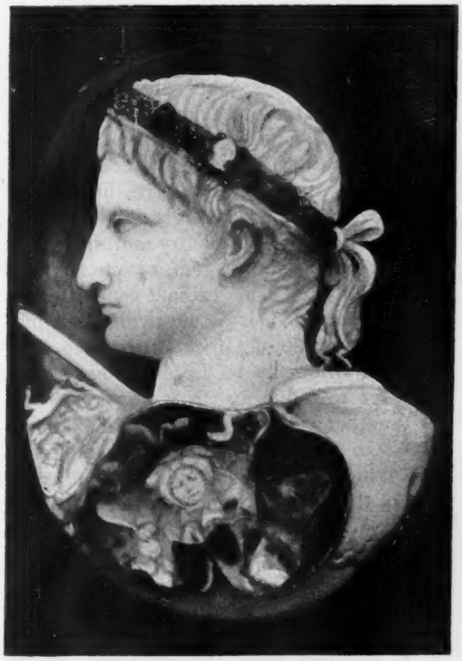
SOME of the most precious objects in our national Museum are gathered together in a small chamber, the entrance to which will be found on the south side of the Etruscan Saloon. In the small space at our command, it will only be possible to call attention to some few of the objects of special interest to the general visitor. For the student, there are various learned treatises in which the collection is described in detail.

The collection of gems now forms a most important section of our national treasures, and comprise examples of all the known styles of the glyptic art, practised from about the seventh century B.C., down to the third century A.D. It includes several entire cabinets of world-wide fame, and the pick of many another, which have been acquired from time to time. The Hamilton Collection, purchased for £8400, contained many very fine gems; as also the Cracherode. The Townley Gems numbered many unrivalled specimens; and the Payne-Knight Collection, bequeathed to the Museum and valued at £60,000, also contributed a number of choice examples.

But by far the largest addition came with the antiquities of the Duc de Blacas which were purchased by the English Government for the Museum at a cost of £60,000. This collection was one of the best known in France. The Duc, after the overthrow of the elder branch of the Bourbons in France, withdrew himself from the political world and devoted his time and wealth to his museum, to which the collections sold during his time contributed more or less largely. He purchased the whole Strozzi Collection, from Rome, with the exception of one beautiful gem, a blue beryl, engraved with Herakles, and the name of the engraver, which had been stolen while the collection was still in the possession of Strozzi, and a glass copy left in its place. Years after, when the collection had passed to the Duc, who imagined that he possessed the original gem, he was surprised at seeing it brought to him; and, discovering the fraud, he obtained possession of the gem by purchase; and it may now be seen in the Museum.

Another collector who adopted similar means of enriching his cabinet was not so successful. It seems that the academician, J. Hardion, was one day showing the treasures of the Bibliothèque to Baron Stosch, the celebrated amateur and Hanoverian spy, when he suddenly missed a valuable ring. Without expressing his suspicions, he privately despatched a servant for a strong emetic which he gave to the Baron in wine; and in a very few minutes had the satisfaction of hearing the ring tinkle into the basin held before the unlucky and unscrupulous gem-collector.

From the Strozzi Collection the Duc obtained the noble cameo of Augustus, which is the delight of all connoisseurs, and is considered to be unrivalled for beauty of



CAMEO OF AUGUSTUS

NAPOLEON'S SNUFF BOXES

work and material. Also the equally famous "Strozzi Medusa," cut out of an amethyst, with twelve snakes entwined in the hair which falls loosely down the shoulders. This beautiful gem was found by a peasant in a vineyard in Rome, about the beginning of the eighteenth century. The finder took it to a dealer, who broke the stone in making a wax impression on a wintry morning, when the wax was hard. A gem, or rather fragment, from the same cabinet especially deserving of notice is a head of Asklepios a choice example of Greek art said to have belonged originally to Lorenzo de Medici and later to Voltaire. Nor must we forget another celebrated head of Medusa carved in an amethyst over two-and-a-half inches high, which was found at the beginning of the present century at the foot of the Aventine Hill, in Rome. For splendour of material, grandeur of style, and excellence of workmanship this specimen is unrivalled.

Many of the gems are engraved with mottoes. These Mr. A. H. Smith considers to be in some sense the successors of the old medicinal ring, familiar in the time of Aristophanes, which druggists were wont to supply in the place of drugs; or those magical rings which were supposed to reveal the future, or, like the ring of the ancestor of Gyges, render the wearer visible or invisible at will.

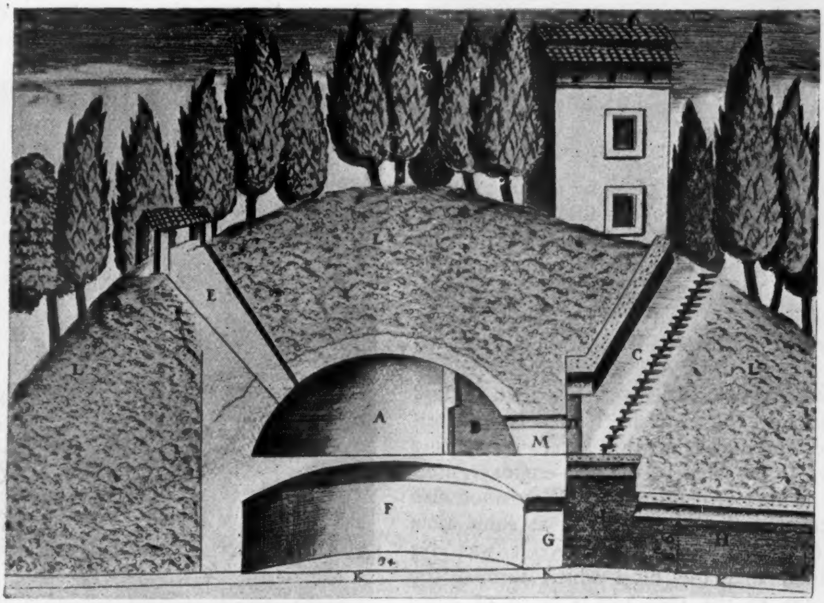
In the last century B.C. gem-collecting became such a mania with the Romans, and the demand so far exceeded the supply, that, according to Pliny, no species of fraud was more lucrative than the manufacture of false gems in the shape of glass-pastes and other materials. Numerous really beautiful specimens of the skill and ingenuity of the ancients in this branch of the glassmakers' art are to be seen in the Museum cabinets. But of course the *chef-d'œuvre* of ancient glass work is the world-famed Portland Vase.

This beautiful and interesting monument is the finest specimen of bas-relief sculpture that has ever been discovered among the reliques of Greece or Rome. It was found in the neighbourhood of Rome, in the early part of the sixteenth century, by some labourers, who, while digging on the Monte del Grano, came across a large vault. This, on being opened, proved to be a sepulchral chamber containing a sarcophagus, in which was the vase full of ashes. The sarcophagus (a cast of which is in the Museum) is an elaborate work, probably of the second century A.D., the sides of which are decorated with bas-reliefs relating to the story of Achilles.

The sarcophagus was placed in the museum of the Capitol, the vase being deposited in the museum of the Barberini family. After remaining here for nearly two centuries, it passed into the hands of Byres, the antiquary, who subsequently sold it to Sir William Hamilton for £1000. It has been said that the first of these transfers was occasioned by a Roman Princess, the representative of the Barberini family, losing heavily at cards, the lady being compelled to sell some of her finest antiquities in order to meet her liabilities. It seems that upon the circumstances becoming known to the Pope, His Holiness forbade any of them being taken out of Rome; but the vase, favoured by its size, was successfully smuggled out of the city.

Sir William disposed of the vase, in 1785, to the Duchess of Portland, but with so much secrecy, at her Grace's request, that the fact was not known till after her death, when her curious and valuable collection was sold under the hammer—the Duke of Portland purchasing the vase for £1029. The story goes that Josiah Wedgwood, who was anxious to purchase the vase with a view to copying it, bid against the Duke up to about £1000, when, learning the aim of the famous potter, the Duke promised to lend him the vase on condition that he would cease bidding. Be this as it may, three days after the sale the vase passed into Wedgwood's hands; and for the next three years he was hard at work experimenting with a view to its reproduction.

The workmanship of the vase, and the material of which it is composed, long exer-



A SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE MONTE DEL GRANO

(From a rare Italian Print in the British Museum)

A. The vaulted chamber in which the sarcophagus was found. B. Outer chamber. C. Steps leading to vault, D. A wall blocking up the entrance. E. The opening by which the vault was discovered. F. A second vault. G. Entrance through wall 5 ft. in thickness. H. A passage 80 ft. long. I. A small chamber beneath steps. K K K. Pavement 15 in. thick. L L L. The mound, consisting largely of the *débris* of some magnificent structure.

THE PORTLAND VASE

cised the ingenuity of some of the greatest antiquarians in Europe. Breval believed it to be chalcedony; Bartoli, Montfaucon, and others, sardonyx; Count Tezi, amethyst; De la Chausse and Misson, agate; while Venuti decided that it was paste. Wedgwood's examination of the vase proved the last opinion to be the correct one. A layer of white glass had been fused on a dark blue body, the exquisite figures being afterwards produced in this layer by cutting down to the blue by the gem-engraver, after the manner of real cameos. Wedgwood also discovered that the vase had at some time been broken and repaired. It was his opinion that the head which formed the bottom of the vase was a piece of some other work that had been cut down and inserted in the place of the original bottom, which had probably been destroyed at the time the vase itself was broken.

By the autumn of 1789 Wedgwood, after many failures, had succeeded in his arduous undertaking, and the first perfect copy, made in the famous jasper-ware, was finished. Several more copies were subsequently made, though the exact number does not seem at all certain. These were of various degrees of perfection, and varied in size and colour. Originally sold at from thirty to fifty guineas each, according to excellence of finish, time has, of course, considerably enhanced their value; and some years ago, at the sale of the Martineau Collection, one sold for £294.

In 1810 the Duke of Portland placed the vase in the British Museum, where some thirty-five years afterwards it was wantonly broken to atoms by a drunken visitor. After being skilfully repaired, it was placed for additional safety with the gems.

Authorities are by no means agreed as to the subject of the bas-reliefs, though various explanations have been offered. According to the Museum catalogue, the composition represents on the obverse, Thetis consenting to be the bride of Peleus in the presence of Poseidon and Eros; on the reverse, Peleus and Thetis on Mount Pelion; and on the bottom of the vase (now detached) a youthful bust of Paris.

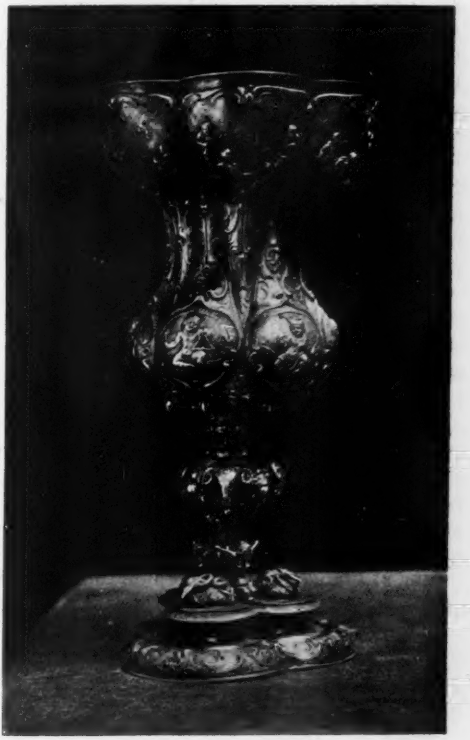
QUEEN ELIZABETH'S PRAYER BOOK

Among the exhibits at the Paris Exhibition of 1878 was a beautiful copy in glass, made in the self-same way as the original by Mr. Northwood. The vase, with its dark blue body and coating of white, was manufactured by Mr. Pargeter of Stourbridge. Six hours a day, and sometimes longer, the patient and skilful artist cut and carved at it for three whole years. When nearly finished an unforeseen accident happened. The vase cracked spontaneously, as glass will sometimes crack through unequal thickness, and consequent unequal expansion and contraction at changes of temperature. It must have been a terrible shock to the artist. Nevertheless the vase remains an exquisite work of art and of herculean patience. When one remembers that the accidental breaking off of a small piece, scarcely larger than a pin's head, would have totally spoiled the whole work, one is lost in admiration at the skill and patience of the artist.

Near to the Portland Vase is exhibited a curious Roman vase of solid gold, found by the sponge-gatherers off the Island of Samos. Its bullion value is just under £100.

The Museum collection is peculiarly rich in gems which still retain their antique settings; and in this respect cannot be rivalled by any in Europe. Among them is a magnificent cameo with a lion passant, in low relief, in the red layer of a sardonyx, exquisitely finished, which at one time belonged to the cabinet of Lorenzo de Medici. Yet more interesting historically, according to Mr. King, is the gold snuff-box presented by Pius VII. to Napoleon upon the occasion of the Treaty of Tolentino. The excellent antique cameo was probably chosen by the tasteful Pontiff to grace his offering, as really surpassing in value the diamonds that usually adorn such testimonials of regard. The fallen emperor left the box to Lady Holland, in grateful remembrance of her sending him many comforts to St. Helena, and by her it was bequeathed to the Museum. Near to this precious souvenir is another snuff-box presented by Napoleon to the Hon Mrs. Ann Seymour Damer, in acknowledgment of a bust of Charles James Fox which that lady had chiselled with her own fair hands for the Emperor. This costly treasure is ornamented with a miniature portrait of the Emperor encircled with magnificent diamonds.

Close by is the remarkable little Prayer-book, believed to have belonged to Queen Elizabeth, presented by that generous benefactor of the Museum—Sir A. Wollaston Franks, K.C.B. No other copy is known. The binding is of solid gold, the sides being richly ornamented with raised and enamelled illustrations of the Brazen Serpent and the Judgment of Solomon.



THE "CELLINI" CUP

The large and varied collection of finger-rings includes some splendid specimens of Roman rings; and some remarkable early Christian rings. Historically interesting is the gold ring of Ethelwulf, King of Wessex, which was found in a cart rut at Laverstock, Hampshire; as also one found near York which belonged to his daughter Ethelswitha, the sister of Alfred the Great. Nor must we forget the gold signet-ring of Mary, Queen of Scots. On the face is engraved the royal arms and the supporters of the kingdom of Scotland with the motto, "In Defens," and her initials, "M.R."

Among the many beautiful examples of the silversmith's craft will be noticed a fine specimen of sixteenth century German *repoussé* work—the so-called "Cellini" cup.

Turning to the gold work we find specimens of Byzantine and foreign Teutonic gold ornaments; Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Roman jewellery; and a number of gold ornaments of the Celtic period, found in various parts of Great Britain and Ireland. A rich assortment of Etruscan ornaments and some exquisite specimens of Greek work, comprising sepulchral wreaths or diadems, clasps, brooches, bracelets, rings; *bullæ*, or bosses, such as were worn suspended from the neck by Etruscan children till they reached maturity, in accordance with the Roman custom; and various other miscellaneous trinkets and curios.

Many of the ear-rings show great taste and skill in the design, and some of the necklaces are very handsome specimens.

One of the most remarkable objects exhibited in this room is the celebrated gold cup, acquired in 1892 at a cost of £8000, which weighs nearly 68 ounces.

The following is the official version of the history of the cup: "It was probably made to be presented to Charles V. (the Wise), King of France, who was born on the Feast of St. Agnes, January 21, 1337, and who had a special devotion for that saint. He died 1380; and in 1391 the cup was given by his brother Jean, Duc de Berry, to his nephew Charles VI., in whose possession it remained at any rate till 1400, as shown by the French inventories. From Charles VI. it passed to his grandson, Henry VI., King of England, who certainly possessed the cup in 1449–51, when it was included in schedules of plate to be pledged for loans. We next find it in the inventories of King Henry VIII., by whom the addition to the stem and the alteration in the knop were probably made. It is also found in the inventories of Queen Elizabeth, and in documents of James I., by whom the cup, and a large quantity of other plate, was given in 1604 to Don Juan Velasco, Ducque de Frias and Constable of Castile, when he came to conclude the treaty of peace between England and Spain. The Constable gave it in 1610 to the nunnery of Santa Clara de Medina de Pomar near Burgos; and a few years since the abbess sent it to Paris, where it was sold to the well-known collector Baron Pichon, from whom it was purchased by Messrs. Wertheimer, and since ceded by them at cost price."

As a specimen of enamelling, the cup is very remarkable both from the beauty of the design and the extraordinary accuracy of the execution. It is one of the finest examples of the process known as "translucent on relief," consisting of variously coloured enamels floated over a very shallow sunk relief, the shadows and details being produced by the work beneath.

The subject of the illustrations round the cup and cover consists of various scenes from the martyrdom of St. Agnes; and on the lower part of the stem are represented the symbols of the four Evangelists.

"THE COMPLETE LETTER WRITER"

By SHEILA E. BRAINE

It is the fashion to observe in a tone of gentle regret that letter-writing is one of the lost arts. In a measure this is true. This is an age of hurry, consequently we scribble; a letter is no longer a grave undertaking, but the affair of half an hour at the most. (Extra allowance for lovers!)

The path of the modern scribe is made very smooth for him; everything he needs is close to his hand, and a stationer lives round the corner. Not that it occurs to him to be grateful for his mercies, to be thankful for ready-made ink, for the pen that comes as a boon and a blessing to men, for envelopes that stick with a lick, for the handy pillar-box, the punctual postman, and all the other items connected with modern correspondence. Nay, verily, being a child of the century, he takes these things as a matter of course, and grumbles freely if his "mail," as the Americans have it, be five minutes behind time.

To arrive at a fitting sense of his own manifold advantages, our scribe should be his own great-grandfather, or a more distant ancestor even. Glancing through a pile of ancient copybooks and letter-writers, one dimly realises what an awful thing it used to be to compose and put upon paper a thoroughly correct epistle. It was not an affair to be lightly taken in hand any more than matrimony. No, not even if one had learnt penmanship from the immortal Cocker himself, in his house in "Paul's Churchyard, betwixt the Signes of the Sugar-Loaf and the Naked Boy and Shears."

Cocker's fame rests on his arithmetic, now obsolete; but the worthy man, besides being a ready reckoner, was also a mighty penman. Doubtless, many a seventeenth century youth toiled along with inky fingers under his direction. Hearken to what the master says to him: "Let not your breast lie on the desk you write on, nor your nose on the paper, but sit in as majestical a posture as you can; with practice you may do brave things."

Treatises on caligraphy by professors of the art began to multiply from the reign of Elizabeth downwards. These ingenious penmen were extremely jealous of each other's performances, and sometimes challenged each other to single combat with the pen. Frequently in their publications did they drop into verse. Here is a poetic recipe for ink, given by John de Beau Chesne, in 1602:

> "To make comon ink of wine take a quart,
> Two ounces of gumme let that be a part,
> Five ounces of gals, of copres take three.
> Long standing doth make it better to be.
> If wine ye do want, rain water is best,
> And then as much stuffe as above at the least.
> If inke be too thicke, put vinegar in,
> For water doth make the colour more dimme."

Richard Gethringe dedicated his copybook, "Calligraphotechnia," to no less a person than Sir Francis Bacon, while Peter Bales presented Queen Elizabeth with a microscopic manuscript set in a gold ring, which is said to have highly delighted the maiden monarch. Within the compass of a silver penny this ingenious Peter had contrived to write the Lord's Prayer, Creed, Ten Commandments, a prayer to God, a prayer for the queen, his posy, name, the day of the month, and the year.

Another writing master, John Matlock, mentions five best hands in use for a man, and one, only *one* for a woman. Alas for the equality of the sexes!

It is comforting to remember that before Master Matlock's time, there lived in the reign of James I. a lady, Esther Inglis by name, who was a marvellous pen-woman. Many of the volumes written and ornamented by this dame of the *plume volante* are still extant.

To be a successful practitioner in the art of writing was only half the battle, and well did the compilers of "Complete," "Polite," and "Accomplish'd" letter-writers know this.

It was no easy matter to pile up a noble structure of complimentary phrases and fine moral sentiments, such as the spirit of the age demanded; to begin with elegance and end with dignity. News was a minor detail. Indeed, the introduction of chirpy, chatty bits, such as that Timothy's Dorcas was down with the ague, or that a pig was killed last Tuesday, would have destroyed the harmony of the whole composition. You could never fit them in properly, if you followed the lines laid down by your stately "Letterwriter."

One of the earliest of these "Guides," dated 1615, was styled "A President for young Pen-men." It was advertised as full of variety, delight, and pleasure. The former quality it undoubtedly possessed, as will be seen from the following headings. There is "A letter from a friend to a fantastical, conceited madcap"; "A byting letter to a clamorous gentlewoman," with a "byting" answer to the same, which must have relieved the feelings of the writer. Also a "Melancholy, discontentive letter upon the frowne of a kinsman," and, as a variation, "A kind of quarrelsome letter, upon a frowne of a friend."

"A letter to an unkle to borrow a horse," strikes one as being of more practical value than all the rest put together, and infinitely to be preferred as a model, to the epistle of

"Miss Molly Smith to her cousin, giving her an account of a very remarkable instance of envy, in one of her acquaintance, who lived in the City of York." How a distracted scribe was to get help or comfort from Miss Molly Smith is more than we are prepared to say.

Some of the shorter "Models" must have been of great assistance to people desirous to do the correct thing. For instance, if you were a single lady with a carriage and you thought you might as well take another single lady—poor thing—for a drive. Accordingly you wrote: "Miss Willis sends her compliments to Miss Byron, and desires to know how she does; and if well enough to see company and it will be agreeable, will wait on her this afternoon in the coach, and give her an airing for an hour before tea."

Reply. "Miss Byron, without a compliment, is very agreeably obliged to Miss Willis, whom she would be extremely glad to see, and accepts her kind salutary offer of an airing in the coach, at the time proposed."

Then, what a vision of old world gaiety does the following note conjure up!—"Mr. Lambert's compliments wait on Miss Norris, to beg the very great favour of being her partner to-morrow evening at the Assembly."

Her *Partner!* She was to have only one, and dance with him the whole night! How improper this sounds to nineteenth century ears. The answer to this polite invitation was brief and to the point. "Miss Norris's compliments to Mr. Lambert, and she is engaged."

After the Assembly, it was evidently the duty and privilege of a polite swain to call and inquire after his partner's health. If prevented, his "Letter writer" was all ready with the proper form of excuse.—"Mr. Bedford, after the honour of dancing last night with Miss Hammond, is concerned that he is prevented waiting on her this morning by a sudden call to town; begs his compliments may be acceptable, hopes this message will find her in perfect health and that she took no cold."

This epistle is interesting as showing the fact that even as early as the eighteenth century urgent business took gentlemen to town at unexpected moments.

A queer little book, entitled "The Ladies' Help to Spelling, 1722," was written by a Scotch Dominie. The information is put in the form of a dialogue between a young lady and her schoolmaster. "Miss" begins with the announcement that she reads like a parrot, for that her education was "too like that bestowed upon most of her sex, viz., sewing, dancing, musick, and paistry." After a lesson upon orthography, the schoolmaster discourses concerning what he is pleased to call "missive letters," and gives some suitable beginnings and endings. "Having the opportunity of this bearer, I cannot but tell you that your friendship is so necessary to me that all my creature comforts would be tasteless without it, and therefore," &c. &c.

A different style altogether:

"If you think me not worth your while to answer, please send back my own letter, and let us shut up correspondence," &c.

This was before the days of envelopes, and the dominie would have all letters folded in the easiest way possible, with no "odd, foolish fashions, for such maggots are very troublesome."

The Letter writer did not leave lovers out in the cold; and some of its effusions in this line are extremely funny. Sometimes there would be a series of epistles showing how a courtship might, could, would, or should be conducted by a genteel couple. There would be: "A gentleman to a lady, professing an aversion to the tedious formality in courtship."

Next would come: The lady's answer, encouraging a further declaration." Then, the gentleman's reply, "more openly declaring his passion," and "the lady's answer to his reply, putting the matter on a sudden issue," *i.e.*, referring him to her solicitor.

This concluded the matter as far as the Letter writer was concerned; but it would give "a sad extasie for the absence of a mistress," or a "letter of kindnesse from a gentleman to his love beyond seas," or "a lady, by way of an extreme defiance to a late servant," all, no doubt, valuable under certain circumstances.

That those circumstances were unlikely to happen more than once in a lifetime, if at all, was naturally not the fault of the author of these remarkable epistles.

One feels that a person with a turn for moralising must have thoroughly enjoyed compiling a Letterwriter. Even the dear little boys and girls at school were expected to write in a "high-falutin'" style to their honoured parents.

"Are you resolved," asks a "model" mother, "to embark in the fashionable follies of the gay and unthinking world?"

"My dear Madam," replies the daughter from her boarding-school, "I love religion, I love virtue, and I hope no consideration will ever lead me from those duties in which alone I expect future happiness."

Let us put them back on their dusty top shelf, queer little ancient volumes, for their day is over. They belong to a vanished past; to an age of powder and patches, laced coats and clouded canes; when people were more ceremonious, but—we will at least hope it—less truly polite than they are now.

UNDER THE TRICOLOUR

By P. de NANTEUIL

ILLUSTRATED BY MYRBACH

CHAPTER XII

THE GENDARMES AT FAULT

For reasons needless to recount, the funeral of Mathilde Vatteville took place only four days after her death; and as is the custom in Normandy the bier was borne by married women. It is the habit there for widows to be carried to the grave by widows, bachelors by bachelors, maidens by maidens, and children by boys or girls, according to the sex of the defunct.

Pity for Martine appeared in the eyes of all, and also curiosity, because this was the first funeral service to be celebrated by the clergy since the reopening of the little church; in fact, a great desire to talk the whole thing over was written on the faces of most of those who attended the funeral.

Those who had grown up since the Revolution, expressed to each other their astonishment at the ceremony. Nevertheless, the service was conducted in a sufficiently composed spirit. After the absolution, they went to the cemetery, situated beside the church which had been closed for ten years. The grave-diggers lowered the coffin of white wood into the grave; the old curé murmured the prayers for the dead; the faithful sprinkled the coffin with holy water; and Martine stood apart weeping silently. Her tears blinded her; she had left the house, she had prayed without a thought of anything earthly, and now she heard neither the priest who tried to console her, nor the neighbours who were persuading her to come away.

Suddenly, however, she trembled violently, and looked round on hearing herself addressed by a strong male voice.

"My poor girl, I pity you with all my heart, and I beg you to come away from here with me."

The person who spoke thus was a good-looking man in the prime of life. Although he wore a civilian's dress, his moustache, his face, and his general appearance proclaimed the soldier.

In spite of the years that had elapsed, Martine recognised the stranger at once.

"Jacques," she cried, "Monsieur Jacques Raimbaud!"

"Yes, Martine; Jacques Raimbaud, and so happy to see you again. Come away, and take me to your house."

Martine, having let down the long black veil from her broad-brimmed bonnet, was preparing to obey, when another person whom she had never seen before came up and held out his hand.

"My child," he said, "I owe my life to your cousin, a good man and a brave. It is at his request that I am here at the funeral of his mother, and it is in his name that I thank you who have attended. Many thanks, indeed, my friends, and God bless you. Allow us now to depart, for I wish to have some talk with Mademoiselle Duclot." Then addressing Jacques Raimbaud, he said, "I shall have the honour of making myself known to you, when we are not so likely to be overheard."

Jacques bowed, already conquered by the superior bearing of the stranger.

The people, however, stood quite still, blocking the only way out of the cemetery. Irritated by this incivility, the stranger cried, "Make way at once, or I will push through you." As the inquisitive crowd stared at each other without moving, he added, "One, two, three, by the left, march!" As he said this, thrusting in among them he opened up a passage, followed closely by Martine and Jacques.

On arriving at the house of the Vattevilles, when Martine had disappeared into the large room on the ground floor, her companions noticed two mounted gendarmes, of whom one was a corporal, riding along at full gallop, not without the risk of breaking their bones on the slippery and uneven roadway. When the riders came up, they pulled up their horses, and leapt heavily to the ground, while one of them, addressing the strangers, said, "I arrest you in the name of the Republic, one and indivisible, or rather I arrest one of you when the other shall have demonstrated his innocence—if it is allowable that is to say."

While this was being said, the second gendarme laid his hand on Jacques Raimbaud's collar, who shook off the officious grasp and said, smiling, "How now, comrade? Hands off! I will satisfy you, but don't touch me, look you. Read this and be convinced."

Opening a pocket-book Raimbaud took from it a large parchment, which he handed to the corporal.

Unfortunately the worthy gendarmes were quite uneducated; but noticing the mayor of Yport, who had come up stealthily, the corporal said to him, "If you could find it in your heart, citizen mayor, to read me this writing here, I would be very much obliged, and you would be serving the authority which I represent."

Respecting neither the authority nor its representative, Jacques Raimbaud burst out in an angry voice, "Be quick about it, beast, and then leave us to ourselves. I warn you, besides, that I, look you, have naturally no great stock of patience."

The last words were specially addressed to the jostling crowd. The people, when they first drew near approached with some deference; but now they surrounded the gendarmes, the horses and the municipal magistrate, jeering and laughing, while the mayor read, not without stammering—"In the name of the Republic, one and indivisible, Jacques Raimbaud, major of artillery will—will enjoy—a—a furlough. . . . Oh! major, excuse me—it was the gendarmes, not me. For myself, I say at once, that this one, sure and certain, cannot be the leader of the smugglers, but the other. Come, your papers, and quickly, too; you, the other one."

Much excited, the crowd, pointing to "the other," exclaimed in chorus, "Here he is! Here's the chief. We are sure of it; he has an ugly look. Ah! You are caught at last."

The mayor continued, "Your papers? You have none, and never had, I suppose. Do your duty then, citizen corporal, and seize this fellow."

Much intimidated, however, by the sardonic smile of the suspected man, the gendarmes remained undecided; and after they had returned his parchment to Major Raimbaud, they stared at each other, and twisted their moustaches with a helpless air. At last the corporal stepped forward and said, "Citizen, I may be mistaken; the best of citizens sometimes make an error in judgment; but here is an order of arrest which seems to fit you like a glove. Consequently I count on your submission so far as not to be insubordinate to the national will which is, for the time being, represented by the Government Commissary to the criminal court of the *arrondissement* of Havre, who has ordered the examining judge Lebaudet to examine the matter, the said judge having appointed our major, the said major having ordered me, Théophile Salanquier, and my subordinate, Jérême Leflambe, to arrest you wherever I shall find you, if your face and appearance generally answer to the description on the paper of which I am the bearer, and which, at my request, citizen mayor, you have read in a clear and intelligible voice, the writing being a little too fine for my eyes, fatigued in the service of the nation."

Once more putting his talents at the service of the army, the citizen mayor read what follows :—

"In the name of the Republic, one and indivisible,

"In the name of the French people,

"We, examining judge of the *arrondissement* of Havre, Department of the Lower Seine,

"Order the Major of gendarmerie at Fécamp, to lead before us conformably to law—Name: unknown. Age: unknown. Height: tall. Hair: supposed to be red. Nose: large. Forehead: broad. Mouth: medium. Chin: medium. Particular marks: non-extant. Profession: unknown.

"Accused of smuggling, and denounced as being their leader by others accused and now in prison.

"We require all representatives of the civil power to lend assistance if need be in the execution of the present order.

"Given at Havre, the 11th Vendémiaire, Year xi.

Signed, Brutus Lebaudet,
Examining Judge."

Absolutely convinced by the inspection to which he applied himself as closely as he could, the corporal exclaimed: "This description and you, citizen, correspond exactly.'"

"Oh! my hair, then, has unexpectedly turned red?" replied the accused, touching with his hand an abundant crop of dark chestnut locks.

"No, but the description says, 'supposed to be red;' and for the rest, you cannot deny the truth. The special mark, 'Non-extant'—is it?—Yes, surely there it is under your right ear."

"Yes, yes," cried twenty voices, that of the mayor being heard above the others. "Yes, yes, there is the mark! the mark is proof positive."

Smiling always and with a mocking air, the stranger replied: "My mother said it was a beauty spot; I call it a wart."

Then Major Raimbaud said to the corporal: "Corporal, I believe I am obliged to listen without interfering, but I can assure you that this citizen is innocent; I swear it upon my word of honour. As to the mark, you are on the wrong tack, for these words, 'Particular marks: non-extant,' mean that there are none."

"Thanks, Major," said the stranger; "thanks, I am charmed with your sympathy, and shall not forget it. Meanwhile, when I have begged these good people to excuse me if I am somewhat amused at their expense, I will address a few words in private to the citizen major and the corporal. Come aside with me, both of you. Now then, make haste. Don't provoke me, or I may break out. Commandant Raimbaud, pray have patience for a second or two. When I am done with these fools I shall have the honour of making myself known to you."

Much impressed by the manner of the stranger, the mayor and the corporal hastened to obey him; and when they had been taken into his confidence, they saluted very humbly the supposed smuggler.

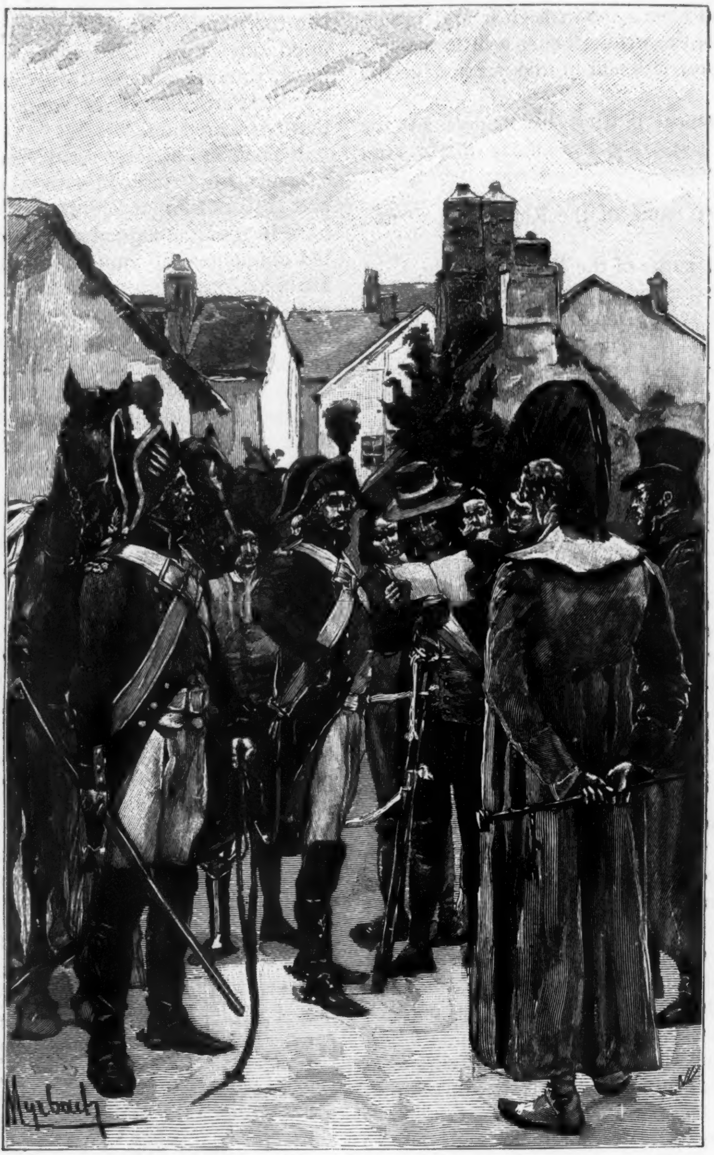
Immediately after the mayor returned to his house, without deigning to answer the people of the town, who, nevertheless, kept plying him with questions; while the gendarmes in silence leapt into the saddle, and setting spur to their horses, rode off at a great pace.

CHAPTER XIII

CAPTAIN ROBERT SURCOUF

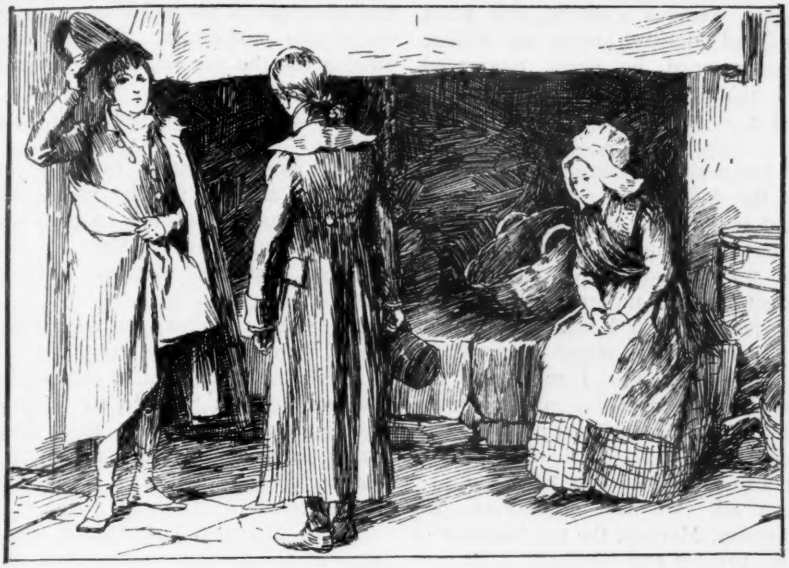
MAJOR RAIMBAUD and the stranger had already left the street. With many ceremonies they entered the house of the Vattevilles, and having closed the door, together they approached Martine, who sat weeping in front of the high chimney of grey stone.

Before sitting down, the stranger held out his hand to Jacques Raimbaud.



"The Mayor read, not without stammering"

"Major," said he, "I thank you for having relied on my good faith. I am Robert Surcouf, second lieutenant in the Navy, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, lately Captain of a privateer, sailing under letters of marque, all duly delivered and registered. Since the peace, shipowner at Saint-Malo, I am waiting for new wars once more to chase our enemies, who bestow upon me very heartily the title of pirate. So, the other



"The strangers entered'

week, being at Nantes, and as important affairs called me to Antwerp, I took a passage upon the first ship bound for Holland which I came across. The *Texel*, a good enough brig, was commanded by the dullest ass you can imagine. Consequently, after having sighted Havre, and in spite of the storm which the smallest cabin-boy could have foretold easily, this beast of a captain took it into his head never to lose sight of the shore. When the storm came down, he worked the ship as if he meant it to run aground, and of course it did run aground; then he fired the alarm-cannon, and cried, 'Save yourselves.' He was the first to jump into the long-boat and was followed immediately by his officers and crew. A set of fresh-water sailors!

"With three other passengers, I got off in a small boat at the very moment the *Texel* heeled over. Not knowing the landings on the coast towards which we drifted, we should have perished inevitably, if Noel Vatteville and his fishermen, and then Jean de Grainval and a coastguardsman, had not risked their lives to save ours. More or less crippled, these brave fellows and my three Hollanders, are still guests at the Manor of Grainval. It was only I who escaped without a single scratch: in the first place, I was born under a lucky star; secondly, I know that destiny intends me to do more damage to the enemies of my country."

As he spoke Robert Surcouf's countenance became radiant, and his smile had an inexpressible charm.

Like many French people, Jacques had already read with intense interest the history of the cruises undertaken against wind and wave, of extraordinary exploits, of the naval battles often waged successfully by the young privateer captain with adversaries sometimes of much greater strength. The story of the Malouin Captain would be regarded as a myth if it were not supported by proofs absolutely authentic.

At the time of our tale, Surcouf, in his thirtieth year, was tall and possessed of a perfectly knit frame. His robust limbs, his marked features, his splendid eyes, which he never lowered, his subtle and yet frank smile, all revealed intelligence, power, and strength of will. The pressure of the lips and the prominence of the forehead announced a resolution which flinched before no obstacle. In fact, Surcouf possessed that quality, or, if you like, that defect which marks the true Breton. He was a fanatic, and when once he had decided upon an action, whatever happened he never renounced it. In a fighting man, fanaticism becomes genius, if it is combined with valour and insight.

When Jacques had returned heartily the grasp of the Malouin, the two officers sat down, and as they warmed themselves at the fire in the great chimney, Jacques said to Martine: "I shall now tell you the purpose of my visit, because, unfortunately, my furlough is just up, and I must be in Havre this very night. I shall return next week to bid you good-bye. But I must now tell you how I came here to-day in total ignorance of the sad circumstances in which I should find you."

"Am I in the way?" asked Surcouf.

"Not at all. We have no secrets. Do you remember, Martine, the two boatmen of the Seine, Brochet and Zéphyr?"

"Oh yes! Monsieur Jacques. How often have I thought of them! They were so good, so kind to us. Where are they?"

"I am of opinion that they are with my mother in heaven."

"Dead! Ah! Mon Dieu! they too!"

"Alas! Yes. You see they were not young. Well, Zéphyr, the last to die, has left ten thousand francs which he possessed. It was understood between these two brave hearts that the survivor should be the heir of the other, and that in his turn he should leave his little fortune to you."

Martine wept, while Jacques continued: "By the will, which is in the hands of a notary of Caen, I was appointed testamentary executor; it appears that the two boatmen had kept themselves informed about me. Sometimes they visited my native village, but I never met them there. When I came to Meudon after the peace of Amiens to turn out my tenant who ill-treated his servants——"

"Gros-Bois, surely?"

"Yes, it was he. I found at the farm a letter from the notary of Caen, summoning me to his office."

"But, how did you find me out?"

"I learned from some receipts of an uncle of yours that he lived at Yport, and I came here as soon as I could. When I arrived, the innkeeper of whom I inquired, informed me of your misfortune. The bell was just ringing for the funeral, and I followed you to the cemetery."

"Of what receipts do you speak, Monsieur Jacques?"

"Of receipts written twice a year by Cyprien Vatteville for the maintenance of Martine Duclot and her adopted son. Is the child still alive? Alas! no; for I perceive that his memory revives your grief."

"I hope he is alive; but tell me all about this. Were there many receipts?"

Somewhat astonished at this persistence, Jacques replied: "As far as I remember, the first is dated ten years ago. They continued to be sent to the boatmen up to last Easter, when Zéphyr died. But you seem to be troubled?"

"Yes, Monsieur Jacques, and more angry than troubled, because my uncle kept me ignorant of this generosity, and expected from me work which was often beyond my strength, swearing also that he gave us house-room out of pure charity. I would have left twenty times, had it not been for my poor sick aunt, for whom I did my best. In return, my uncle led poor little Alex into evil courses. What a wretch! If you only knew, Monsieur Jacques, what a bad father and husband he has been!"

"Calm yourself, my poor girl. You will tell me shortly about the child whose history was already very extraordinary when my mother took him in. In the meantime, Martine, could you give me a little milk? I am very thirsty!"

"Certainly! excuse me for not having already thought of offering you some refreshments. Alas! there is not much here."

"Bread and milk will be quite enough."

Surcouf added, "I will gladly partake of such a repast; we are not particular in our profession. For my part I have often breakfasted, dined and supped on mouldy biscuit."

"And I, too."

As soon as Martine had left them, Surcouf, coming close to his companion, said in a low voice, "It is supposed that this uncle caused the disappearance of the child, fearing the revelations he might make. Arrested only yesterday in the deepest part of the wood, Vatteville has been shut up in the prison at Fécamp, where he lies silent and fierce. However, one of the captured smugglers accuses the old Mayor of Yport and his little nephew. The latter, who acted as spy to the smugglers, was caught in the grotto, when they discovered the treasure, and by the way, Major, I advise you to pay a visit to that mysterious grotto."

"But, Captain, what has become of the child?"

"Captured along with the gipsy smugglers, he escaped in the most audacious manner, and disappeared leaving no trace. Do you know to what family he really belongs?"

"He is a foundling whom Martine Duclot brought to my mother's farm ten years ago. If you are interested in the story, which belongs to the Reign of Terror, Martine will tell you the details, which I have forgotten, if I ever knew them."

"Yes, I am curious of course, and more hungry than curious. Let us attack this excellent impromptu breakfast which our hostess brings us. Ah! coffee, which perhaps never paid duty, but which is delightfully fragrant all the same. Bring in your chair, Major."

The two men sat down to the neatly arranged table on which Martine had laid the best cups, plates, knives and stoneware jugs full of milk and boiling coffee. Fresh eggs and coarse bread completed the frugal repast, to which the two officers did ample justice. When his appetite was somewhat appeased, Surcouf asked Martine about the vanished child, adding, "I am questioning you in this manner because I believe I may be of some use to you. Confide in me, keeping nothing back, while we finish our repast."

Placed at her ease by the kindly smile of the ex-privateer captain, Martine told him all that the reader already knows concerning Alexander, how his parents were guillotined on the 5th Ventôse, year ii., and the other events in the life of the boy till the terrible night of his disappearance. Then she added, "But I am convinced he is alive, and I am certain that he came here on the night after the death of my aunt. Only he knew how to open the stable door when it was locked on the inside. On that night he attended to his goat, then he came into this room, and must have dropped a little knife; a present from M. Jean de Grainval, of whom he was very fond, and which I found on the floor when I awoke. Alex would return if he thought he could do so without being beaten by his uncle. Oh! then I would take him away, far away, and use all the money which my old friends have left me in educating him as he ought to be."

"Brave girl," said Surcouf, whose eyes were wet, "brave girl! She thinks only and always of sacrificing herself. Yes, I will help you to find this boy, and if we discover him, we shall find out what is best to be done. We must at least get him out of the hands of this old rascal, Vatteville. In the meantime, are you disposed to come with me to the bedside of Noel, your cousin, who wishes to see you?"

"Is he better? Yesterday, a woman in service at the Manor told me that he was still very weak."

"True; but the doctor summoned from Fécamp assures us that all his wounds have a healthy look. Jean de Grainval and the others are also progressing, thank God!"

"I am ready to go with you," replied Martine. "Only give me a few minutes to get one of the neighbours to look after the cattle."

"Very well. I shall wait for you."

"I," said Jacques, "shall see you set out, and then remount my horse which waits for me at the inn. In a few days I shall return here, in order to help or advise Martine, if she should have need of aid or advice. I shall then show her how to secure her legacy; and then, too, Captain Surcouf, it will be a real grief not to meet you again."

"In four or five days it is probable that you will once more find me in this quarter. Ah! please do not mention my name at Yport, nor at Havre, nor even at Grainval; only the owners of the last place know my former profession. I wish to acquire secretly a knowledge of the natural features of this region. During the last day or two I have visited parts of the shore which I wish to indicate to the Naval Office; they offer, I believe, points of debarkation very convenient for our enemies, if war should break out again. In order not to excite public curiosity I have begged the mayor and the gendarmes to respect my incognito. Will they obey me?

"Umph! The mayor," said Martine,

"chatters like a magpie, and his wife even more. As for me, I promise you to be silent."

However, it so happened that for once the mayor and the mayoress were discreet, although very much against the grain.

At first, fearing to anger this man who looked so terrible, Valain returned to his house, and opposed a prudent silence to the questions of his wife. Afterwards, as Madame Valain tormented him beyond endurance, he invented a fable on the subject of the two strangers. "Emissaries from the Government of Paris, people in high places, titled, powerful, who have long arms—long!"

There is no need to say any more in Normandy when one has declared that a person "has a long arm."

Very much impressed, Madame Valain swore to hold her tongue.

She did so for a whole day. But next day in the morning she confided the secret, somewhat perverted, to her two nearest neighbours, whom she made to swear that they would be as "dumb as fish."

These neighbours imitated the woman of the fable and ran to the public wash-house. It was washing day at Yport.

"Oh, come! Get along! I knew it all the time," said one. "These strangers, they were nobles."

"Oh, come! Get along with you? I knew it long before you did. The tall one, he was a prince in the times when there were kings."

"And the little one a general; Madame Valain told me. Besides, you had only to look at his moustaches to see that."

And so the tongues ran on together while the bats of the washerwomen struck the clothes in cadence.

When the washing was over for the day, the legend was established and each gossip knew all, yes all, as they repeated to their husbands, quickly convincing them.

By the evening the taller of the strangers was transformed into a prince of the old Royal Family, and the other into no less a personage than the First Consul come to Yport on his war-horse, in proof of which, the horse had eaten two pecks at old Fabien's inn! Bonaparte had come to talk with the prince, whose ship had perished in the sea, and to reward Noel for having succoured the said prince; sure and certain the First Consul would give that rascal Cyprien Vatteville his deserts. "Oh, come! Get along! See if he don't."

After the simultaneous departure of Raimbaud and Surcouf, it would have taken considerable perspicacity to extract the grain of truth from this stack of lies.

Then, led away by the people of his Commune, and by his wife, who repeated the legend early and late in every place where gossips met together, the mayor ended by cackling with the other geese. Indeed he soon came to say, "Why not? It is perhaps true after all. There is nothing impossible in it.

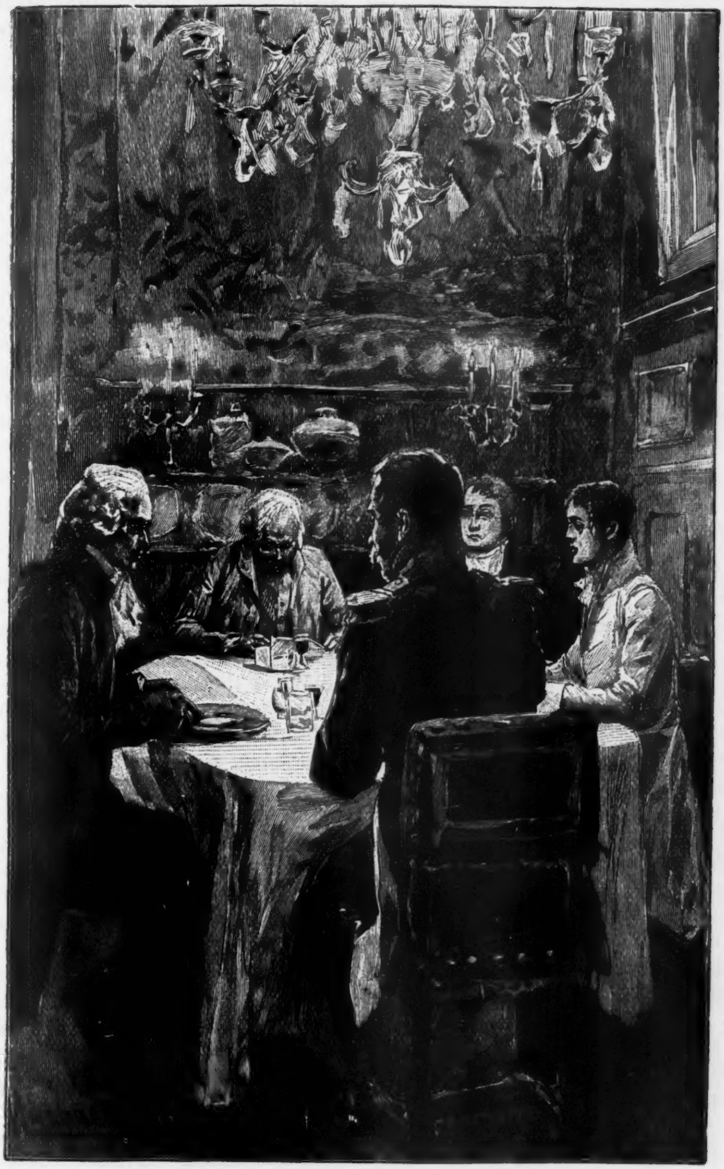
"In my youth, an old fisherman gave me a detailed account of a visit to Yport paid in the old days by a prince of the blood royal of France, and the great Emperor Napoleon, and as I saw them with my own eyes just as I see you, and as they breakfasted at the house of one Duclot, who was of the family of the Vattevilles, of which there are members still alive, that is a proof you can't deny."

I did not dream of denying it, because I think it is never necessary to criticise an inoffensive legend. Many a story, I warrant, has a less solid basis than that of the "famous visit of the two high personages to the country of Yport."

CHAPTER XIV

THE SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE

ONE evening in the following week, five gentlemen were supping together in the great dining-room of the Manor at Grainval. The master of the house, a man of soured aspect, with red eyelids, worn features, and bent back, had upon his right a stranger dressed in black, wearing a little powdered peruke, a frilled shirt, silk stockings and knee-breeches; his chin was shaved, and his sharp blue eyes twinkled above an insignificant nose and mouth: it was the citizen Brutus Lebaudet, examining judge of the criminal court at Havre. Seated on the left of the baron, Surcouf made good use of his time, and facing him, Jacques Raimbaud



" Five gentlemen were supping together "

also displayed a good appetite. Jean de Grainval, however, still very pale, hardly touched the dishes which the old servant persistently set before him. The conversation turned upon a search, a very tardy one Surcouf thought, conducted that afternoon in the camp of the gipsies and which had produced no result.

After a silence, the judge, speaking in a monotone, as he would have done in public, said, “Yes, gentlemen, from all this it would seem that we are on a false track, and that the chief of the smugglers is not Cyprien Vatteville. Like the gipsies, he belonged only to the rank and file, and knows nothing of the mystery which we have endeavoured in vain to pierce, but which justice will yet clear up, or I am very much mistaken. Moreover, I have made up my mind not to lose sight of this matter, and I pique myself upon my shrewdness.”

“Then, citizen Lebaudet, you have judged it wise to let the gipsies off?”

“Yes, citizen Surcouf, to let off all those who were not taken *in flagrante delicto*.”

“And Vatteville?”

“He is laid up with a fit of apoplexy, and he will soon die in a state of complete imbecility. That is the opinion of the doctor at Fécamp. I think that he will be acquitted, having regard to his present condition, and also to the good conduct of his son, to which our host and yourselves, gentlemen, can bear witness. As to the gipsies already imprisoned, they will be tried for ordinary smuggling at the next assizes.”

“I am very glad of this,” said Jacques Raimbaud, “because it will allow me to grant the request of Noel Vatteville. That young man wishes to enlist in my regiment. Had his father been dishonoured, he would have met with much ill-will from his comrades. Besides, I like him, and I believe him to be destined for an honourable career, if a bullet, a ball, or a sabre stroke does not pull him up on the way.”

Jean de Grainval had turned pale, and then blushed violently, while the major was speaking. Remarking the young man's emotion, and the annoyed air of his father, Captain Surcouf judged it prudent to change the conversation; so, addressing the judge, he said, “Citizen Lebaudet, are you wounded? I see a bandage under your ruffle.”

“Oh! It is not much, although I had a narrow escape. During our visit to the camp of the gipsies, wishing to search in every place which seemed likely to conceal the famous man with the red hair, I pointed out to one of the gendarmes the bottom of a large cage. Well, the cage contained a bear; and, when I imprudently laid my hand on one of the bars, the said bear struck me a blow with its sharp claws. Instinctively I withdrew my hand at once and received hardly more than a scratch.”

“And did you find nothing suspicious under the cage?”

“No; absolutely nothing.”

“And the red-haired man?”

“They are all as black as negroes, and except an old witch who howled straight on without a halt, they all look quiet and inoffensive—at least so it seemed to me, and I am a good physiognomist.”

“Generally speaking, the gipsy tribes which I have met are hardly distinguished for the gentleness of their manners: those doubtless are an exception, citizen Lebaudet. And have you discovered no clue to guide you towards the secret of the cave?”

“No, not yet, but I will discover it. With time justice finds out everything, and on the first hint of a clue, I shall resume the investigation.”

Surcouf replied in an innocent manner although with an arch look in his eyes, “In that case I look upon it as already resumed, citizen Lebaudet.”

When they had left the table, and after coffee had been served, the examining judge mounted the docile mule which was to take him back to Havre. Jacques Raimbaud asked permission to visit Noel, and Jean went with the major.

Left alone with the baron, who strode up and down the large, dimly-lit room, Surcouf said to him in the most point-blank style, “That judge sees no further than the point of his own nose.”

“What is it you wish to say, Monsieur?”

“Only this, firstly, the red-haired man could easily have been discovered, because with blackened face and dyed hair he was hidden among the gipsies.”

“Oh!” exclaimed the Baron de Grainval. Without saying anything more, he leant against a chest for support. He had turned pale; and his interlocutor, who watched him out of the corner of his eye, saw that his hand trembled.

Surcouf continued: “Secondly, there is a key to the secret of the grotto, and that key is to be found in one of the cellars of the Manor of Grainval. The goods left the cellars under the name of inoffensive sacks of flour, corn, or carrots according to the season. Then they were distributed in Normandy, Picardy, and other quarters."

"Monsieur, you must give me satisfaction for this gross insult, this sorry joke, with which you repay my hospitality."

"Oh no, Monsieur le Baron, I will give you no satisfaction. What maggot has got into your head?"

"Then you are a coward, Monsieur. I throw down my glove."

"Firstly, you have no glove to throw. Secondly, you know perfectly well that I am no coward. So, keep calm. Ah! what is the matter?"

This exclamation was caused by the extreme pallor of the baron, and the trembling which had seized him. Suddenly sinking into a chair, he appeared to lose consciousness. Surcouf, without losing his self-possession, and without calling help, gave every necessary attention to his host: he made him smell a scent-bottle which he drew from his pocket, and undid his cravat.

On returning to his senses M. de Grainval sat up, with the intention of again insulting the guest who had come to his aid; but, always perfectly calm, Surcouf shrugging his shoulders, said, "Do not commit the folly of making an enemy of a man who knows your secret. Look here; will you be convinced when I tell you that from the morning of my arrival, my suspicions having been aroused by your air of concern, I spied upon you, and that during the night I saw you come out of a cellar? You were preceded by a person carrying some large packages. This person was red-haired, and outside he rejoined his accomplices, the gipsies, whom I followed and recognised perfectly. Will you still deny it?"

"No, since I have to do with a spy, a vile spy."

"Words, nothing but words, Monsieur le Baron. Spies are people who sell or betray their country or their fellow-citizens, and that is very far from my intention. Besides, I will acknowledge, without having any desire to take part in it, that I do not think smuggling a hanging matter. That is why I will not denounce you, even if you refuse the favour I am about to beg."

"Speak, Monsieur; but before you do so, I beg you to accept my apologies for the offensive words I have uttered. You see in me a man soured by adversity. Nearly all my friends perished on the revolutionary scaffold: my wife, whom I adored, died in her youth after privations of all kinds which she endured in exile; my son treats me like a stranger."

"Whose fault is that, Monsieur? Jean is a fine boy, intelligent and generous, but in this forlorn land, without intellectual nourishment, without interest of any kind, inactive and poor, ennui devours him. He will die before reaching manhood if he continues to vegetate as you wish him to do."

"People do not die of ennui, nor even of chagrin, since I am alive."

"You alive! Ugh! It is but a half-life yours. Still you have more to occupy you than Jean; your lands firstly, and then—the other thing."

"Ah, Monsieur, let this matter be cleared up once for all. No, I do not occupy myself with that to which you refer; no, I do not take part in it, I do not profit by it."

"Nevertheless——"

"Yes, you would say that I opened up a path to the smugglers which insured impunity. It is true that I did so, but it was out of hatred for all that goes on in France. It gratified me to do what little harm I could to the existing *régime*. Monsieur, I give you my word of honour, the word of a gentleman, Monsieur: in spite of my poverty, for the Revolution ruined me, and the wretched lands which it has left me hardly suffice to support my son and myself—I say, in spite of all that, I would die sooner than touch a single sou of tribute from the goods whose entry into France I procured."

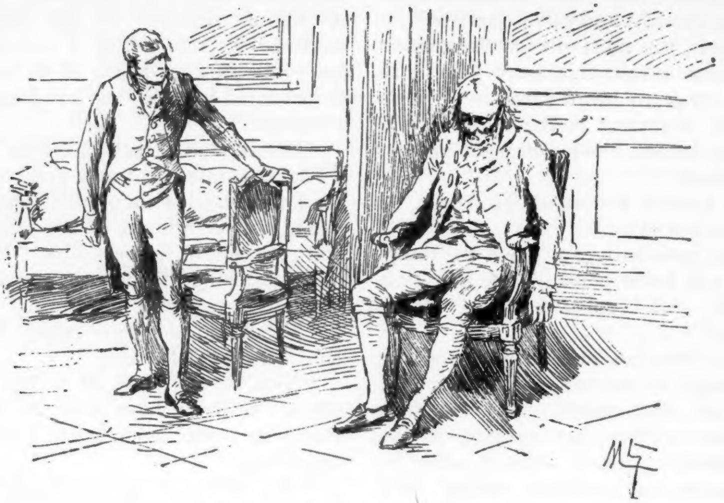
"I believe you, Monsieur le Baron." And indeed, Surcouf doubted him no longer, thinking to himself, "This strange original does not lie; no, he ran these risks only for the sake of harming in secret a *régime* which he detests. I am really rather pleased than not at having made his acquaintance."

"And now" said the baron, "let us talk of your request. I beg you to tell me in what it consists."

"It refers to M. Jean, one of those who saved me, to whom I have sworn a life-long friendship. Give me this boy, and I will answer for his future."

"What would you do with him?"

"If peace is established on a lasting basis, a shipowner. If war should break out again



" He appeared to lose consciousness "

—and it is certain to do so, and soon too, I assure you, for Europe is still in a state of ferment, and moreover the First Consul is mad for battles and conquests—in that case, Jean——"

Interrupting Surcouf, the baron replied with great heat, "A shipowner, a sort of merchant! Never! Still less a naval officer or a privateer officer! A Grainval would then be serving this Bonaparte, who wishes to be king."

"More than king; but we shall not discuss the matter. You refuse then. Is that your last word?"

"My first and last. Jean will serve our legitimate princes if they return; if not he will remain at Grainval."

"You act the part of a bad father. Oh! do not get angry again. Your outbursts leave me quite calm. After having fulfilled what I considered a duty, I shall now leave you, in all human probability for ever; friend or enemy, what does it matter? Nevertheless, will you listen to me for an instant?"

"Yes, and I will try to retain my self-possession."

"Two things can be foreseen with regard to your son, who loves you in spite of your harshness. Driven to the end of his patience, Jean will fly the paternal roof some day when you have ill-used him; and enlist in some regiment or other. Then, unknown and without protection, he will succumb to the hardships of a life too severe for his delicate constitution, or he will die of consumption like his mother before him. In any case, this boy whose health would be established under normal conditions, will be under the sod in two years, and it will be your fault. Consider it then, blind fool that you are!"

The baron went to the open window, and he saw his son who walked with bent back, pale cheeks, and hollow eyes, his whole appearance indicating lassitude and ennui.

At that moment the baron remembered suddenly a scene in the past. His wife was still alive. Pale and bent also, she smiled and forced herself to play with a lovely child, all rosy and dishevelled, overflowing with health and strength. He looked on with aching heart, beholding the future, cursing their banishment and the harsh clime to which fate had led them, where the delicate flower of the Midi withered away, for want of warmth and happiness.

And Jean now resembled Marie de Beauregard, the ever mourned dead wife; he recalled her appearance in the last stage of her illness, when she had died blessing her son and her husband.

Surcouf said nothing; he knew men and he waited sure of the final result. Although the baron was of a hasty temper, soured and tired of existence, he was not ill-disposed, "I am conquered," he said at last. "Do as you wish. At this moment I seem to hear the voice of my dearly loved wife crying to me, 'Yield to the wish of your child, listen to the advice of your guest.' Merely an effect of the imagination, is it not? However, you have my word of honour, Monsieur. Jean, doubtless, consulted with you and——"

"Monsieur le Baron, I should be ashamed to conspire with the son against the will of the father. No, I simply read the heart of your boy, who, thank God, does not know yet how to dissemble. As to the warning from a dead loved one, why refuse to believe it? In Brittany, my country, we are very superstitious, and I glory in being a Breton. Your hand, Monsieur, and thanks. Be assured that Jean, if he comes with me, will do so of his own accord, and without having been influenced by me."

"There is my hand, Monsieur Surcouf. Pardon my discourteous words, I beg you."

"That is not necessary, as they are already forgotten. In your turn, Monsieur, I beg you to cast from your memory my seeming incivility: what I said was intended entirely for your good, believe me."

"Alas!" said the baron, "that is what we say to children when we have to give them some very bitter medicine."

"One never doses them except with a very good motive," replied Surcouf, smiling.

The two men separated, and while the baron went to walk off his troubles on the desert shore, the former privateer set off in quest of Jean, whom he found in the inmost recess of the park. This park, overrun by weeds and with dead trees remaining in their places half-rotted away, was the very picture of desolation. As he looked about him, Surcouf understood even more than before how the young man must have suffered, inactive in this sad and solitary place.

"Yes, it is not very gay," said Jean, replying to the look in Surcouf's eyes. "I should have liked to bring it into something like order again. In a day or two, a few workmen could have changed the look of things entirely; but my father refused to listen to me."

"Your father loves you, however, although all his energy has been sapped by so many trials."

"I know it, Monsieur."

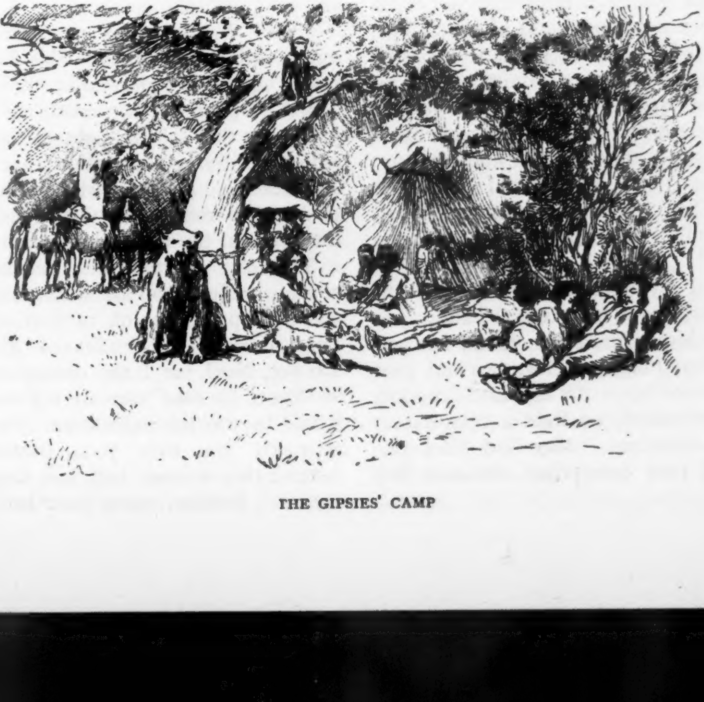
"Jean, do you suffer much from your inaction?"

"Very much, Monsieur, especially as I cannot follow a vocation which has an invincible attraction for me."

"The sea, is it not?"

"How did you guess it?"

"It was sufficient to watch your face when



THE GIPSIES' CAMP

I grew excited in recounting some of my cruises."

"And some of your battles! Oh, Monsieur! That of the *Kent*, for example. To be there in the fight, at the hottest part, and to shout on the deck of a fine ship where one commands a company, 'Aboard! aboard!' Then, when the grappling-irons have been flung out, to show the way to one's brave sailors! What a dream, Monsieur! Alas! I shall never realise it, since peace has been signed and my father keeps me here in Grainval."

"Oh! as to the peace, it is only a patched-up affair. And as to your father, know that he gives you full and entire liberty to follow whatever course may be open to you."

"What! no, it is impossible. My father will yield—my father change his mind. Have you worked a miracle?"

"Yes, my dear child. Did I not tell you that he loved you? He listened to my arguments. There! you needn't smother me. I am delighted at your joy, believe me. Listen, and don't interrupt."

"I am listening, dear good genius."

"This dear good genius proposes that you should come with him. In the first place I would make you learn the profession of the sea on board a ship of the line, which one of my friends commands. Then, if war were declared, I would take you to my deck, and we would together engage in those fights of which you dream. If, however, my predictions are mistaken, and the peace established should prove solid and enduring, you could still sail the seas in command of good ships, and carry our flag into every ocean, extending our relations and our commerce. You would grow rich—you smile disdainfully, but you are wrong. Maritime commerce is not carried on without danger and honour; he would be a fool who should disdain it. Besides, I tell you that within two years' time the whole of Europe will be at daggers drawn."

Electrified by Surcouf's speech and the glance, Jean gave him both hands, exclaiming, "Monsieur, I am yours, and will follow in everything, your fortunes and your advice. Count upon my absolute devotion, for you have saved me from a monotonous and useless existence. May God bless you, sir, and all your enterprises, whatever they may be!"

"Amen, my dear child. Count on me and trust in Robert Surcouf."

Ten days after this conversation, the former guests again sat round the table of the baron. Some of them were dressed for travelling. In the courtyard five horses, ready saddled, pawed the ground and neighed in charge of an artilleryman of the company of Major Raimbaud.

Noel's father, struck down by apoplexy, and fallen into mere childhood, had benefited by a decision that there was not sufficient ground for action; of the smugglers' chief no trace had been discovered, nor of Martine's adopted son.

Stimulated by a large reward which Surcouf and Major Raimbaud had promised, the gendarmes ransacked the neighbouring villages, the forest, the camp of the gipsies, and lastly the town of Havre and the shipping, but without avail; no one could furnish the least light regarding the whereabouts of the child so mysteriously spirited away.

Jacques Raimbaud was again among the guests, in company with the old curé of Yport, Noel, Martine, and Robert Surcouf.

The repast proceeded in sadness, as is always the case when the guests are about to say farewell to each other. At dessert, the master of the house rose, and said, bowing to the priest: "Let us drink some healths, in the old style. Yours, Monsieur le Curé."

"Yours first, Monsieur le Baron," replied the curé; "and then, if you please, that of Mademoiselle Duclot, whose life has been one long self-sacrifice."

"Oh! Monsieur le Curé," cried Martine, out of all countenance. She blushed and could not lift her glass to her lips.

But all pledged the health given by the priest, for they all thought as he did, and admired without reservation that poor girl, so humble, so ignorant, who was again about to devote herself to an ungrateful task, and that without the least compensation.

That very morning she had said to her cousin: "Noel, you are hesitating, I see it; and perhaps you think of making up your mind to refuse the offer of M. Jacques. Do not, Noel, for I am determined to stay at Yport to take care of my uncle. You would be very miserable here. People would reproach you with your misfortune; at bottom they are not bad, but they are very coarse. Besides, many have had reason to complain of your father, and they suspect also that he is not by any means so poor as he gave out. They will treat a woman better."

Noel had refused at first. "It was too great a sacrifice," he said. "His cousin had been anything but happy in their house, and now that the aunt who had loved her was no more, and the little Alexander——"

"That," interrupted Martine, "is a reason the more for my staying at Yport, where if he ever returns Alexander ought to find me. Let me think that I am doing what is best. Your father will do no more ill in the world, for the doctor declares that he is as harmless as a child. My little legacy, which Monsieur Surcouf will look after, will save me from poverty. Then I shall have a servant to help me. So, my dear Noel, do not argue it any more."

Noel yielded. Like Jean, he felt himself invincibly drawn, not to the sea, although he was a fisherman, but towards war; and since the major had offered him his help, why he would enlist in the artillery. The major had been a simple soldier like many others whose names were now in everybody's mouth.

The old curé had then been right in praising Martine, and they all ratified his praise by drinking the health of the humble young woman.

When they had risen from the table, the baron led his son apart and said to him: "My child, you leave with my full consent. I will follow you with my prayers and my good wishes. Remain a Christian, and become a brave one; be, in a word, worthy of your sainted mother, and of your ancestors. Although I am poorer than many of my old tenants, I shall send you as much as I can. In the meantime take this purse of louis."

"Father, I have misunderstood you; forgive me. There is still time, if you wish me to stay. We shall live a new life here at Grainval. I shall occupy myself in the management of the little we have, and be no more discontented. Tell me; shall it be so?"

"My son, I am much touched by this generous impulse. But you must go, for here you would never find enough to occupy you; you would perish of inanition. Go, I command you."

"Father, I obey you; and do not doubt that with God's help I shall follow the path of honour. Thank you for this purse; but I beg you to send me nothing unless I should ask your help. I wish and ought to provide for myself; let me try to do it. Please now give me your blessing, and—kiss me as you kissed me when I was a little child."

Having tenderly embraced his son the baron gave him his blessing, and at once left the room without looking back. Then he shut himself up in his bedroom, and sobbing bitterly watched the departure of his son from behind a curtain.

In the very act of mounting their horses the two young men, overmastered by their feelings, seemed even then undecided whether to go or stay. The one saw, or thought he saw, through the window his father with tear-stained face watching him; while the other pressed affectionately the hands of his cousin and of the old priest. It rained; the weather-cocks on the Manor-house creaked in the wind; and the whole landscape oppressed them with its sombre aspect.

Much moved as he recalled his last adieu to the mother whom he should never see more, Jacques bit his lips and twisted his moustache. The house-dog howled in melancholy mood, and the horses neighed as they beat up the earth with their hoofs.

Martine sobbed convulsively, and returned the pressure of her cousin's hands. And Nice, the old servant, came from her kitchen crying her eyes out, and said in the midst of her tears: "Ah, Monsieur Jean! ah, Monsieur Jean! I would never have believed that you would have left your father and the old house. And what do you think will become of us after you have gone? and away on that wicked sea too, which has already swallowed my father and so many other brave folk whom we never saw."

At last Surcouf cried: "Enough! enough! Do not say adieu; say *au revoir*, for we will see each other again. Martine, rely on me, and remember I shall never forget to make inquiries about the lost boy. Monsieur le Curé, remember us in your prayers. Now, to horse! For to-day, Raimbaud, you must let me command the detachment. One, two, three; by the left, and at a hand gallop."

Surcouf led the way through the door of the courtyard, and the others followed, the artilleryman bringing up the rear. In a moment they had all disappeared, as if they had been drowned in the thick fog which enveloped the summit of the cliff.

Onward they rode, the men dreaming of new battles and dangers, the boys divided between grief at departure and hope on the morrow—that unknown star that lights the path of youth. Under the autumn rain the streaming horses were glad to gallop of their own accord

The first stage was Montivilliers, which they reached in the evening, and there they passed the night.

Before going to bed, Jean and Noel wandered through the little sleeping town, where some ruins not yet cleared away told of the excesses of the Revolution. As they paced the cloister of the old abbey the two young travellers exchanged their thoughts, which they found to be absolutely identical. They said to each other, as they returned to their lodgings, that they would probably go many journeys before seeing their native land again—if, indeed, they should ever return.

BISHOP BUTLER

By the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE

CONCLUDING PAPER

VII. On the Positive Teaching of Bishop Butler: 1. His Elevated View of Human Nature: 2. His Doctrine of Habits: 3. His Circumspection: 4. His Boldness: 5. His View of Human Ignorance: 6. His Supposed Deficiency in Imagination: 7. His Theology: 8. The Imputation of Romish Tendencies.

THE influence of Butler's works upon opinion; the value of the ethical qualities they display; the applicability of his arguments in forms never suggested, perhaps never dreamed of by himself, to controversies posterior to his time; all these are topics of importance, and worthy severally of independent prosecution, but they are distinct from the positive teaching conveyed by his writings; some points of which I will now proceed to consider.

1. The relations of man, in which his duty and his training are involved are threefold. They are relations to God, to other men, and to himself. He may exercise manual arts; he may be a student of the visible creation in one or other of its kingdoms. But all that he does in any such or any other department, falls into the triad of relations which has been named; as indeed whatever he does in any of those relations, is when pursued to the source of action, included in his over-reaching, all-comprehending, relations to God.

His relations to man may subdivide themselves as follows. He has duties to his kind at large, which in certain cases may be active, in other cases may be mental only, as, for example, in the injunction to make supplication for all men.* He has duties to his country, to its ruling authority, to his neighbourhood, to his friends, to his family. But he has also duties to himself.† These duties to himself are associated with his maintenance, with his security, with his tranquillity; it may be with his advancement, inward as well as outward. But covering all these, pervading every action of his life, and coincident with, though distinguishable from, his duty and love to God, is his duty to his own nature, the nature in which God constituted and constructed him. It is largely in his own nature that he sees God. Not in those faults and weaknesses of his nature with which he was born into the world, or which he himself has imported into it; but according to the noble scheme on which God projected it, apart from the ravages of sin, and with all the large development which training and experience can give it.

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* 1 Tim ii. 1.

† Sects, 1-3.

This respect for our nature is a principle with which the whole works of Butler are profoundly imbued. It is a sentiment which is to accompany every act of our lives, and to give to them a tacit assent and sanction. The moral law comes to us in various forms, but this is the nearest of them all, for which this habit has been formed, the sense of reverence for nature and the desire of conformity to it operate with the directness and certainty of an instinct, and violations of it are put aside as an unclean thing, as importing not only sin but shame. Butler is sometimes thought to connect too closely this idea of virtue with happiness. But then we must recollect what is his idea of happiness. Happiness he holds to consist only in the enjoyment of those objects which are "by nature adapted to our several faculties."[*] Virtue lies in following nature, vice in departing from it.[†] The force of Butler's teaching on this subject cannot be sufficiently estimated from this or that single passage: it pervades the tissue of his thought. And there is no part perhaps of his teaching which is so peculiarly and originally his own. But our best security against misunderstanding him is probably to be found in the passage which sets forth that the obligation to follow virtue still subsists even for a man, if such there be, who is not convinced that his interest will be served thereby.[‡]

It seems to me probable that the high place accorded by Butler to what he terms self-love, and the favourable view he took of it, may have been in a measure due to his lofty estimate of our human nature. Not that I can find solid ground for dissent from his doctrine, though it may seem to grate a little upon the ear. As to the substance, I only regret that self-love is not more sharply marked off from selfishness, which, of course, he nowhere commends, and very rarely mentions. But an object so precious as is the idea of humanity in Butler's conception, requires or justifies the existence of an apparatus for its conservation, of a powerful faculty dedicated to the steady prosecution of its welfare. In fact, the ideal concept of human nature, and the practical power of self-love almost seem to coalesce. Butler's mind was incapable of harbouring an ignoble conception. And surely there is nothing ignoble in conceiving of the Christian world as a garden divided into plots each of which represents an individual soul, and is committed by the supreme gardener,[*] to the special care of that same soul. Self-love, then, in the only commendable sense, is our view, taken with the eye well purged from disturbance and obstruction, of what God has committed to every one of us as our principal work in life.

It is idle, as I conceive, to dispute Butler's doctrine of human nature on account of that other doctrine of ruin through sin, which he has not less emphatically set forth. The gamut or register, in musical phrase, of humanity, is of enormous range. Capable of contracting into littleness and meanness, and of sinking into unfathomable depths of depravity, it has the correlative capacity of rising to supreme heights of excellence, bordering upon perfection, as well as of genius. The contemplation of it in its littleness sickens heart and mind. But the contemplation of it in its greatness, a greatness not measured by rank or intellect, seems at times to give us a glimpse of those profoundest counsels, which took effect in the Incarnation of our Lord.

This lesson, then, of human nature, if it be a true one, is one of cardinal moment; and, for a Christian country, Butler may perhaps be deemed to hold the first place among those by whom it has been taught. This notice of the positive teaching of Butler aims at placing especially in clear view what is most distinctive in that teaching. The "Analogy" is not a treatise upon education; but what treatises are there which as faithfully and profoundly impress upon us the place and function of training, and especially of self-training, in the destinies of the human soul? The portion of the work most fully developed in this respect is his doctrine of habits in the first part of the "Analogy";[†] and in its whole compass it might be hard to find anything either more valuable or more truly his own.

2. Habits (after the Greek ἕξεις) are not in

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[*] "Sermons," xi. 6–13.

[†] Preface, 8.

[‡] *Ibid.* 20, 21.

[*] Dante has employed this figure in a profound and elevating passage.—*Paradiso*, xxvi. 64–6.

> "Le frondi, ondi s' infronda tutto l'orto,
> Del Ortolano eterno, am' io cotanto.
> Quanto da Lui in lor di bene à porto."

[†] "Analogy," I. v. 6–17.

Butler's view mere θέσεις, states or dispositions, but growths, and growths which are ever growing. If we could conceive of a machine, instinct with mind and gifted with the power of self-development, we might call them a going machinery. They include the acting as well as the being of the mind, and cannot, like their Greek counterpart in Aristotle, be sharply distinguished from, and put in antithesis to, energies.[*] They form a primary factor in the human life; and upon them hangs an immense responsibility, for there can hardly be one of our waking moments in which we are not contributing something to the constitution of one or other among them; that is to say, to the eventual constitution of ourselves.

Such being their ground-idea, habits are divided between perception and action; perception, indeed, often being itself mental action: and, again, between the body and the mind. They are the product of use, or single acts over and over again repeated. Thoughts which have no regard to action, and impressions which are purely passive, lose force by this repetition; but active habits, mental processes which contemplate or take effect in action, gain it. It is not easy to trace the formation of habit from point to point. Yet the reality of the formation is matter of certain experience. It is also to be observed, on the one hand, that the augmentation of true force in active habits may be accompanied with a loss of force merely emotional; and, on the other, that a process, which in its inception was passive, consisting of impressions on the mind, say, from admonition, experience, example, may in its advance become active by impelling us to a course of action.

From habit we derive, when in action, supplies of readiness, ease, satisfaction. It is by habit that we attain to maturity, which could not be had by mere duration. For Nature casts us forth into the world unfurnished, yet with a capacity for furnishing. Habits may have their place in a future state; but meanwhile they provide us with a security *ab intra* against mischiefs assailing us, and form the fitting antidote and guarantee against our liability to lapse. The evil habit is produced by repeated or continuing disobedience, but positive advance in virtue is achieved by victories over temptation, and by the wariness of mind which baffles it. This is doctrine generally sound; whether its application is limited by the law of a mean in nature, or otherwise, is uncertain, and need not be inquired into.[*] Upon the whole, here lies a great instrument for the bettering of our character, and to the use of this instrument our nature is adapted.[†]

We may find the germ of this remarkable exposition in the Ethics of Aristotle. They teach that the consummation of energies is in the habits imparted.[‡] It is by action that in our intercourse with men we grow to be righteous or unrighteous; and habits are a gradual growth from energies.[§] Seminally these declarations are of great weight. But he seems to limit the formation of habits to acts done in our communications with others. There is not a glance at the profound distinction between active and passive habits; the idea of mental habits is radically distinct; and the full development of the subject, with the great lessons it conveys, seems to be due to the thought of Butler.

3. Although no one would charge Butler with egotism, yet he is evidently a self-revealing writer. As a man governed by one dominant influence, he wears his heart upon his sleeve. The master passion with him is the love of truth: and it is never leavened, never traversed by any other feeling. He is, without doubt, a singularly circumspect writer. He has even been described by Mr. L. Stephen as having "a strangely cautious understanding." Few indeed are the instances in which he can on this score be brought to account. But while the caution of many is largely based on fear of detection, it seems to have been in Butler simply a steady as well as an intense desire to be in exact correspondence with the truth. Following in the train of his love of truth, as an outgrowth or a satellite, there is an unceasing desire to keep faith with his readers, a fear of committing a grave offence against the student, who may be considered as in some degree giving over himself to his author, as we obey a guide, by carrying his mind one inch beyond what the facts of the case will warrant. If there are over-statements in Butler, they are com-

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[*] Aristot., Eth. Nic. II. i. 7.

[*] "Analogy," I. v. 33. [†] *Ibid.* c. 20.

[‡] "Ar. Eth. Nic.," I. viii. 9, 11.

[§] *Ibid.* III. vii. 6.

monly against himself; as when he says that the evidence he presents is not indeed satisfactory, very far from it.* It thus appears that if the insect can take colour from what it feeds upon, our minds can derive no colour but what is genuine from assimilation with Butler. The one word which best describes his carefulness and its result as to breadth of statement is *measure.*

It may seem as if eulogy of this kind stood in ill-assorted companionship with the admission that in very rare instances his critics appear to catch him tripping; as when Miss Hennell arraigns him for saying that one or two actions of a particular character have no aptitude, if few and detached, to create a bad mental habit. But the fact seems to be this. Circumspection is easy or difficult, according to the subject-matter. It is easy in copying a letter; it is most difficult in a philosophical treatise such as Butler's. And from the effort required to maintain continuously such a circumspection as this, it is hardly human that the mind should not occasionally and for a moment recoil. Take the case of two horses; one travelling on a road absolutely smooth, the other on a mountain path, its surface almost made of broken stones. The last may stumble once in a day's work where the first does not; and yet may be by far the more sure-footed of the two.

Even in Butler, then, we may expect to find scattered about cases of inconsistency, or of deviation from absolute precision. Among them, not wholly without misgiving, I should be disposed to reckon the following instances:

(1) He seems to deviate from his own doctrine when in a particular passage he couples self-love with conscience; yet he has never ascribed to self-love a judicial or magisterial authority.†

(2) In twice using the phrase "vicarious punishment," he departs from his more customary use of the better phrase "vicarious sufferings," without any apparent recollection that he is introducing a new and inconvenient element into his argument, and indeed so as to create presumptions that this is done simply through inadvertences.‡

(3) He sometimes expressly distinguishes between passion and affections; but at other times, without expressly identifying them, he seems not to exclude the supposition that the terms may be interchangeable.

He makes also a different and relaxed use of the term "affections," so as to let it include "appetites, passions, senses."

And just afterwards he restrains the sense, without noticing the change: but again returns to the wider sense soon after.*

(4) Again, he says that "any disposition, prevailing beyond a certain degree, becomes somewhat wrong:" yet the love of God is a disposition, and to this he affixes no limit.†

(5) The language of one of the Sermons seems wholly to exclude self-love from the category of affections; but can this in strictness be maintained?‡

(6) I have already remarked on the proposition that our bodies consist of foreign matter.§

(7) Or the proposition that "a few detached commands" have no "natural tendency to the formation of a habit" in keeping with their subject-matter.

(8) The term "imagination" in the first chapter would appear to be a misnomer.‖

(9) We have also the well-known passage where the name of Cæsar occurs, and where probabilities appear to be confused with chances.¶

(10) Does not it appear questionable whether Butler does not venture upon hazardous ground, when he says that the ideas of happiness and misery are more important to us than those of virtue and religion?**

Unless, however, this list of questionable contentions could be largely extended, we need not fear that the fame of Butler's circumspection will seriously dwindle.

4. But with this circumspection, as it appears to me, Butler unites a great boldness upon occasion; sometimes even makes the occasion for its exercise. As examples of this boldness, I would refer to the following heads:

(1) The possible development of the brute creation and its elevation to a higher stage of existence.††

From the frequency and gravity of his references to the lower animals, it plainly appears that Butler had thought much, and with adequate care, about them. Even in our own day, there are many who resent any attempt to draw closer the ties of relationship to our humble kindred.* But in those times, when a lady of rank reproached Lady Huntingdon for applying the same doctrines concerning sin to her own equals as were applicable to the common people in the street, it is probable that such ideas concerning the brutes would be yet more repulsive than, outside the scientific domain, they are now sometimes held. But he was not a man to be bound by mere prepossessions, nor did he estimate opinion according to the breadth of its prevalence. And besides the courage which in this instance he exhibited, I cannot but admire the insight of anticipation which, without some manuduction (if the term may be allowed) by natural science, enabled him to forecast what is now, though not a scientific truth, yet at least an arguable and widely accepted opinion. At least it cannot be denied that the flint and bone discoveries, and the remains of the geologic man, have been narrowing the interval between the orders; for it must be borne in mind that the effect of these discoveries may be to exhibit our race not at its present, and known standard of faculty, but in the possession of inferior powers, and only on the way upwards to the more elevated plane.

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* "Analogy," II. viii. 17.

† "Sermons," iii. 13.

‡ "Analogy," II. v. 22.

* "Sermons," v. 6-9.

† *Ibid.* v. 8.

‡ *Ibid.* v. 10.

§ "Analogy," I. i. 11.

‖ *Ibid.* I. i. 9.

¶ *Ibid.* II. ii. 11, 12.

** "Sermons," xi. 21.

†† "Analogy," I. i. 21.

(2) Not less boldness did Butler exhibit when he propounded that the whole scheme of scripture is not yet understood; and that (apart from miracle) if progress was to be made in understanding it, such progress must be effected in the same way as natural knowledge is come at. It may contain many truths as yet undiscovered.† This is surely a very remarkable declaration, especially as coming from Butler. For his early training could hardly have been altogether discharged from the narrow ideas of scripture interpretation, which must have been most unfavourable to progress; and again he had a most vivid sense of the corruptions which, under the mask of development, and through enlarged interpretations, had made their way into the Christian Church. Yet he was not to be deterred, when he saw his way, from enunciating ideas on this topic which seem to be of considerable breadth.

(3) Still more striking, perhaps, are the original conceptions which Butler applied to the great subject of eschatology. He nowhere dogmatises beyond the language of the Apostles' and the Nicene Creed. He has unfolded no theory which disposes of the final condition of all souls hereafter; and his subject did not require it. But his subject did suggest to him the glorification of virtue; and, with this end in view, he considered not only what virtue does, but what under favouring circumstances it might do. He found the prevailing tradition, due to particular circumstances of the Reformation, too narrow; and he conceives that the power of virtue, arising in distant scenes with less of hindrance, may then amend those who are capable of amendment.* I reserve for another place a fuller statement on this subject.

(4) Butler has also achieved an important work with regard to the respective departments of reason and faith, a favourite subject for the cavils of sceptical writers. No one charges Butler with having robbed faith of its due prerogatives. Yet surely none could on the other hand desire a greater boldness in defining the office of reason. "I express myself with caution, lest I should be mistaken to vilify reason, which is indeed the only faculty we have to judge concerning anything, even revelation itself; or be misunderstood to assert that a supposed revelation cannot be proved false from internal characters."† And Butler may embolden many to maintain that there is not only no contradiction, but no opposition, between faith and reason; the intellectual element in faith being reason employed upon a special subject-matter.

All these are instances, in which Butler's prescient courage had a tendency to place him at issue with friends of his own cause, less sagacious than himself. There are other cases worthy of notice, in which no such likelihood was before him.

(5) Such is the treatment of the word

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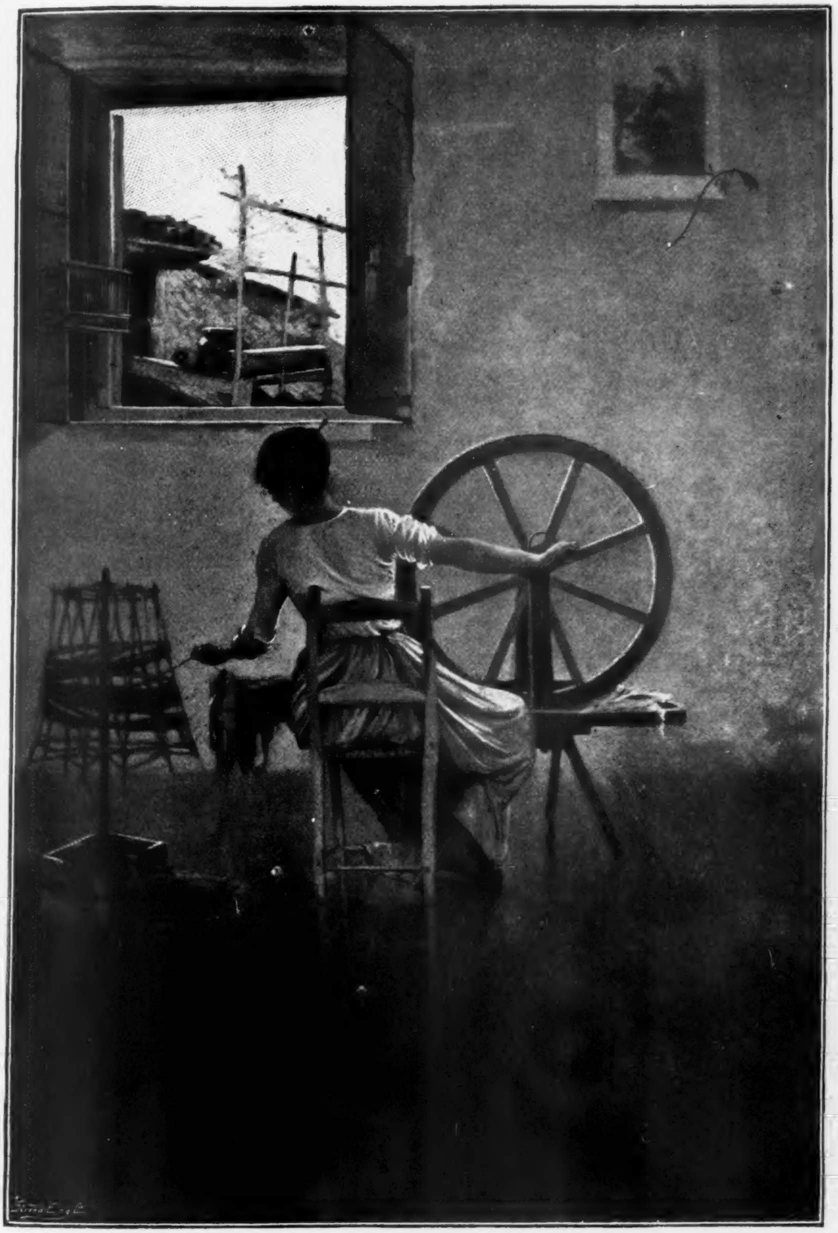
* I seem to recollect a speech of Lord Beaconsfield, in which he was reported to have said that there were two theories of our descent. Some would have it that we were descended from the apes; others derived us from the angels. For his part he preferred the descent from the angels.

† "Analogy," II. iii. 21.

* "Analogy," II. iii. 3.

† *Ibid.* II. iii. 3.



THE COTTON WINDER OF ASOLA

BY HILDA MONTALBA

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"natural" in Chapter I., a treatment which may involve the solution of many difficulties. There is no absurdity, he tells us, in supposing that there may be beings in the universe, so enlarged in capacity and experience, as that the whole Christian dispensation may to them appear natural, *i.e.*, conformable to God's dealing's with other parts of His creation; as natural as the visible known course of things appears to us.*

(6) Again, when confronting the objector who dwelt on difficulties apparent in the scheme of providential government, he is not content with defence, but betakes himself to retaliation in argument. The things to which objection is commonly taken in the scheme of providential government may be things good in themselves, and even indispensable; † and the entire scheme may prove to have been the very best that it could be.

(7) And again, outside the contentious portion of his teaching, he goes far beyond the ordinary stream of Christian instruction in his suggestions respecting future bliss, which, as he thinks, may include the opening up of kinds of vision altogether new to the human soul. For what we now see of the goodness of God is by seeing Him in His works; but we may come to see Him, and His glorious attributes, as they are in themselves.‡

It seems quite safe to assert that Butler is among the least commonplace of writers. He is always dealing with the heart, never with the surface of his question. There is, if it may be permitted so to speak, no outside, no mere skin, to his writings. It would be difficult to name any other writer on kindred subjects who exactly resembles him. Had he, like the ancient philosophers, been unfurnished with a strong view of providential government in the world as a law of universal application, I cannot but think he would have had a style resembling that of Aristotle; who, like Butler, is solitary in his class as to the mode of conveying his thoughts.

In the march of a battalion, every forward step is itself a separate exercise, with a relation to what precedes and what follows it. The rambling thought of many authors may seem to have no more continuity than a rope of sand: or it thins itself away like a river lost in the desert. One of the greatest properties of a human composition is to present to us continuity of tissue; and the greatness rises in proportion as the tissue, besides being continuous, is close and strong. The subject of the composition will not always admit this; but the mind of the writer is more commonly in defect. This continuity is eminently observable in the highest works of art: in a truly great statue, for example, every part is in close kindred with every other part; and the union between them is not merely mechanical, but vital.

Pattison's account of the "Analogy," * is a just acknowledgment of its character as a compacted logical structure from end to end. Butler may in a measure be said to stand by the side of Aristotle, and is perhaps excelled by no writer in closeness, unless it be Euclid. But in Euclid, while the certainty of the connection between point and point is greater, the effort required for grasping firmly the connection between them is less. When Pitt had recommended the perusal of Butler to Wilberforce, and he records in his Diary † that he had the "Analogy" read aloud to him for two hours, it is not, I think, too much to say that we might run through many thousands of educated minds before lighting upon one which could take real benefit from such an exercise. Butler was not made for butterflies. Fitzgerald supplies us with the remark of "an ingenious person who said that every sentence is with Butler, 'like a well-considered move in chess,' ‡ a most felicitous illustration of its proper subject, which may well dispense with all others, but need not exclude that able author's description of many a compressed clause or single word of this author, as σφυρήλατος νοῦς ἐν ὀλίγῳ ὄγκῳ.

5. A corner-stone of Butler's mental system is certainly to be found in his strong but carefully bounded view of human ignorance. There is no part of his teaching more urgently required at the present day, when not only are the large recent accessions to human knowledge apt to be over-valued by some of those who at least have laboured hard to acquire and perhaps to add to them; but when many who are totally ignorant of

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* "Analogy," I. i. 31.
† *Ibid.* I. viii. 15; II. iv.
‡ "Sermons," xiv. 15, 18.

* "Memoirs," p. 134.
† "Life of Wilberforce," I.
‡ "Fitzgerald," p. xci.

what they are, vaingloriously boast of them as if they approximated to omniscience.

Butler was not a man indifferent, as some are, to knowledge outside his profession. He attached a high value to natural knowledge. He thought some parts of it were "of the greatest consequence to the ease and convenience of life."* He was deeply impressed with those enlargements of "the plan of Providence," which "late discoveries" had supplied.† From these enlargements, indeed, he seems to have drawn the suggestions he has made bold to make as to what may take place after death with regard to the souls of men. For it seems to him that, as the material world appears to be in a manner boundless, "there must be some scheme of Providence vast in proportion to it."‡ With this radically sensible disposition to take account of every real gain, Butler pointed out, in his admirable sermon on "Human Ignorance," that what we know is of effects only, not causes. We know nothing of the real essence of beings, next to nothing of ourselves, of our creation, and conservation; he showed that all knowledge served to raise a curiosity which it could not satisfy. Every secret, discovery, effect "convinces us of numberless more which remain concealed, and which we had before no suspicion of."§

Yes, some things are plain, and many of them tend to show the multitude and vastness of those which are impenetrably obscure. Sometimes we have to confess that knowledge once possessed by mankind has been lost by them;|| sometimes that the knowledge possessed by savages is inferior to our own; sometimes that, in matters open to observation, and which we have a great interest in observing—such as the weather—the race of man has, or had up to an exceedingly recent period, accumulated nothing. But these observations are of limited scope; and it may seem both vague and trite to remark on the vastness of the unknown compared with the known. Let us, then, take the point suggested by Butler. Every extension of our knowledge is an extension, often a far wider extension, of our ignorance. When we knew of only one world we also knew a good deal about its circumstances, its condition, its progress. Now we are surrounded by worlds innumerable, spread over spaces hardly conceivable for their extent; and yet those, who may be rapt in their wonder at the grand discoveries of the spectroscope, may also be the first to admit that as to the condition, purposes, and destinies of all these worlds we are absolutely in the dark. Consider the conditions of our civilisation: disease in its multiplied forms is more rife among us than in savage life, while the problems of the social kind seem to gain upon us continually in the multitude of puzzles which they offer to our bewildered minds. Then, in the moral world, we must be still more conscious of our limitations; for, while we are continually required to pass judgment for practical purposes on actions, every right-minded person will incessantly feel that to form any perfect judgment on any action whatever is a task wholly beyond our power. When Butler pronounced his severe sentence on the claims of the Popes, his horror was not the result of theological bigotry, but, without doubt, he was shocked (with his strong, just, and humble sense of incapacity) at the daring and presumption of the claims set up on their behalf. Yet he keenly saw the obligation that knowledge imposes to act when we know, not less than to abstain when we do not.

On this great and critical subject, he seems never to have let fall a faulty word, and of all the topics he has handled there is not one on which we may more safely accept him as a guide.

6. It is sometimes said that Butler is deficient in imagination. I am aware of no plausible ground for this imputation except that supplied by the passage in which employing the actual word, he has made imagination "that forward, delusive faculty, the subject of warning and censure. It ever obtrudes beyond its sphere." It is the author of all error. It is singular that what he denounces is not "the imagination," but "imagination," as if we were dealing with a process rather than a faculty. But we can hardly dwell upon this, since he proceeds to describe it as a faculty, and, moreover, assigns to it a "sphere." The mischievous products of this abusive practice were, we must suppose, those

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* "Analogy," II. iii. 22.

† *Ibid.* I. iii. 28.

‡ *Ibid.*

§ "Sermons," xv.

|| For instance, the hardening of copper among the ancients; the loss of the knowledge of the steam-plough, invented in Scotland, and lost during many years, until it was re-imported.

with which Butler was conversant, and with which he deals largely in his work. But these, mentioned almost in every page, are not, in truth, errors of the imagination, but of unbridled fancy and caprice; of unbalanced, ill-regulated judgment. It seems probable that this is one of the rare instances in which Butler, relaxing the firmness of his hold, forgets himself for a moment and assumes license in the use of words. Sometimes, though rarely, he deals with schemes purely metaphysical; but these, if erroneous, are not errors of the imagination properly so called.

If this be so, all reason for maiming the mind of Butler in this particular disappears. But it does not seem hard to assign some positive reasons for asserting that Butler was duly endowed with his share of this faculty. I should assign in proof of this the felicity of his illustrations, which, though less copious (as being indeed less germane to his subject), yet may remind us of Macaulay. As another indication of the same kind, I notice the fact that Butler is a believer in Beauty. He believes in it not merely as, like colour, an impression on the brain; not merely as a fashion or a whim, but as a true entity. No one would describe Burke as a man void of imagination; but Butler masters the conception of beauty in a way more direct and simple, when he classes it with other ideas such as all admit to be definite and substantive. The ideas of happiness and misery, he says, will and ought to prevail over those of order *and beauty*, and harmony, and proportion, if they could clash, which he thinks they cannot.* Yet more strongly does he mark his sense of the self-consistent and substantive character of Beauty in his ascription of it to the character of the Almighty. This, he says, possesses in perfection "everything of grace and beauty" which is variously distributed in degree among the orders of creation.† How, again, was it, if he had no imagination, that he busied himself so often with the lower ranks of creation, and loved to travel out beyond this world into the boundless universe.‡

7. It would appear as though the most characteristic employment of Butler's mind lay in the exercise of reflection, rather than in the acquisition of learning. And, further, it may perhaps be not very hazardous to suppose that the knowledge which he coveted was philosophical more largely than theological, if we take theology in its proper sense as the science of religion. All the theology of the "Analogy" (and it contains much theological matter) is derived straight from the Holy Scriptures, and ends as well as begins with them. The philosophy, however, which he affected, was philosophy on its moral side. He rarely dwells on the metaphysical side of philosophy. The famous youthful correspondence with Clarke leaves on my mind the impression that when the unbending integrity of his mind, by actually throwing certain questions of metaphysics in his way, led him to notice them, his desire was to get clear of them as soon as possible. Not once in all his other works does he argue a metaphysical question.

If Butler never but once quotes a theologian, it may be said with regard to the exclusiveness of his habit of quoting from scripture, to be probable that his education as a Presbyterian dissenter may have done much to form this habit of his mind. His theology was made up, so to speak, of raw material drawn straight from the fountain-head. He had the deep insight given by true piety; and he was guarded by a wonderful circumspection. The process might have been a dangerous one for men of inferior scope if employed on the same arduous work; but his theological statements, properly so called, have never been impugned, and appear to be in a singular degree measured and exact. It is worthy of note that he shows no sign of familiarity, or even of acquaintance, with the Anglican divines of the seventeenth century.

No teacher has laid more firmly than Butler the foundation-stones of external religion, or has more clearly set forth the place of the Church in the Christian system as dating from the closing charges of our Lord and from the first inception of the Apostolic mission. He has therefore done a great work for churchmen as such, and the work is perhaps of all the greater value because it is not, to all appearances, accepted from Anglician tradition, but mined by him out of the treasures of his own thought upon the Scriptures, and upon the subject which he brought under philosophic treatment. Indeed, meditation appears to have been his special office, rather than breadth and abundance of accumulation from the works of others.

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* "Sermons," xi. 21.

† *Ibid.* xiv. 14.

‡ "Analogy," II. ii. 4 *et alibi.*

8. The imputation of having favoured Popery, and even of having died in the communion of the Church of Rome, is among the most damnatory signs of its own character which are presented to us by a period the very worst which can be noted in the history of Anglican religion during the four centuries which have nearly completed their course since the days of Wolsey and of Warham. And the fashion of defence offered by his friend, Bishop Halifax, is not a highly redeeming feature of the case. Bishop Butler shared this imputation with Johnson, Burke, and other men alike eminent and excellent. The reader of the present day will regard it as crushed by the weight of its own absurdity.

It might not, indeed, be proper to dispense with a detailed notice of the subject in the consideration of his biography at large, since it attained the undeserved honour of being treated as a matter of serious importance at the time when it was made. It even led Secker, a respected Archbishop of Canterbury, to appear for the first, and I trust the last, time in the history of the See to figure as an anonymous correspondent in the columns of a newspaper, for the purpose of defending his friend. But it cannot be necessary any longer to present this paltry controversy to the world in connection with the publication of his Works; and I have felt no hesitation in dismissing it from a place of honour which it has, for a considerable time, rather unworthily usurped.

Still, the charge that the tone of his works has a tendency to promote the Roman Catholic religion,[*] unjust and indeterminate as it is, can hardly be met with so summary a treatment. But it seems really referable to the mental frame of those who make it. The works certainly do not encourage a negative habit of mind; and on this account, since the Latin Church is the largest and the least restrained in affirming, all persons who from nature or habit are, in matters of religion, given to negation, may be readily led to impute to Butler this Romanising tendency. No less a person than the historian Hallam was, I think, of opinion that any one who admitted our Lord to have been the founder of a Polity upon earth was in the last resort bound to the admission of the whole of the Roman claims. If so, the Anglican divines as a body hold a most slippery position.

I add two remarks. The first is that no one within my knowledge has ever been stated to have been led into the Church of Rome by the teaching of Butler; and the second is, that he has been studied and eulogised by men such as Wesley, Chalmers, Angus, and others, whose position would have made them quick to detect any such tendency, but none of whom have found it. The study of him is, indeed, much favoured in Ireland among the members of the disestablished Church, who are pre-eminently anti-Roman; and his celebrity in America appears to lie very largely among the religious kindred of our Nonconforming Protestants.

Finally, we cannot properly pass by without notice the remarkable passage in which Butler denounces "that great corruption of Christianity, Popery."[*] It may well be called an exceptional passage; for it is not Butler's usual manner to deal out his judgments of men or things in terms so broad and unqualified. However, in the "Analogy," though he does not name the Church of Rome, he speaks of the corruptions of religion in terms which suggest that he may have had it in his view.[†] If we try to come at his more definite meaning, we do not find that he appears to have had in view this or that particular doctrine or usage of the Latin Church, but partly its incessant aggression, and mainly the claim of the Popedom, as it was even then pushed "at Rome" to a "plenitude of power," which he regards as a "manifest, open, usurpation, of all human and divine authority." Plainly he is not employing the term *Popery*, as has been common, in order to vent controversial heat, but with reference to those claims of the Pope as such, which, though strongly opposed in, and long after, his day, were resolutely, and pretty consistently, pushed at headquarters. While, then, we need not regard Butler as tinged with any form of ultraism in religion, we surely must acknowledge, in the case of a man so honest and so bold, the great force of his declaration in showing his mental attitude to have been one removed as far as possible from any disposition to accept a system, about which he thought it right to hold such language.

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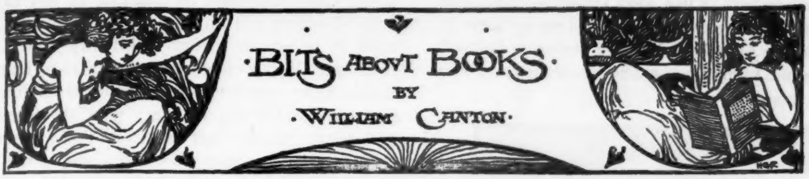
[*] Miss Hennell's "Essay," pp. 50–2.

[*] Sermon before the Lords, 1747, sec. 8.

[†] "Analogy," II. i. 13, vi. 5.



BITS ABOUT BOOKS

BY

WILLIAM CANTON

AS I read the opening chapter of "A Wandering Scholar in the Levant,"* I was vaguely conscious of pleasant "breezes blowing from the Hesperides," of indistinct associations and half recollections which kept recurring, and which I was at first unable to fix and identify. Then with a curious suddenness I perceived that something in the writing of the "Wandering Scholar" had brought back to me the absolute delight with which I had read Professor Drummond's "Tropical Africa" eight years before. Who that knows it can have forgotten that fresh, unconventional, fascinating, and luminous record of travel, which in a sense is not a "record" at all, but a sort of day-dream of the heart of the Dark Continent—a day-dream in which the reader sees all that the writer looked upon, together with the thoughts and feelings he experienced while he was looking? For my own part I do not recollect any book which seemed to me to picture a country so vividly, so optically, as that remarkable volume. The "Wandering Scholar" possesses something of the same quality of vision, of the same qualities of brevity and comprehensiveness. The book runs to little beyond two hundred pages, and yet one closes it with a sense of having *seen*, and with a certainty of having acquired something at once new and true about the nearer East, and even about such beaten tracks as Egypt and Cyprus. Take, for example, the following as an instance of the glamour which lights up the whole landscape:

"That red-letter day which Hamilton marked when he found Isaura, crumbling on its lonely mountain, has come once at least to most explorers of Anatolia—a day on which one breaks into some hidden hollow of the hills, and sees grey among the lentisks the stones of a dead town. Such fairy-cities are the nameless pirate-towns that were built in the first two centuries before the Christian era. Water, no longer guided by man through long ducts, has failed on the high lands, and the region remains as it was left a thousand years ago, a vast Pompeii, where no man has rebuilt or destroyed. In its capital, Olba, citadel, walls, streets and roads are choked with brushwood. A triple arch leads into the Forum; on the left the façade of a Temple of Fortune stands in the brake, and in front rise the fluted columns of the Olbian Zeus, whose priests were kings. Passing a ruined portico, the explorer lights suddenly on a theatre lined with tangled vegetation sprouting from every crevice in auditorium and scene. But nothing in the city is more wonderful than the road leading from it to the coast. Mile after mile its embanked pavement runs over the naked rocks; mile after mile stones, fallen or standing, inscribed with the titles of Roman emperors, record your progress; here you pass a group of tombs, there clatter through an ancient village, and at last wind down sweeping curves to the sea, past towers and tombs rising white out of the scrub; and nowhere in the towers or the villages, on the road or in the city, is there a human thing except the wandering shepherds."

The author's account of his experiences in the search for inscribed stones and *anticas* is amusing. The golden rule in regard to inscriptions is to insist and refuse to take any denial. "At Sadagh, the site of Satala, in 1894, a whole day proved blank: on the morrow the peasants were prising up their hearthstones and scrubbing floors and walls that had never been cleaned within living memory, until, in the end, we copied five-and-twenty inscriptions. Rarely, marvellously rarely, the peasant proves exorbitant and obdurate; there is gold in his stone, and he means to have it or an equivalent from you. If you fail to buy, he will hack the inscription to pieces to get at the treasure that he believes to be inside." With a keen eye and a picturesque pen the "Wandering Scholar" roams as far east as Erzinjian and the Euphrates, and as far north as the shores of the Black Sea. Leaving Asia Minor, he passes to the Nile Valley, which he frames in a striking chapter that would have delighted Winwood Reade, and finally closes with a brief survey of Cyprus. Egypt is, indeed, the land of paradox. "The tiniest of countries, it bulks as a colossus; inferior in acreage to Belgium, with a population hardly more numerous than Ireland, it produces the impression of an Empire as one sails painfully up its one highway. The eyes of all Europe converge on a strip of green along the Nile, and we speak habitually of our 'mission' to it, as to the immeasurably greater India. Regarded internally, Egypt is but a tenth-rate territory." It is the *fellah*, however, who has stood aside to let civilisation pass after civilisation, that catches the imagination. He is apparently the same to-day as he was ages ago. "The mud huts now are the huts of the time of King Pepi, the pigeon-houses those on which the temple pylons were modelled; the plough, the hoe, the *shaduf* still in use, were known in the fourth millennium before our era. . . . . Hour by hour in this world the *fellah* lives like his remotest father." He is the one human being who never dies and who writes no history.

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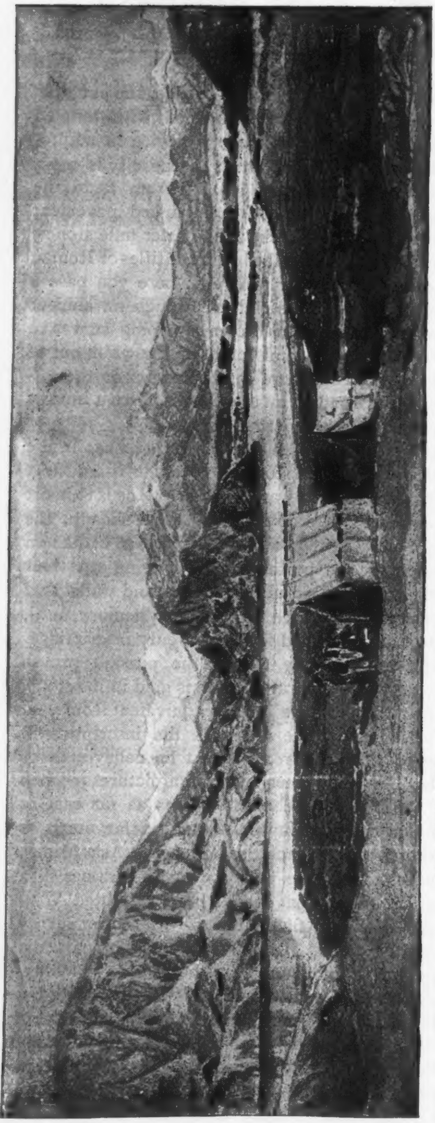
* "A Wandering Scholar in the Levant." By David G. Hogarth, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College; sometime Craven Fellow in the University of Oxford; F.S.A. With illustrations. John Murray, 7*s.* 6*d.*



THE EUPHRATES, LOOKING SOUTH TOWARDS TAURUS FROM KILISIK

"A Wandering Scholar in the Levant"

How immeasurably great "the immeasurably greater India" actually is, emerges with singular force from the pages of Mr. Gore's "Lights and Shades of Indian Hill Life." * "What we call 'India' has absolutely no meaning to any of the native dwellers within the area;" while to ourselves it is by no means habitually that India presents itself as a conglomeration of some fourteen distinct races, speaking some seventy-eight different languages, and living in every possible degree of civilisation. Of the best known of these races the Parsí is a new-comer like ourselves, while the Bengáli owes his position to the presence of British bayonets and the experiments of English faddists. More remarkable than even the strangely mixed population is the character of the executive under whose sway the country flourishes. Those who have read Mr. Kipling's brilliant sketch "A Conference of the Powers" will recollect how sharply it lights up the fact that the great actors in the Eastern drama are young fellows of two and three and twenty. Of the 1100 Indian Civil servants who control the destinies of the Queen's two hundred and sixty millions of dusky subjects, one has no means of saying how many are under thirty, but the part played by the youngsters is simply amazing when one comes to regard it closely. "Young boys straight from an English public school, with only the stamp of the Indian Civil Service examination upon them to distinguish them from their fellows, are sent out to India, and after but a few years' experience, find themselves on the frontier, in some such place as Hangu or Thull. Here they practically have the burden of the Empire on their backs, for they are responsible, in the first instance, for the peace and welfare of perhaps the most inflammable border of the whole of the Queen's dominions. It is true that some sixty miles off this solitary boy can fall back upon his Deputy Commissioner, but in practice the peace and order, progress and advancement, of an area perhaps as large as Yorkshire, depend upon the energy and ability, the tact and *savoir faire* of this boy." English young-manhood is surely one of the most marvellous things in the world at the present moment,

In describing his visit to the Kulu and Kuram districts, it is only incidentally that Mr. Gore instances these two valleys in a single province of the vast empire as illustrating the remarkable differences of race, character, and religion which prevail in India; his chief object is to give a record of his journeys, and in this his pen is admirably seconded by his camera. Indeed, I do not remember to have ever seen so superb a series of photographic reproductions of Indian scenery. One gets into the very heart of the hills, with their giant peaks gleaming snow-capped in the blue air, their rivers and quaint *sangha* bridges, their wild passes and picturesque villages. The text, too, is very pleasant reading, full of details both interesting and fresh. For instance: "In these mountain villages they do not take the trouble to send a messenger round to collect the Kulis (required for porterage), but in the evening, as you stand at your tent door watching

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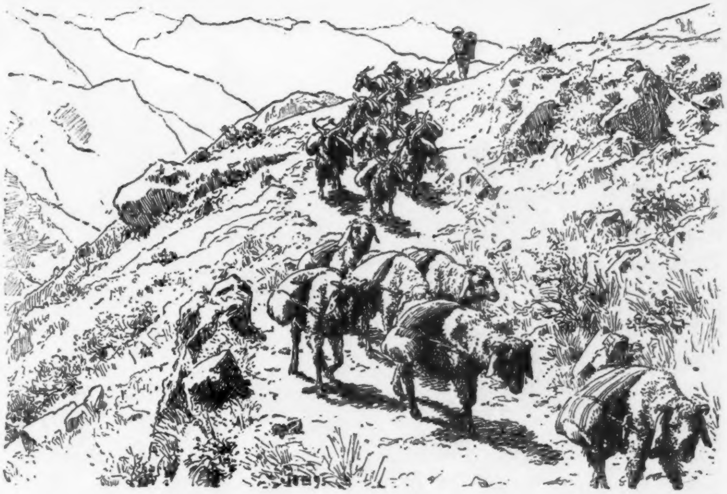
* "Lights and Shades of Hill Life in the Afghan and Hindu Highlands of the Punjab: a Contrast." By F. St. J. Gore, B.A., Magdalen College, Oxford. With maps and illustrations from photographs by the Author. John Murray. 31*s*. 6*d*.



HIMALAYAN TRANSPORT

"Lights and Shades of Hill Life in the Afghan and Hindu Highlands of the Punjaub"

the brilliant stars sparkling in the dark vault overhead, with only the sound of the torrent far, far down below you to break the stillness, you hear suddenly a long-drawn call, 'āāā-o Kuliāāā,' very melodiously shouted out into the dark night by the watchman standing on some prominent rock overhanging the valley. Away over the deep valley travels the call, telling the villagers that they will be wanted next morning. Again and again the call resounds, and now it is taken up by the villages beneath, until it is carried from hamlet to hamlet like a prolonged echo." One thinks of the cry of revolted Gaul when Cæsar was in Rome, and the Cevennes were blocked with snow. Then what a scene for romance is the tiny village of Manikarn, with its sacred hot springs, and its deep dark mountain shadows which are dispelled for but one short hour at sunset, and its weary pilgrims who come from the ends of the continent to lay down their burden of sorrow in the hallowed waters. Then there are the fairs, to which each hamlet brings its god, and the merriment of the rice-planting, and numerous other curious and entertaining experiences. Among the Afrídis at the southern entrance to the Khyber Pass, expertness in thieving is the solitary passport to distinction. "Every male child is consecrated, as it were, at his birth to crime; a hole is dug in the wall similar to those made by burglars, and the infant is passed backwards and forwards through it, with the words, 'Ghal shah, ghal shah, ghal shah,' 'Be a thief, be a thief, be a thief.'" It is not strange in the circumstances that the arrangement for traffic through the Pass should be, "that for such and such a sum paid to them by the Government, they are to behave like Christians—on Tuesdays and Fridays."

Readers who prefer to see foreign countries through the eyes of the naturalist cannot do better than turn to the excellent translation of the "Studies of Wild Life and Scenes in Many Lands," * by Alfred Brehm, whose labours were heartily appreciated by Darwin, and whose work is familiar to most English naturalists. Brehm, who was born in 1829, was at once a son of the manse and of the forest. At the age of eighteen, however, he quitted his architect's desk for an ornithological exploration of Africa, where he spent five years. The rest of his life was devoted to natural history, as curator, author, traveller, and lecturer. He died, prematurely aged, in 1884, "at the little green spot in Thuringia where he was born." The volume before us contains his lectures, which were exceedingly popular in Germany, and which will be read here with keen interest. On various points Brehm's views and opinions varied from those which are now generally regarded as more trustworthy, and Mr. Thomson has done good service in adverting to these and giving the various authorities for a different conclusion in a number of excellent notes. The work ranges over a large area, as may be gathered from a mere enumeration of a few of its chapter headings: "The Bird-Bergs of Lapland," "The Tundra and its Animal Life,"

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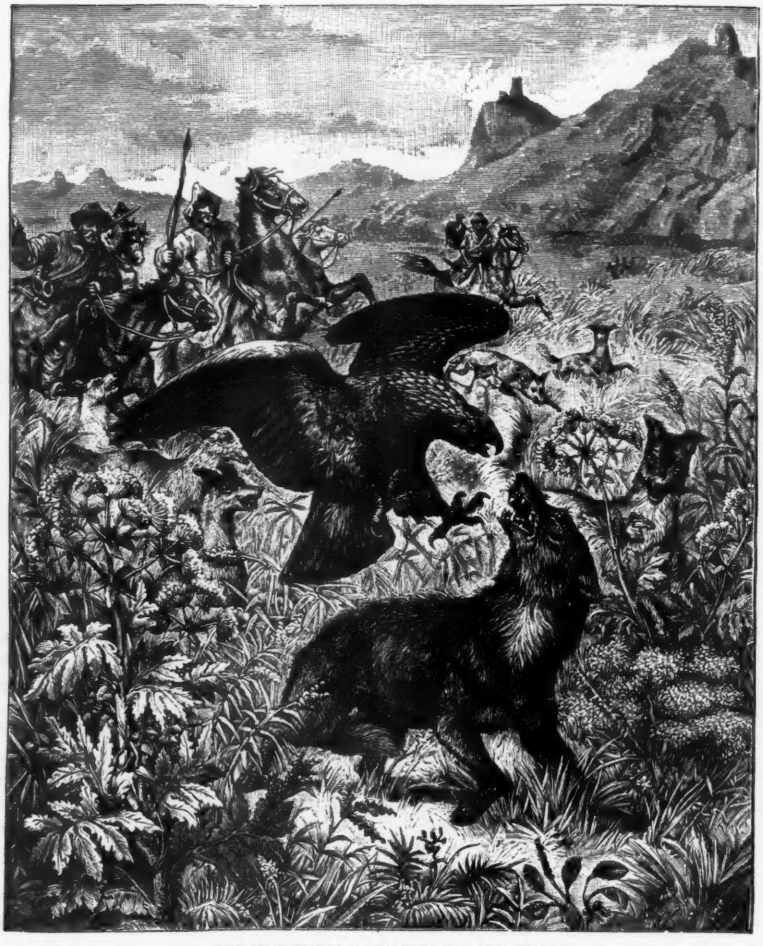
* "From North Pole to Equator: Studies of Wild Life and Scenes in Many Lands." By the Naturalist-Traveller, Alfred Edmund Brehm, author of "Bird-Life," "Tierleben," etc. Translated from the German by Margaret R. Thomson; edited by J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., F.R.S.E. With 83 illustrations from original drawings. Blackie & Son. 21*s*.



HUNTING THE WOLF WITH THE GOLDEN EAGLE

"From North Pole to Equator"

"The Asiatic Steppes and their Fauna," "The Forests and Sport of Siberia." Then we pass to Africa, its steppes, primeval forests and deserts, and once more return to the north. For natural history pure and simple the chapter on the migrations of mammals—the headlong, appalling rush of reindeer and buffaloes, wild horses and lemmings—seems to me the most enthralling; but, indeed, every page has its own interest. One would like to know definitively what to believe in regard to Siberia. Brehm's account dates from twenty years ago: has the penal system, has the character of the country and the population so disastrously changed in the interval that we must regard this account, which in any case dwells too persistently on the brighter side of things, as a record of a bygone golden age? Siberia, according to Brehm, is a fruitful land in which want, in the usual sense of the word, is unknown, and in which privation is a mental, not a physical infliction. It is a country in which the criminal can break with his evil past, completely retrieve his character and position, and leave a fair heritage to his children as free and irreproachable subjects. It is a land of large sympathy, commiseration, and toleration. Even the fugitive meets with compassion on all sides. In many of the villages on the route milk, bread and meat are laid on the window-sills for the benefit of the wanderers in the dark; even the district governor shuts an eye, and the proprietor whose horse is borrowed is in no hurry to pursue; "the little horse will come back, it is probably an 'unfortunate'"—the term for an exile. One would like to believe that Brehm is right and Kennan prejudiced.

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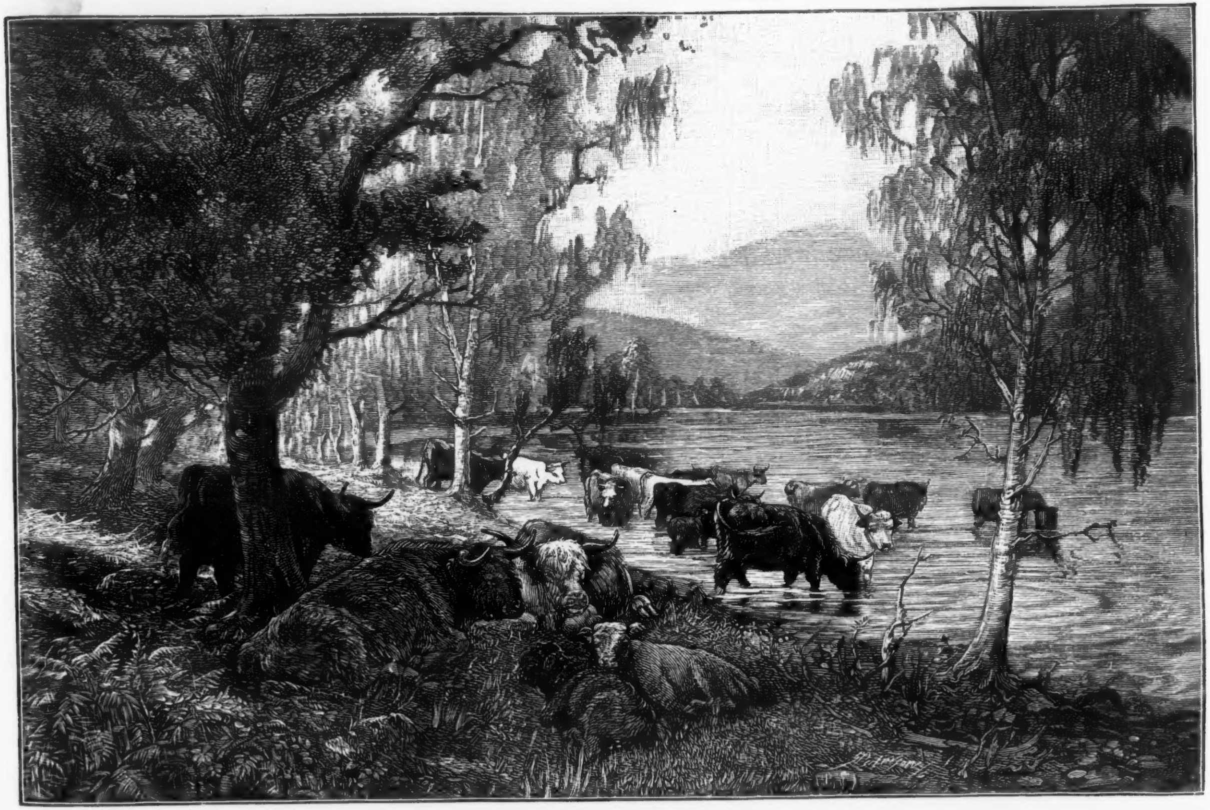


[*Engraved by R. Paterson*

THE SIDE OF LOCH ARD

By J. Denovan Adam, R.S.W.

FALSE COIN OR TRUE?*

By F. MONTRÉSOR, Author of "Into the Highways and Hedges," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

CHAPTER XI

JOHN was waiting in the shop. His rather hard-featured face softened in expression when Linda entered it. The very tone of his voice was gentler when he spoke to her.

"I've brought a cloak for you, for it's mizzling a wee bit," he said.

He wrapped the cloak carefully round her, and noticed the silver coins while he did so.

"Mrs. Schonenwetter gave them to me. Wasn't it wonderful kind of her?" said Linda in a whisper. "It's the only coin I shall bring you, John!"

John nodded gravely, and drew her hand through his arm when they went out together.

The sight of her in that Jew's shop touched him. The lass was so appealingly alone in the world. She came to him fatherless and motherless. It was to the Father of the fatherless that he must answer for her. He was a good man, and he entertained the thought reverently. If any one had told him that the conjuror had felt the same reverence for defencelessness, he would have refused to believe it.

They walked silently down the quaint narrow street. Everything looked beautiful to Linda in spite of the drizzling rain. Then John spoke:

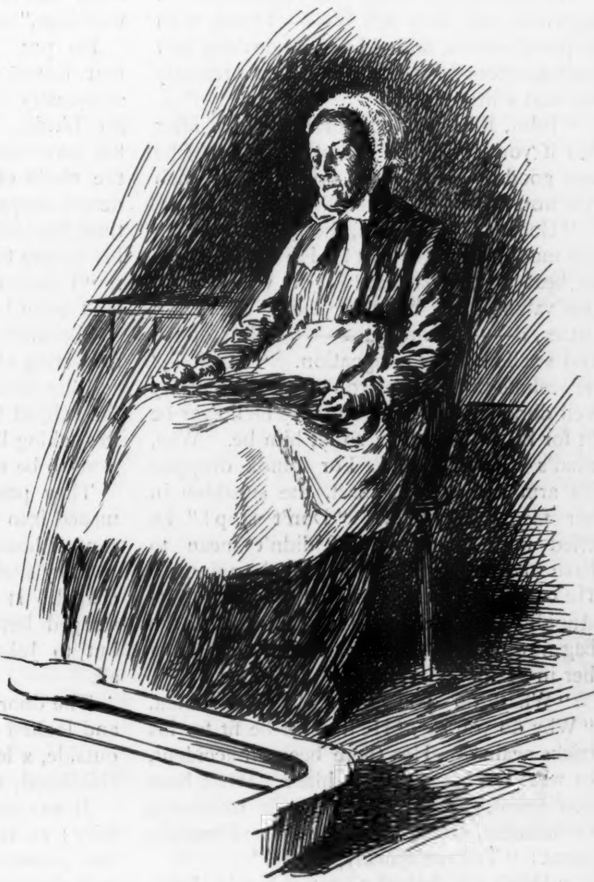
"There's only another week to run, and then you'll be my wife, and I'll be taking you safely home."

"Yes. We shall be going *home*, and I shall be your wife for ever and ever," said Linda.

His voice was anxious, but hers was full of content.

When they reached the corner of the footway, Linda stood still and looked behind her. Her lips moved, but John could not catch what she said. Her face was radiant as the reflection of blue sky in a pool of water, just before the clouds come up.

"What are you stopping for?" he asked.



"Nanette sat alone by the kitchen fire"

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"I was thinking," said Linda. "I was thinking of myself when I first walked down this street. How frightened and tired I was—and how happy I am now!" Even while she spoke, the moments of her joy were running out. "It was raining hard," she went on, "and it was night, and the gas jets shone yellow in the wet puddles under our feet. Monsieur Morèze held his umbrella over me, and talked all the time, though I didn't rightly take in anything he said, what with the noise, and the confusion, and his strange accent, and the way my head ached."

"The rascal!" said John. The exclamation came from his heart to his lips unawares. "There," he added, "I won't say it again, my darling; the feeling was too strong for me; come along, we'll not think of him any more."

He hurried her along with slightly jealous eagerness, and they left W—— Street, with its pawnbrokers, and old picture-dealers, and reminiscences behind them. But presently she said a little timidly:

"John, I'll never talk of him again after this if you don't like it, but I know that he *was* good to me; and I wish—oh, I wish you would believe it."

"Good?" said John, hotly, "I've seen too much to believe that! He didn't starve or beat you, I daresay! You were a deal too valuable to him for that. He knew better, d——n him, but——" He stopped and swallowed his indignation. "Oh, well," he resumed, "*I've* got you! and he is pretty well done for. I don't suppose he'll ever be fit for his tricks again, so let him be. Why, what's the matter?" For Linda dropped his arm and stood aghast, the sunshine in her face dying away. "Don't stop!" he cried uneasily. "Why, I didn't mean to have told you that. I forgot for the minute." He could have bitten his tongue out for its stupidity, but the cat had escaped from the bag now, and, alas! there is never any getting her in again.

"What do you mean?" said Linda. "Why do you say, 'He'll never be fit for his tricks again?' Has there been an accident, or what has happened to him? What have you heard, John?" Then with increasing earnestness, seeing that he remained ruefully silent: "Tell me quickly, please."

"Don't get fashed about it," said John. "He ain't worth your pity." But he glanced at her anxiously. "That unfortunate girl who was once his medium, and whom he ought to have made his wife, but drove to the devil instead, threw vitriol at him, when he came out of a grand lady's house. She missed his eyes, but the stuff ran down his arm. He was badly burned. Blood-poisoning set in while he was in the hospital, and they had to take the arm off. That's the whole story. The account of it was in all the newspapers, but I didn't want you to read it till we were safely married. Don't look like that, Linda! Ay, ye are sorry! unco sorry!" he cried, with a fierce spasm of jealousy. "It was time that I took you away from him." The extreme terror in her face increased his foreboding of trouble. "Oh! I'll be thankful when the dust of his house is fairly shaken from your feet, and when you've forgotten all that's had to do with him," said John.

He put his right hand over the hand that rested on his arm. He could never adequately express the tenderness he felt for Linda. When she should be his wife, his love should keep all evil from her, as the circle of fire that travellers light in a desert, keeps wild beasts away. In the meantime, his irritation found easier vent than did his deeper feelings.

"I sha'n't ever forget," said Linda. "I ain't quite bad enough for that!"

She walked with downcast head after that, answering absently when he spoke to her.

John tried to lead her thoughts away from the subject that had so disturbed her. He was taking her to see the chapel where they were to be married.

They passed along Piccadilly, and then turned into quieter streets; streets of semi-genteel houses and second-rate shops.

They stood at the door of the Presbyterian chapel. It was an ugly little grey building, wedged between two dull lodging-houses; but to John and Linda it was not dull at all.

The door was ajar, Linda pushed it open, and looked in. While she stood there, just outside, a legend that he had heard in his childhood, rose in John's mind.

It was the story of a man who wooed a fairy; at the very threshold of the church, the powers of the air took hold of her, and she was drawn away from her lover's arms.

"Come in! Come right in!" John cried sharply.

The girl obeyed him, but sat down wearily on a bench close to the door.

"I'll show you where we'll stand," said John, "and where the minister will be, and——"

"Ah, wait a minute," said Linda, and her face was full of trouble. "I am so stupid. I don't seem able to understand all at once. Did you say that Monsieur Morèze has been so much hurt, that he can't ever go on the boards any more? Have they really had to take off his arm? Oh, John! and you never told me! Why, it means ruin to him."

"He has his deserts," said John, between his teeth.

He sat down by her side, and tried to pull her towards him, but she shook her head.

"Oh, I never knew! I never knew!" she cried. "It must have *hurt* him so!"

John bit his lip; he could not bear to hear the tears in her voice.

"And it will break his heart! for he loves his profession."

"His profession!" said John. "A fine profession it was! To make a show of an innocent little maid! To live by lies and deception. It's by a miracle that he has not done you more harm. That other poor thing told me—but I can't say all she told me."

"I think you'd better not," said Linda in a low voice; "I'd not believe her! John, I've been cowardly, and bad, and ungrateful—but I didn't know he was ill! I've run away from him when he is in trouble, but I'll—I'll go back!"

"My God!" cried John. "Are ye daft?"

They were silent for minutes, staring at each other with tragic faces. In spite of her clinging gentleness, Linda would choose for herself in the great crisis of her life. She hated having to act; decision was pain and grief to her; yet John felt curiously powerless before this unreasoning resolve.

He had been sorely jealous; he knew that he had been undiplomatic.

Now his instinct told him that but one chance remained. He flung aside his anger, and held out his arms.

"My darling! Would you desert *me?* Do *I* not need you?" he cried. "Is my trouble nothing to you?"

And she clung to him sobbing, and hid her face on his shoulder.

"You are everything to me! Your trouble must always be my trouble, John."

He drew a breath of relief, and devoted himself to soothing her, with a sense of victory won. After all, John said to himself, he needed not have experienced that uncomfortable "scare." It was impossible that this gentle little thing, who was so fond of him, should really have meant what she had said.

"You've just been talking great nonsense, my girl," he said, laughing tenderly. "And of course," with a somewhat belated effort to be magnanimous, "of course, it's natural you should feel a bit sorry for that —— foreign gentleman. I shouldn't wonder if he were to come to life again, and to try to give us some trouble yet! Not that he shall ever have another chance of frightening you. Eh, my bairn, how you are trembling!"

He tried to suppress the indignation that always nearly mastered him when he noticed how nervous Linda was.

"That's his doing," he said, "but we'll make another woman of you when you're my wife, my bonnie dear."

Then she lifted her head; she was not crying any longer, and her eyes were very bright.

"I'm not afraid now," she said; "not one bit afraid. I *was* a coward, John, but I am sure I'll be safe enough now. Why, I couldn't leave off from loving you, if I tried. Monsieur Morèze ain't God to give life, and to take it away; and loving is like living. I didn't know how strong it was before! I'll go back to him now without a scrap of fear, and I'll stay with him till he's well. He ain't one to give up. You'll see that he'll learn to manage with one hand. He'll pick himself up again, and, when he is recovered, then I'll come to you. You'll wait for me, won't you, John?"

John fairly gasped with astonishment. It was as if this baptism of pain and love had turned the girl into a woman.

"I love you too much to be afraid," she said; but John thrust her from him with a groan.

"You don't know what you are doing! Wait for you? Ay—it's till the Last Day I may wait, if you go back now! Linda, it's not only for myself I'm speaking," he cried, incoherently; "though God knows I love you, but for the sake of your own soul, that has been kept so white and pure in the middle of evil."

His face flushed while he spoke. Never before in his life had John spoken like this.

"It was like a miracle," he said. "And I saw it! I saw you up on that stage with that black rascal by your side, and, among all the crowd, it was I who saw your goodness, and knew that you were—were compassed round about. You were kept safe before ever I was there to lead you away from his sorceries. But *now* you'll be tempting the Lord, if you go back. Will you do that, and take no hurt? Listen, Linda; is this man, who was your master, a good man? Is he a Christian? No! I'll not ask so much as that from him; but is he even one that honest women should speak with? Oh, you will not hear! You will shut your eyes, and stop your ears, and it is ill work to tell foul tales to a maid, but for——"

"Hush," said Linda, "I'll hear no tales, John. I know what he is to me. He is the one who held out his hand when no one else would."

"Then hear only this," said John. "No one can serve both God and Mammon; and, if ever there was a Mammon serving in this world, it's what you'd go back to now. Oh, my dear, my dear, dinna go."

"Do you think I *want* to," cried the girl. "Oh, John, it's hard enough! You may be right, for you know more. I only see one thing. And that gets clearer and clearer every minute. I see that Monsieur Moreze was the saving of me, and that, now he's down, I've deserted him. *I can't do it any more!* I feel wicked and shameful when I think of it. If I let you marry me now, I should know I wasn't fit to be yours. It would just show that I wasn't worth the picking out of the mud," she said, with sudden passion. "You are too good a man to have a selfish coward for a wife! Let me go, let me go while he needs me. John, I've been bad enough already; but I don't think as my soul would be worth the saving, if I saved it *so*."

"Then go!" said John. "A wilful woman maun have her way, but the consequences are on your own head, Linda. Can you touch pitch and not be defiled? Go, if you will; but if you do, I've washed my hands of you. I'll never see you more."

Yet even while he spoke, feeling his heart on fire with anger and jealousy and indignation, he scarcely thought that she would take him at his word. John had yet to learn that when a coward screws courage to the striking point, she may take a leap in the dark that bolder spirits might shrink from. Linda turned away without another word—and went.

* * * *

Nanette sat alone by the kitchen fire, knitting and pondering. She had no need to look at her busy fingers, they did their work mechanically. She peered into the caverns of red-hot coal, and thought about Linda.

When we are young, we dream of our own future; when we are old, of other people's.

Was the child happy? Was she safely married, and turned into Madam Maclean, with a gold ring on her finger?

Nanette twisted the wedding-ring on her own wrinkled hand, with a grim smile.

She hoped that "la petite" would have better luck than she herself had had; but, even if John were to show himself bad-tempered, or close-fisted, or jealous, still Linda would have gained a name and an assured position. That was always something.

"But *my* child, she will never be again," Nanette said to herself; and her spectacles grew dim, and the coals took strange shapes.

It was "triste" in the empty house. Monsieur Moreze was still in the hospital, and Nanette doubted whether he would keep her on his return. He had probably guessed that she had connived at Linda's flight. She was very sorry for him; she hoped that Hélène would be well punished. She would certainly stay to look after his house till he should come back, even though doing so would entail facing his probable anger.

She would not have cheated him for any one but the girl she loved; but she did not in the least repent. No, no, she was bound to put Linda's welfare first, because Linda would have died, if it had not been for her.

The "sequitur" was quite clear to Nanny. She saw a wedding-cake in the burning or smouldering coals, and that was consoling.

but she was certainly getting anxious. This silence and uncertainty depressed her. She wished for Monsieur Morèze's return, even though she feared it. Anything would be more cheerful than this lonely waiting.

Presently there was a ring at the front-door bell. Nanette jumped up with alacrity. Possibly it was the postman with a letter from Linda Maclean; it would do her heart good to see that signature!

She put on a fresh apron (for Nanette would have felt that she had fallen to the level of an Englishwoman, if any man had seen her in one that was less than immaculately clean), then went to answer the summons.

But it was not the postman who stood outside, and who cried, "Nanny, Nanny, I've come back!" and who threw two arms round her neck and kissed her.

"My treasure! my precious child! my darling!" cried Nanette, in one breath. Then she pulled Linda inside, and shut the door; and holding her at arms' length, looked at her left hand. "Linda," she said solemnly. "But if you are not married, what was it for that you ran away? and—where is he?"

"Oh, Nanny, he is very angry," said Linda. "He says that he will never forgive me. But I couldn't do anything else—not after I'd heard the news. It was only yesterday I was told. John let it out by mistake. He says that the master has been dreadfully hurt, and he's ill in hospital, and they are going to take off his arm. When I heard all that, I knew that I just couldn't desert him, and that I must come back—so I've come."

"Dame!" said Nanette, "but are you quite mad?"

Linda sighed. "I suppose I am," she said; "for John said that too."

They went into the familiar kitchen, and stood in front of the fire, where Nanette had descried the wedding-cake. She couldn't see it now.

"But, Nanny," Linda said softly, "if Monsieur Morèze had deserted me when I was ill, I shouldn't be here now, mad or not!"

"It is true, and the saints have well rewarded him!" said Nanette, "for his charity has already been returned to him at least twenty times. Mon chou, it is not a time to pick words. Go while you still can, if you mean to be your John's wife! When Monsieur comes back, you will find it too late."

Linda took off her cloak and hat, and laid them aside. She was rather pale, but quite decided.

"I am not afraid of him now," she said simply. "One is not afraid when one is doing the only thing that there is to do—without being ashamed. It is only fair. The other way would have been horrible. Monsieur took very good care of me once, before I could take care of myself. Oh, it isn't the money I owe him, Nanny! There's a deal more than that!"

Nanette shook her head.

"But your own life's happiness should come first," she cried.

"But yes, mon chou; and the happiness of your 'John,' though he has evidently been stupid as a pig! See now, Linda, what is Monsieur Morèze to you? He is not either father or lover, though indeed—ah, is it possible, after all, that you are in love with Monsieur?"

"I?" cried Linda indignantly. "Can one have two loves? It is you who are mad now, Nanny."

"Then do not stay here," said Nanette earnestly. "It was natural you should feel sorry; but one must always let something go when one would climb up higher. It is sad! but it must be! Le bon Dieu has arranged it so!"

"Ah," said the girl with a sharp accent of pain in her tone, "I know it's sad!"

She turned away from the fire, and walked restlessly to the window.

The rain was beating in gusts against the panes of glass. It was beginning to get dark. Linda hated darkness; the streets at night had no fascination, but only terror for her; nevertheless she would have braved their terrors willingly for the sake of seeing John again.

Had she, after all, been wrong? She habitually acted from instinct rather than reason; she was apt to become confused when she tried to think.

"I will go with you, petite," said Nanny. "For it is too late for you to be walking about alone. 'Monsieur' would certainly not have allowed that."

"No! he didn't let me go," said Linda; "though Mrs. Swainson was all against me.

I'll put away my things now, Nanny!" And she stayed.

As for Nanny, she argued no more. Argument was clearly of no avail. The child's conscience was on the other side, and it would listen to no worldly wisdom. "The saints defend her!" said Nanette; but she could not but feel ruefully that she would have preferred a more visible and tangible aid than theirs.

Linda went upstairs to their old room; then returned to busy herself with making tea as of old. She was neither tearful nor apparently excited; but, when the old woman questioned her further about what had passed between her and John, she put the subject aside.

"I can't talk about it yet," she said.

A few days later, however, she referred to it, though with evident effort.

"John can't forgive me," she said. "He says that all is over between us, but I had to do it, Nanny. If one is fond of a good person one *has* to try to be a bit good." And, as the days went by, Nanny knew more and more how "all that" had changed the girl.

Her love seemed to have increased and strengthened her individuality. Oddly enough Linda always felt as if John had awakened in her "a soul of her own."

She had, however, lost something of her fresh charm. She neither laughed nor cried so readily as heretofore, and her pretty mouth had at times an almost stern expression.

Old Time is a wonderful joiner, and mends cleverly, but though he may make things "as good" as new, or perhaps better, he cannot make them the same again!

Linda grew thin and white, but was busier and less clingingly dependent than of old. It is only happy people who can afford to dream, and she took to working very hard at this time.

Nanette had taught her to embroider exquisitely, and Linda discovered that the "Brittany stitch" was fairly remunerative.

Her fingers were never still now, she sewed with an energy that made her back ache, but perhaps eased the pain at her heart—stitching renunciation and resolution into the dainty initials that marked the "trousseau" linen of a bride.

John did not come to see her, he was too angry; but he wrote aggrieved and indignant letters, which she read and re-read.

They showed at least that he still cared about her, and she could no more help being glad of that, than she could help feeling warmer when the sun shone.

It was, perhaps, illogical to rejoice, seeing that they had "done with all that," but Linda always took her sensations for granted without analysis. It was a tribute to the sterling uprightness of John's character that the thought of him actually inspired her with courage to follow the leading of her conscience, even though it led her to do that which he disapproved.

But the disapproval hurt her sorely!

Once Nanette, waking in the night, fancied she heard the girl crying, and got up to see whether she was ill.

Linda was asleep, but, as Nanette bent over her, she moaned with a little low sound like a sick child, and stretched out eager hands as if she were seeking something.

Nanette went back to bed with a sigh.

"It is what one lives past!" she muttered. "The poor child! she will get over it without doubt; but it is bad while it lasts! Mon Dieu, yes, it is the very devil while it lasts!"

CHAPTER XII

MONSIEUR MORÈZE's mishap was in all the papers—long and sensational paragraphs that it would have rejoiced his heart to read. While he was fighting for life in the hospital, the "Society" numbers came out every week, with new stories about his relations with Mademoiselle Hélène, and the causes of her mad crime. Gossip could hardly have been busier with his name had he been born with a handle to it.

The mysterious "lady of distinction" who had made such an "unparalleled sensation," faded into insignificance beside this new mystery. Only the Frenchman remembered, and in his delirium sought for her. "Quick, quick!" he had exclaimed, when they brought him into the hospital ward. "Bandage my head up any way. I haf to go out again directly. Does *la petite* think she will get off, she and Hélène together? But, if I were in hell—and it feels much like it, I would outwit Monsieur le Diable, and find her."

They had hard work to keep him in bed for all that night; and the next, the idea of there being no time to be lost possessed him. But, when he regained his senses, he spoke of Linda no more; he bent his whole power to the task of getting well, and never was a more excellent patient.

He made a joke of pain, he won the hearts of all the nurses, he learnt to use his left hand as soon as he had strength to sit upright, and, to all appearance, his spirit never failed him, even for a second.

Yet it was a hard struggle; he had no longer youth in his favour, and for a time, in the doctor's opinion at least, the issue was doubtful.

On the fifth day after he had been brought to the hospital, he woke from a long sleep, and his black eyes rested with a gleam of absolute triumph in them on the "sister" by his side.

"A la bonne heure," he said. "I feel Monsieur le Mort has given in; I shall get well with ease now; de tug is over."

"It is a most merciful recovery. You have great cause to be thankful," said the sister. Whereat he smiled and held out his left hand to her.

"I gif you all my thanks for your kind care," he said. "I? no! place aux dames. I will put you first; you and I haf gained de victory! But de fate or de Providence—eef you like de last name better—has robbed me of an arm, and I do not gif thanks for dat. It will be two, t'ree week before I can prosecute Hélène, and before I am again on de boards."

The sister sighed and shook her head reproachfully; though she could not help feeling some sympathy for the pluck that already purposed "standing again on the boards."

"After such an escape——" she began, then hesitated, and stammered.

"Ah, you wish to relieve your conscience," said Monsieur Moreze. "But go on, by all means, eef you wish. You may not again haf de chance, for I haf passed de age when sermons amuse."

"I would only say that the near sight of death should surely have taken away thoughts of revenge," said the sister, with an effort.

She was a good deal embarrassed, though she had witnessed many a terror-stricken death-bed "repentance" without any qualms of doubt or uncertainty.

"Ma sœur," said Monsieur Moreze gravely. "For me, I am not a religious person. Dere are, however, some things dat it would shame me to do. Par exemple, I would think shame of myself, if de shadow of death did so frighten me, that I should turn at de sight like a beaten dog, with tail between his legs, and should run fast de other way from fear! Parbleu! de Providence dat ees pleased wid such a turning, must be easy to—how do you say it?—to fling dust in de eyes of! to make a fool of! Easier than an audience of nursery babies, hein?"

"Hush!" said the sister aghast, "do not blaspheme God."

"Mais non," he answered quickly. "I nevair do—I leave dat to de priests." And the good woman turned away disheartened.

From that hour Monsieur Moreze got steadily better, though he remained longer in the hospital than he had reckoned.

It was at the end of two months, a weary and painful two months, that he found himself outside its walls. The air smelt sweet and fresh; he had become sick of the hospital odour of carbolic, of the uniform of the nurses and sisters, of a world where every one was ill!

He had made no complaints, but he had hated the whole place. He had taken a very kindly leave of the hospital staff, but he sincerely hoped never to see any member of it again!

His face was terribly scarred, though he held his head erect as ever. He stood still a long time at the crossings, to gather breath and rest.

The other patients, who had been discharged that day, had been met by friends, but Monsieur Moreze had asked no one to meet him.

He was weary of being taken care of; he preferred being alone! He fancied that he could walk home easily, he had walked up and down the ward several times, but he had rather overrated his strength, and the way seemed very long.

All the cabs and omnibuses were full, and his legs grew tired! The more exhausted he was bodily, the more busily his brain worked. He was possessed with the idea of regaining possession of Linda. He glanced inquiringly at every woman who passed him, though he knew that the chances were against Linda's being anywhere in London.

He had been—at any rate since middle-age had cooled his blood—a man in whom the brain governed the heart; who could be daring, when daring seemed most likely to win success; but who would have turned away with a laugh and a shrug from any enterprise in which the odds were clearly against him.

Now, the passionate southern nature that lay asleep underneath both his wisdom and his vanity reasserted itself.

He knew that it would be rash to try to force Linda's return; he knew that the plans that kept suggesting themselves to his mind were mad and indefensible.

He did not care! Whatever happened afterwards, he would make her come back.

He repeated the last words to himself over and over again. "She shall come back, she shall come back."

The heat made him giddy. By the time he at last reached his own door he felt that he had got to the end of his powers.

He was glad that the walk was over.

He had his latch-key in his pocket; his left hand was not yet accustomed to doing all the work: he fumbled over the lock.

While so engaged it seemed to him that his house must be full of people.

He heard many voices, the sound of a crowd shouting and laughing and clapping.

"It's a good audience," he thought vaguely.

He opened the door, and everything was silent, chillingly silent; and he shivered with a momentary horror at his own weakness.

"I am getting old and foolish," he muttered.

He rested in the passage for a few minutes; then pulled himself together and went into the parlour.

Nanette would not be prepared for him, for he had given no notice of his return.

Some one was standing with her back to him, dusting the ornaments on the mantelpiece. She turned at the sound of the closing door, and Monsieur Morèze started violently, and put his hand before his eyes.

"But I am still quite mad, evidently," he said.

"Oh, Monsieur!" cried Linda. "How dreadfully ill you have been! Oh, I am glad I have come back!"

She had lain awake wondering how he would receive her; she had secretly dreaded the first meeting, picturing it again and again, and deciding beforehand exactly what she should say and do.

Now, while he leaned against the door, staring at her as if she were a ghost, she forgot herself altogether and said nothing that she had intended to say.

It was so extraordinary that his self-possession should be upset.

"Dear Monsieur, you are not in the least mad. It is only that I've changed my mind and come back."

He walked slowly across the room and sat down, resting his head on his hands.

She noticed the white hairs that sprinkled the black, and the new lines that pain had traced round his lips.

He was quite silent for a few minutes; then he spoke without looking at her.

"De women are made so," he said. "Either dey do make of men fools or else—dey are made fools of; it ees de last, I suppose, has happened to you, N'est-ce-pas? Ah, well, it ees good for you dat I am no saint to turn my back on you. Your room ees there, still, eef you like. And for him," his thin fingers clenched involuntarily, "for *him*, I will make him vary sorry for himself yet."

"What do you mean?" said Linda. "Monsieur, look at me, and tell me what you mean!"

She was older, the outline of her face was sharper, and her eyes had a new depth of purpose in them; but when he lifted his head and looked at her, they met his still with the old childlike directness and innocence in them, and he was silent.

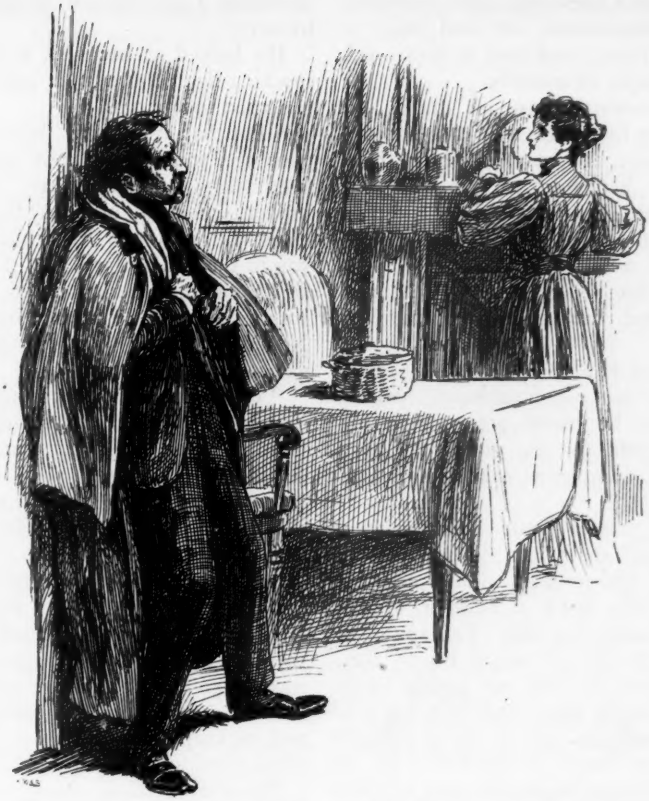
"We were to have been married," she said; "and then I heard as you had been hurt, and that made the difference; but it wasn't John's fault."

"A—ah! It ees, then, Monsieur who is de fool," he said. "Bien, bien! dat ees by far de better arrangement, mon enfant."

He spoke briskly; he was more like himself now; he was glad from his heart that the girl had come to no harm.

Linda smiled rather sadly.

"John is lucky to have got rid of me—



"But I am still mad, evidently"

leastways his mother will think so—but he cared for me! he really did," she added, with a pathetic little touch of pride. "He hates the stage, he don't approve anything I've done, but he wanted to marry me. Even up to yesterday he wrote and said he would still, if——"

"Well?" said the conjuror.

"If I'd promise not to see you again," she said.

The very frankness with which she spoke seemed to raise a barrier round her.

"I won't have no one fancy it was John's fault—nor that I've left off loving him; it's only that we see one thing differently," said Linda.

"I will swear dat 'John' keeps all de virtues," said Monsieur Morèze; "since, whateffer I may haf lost, it ees *I* who keep *you*!"

She came across the room to him, and knelt by his chair, for the reference to his loss touched her.

"I am sorry!" she said. "May I be your medium again? You won't need your right hand for that? I ought not to have run away; it was very wrong, and a shame! Do you remember how ill I was when I first came to you? I've thought of that a great deal lately. Monsieur, please forgive me, for I want to be of any use to you that I can now."

Monsieur Morèze twisted round sharply, and put his left hand on her shoulder.

"Ah, you do not know what it ees you do, when you come back to me so; and do say soft things in a voice dat—dat ees after all, ice cold," the man cried. "And I haf not made you come!"

He sat on, long after she had left him, as if he were still dazed.

"It is as if one had planned to risk one's neck to get into a house and steal a diamond—but the mistress comes out and says, 'it is yours, my friend,' and puts it into one's hand," he thought whimsically.

It was probably because his nerve had been shaken by his illness that this affected him so strangely. It was the oddest thing that had ever happened to him. Linda's return surprised him more than had her flight; but it did more than surprise him, it filled him with a kind of awe.

He sent for Nanette presently and cross-questioned her about all that had occurred.

Nanette told him the whole story; there was no further use in concealment; besides, she knew that he would get nothing but truth from Linda, for the girl clung, as if for safety, to a scrupulous exactness of conduct.

"I wished that la petite should make a good marriage," she said. "And if I did not help her, who would? She is like my own child. Why not? if another woman bore her, *I* saved her life. Yes, you were kind to her, I am not saying no to that, Monsieur; but she was not laying by so much as a penny piece, and how was I to know what would become of her if I died? I, who am no longer a chicken. To be married to a young respectable man who she loved, that would be the making of her. Oh, I know well it was not fair to you. If you send me away this minute, I do not complain, though you will never get another to cook for you as I have."

"That is true," said the conjuror, "and to-morrow is time enough; for, if you go to-night, I shall get no supper, hein? You will go to-morrow."

Nanette made him a little curtsey, and went to the door. She had expected that dismissal, and she was proud in her way and did not mean to entreat. Then all of a sudden something conquered her pride, and she came back and stood before him again, with tears in her old eyes.

"Monsieur can do as he chooses," she said; "but, if I have cheated him in one big thing, it was for love of the girl whom he himself brought here. And another woman may cheat him in a hundred little matters (which I have never done) and for love of herself. These Englishwomen have no consciences or hearts, except Linda. Monsieur, I am old, and it will break mine to leave."

He looked at her with a half sad, half mocking light in the black eyes that Hélène had tried to put out.

"For that, it is a pity," he said; "but, at your age, you should know better than to keep such a thing. What! it is still unbroken. Get rid of it, my friend, before it leads you into more mischief. I do give you to the end of the week. Dame! do not go on standing there, but go, go," he cried with a sudden little burst of irritability; and Nanette fled. It was something to have gained even so much.

"He has told me to go, mon chou," she said to Linda, who was sitting stitching as usual; "but not directly; and he was not so angry as I expected."

Linda raised her head from her work; she looked tired, and white and rather anxious.

"Monsieur was not angry with me," she said; "and it was all my fault; not yours at all, Nanny. He was more glad to see me back than I had thought for; but you mustn't go away and leave me. If you go, I could get a room somewhere, I suppose, and yet keep my promise, and be his medium of an evening—but it would be very dreary!"

Nanette nodded thoughtfully. It no longer struck her as ridiculous for Linda to live alone, for the girl had proved to have rather more will of her own than any one had fancied.

"Of course, if you did that, and he no longer gave you board and lodging, Monsieur would be forced to pay you something; but he will not be pleased when you suggest it," she remarked.

"Then, perhaps, he will let us both stay," said Linda.

"Perhaps," answered Nanette. "He does not generally change his mind, but—. Well, so he was glad to see you? Very glad? Eh, why do you put your eyes out over that work? Put it away and rest; I am going to get his supper ready. Poor fellow! how will he eat it with one hand? Tell me that?"

Linda put down her work. "I'll help you," she said. "Oh, Nanny, I wish he hadn't got hurt and that I wasn't so sorry for him! it's a difficult world!"

"We will make him an omelette," said

Nanette cheerfully. "Be careful how you break that egg; he will never let himself be helped, but he can eat an omelette with a fork." She spoke in the tone of one who has solved a problem, and Linda smiled. The frying of the omelette was a relief. It was simple, and one could see the end of it.

The small services for kinsfolk and neighbours that tax a woman's powers pretty constantly, perhaps comfort, as well as weary her, at times more than she knows. She grows sick over the puzzles of heart and brain that she must either shirk, or find a clue to; but these insistent clamorous claims of love, of other people's minor needs, pull the balance straight.

Perhaps, after all, the world is the saner, because dinners must be cooked, and clothes stitched.

Monsieur Morèze certainly did not allow Linda too much time for reflection. He devoted himself, with characteristic courage, to the practices of leger-de-main with the left hand only.

Nanette was audience, and Linda accomplice. The latter was by no means clever in the last capacity. She was over-anxious, and the conjuror over-impatient.

The slowness and clumsiness of other people's fingers were simply incomprehensible to Monsieur Morèze; but, all the same, he would not hear of having any other pupil.

Nanette suspected that the conjuring lessons were simply the excuse for keeping his recovered treasure constantly in his sight; and Linda herself at least learned one lesson—a lesson that women are curiously slow to take in—she learned the utter impossibility of going backwards!

She had returned to Monsieur Morèze, but she had not returned to the old condition of things. That was all gone, swept away in the sudden gust of emotion that had escaped him at first sight of her.

He watched her constantly, and a little feverishly. If Linda had had any secrets to conceal, she could not have borne the scrutiny.

The strength of her position, however, lay in the fact that she had told him the whole truth.

She was in love with John, but had "come back" to her master. He might watch for ever, and he would discover no more than that.

One day she asked him whether Nanette might stay.

"Nanette only did what I wanted, Monsieur," she said. "It is not fair to forgive me and yet send her away."

"Noting ees what you call 'fair,' when it ees a woman who ees concerned," he said. "Eef I do let de old woman stay, will you be quite happy again, hein?"

Linda hesitated; she was young enough to believe that she should never again taste real happiness without John; but, barring that great want, she wanted nothing but Nanette.

"Yes, Monsieur," she said bravely.

"Den she shall stay," he said. "Now are you satisfied?"

"Yes—and thank you," she answered. He looked hard at her, then turned away.

"It ees de first time you haf lied to me, mon enfant," he said. "You do it badly; do not try again; it ees not at all your rôle."

When she was gone, he repeated the words to himself.

"The first time! for she is such an extraordinarily simple child: but, when she is my wife, she will do it all day long, unless she forgets him; and, for me, though I am worth a hundred of him, yet I am not worth that."

He walked restlessly up and down the room.

It had become clear to him, that, if he meant to keep Linda, he must marry her.

He had let her see his feeling for her, the pretty little fiction of guardianship had become impossible; he could trust his self-command no more.

"And she shall not be unhappy," he assured himself. "Mon Dieu, no! she shall not! What? I am not so very old, and I am clever, and I am rich."

He paused in front of the glass, and looked at his own brown face, scarred now across the forehead and right cheek, then shrugged his shoulders sardonically.

"No! you are not pretty, my friend," he said. "Mademoiselle Hélène has taken care of that; la petite will keep her eyes shut when she marries you!—close shut—as if she were taking poison. Poor child; and she came back of her own accord, and left her lover."

A little smile curved his lips. It was decidedly a satisfaction to reflect that, though

John had had youth on his side, as well as his love's heart, yet he was discomfited.

"But he must be a great fool," thought the conjuror, "or it could not have happened."

He guessed pretty correctly what line John had taken; he could imagine the Scotchman's triumph over his adversary's misfortune, and Linda's revolt.

"She never liked to hear me abused," he remembered. "That made her angry once before; she is very strange, this girl!"

An odd look crossed his face, as if some painful thought were trying to force admittance, and he let it in with a sneer at his own weakness.

"It would be absurd, for the man is not worth it; and in twelve months she would not thank me," he muttered. "He is not worth the clothes he stands up in, this good gentleman, or he would not so easily have let her go. Besides, I spoke the truth to her—to be poor and overworked, that is not what suits her. It is I who am the saving of her."

He sat down and his head dropped on his hands.

"Mon Dieu! if one could only believe one's own lies!" he cried; "but it is the patience in her face that is too strong for me."

CHAPTER XIII

HE was still sitting so when Linda brought a letter to him. He knew, before he opened it, whom it came from.

He had seen in Linda's face that which told him. If he had needed further warning he would have had it in the sound of her voice, which she tried vainly to make unconcerned.

He read the letter through, but Linda could gather nothing from his expression. She stood by, waiting. She longed to say, "What has John written?" but forbore.

"But it comes to just de same," said the conjuror, "for your eyes ask questions when you shut your lips. I will tell you what he writes. He writes dat an uncle has died, and left him much money. He wishes to know what I will take? He will gif me my price eef I gif up all claim on your services. He will pay de money on de same day dat you are his wife. He does think after his own kind. I haf no answer for de monsieur."

"I, too, have heard from John," said Linda. "I want to see him once more."

"You do repent you left him?"

"No. I said *once* more," said the girl. "It is only"—and there were tears in her voice—"it is only that I want to make John understand. It shall be the last time, Monsieur. I promise you that I will not ask this again."

"And after?" said the conjuror. "But de understanding is what you can nevair gif to de man who has it not, mon enfant; and it ees I—not he, who understand!" Wherein he spoke the truth.

They were silent for a minute. He knew that her thoughts had flown away from him to John. He brought them back, with a jerk.

"Linda, listen to me," he said. "I would tell you something. I did know once, when I was young, a woman who was married to de man she did first lof. De man was stupid when he was sober, and, when he was drunk, he was—but I make him a compliment when I say he was a brute. He did twice nearly kill her: once with a knife, and once because he kicked her too hard. She would not be separated from him. It ees so sometimes with women; but I do not understand it. She was, without doubt, very mad, hein?"

"No," said Linda simply. "I don't see what else she could have done, when she was his wife."

"You are vary like her," said Monsieur Moreze. "I haf noticed de likeness before. Another man did lof de woman; she might haf married him. I knew both de men, and dere was no compare between de two. It was a pity she did not take de better man!"

"Yes. It was a great pity she didn't like the good one," said the girl. "And it was queer she didn't, too," she added thoughtfully.

She thought of *her* lover while she spoke. It was, she believed, entirely John's moral worth that had made her love him. Linda firmly believed that she would never have cared for any man had she not met John.

She was probably quite wrong there; but the very fact of her holding such a faith made it likely that she would guard her love for him with a constancy that had in it the strength of a religion.

"De liking would haf come! She was

vary foolish not to haf married him, hein?" said the Frenchman.

Linda coloured—a sudden, hot blush that tinged even her forehead with pink.

"Oh, *no!* she couldn't have done that, and still have felt honest," she said.

Monsieur Morèze laughed, but rather sadly.

"You do know so much about it. You say quite certainly what he could nevair do, as eef all de women were made like you; and I, who haf lived so many more years, I tell you——oh, but what ees de matter?"

Linda's expression had changed. A surprised gladness was quivering in her face.

"Do you hear?" she said breathlessly. "It is only that I hear——Monsieur! it's some one coming up the stairs."

"Ma foi! He has followed his letter fast," said the conjuror. He stood up, his sallow face twitching slightly.

"So you will not see him any more after to-day? Open de door, mon enfant. No; I will let him in myself."

John had left Nanette behind and had dashed up the stairs, three steps at a time.

He was hot with excitement, and with exercise. He recoiled a step when the Frenchman threw open the door, as a man recoils at sight of a snake.

"Enter if you please, monsieur," said the conjuror. "I am delighted dat, for once, you honour me; for, as a rule, you do prefer to talk to de women of my house when de master ees not by."

And he motioned John in with a bow.

"Linda!" said John.

He had been prepared to find that she had been spirited away. He was almost as much surprised as Monsieur Morèze had been, when he saw her before him. "Linda—" he began eagerly. Then he paused, hesitated, and addressed himself to the Frenchman instead. After all, it was with *him* that the struggle must be

"You have had my letter?" he asked.

"Yes, certainly; and I haf tore him up," said Monsieur Morèze. "It ees no use you offer me money, monsieur. You will, perhaps, not comprehend when I say it ees an insult; so I do say only, it ees no use!"

"I will pay——" began John, with a stolid disregard of this declaration, which he preferred to consider advanced in order to draw a larger sum.

"You will pay nothing," said the Frenchman. "How den shall I say it plain enough? I would not, eef I were starving, which I am far from; I would not dirty my fingers with ainything dat came from monsieur's." And, this time, John believed him perforce.

He stood glaring at the Frenchman, as a bull terrier might glare at a rat whose life he would willingly shake out, but who is beyond his reach. If the rascal wasn't to be bought off, what was to be done?

"Sir, I have not come here to quarrel with you," he said at last with a gulp. "If it is by your cursed mesmerism you have drawn this girl here, or if it is by working on the gratitude which she fancies she owes you, I can only appeal to—to any manliness you may have left—to let her go."

He felt his very fingers itch with desire to "appeal" to the fellow's feelings in a very different fashion, and yet, even while he spoke, despair was creeping over him; for his adversary had only one hand, and was fresh from the hospital. He grew hotter still, and ashamed in the midst of his anger as the conjuror's eyes rested on him, with a scorn in their black depths that said quite plainly, "Monsieur is somewhat of a coward, he thinks he can bully a sick man with safety."

It was a relief to him when Monsieur Morèze spoke.

"Monsieur does not wish to quarrel with me, when he does talk of my cursed mesmerism, and of ainy manliness I may haf left? I do not then wish to quarrel with monsieur, when I do refer to his uncalled-for impertinence and do beg he will leave me for de future to compose my own affairs."

"I came here of myself, John," said Linda in a low voice. It was the first time she had spoken since John's entry. "And I am staying of my own free will; Monsieur Morèze didn't even know as I was here when he came back."

"Your affairs, do you say?" answered John indignantly. He paid no attention to Linda's remark; indeed in good truth he believed her bewitched, and persuaded himself that she was barely responsible in this matter. "Your affairs! but it is of mine I am talking; the lass was to have been my wife."

And the lass who was to have been his

wife stifled a sob that made her throat ache, as she stood behind the conjuror.

John did not notice that, but Monsieur Morèze did; and turned his head quickly. During the months that his medium had lived under his roof, he had got into a habit of observing her.

One cannot make a girl happy without taking some pains—unless, indeed, she happens to be in love with one.

"I want to talk to John," she said. "Monsieur, I told you that I must talk to John once more."

"And gif him de understanding. But certainly, mon enfant, why not?" said Monsieur Morèze. He walked to the window and stood there, with his back to her, looking intently at a cat creeping after sparrows on the roof.

He could guess what Linda would say, he had no need to listen.

For one second, a wild hope lightened John's heart. Was it yet possible that she would hear reason, even at the eleventh hour?

"Now give me the word, Linda," he whispered, and he drew her close to him once more. "Give me the word, and I'll take you out o' this, this verra minute."

Another man might have used softer words, but he was in too grim earnest for that.

Linda read the eagerness in his eyes, and, in her own, love kindled. Ah—if she might.

She saw what he would do with a vividness that made her heart leap. She *knew* no one could stop them if she let herself assent, by so much as a look.

"Don't, don't, John," she said. "I love you—and you are tempting me! Don't."

"Tempting you? Not I. It would be right," said John.

And she looked at him hopelessly. Of what avail were words? Her "right" was his wrong. There lay the tragedy of it.

"You don't know all he has done for me," she said. "And if I left him now—Ah! but I've said all that before, and it was of no good, and the minutes are going."

There was a desperate tone in her voice. She came near to him, and leaned her cheek against his arm.

"Don't go away angry!" she cried; "for that's more than I can bear."

John stood rigidly upright. He did not want to soften to her. He despised himself because the unwonted caress nearly melted him. He knew that he had deserved better than this from this little nameless maid, for whose sake he had been ready to quarrel with kith and kin, and to throw prudence to the winds. Love and anger strove mightily together, nearly choking his utterance.

Then Monsieur Morèze moved slightly, half turning round, and jealousy got the better of John's compunction.

"It's fine talking," he said, bitterly. "You give *me* the words, and *him* the deeds. I'm bound to see which of us you set most store by. I suppose I ought to have seen it before."

John was not always wanting in generosity, but it is hard to be generous when one has the worst of it.

Linda caught her breath with a little gesture of despair, and Monsieur Morèze left the window and stood by her side.

"I do tink we haf had enough of this. It ees she who suffers!" he said. "You haf no more to say, Linda? And you stay with me, hein?"

"There is no more to say,'" said Linda; "I will stay with you."

Monsieur Morèze kept his eyes fixed on the ground while she spoke. He was ostentatiously careful lest he should appear to influence her.

In truth he was quite as deeply moved as was either Linda or John, but he could no more refrain from being slightly theatrical, than he could help the shape of his head, or the colour of his skin. His every movement angered the Scotchman.

John looked on grimly. He had fought hard for Linda, and he had failed.

Good and evil had struggled for her, and evil had conquered—at any rate, he thought so.

"Monsieur, I hope, feels satisfied dat I haf not in any way compelled Mademoiselle's choice," said Monsieur Morèze suavely. "Monsieur will allow dat I did not even look at her."

There was a tone of triumph in his voice, but he had won, and he could afford to be polite.

"I allow nothing," said John between his teeth. "If you weren't the lowest of scoundrels, you couldn't have taken advantage of her."

Monsieur Morèze drew himself up with some dignity.

"You haf lost de game," he said. "Therefore, eef it does console you to call me names, I do remember dat. One makes de large excuse for de loser."

And again John felt that he would have given ten years of his life to be on equal terms with his adversary.

"If you only had both hands——" he began; then stopped short and fairly groaned with a sense of impotence.

Monsieur Morèze's best friend could not have wished him whole more heartily than did his enemy; and a something absurd in the situation made the conjuror smile, though at heart he was serious enough.

It was then that Linda interposed. For her, at least, there had been nothing but tragedy in this conflict.

"No one has taken advantage of me," she said; "neither you nor Monsieur. One must always settle for oneself in the end, though it's very hard—just now."

The last two words she addressed to the Frenchman—almost in a whisper. She was very weary, poor girl. It was, as he had truly said, she who suffered most.

Monsieur Morèze had not felt inclined to forego the pleasure of irritating John; but at her appeal, the spirit of mockery that possessed him, fled.

"You did trust me before? Ees it not so?" he said. "Go now. I, too, haf one word I would speak alone to monsieur. We will do each other no harm!"

She hesitated a second, because though he had bidden her leave them, he had taken, and was still holding, her hand in his.

He apparently became conscious of the fact, and released it.

"C'est ça. Adieu, mon enfant," he said.

He waited till the door closed behind her; then, when John would have finished the sentence that Linda had interrupted, he held up his hand with a gesture that the Scotchman, to his own surprise, obeyed.

"It ees quite my turn. I haf leestened to you, now hear me. Monsieur, I do always admire greatly de charity of you so respectable people, who do say one should think no ill of one's neighbour; also your honesty, which does, however, find it no harm to steal from an unbeliever; and your pity, which ees so wide awake when it ees a pretty girl in de case. But it ees not for your so many virtues, but for dat she has trusted me, and dat I am not perhaps altogether de Devil—dat I do let you haf her."

He paused a second, but the unexpected end to his speech had left John dumb. Then he went on less bitterly:

"It ees notting to me what monsieur may like to believe of me, but for her sake who will soon be his wife (for she nevair was very wise) *I* do say this. She has not at any time felt more than grateful to me—sacré! eef I did not too well know it, it ees not *you* who would marry her. I did see monsieur did hardly believe her just now, and I agree it ees strange. It ees vary strange, also, dat ainy woman's gratitude should live after she ees in lof. Le pauvre enfant! Perhaps, den, her lof may last even after de marriage!"

He laid his hand on John's arm with a nervous grip of which his thin fingers looked incapable.

"We do not like each other, hein," he said. "But I believe you lof her—after your way. And de child ees of de kind who will rather be beaten by de man she lofs than by de other. It ees so sometimes! For de rest, she did de 'impossible' when she did come back to me, but she ees vary good. Dere *are* de people who make de miracles still. Dey are not of my sort—or of yours, monsieur."

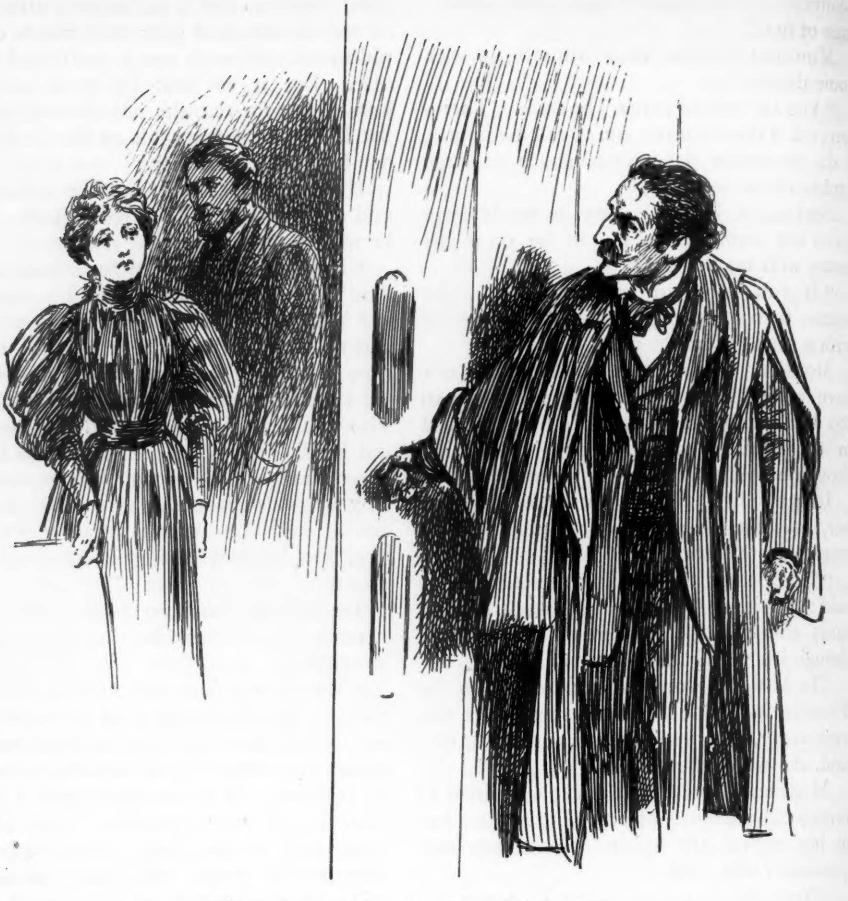
He had still something to say, and the grip on John's arm tightened.

"Be vary kind to her. She does need dat one should be gentle. Mon Dieu! *you* will nevair understand. But be so kind as you can. Eef you are not," he added with a flash of fierce passion, "eef you are *not*, I swear to you dat even my one hand shall find you out!"

And he went out of the room and out of the house, the hall door shutting sharply after him.

Linda never saw Monsieur Morèze again. She seldom ever speaks of him, for her husband hates the very sound of his name, and she is, as a rule, a most amenable wife.

She received a note from him late in the



"He went out of the room and out of the house"

evening, after that scene of which John had told her the conclusion.

John could not get rid of the idea that the conjuror's renunciation was a pretence, and part of a deep-laid plot. He had gone in search of her at once, and had related all that had happened with some exclamations of amazement and incredulity.

"It was like Monsieur to do that. But I always knew he was good, though I didn't trust him enough!" the girl had said.

The note, written with the left hand, was perhaps difficult to decipher, for she was a long time reading it.

"You have, without doubt, again made friends with Mr. Maclean," he wrote. "For me, I shall not be back for a week. By the time I return you will be married; is it not so? I do send my felicitations. If you should want me ever, it is not I who will have forgot you; but I do wish you a good fortune and happiness which, if you do enjoy, we shall not again meet. I do send my respects to monsieur votre fiancé.

"PAUL MORÈZE.

"That you did come back to me was a thing extraordinary. Do not forget me quite, mon enfant."

"Then I shall never see him again?" said Linda; and, happy as she was, there were tears in her eyes.

She was married within the week, and it is only fair to state that John Maclean made her an excellent husband. Prosperity had a softening effect on him, and his wife's admiration drew out the finer side of his character. In one respect only did the prophecies of Monsieur Morèze come to pass. John's mother never forgave Linda. Janet, however, welcomed her kindly.

Monsieur Morèze sailed for America so soon as he was fit to travel, and Nanette accompanied him,

Linda would willingly have kept the old woman with her. John's increased fortunes made it possible to offer her a home; and, albeit he distrusted all foreigners, he was not the man to forget a debt, and he knew that he owed the "old witch" a good turn.

Nanette refused the offer.

"I know better, mon chou," said she. "Oh, yes, I have been a mother to you, it is true! Bien. One cannot have maternity without pain! One soon learns that. You belong to Monsieur le mari at present, and he will not be pleased to see my old fingers meddle with his pies. Moreover, he is not at all of my kind; and to live on him is what I could never do! nor to hold my tongue, like an English bonne, and not to say my say. With Monsieur it is quite different; and I have also an affection for him!"

So she vanished out of Linda's life, with all the rest of that strange past, which became more and more dreamlike as the years went by.

Healthy, busy years, that brought plenty of homely cares, of household joys, of love and of some grief, too—for love can never be in large measure without it.

John's riches increased, and so did his family.

No one would recognise either the workhouse-bred, forlorn child, or the delicately beautiful "medium" who was once the rage of a London season, in the happy mother of many children, who sits at the head of John Maclean's table.

Only one person remembers both, and that person is John Maclean's wife.

If, as one would fain believe, the gratitude of the helped pursues the helper, then, indeed, Monsieur Morèze ought one day to reap a blessing. Perhaps he has, seeing that heaven's benefits seldom take the form of "beer and skittles;" and a love that is strong enough to renounce its object for "love's sake," is beyond our little system of rewards or pity.

John Maclean, however, considers that his wife pays an exaggerated gratitude and a curiously inappropriate reverence to a bad man; and, doubtless, there is a good deal to be said on his side, too. He knows more evil of the conjuror than she does, and less good.

She had loved "Monsieur," though only with the love of a child for its protector; therefore, said John, she was blinded.

And was she? Ah, well; love has been called blind these many years.

He can well afford to be so maligned for the sake of the fruit that ripens under the glance of his "blind" eyes. He has been dubbed mad, too—in the goodly company of the prophets.

When he shall see like the rest of us (but I think that he never will), one fears that miracles will cease, and that Heaven will have left off helping the poor old world.

THE END

NATURE AND HER CHILD

At dawn she sent him a bird,
Which lured from slope up to slope.
Such singing never was heard!
The bird was Hope—
Hope was the bird.

A star at twilight she sent,
Which shone, and filled from afar
His soul with peace and content.
Hope was the star—
The star was Hope.

W. V. Taylor.

(*From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow*)

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THE RIGHT HON. LORD KELVIN, LL.D. D.C.L.

By the Editor

DURING this month there will be celebrated in the University and city of Glasgow the Jubilee of the greatest scientist of our time, whose nobility and attractiveness of character are as remarkable as his intellectual achievements. Not long ago the remark was made to me by a person of ability, "When future generations look back on the career of Lord Kelvin they will assign to him a place second only to Newton;" and the more one reflects on his career, on the greatness of his mind, and on his work as a physicist, the more will this opinion commend itself. There is scarcely a field of science which he has not explored, and few in which he has not been a discoverer. And he holds his vast store of learning with such unaffected simplicity and beautiful graciousness of spirit, as to suggest to those who know him that type of childlikeness of character as opposed to childishness regarding which it was said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." I never see that massive head without recollecting Tennyson's phrase,

> ". . . . large-browed Verulam,
> The first of those who know,"

or those lines in which he described that other,[*] who was long a fellow-Professor with Lord Kelvin in the University of Glasgow:

> ". . . . . full of power;
> As gentle, liberal-minded, great;
> Consistent; wearing all that weight
> Of learning lightly as a flower."

The list of Lord Kelvin's honours is an indication of his world-wide reputation. He is LL.D. of the Universities of Edinburgh, Cambridge, Dublin, Montreal, and Bologna; D.C.L. of Oxford, M.D. of Heidelberg, F.R.S.,

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[*] The late Dr. Lushington.

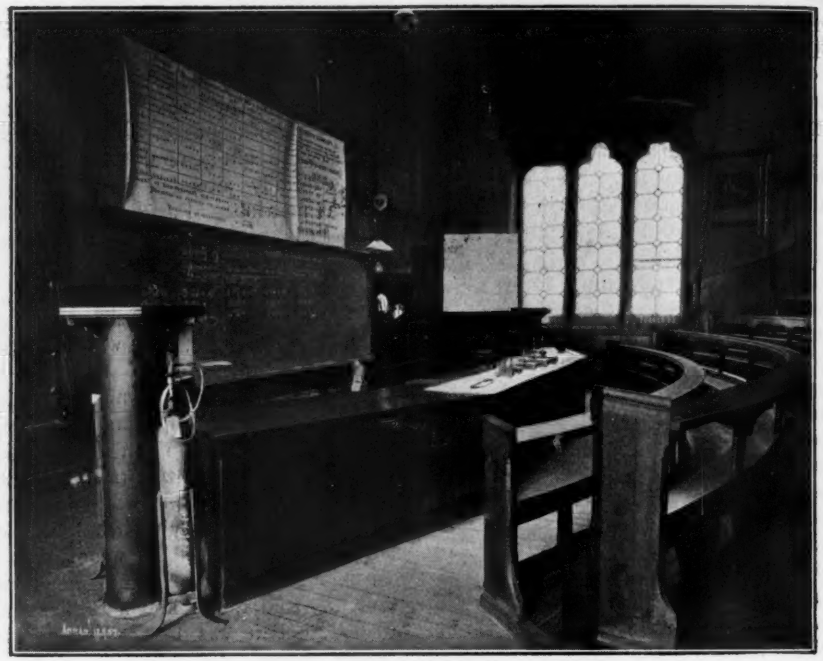
P.R.S.E., Foreign Associate of the French Academy of Sciences, a Grand Officer of the French Legion of Honour, Commander of the Belgian Order of Leopold and Knight of the German Order "Pour le Merite"; re-elected in 1872 a Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge; is now for the third time President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; from 1890 to 1895 President of the Royal Society, London; and in 1871 was President of the British Association at its meeting in Edinburgh.

If heredity means anything, Lord Kelvin was predestined to be a mathematician, for his father, James Thomson, LL.D. was a born man of science, and a thorough mathematician. I well remember him as Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow at the time when the future Lord Kelvin was beginning his career in the Chair of Natural Philosophy. His influence was such as only a strong man could have exercised, and many a student who caught inspiration from his teaching gained distinction afterwards. He was the son of a farmer in the north of Ireland, with few outward advantages; but his inborn thirst for knowledge overcame all difficulties. He was to a large extent self-taught, and when he received larger opportunities—coming to Glasgow as a student for a few years—he so profited that when he returned to Ireland he was appointed first Professor of Mathematics in the newly founded college of Belfast; and in a very few years was promoted to the Chair of Mathematics in that same University of Glasgow which he had so recently left. His eldest son James was also a man of exceptional scientific ability, and as occupying the Chair of Engineering in Glasgow, was for many years the beloved colleague of his brother William.

William Thomson was in this way saturated with mathematics almost from his cradle. His father undertook complete charge of his education till he was ten years old, quickening his latent genius into activity, and training him with such skill that the boy, directed along the best methods of work, which had been made exquisitely clear to him, advanced by leaps and bounds into the very arcana of the exactest of all the sciences. His classical and general education was likewise carefully attended to by his father. He was matriculated as a student in Glasgow at the early age of ten years—little more than out of his childhood. He was a mere youth when he went to St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and at the age of twenty-one he passed as Second Wrangler, and was First Smith's Prizeman. But ere he had won these honours he was already famous, for his contributions at eighteen years of age to the Cambridge and Dublin Mathematical Journal had attracted the attention and excited the wonder of the scientific world in France as well as in England, by their boldness, originality, and accuracy. He was shortly afterwards made editor of that famous journal, and gathered round him a brilliant staff of writers; yet it was his own papers which chiefly aroused the attention of scientists. When twenty-two years of age he was appointed to the Chair of Natural Philosophy in Glasgow, which he has now occupied for fifty years, and which will for ever be asso-

(From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow)

GATEWAY TO GLASGOW UNIVERSITY



(*From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow*)

PART OF LORD KELVIN'S CLASS-ROOM

ciated with his name. The University buildings in which he then lived and for many years taught, was the old and venerable College in the High Street, among the very slums of the city, and in every way in marked contrast to the palace of learning which now dominates the hill to the west of the city, at the foot of which runs the turbid stream, the Kelvin, the name of which Sir William Thomson took for his title as a Peer. Yet those students who, like myself, attended the quaint old college, with its Scoto-French architecture, its small courts and curious turrets, will claim for those bygone days an academic feeling and a comradeship, engendered very much by the sense of antiquity and the closer social surroundings, which they miss in the more widely spread but less picturesque pile erected by Sir Gilbert Scott. One relic of the past remains in the Lodge, built almost entirely from the actual stones and after the fashion of the ancient College, and to those who loved the earlier edifice, that always appears one of the finest objects connected with the newer College.

I was a student under William Thomson, as he was then called, during his third or fourth "session," and the subjects which then formed the chief interest of his lectures were statics, electricity, heat, and acoustics. In electricity he was then pushing his way towards those conclusions, the results of careful experiment, but still more of profound mathematical investigation, which have led to such triumphs in applied science. The dynamical theory of heat which his friend Joule of Manchester was the first to enunciate, became the subject of keenest mathematical elaboration and expansion. It is interesting now to read his own delightful reminiscence of his first meeting with Mr. Joule, and the first astonished impression he received respecting Joule's discovery. "I can never forget the British Association at Oxford in the year 1847, when in one of the sections I heard a paper read by a very unassuming young man, who betrayed no consciousness in his manner that he had a great idea to unfold. I at first thought it could not be true because it was different from Carnot's theory, and immediately after the reading of the paper I had a few moments' conversation with the author, James Joule, which was the beginning of our forty years' acquaintance and friendship. On the evening of the same day, that very valuable institution of the British Association, its Conversazione, gave an opportunity for a good hour's talk and discussion over all that either of us knew of thermo-dynamics. I gained ideas which never had entered my mind before, and I thought I too suggested something worthy of Joule's consideration, when I told him of Carnot's theory. Then and there, in the Radcliffe Library, Oxford, we parted, both of us feeling, I am sure, we had much more to say to one another, and much matter for reflection in what we talked over that evening."

His students had the benefit of the studies consequent on that conversation—at least those members of his class who were able to follow him in his flight through complicated processions of figures and formulas, until he reached the viewless air of the very highest mathematics, where he soared at ease and smiled back upon us all, as if the exercise was quite within the power of the greatest "duffer" on the benches before him. The eagle could not imagine why the house-sparrow did not find equal enjoyment in sweeping upward to the gateways of the day. This was the sort of expression his face usually bore when he had completed some intricate calculation, and turned with an exquisitely sweet smile—not in satire, for of that vice he is incapable—but with an innocent trustfulness in the sympathetic response, even of the most ordinary intelligence. This is characteristic of him still. Left to himself, he may so indulge in the higher mathematics—to him but playthings—as to become hopelessly obscure to ordinary hearers; but let any one express his inability to understand him, and he will at

(From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow)

PART OF LABORATORY IN GLASGOW UNIVERSITY

(*From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow*)

WHITE'S WORKSHOP, WHERE LORD KELVIN'S PATENTS AND INSTRUMENTS ARE MADE

once make his meaning clear and simple as to a child.

It would be out of place in a periodical like this to attempt a list of the investigations, discoveries, inventions, and manifold achievements which have made Lord Kelvin's name the foremost in science, theoretic and applied. Whatever he does is done thoroughly, and must rest on absolute truth. For while he is a wonderful experimentalist, bringing all his vast learning in chemistry and dynamics to the aid of his mechanical skill when engaged in any research, yet it is his mathematical genius which forms his most powerful instrument as a physicist. He must reach the mathematical formula which exactly determines the relationship of the question on hand. His fame as an electrician is so unrivalled that many people imagine that this constitutes his only claim to distinction. For it is to him we are indebted for the success of the cable which unites England and America, and which has made possible the success of the submarine wires which now spread like a network on the bed of ocean after ocean. For years the Anglo-American cable appeared impossible. The first attempt ended in loss. But Lord Kelvin brought to bear upon the problem such a knowledge of the laws of energy, as well as electricity, that, like a second Columbus, he reached America, and the message of peace "Glory to God in the highest, On earth Peace, and Goodwill toward men," was flashed from land to land. The honour of knighthood then bestowed on William Thomson was but a faint expression of the admiration felt for the man and his achievement. His allusion to the first attempt and subsequent loss and success of the cable, and the benefits to science as well as humanity which ensued, were delightfully touched on in his address to the British Association. "Those who perilled and lost their money in the original Atlantic telegraph were impelled and supported by a sense of the grandeur of their enterprise and of the world-wide benefits which must flow from its success: they were at the same time not unmoved by the beauty of the scientific problems presented to them; but they little thought that it was to be immediately through their work that the scientific world was to be instructed in a long neglected and fundamental electric discovery of Faraday's; or that, again, when the assistance of the British Association was invoked to supply their electricians with methods for absolute measurement (which they found necessary to secure the best economical return for their expenditure and to detect those faults in their electrical material which had led to disaster); they were laying the foundation for accurate electric measurement in every scientific laboratory in the world, and initiating a train of investigation which now sends up branches into the loftiest regions and subtlest ether of Natural Philosophy."

Lord Kelvin's patents are of many kinds, and so numerous and valuable that a large workshop in Glasgow, filled with skilled workmen and under able scientific management, is occupied chiefly with their production. The sea has been to him a life-long passion. For years he was a keen yachtsman, and the *Lalla Rookh,* which he used to navigate to a large extent himself, served as an instrument both for enjoyment and research. While he sailed on her far and near, he was perpetually engaged in investigation. These experiences led him to invent certain instruments which have proved invaluable to seamen. In 1874 he contributed to Good Words a paper on the Mariner's Compass, and it is interesting to remember that at that period he was perfecting his modification of the magnetic compass which, in common with his patent sounding machine, has proved one of the greatest boons ever bestowed on navigation. I remember the pleasure with which the weather-beaten captain of a P. & O. steamer learned that I knew Lord Kelvin. "He is the greatest friend of the sailor who ever lived," he told me, "for in giving us his compass and sounding line he has ensured a safety we never had before."

Lord Kelvin is a ceaseless worker. He has little faith in flashes of inspiration. What he said of Mr. Joule may be applied to himself: "It is hard work, early begun and persevered in and conscientiously carried out, that is the foundation of all great works, whether in literature, philosophy, or science, or in doing good to the world in any possible way." And that hard work, begun early in life, is perseveringly, ceaselessly, and conscientiously prosecuted now in his advanced age. Attached to his classroom in the University there is a magnificent physical laboratory, splendidly equipped, in which a large staff of accomplished assistants is continually engaged, under the superintendence of his nephew, Dr. Bottomeley, himself a man of high scientific attainments. It is a most picturesque scene that is presented when, going from the sunlit court, one enters this great magician's cave, with its maze of crucibles, pulleys, pumps, levers, and ranges of tables and shelves covered with instruments and appliances; and, when climbing from floor to floor, there is discovered in every

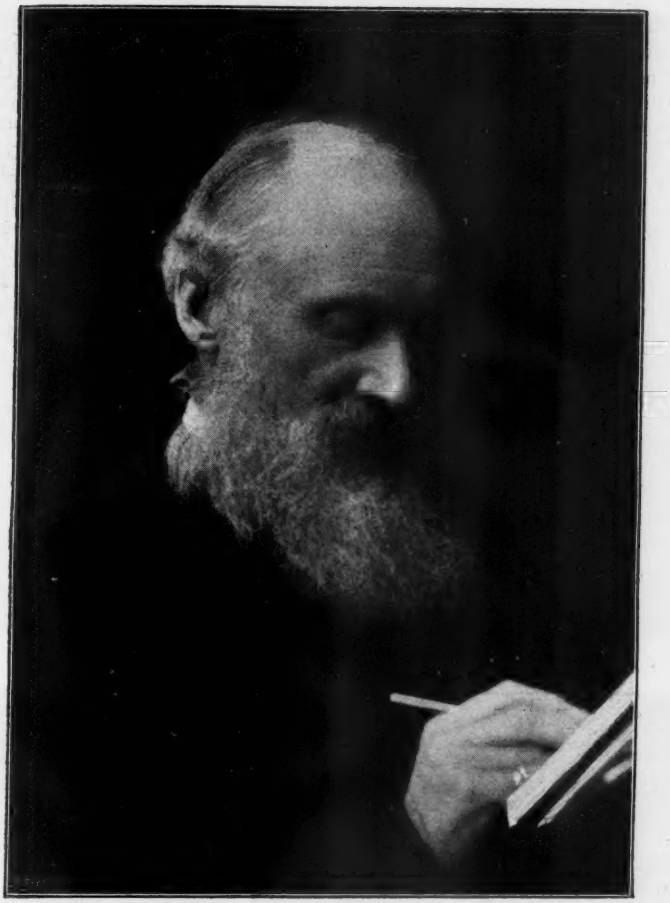
(From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow)

ELECTRIC CLOCK IN HALL OF LORD KELVIN'S HOUSE

(From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow)

LADY KELVIN

corner mysterious arrangements indicating experiments at different stages. From above the long desk in his class-room the ceiling opens aloft, so as to admit of apparatus being used which require height. And here the famous man lectures and experiments before the students, who are ranged on the benches that rise in an amphitheatre around. His enthusiasm when some critical experiment is being conducted is marvellous. He beams with interest, and everything else appears forgotten for the moment. Each assistant has to be on the alert, while he, using when necessary all his own physical energy, gets so absorbed that sometimes rude students, aware of Lord Kelvin's abstraction, will take the opportunity of making some witty commentary of which the lecturer is entirely unconscious. He is in another world, and neither hears nor heeds the doings of the foolish. He has one strange peculiarity. While the higher mathematics and all the mysteries of logarithms and the calculus are as easy to him as the alphabet, he often appears puzzled when a sum is presented to him in ordinary numerals. A question of simple addition placed in this way on the board will sometimes lead to the query being

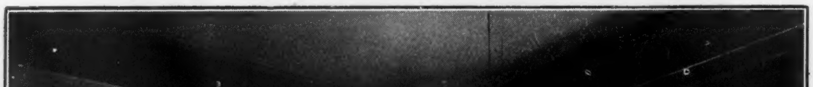


(*From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow*)

LORD KELVIN

put to the class or to an assistant, with a certain funny look of helplessness: "How much is that?"

His power of abstraction from all surroundings, becoming dead to what is near him, and lost in intellectual processes, is quite extraordinary. He is never without his "tablets"—in the shape of a well-known note-book, of the kind used by reporters, and which he carries in his pocket and produces at the most unexpected times. I have seen him, when on a visit to a country-house, in a crowded drawing-room, with all the jabber of conversation going on in full flood, sitting with his note-book, and filling page after page with intricate calculations, seeking the solution of some problem which awaited investigation. He can do this in railway carriages, and in a storm at sea, as calmly as in his library. He will get himself propped up in the corner of his cabin and set to work. and become so absorbed as to be unconscious that there has been a gale blowing while he was at work. And yet, if recalled to ordinary life by some passing questioner, his gentle face lights up with interest, when others, more self-conscious than he, would display irritation. Indeed, I never knew a man less self-conscious. He is absolutely without affectation or any thought of self-importance. He will converse with a nobody in a manner so respectful and attentive as to make that nobody imagine himself that he has been delightfully interesting and even informing to Lord Kelvin. This arises from the simplicity and sweetness of a great nature. There are, however, some things which do rouse that equable spirit into a white heat. In politics, for example, all the intensity of his native Irish blood became kindled during the Home Rule controversy against a measure which he deemed dangerous to the welfare of his country. Another subject never fails to rouse him. Let any one talk as believing in spiritualistic manifestations, and at once the calm man flashes out in indignant and contemptuous anger. He will have none of it! But no one is more reverent as regards all religious questions. He is neither agnostic nor materialist. His studies have led him into the widest fields of speculative research as to cosmogony and the destiny of the material universe. He has weighed everything, from atoms and molecules to sun, moon, and stars; he has calculated the rate of loss of energy in the sun's heat; he has entered with zest on speculations as to the origin of life on this planet, and has seen in the dust of meteors suggestions as to the conceivable source of those seeds from which evolution has proceeded; he has dealt with Geologic Time and Plutonic Forces; but none of these fascinating and awful problems have ever shaken his faith in God. Like Newton and Faraday, he can rise with reverent heart into the thought of the spiritual as well as material glory which has been revealed, and has continued a humble Christian worshipper. With deep interest I have listened to him and his friend the Duke of Argyll conversing on these subjects and speaking of the contradictions whereby some scientists deny design while they cannot write a page without employing terms which expressly involve it. A purer and nobler nature than that of Lord Kelvin I have never known.



(From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow)

LORD KELVIN'S STUDY

(*From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow*)

DRAWING-ROOM IN LORD KELVIN'S HOUSE

He was in early days a good athlete as well as a distinguished student, but an accident which befell him many years ago, when enjoying "the roaring game" of curling, lamed him for life. The intrepid manner in which, despite this weakness, he throws himself into all manner of work, and the unsparing energy with which he attends to every detail of duty, rushing to London and back to his class as if such rapid journeys were a pastime, reveals the burning enthusiasm of his nature. His contributions to strictly popular literature are unhappily few, for he is so painstaking that writing articles of that nature is exceedingly irksome to him. "The Nature Series" has, however, several volumes by him of "Popular Papers and Addresses"—the unwary must, however, not understand "Popular" too literally in this connection. In conjunction with Professor Tait of Edinburgh, he has published what is the best text-book on Natural Philosophy extant.*

With the exception of the first eight years, Lord Kelvin has spent his whole life in Glasgow College, and his love for his Alma Mater is proportionately great. He has a charming house at the extreme end of the Professors' Court, with windows looking over the College grounds. The house is an epitome of applied science as regards lighting and ventilation, and at every turn one meets indications of wires and telephones connecting the house with the laboratory and elsewhere. A large astronomical clock stands in the hall. He has a large and delightful house at Largs in Ayrshire, looking out on the Firth of Clyde and the greater and lesser Cumbraes.

He has been twice married; his first wife was Miss Crum of Thornliebank, a most charming and bright companion, whose early death was a terrible blow to his affectionate heart. The present Lady Kelvin, formerly Miss Blandy, seems to have been made for him, strong both in head and heart, of wide sympathies and most engaging kindness. Nothing can be more delightful than their happy married life, as she, while herself forming a centre of attraction, enters into all his interests, and by her wise and loving care secures for him a restfulness that makes for health as well as study. It was when engaged on his great work laying the Atlantic cable that they met in Madeira, where her family occupies the chief place. No one who has visited the two "Quintas" belonging to her brother will ever forget the beauty of the surroundings. At the summer "Quinta," far up on the mountains, the sea is visible on either side, east and west, of the Brazen Head, and the glory of the vegetation is marvellous. It is not easy to imagine a place which can show at the proper season not fewer than 10,000 camellias in bloom, scattered over the grounds; and where specimens of rare trees and flowers are everywhere in evidence!

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* "Treatise on Natural Philosophy." By Thomson and Tait.

Well may the University do honour to her greatest son, who for fifty years has been a teacher within her walls, while teaching the whole world the last results of science. Well may she think of him as "et presidium et dulce decus meum."

MAY TERM AT OXFORD

By FREDERIC ADYE

THERE is no period of a man's career in which the wheels of life run, as a rule, more smoothly than that spent at one of our two elder universities. That so large a number of men in the primal vigour of life should be massed together in one place, and exposed to the severest rivalry in every physical and mental pursuit, with so little resultant jealousy or friction of temper, is one of the strongest evidences of the value of that culture which our university system affords. Things, to be sure, are made easy for them. The cloistered comfort of those ancient halls of learning, in which simplicity and luxury of living are so pleasantly and wholesomely conjoined; the congenial society of youth, well-born, well-nurtured, and, on the whole, well-mannered, full of hope, mirth, and good fellowship; the picturesque setting in which life for those few years is passed, and the abundance of athletic exercise at hand, combine to make one's college days the happiest of one's mundane existence. The satisfaction of them to most men finds its highest expression in the sweet summer term. Happy is the undergraduate who is free to enjoy its varied pleasures, whose lines have so fallen that he is not in the dreaded schools what time the big trees in Christ Church meadow throw their beneficent shadows over the glaring Broad Walk, and darken with grateful gloom the sequestered paths beside the winding Cherwell. Then after the fatigue of lectures the college gardens afford a cool and gracious retreat to the studious, while for the more energetic (and happily at that time of life we are all more or less energetic) the green sward of Cowley resounds with the click of the bat, and the reedy river with the rip of oars. For the man who has been in the schools, and for whom that trying ordeal is over, the few days of summer term which remain are exceptionally precious, and the charm of them avails much to beguile the tedium of his inevitable suspense.

What strains of melody are these which come surging up the glorious street on this fair first morning of May? Across the bosky glades of the Botanical Gardens and down the Cherwell's gentle stream, float the voices of the white-robed Magdalen choir, as from the summit of their noble tower they hail with matin hymn the dawn of day. Oxford in the early summer morn has a special charm; so fresh the air which pervades her clean and quiet streets, hardly yet astir with the first pulsations of the new-born day; so cool and calm the deep shade cast by her hoary college walls; so enchanting the view of her dreaming spires soaring in the golden light above; so grateful to the eye the contrast of her multitudinous tones of grey with the tender greens of the spring foliage. There were few things we more enjoyed in those halcyon days, whose every hour brought some varied interest, some fresh delight to the unjaded spirit, than the matutinal tramp before morning chapel and the hearty training breakfast, down Oriel Lane and past the Canterbury Gate of Christ Church into the Merton meadows bathed in dew. A peep into college quadrangles shows all the windows gay with flower-boxes; while creepers, clothing with their tendrils shaft and capital, ogee and mullion, relieve the sombre stonework with varied tints. Surely he who plants a tree or grows a flower within a city wall does a gracious act; since the beauty even of a place so architecturally beautiful as Oxford is so wondrously enhanced by the divine grace which the perfect handiwork of God adds to the noblest effort of man.

The river, too, in summer term, is idyllic. Our boat glides gently down the stream in the golden afternoon, with the wonderful scent of the meadows in the air, and the great fleecy clouds slumbering in the sapphire sky above. All the earth is glad and rejoices in the ample calm. What scenes there may be upon her face of unrest and sorrow are far removed. It is a pleasant world to live in, after all. The cattle stand in the shallow pools, each above its inverted shadow; the lush grass grows tall by the river's brim; the poplars sleep in the summer haze; all around are the peace and glory of God, and man says with truth it is good for him to be here.

As the day wears on more boats appear on the river, gliding up stream and down; the light summer dresses of lady visitors and brilliant college blazers showing bright against the soft dull green of the reed-fringed banks, while the gay voice of youth and soft ripple of girlish laughter, with occasional snatches of song, come floating over the glassy stream. We are below locks, where it is permissible *desipere in loco*, and it is all pleasure-boating at this time of day. No workmanlike eight-oar, long and crank, easies in mid-stream, while its active coach on the bank stands to get his wind, or addresses wingéd words to the perspiring crew. Heavy randans laden with ladies, sisters, cousins, aunts, and may we say—sweethearts—all up for commemoration, pursue their steady course; while an occasional steam-launch puffs its way along, churning the bosom of the stream into foam, and rocking with its eddies the tiny canoes which toss in its frothy wake. Now a sculler goes by, his slender craft skimming like a huge dragon-fly over, rather than through the water, and clearing its own length at every stroke of a pair of vigorous arms.

Now we are in a lock. There is something a little awesome in the deep, humid cavern, with its slimy green walls shutting out all but a glimpse of pale blue sky, where the crowded boats bump and jostle in the seething rush of the entering flood. No larking, please, gentlemen—a panic on the part of some of your fair passengers might be awkward here. But soon we are level with the outside stream, the heavy gates swing slowly open and let us out on the smooth broad river beyond. Verily the charm of Isis at the end of summer term is one of the vanished delights of our youth, on which the memory lingers fondly after many years.

But would you see the eights? Come with us down the tow-path towards Iffley on this balmy evening, which is to be the first night of the May races. It is hard upon seven o'clock, and as we walk the boats one by one drop gently down beside us, paddling in rhythmic cadence to the strains of distant music from the band-stand on the University barge. What a pretty sight the gay colours of the crews make as they turn almost in parallel lines across the stream! Now they are ranged in line one behind the other; the long racing ships, with a space of about two and a half boat lengths between each, reaching nearly down to the lasher. The second gun has gone, and they are pushed out with poles from the bank. The excitement of the moment is highly contagious, and we watch with irresistible interest the proceedings in the boat immediately beneath us. The crew divest themselves of their wraps and fling them ashore, try their slides, settle their feet in the stretcher-straps, and grip their oars for the start. How bright and hard every man looks as with face keenly set he gets forward, every nerve and muscle braced for the coming struggle; They are evidently trained to the hour; as, indeed, they need to be, for the strain of eight nights' successive racing, much of it, perhaps, at forty strokes the minute, demands a thorough and careful preparation. The coxswain alone looks a little anxious as he grasps the line which connects his boat with the shore. "Touch her, bow," he cries, as with the force of the current the boat's nose sheers out into the stream. As soon as she is straightened comes the sonorous shout of "Ten seconds more," a breathless interval, during which each remaining second is counted aloud from the watch, then a flash, and the bang of the starting-gun. Nearly knocked off our legs in the tumultuous rush, we recover ourselves in time to tear with the crowd along the bank. What a scene it is—the tow-path thronged with a dense mob of men, all yelling at the top of their voices, some shouting advice to the competing crews, as "Now you are gaining, keep it long. Well rowed, Merton—Ori-e-el!" while others seek to encourage their champions and stimulate them to the utmost effort by discordant brayings of horns and springing of rattles; which exhortations seem to us superfluous, since every man is so obviously doing his best. The river is all in a swirl with racing boats. Now the rush and rip of oars is close beside us; again past the gut we see them extended like greyhounds beneath the opposite bank. What a pace they go! The course is a mile and a quarter, and it would take a fast trotting horse to keep beside them.

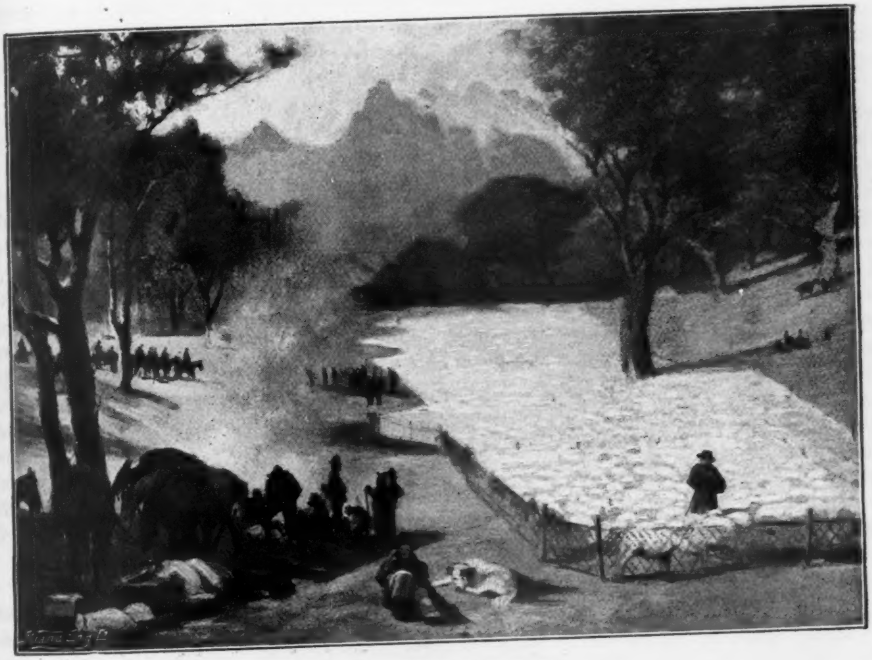
Being ourselves untrained, we soon drop out of it, and the roar of the running crowd surges ahead of us far up the path. Opposite the barges a tremendous struggle is taking place. Three boats pass almost locked together, the middle one striving all it knows to bump the first before itself is caught by the third. In vain; the coxswain of the rearmost boat sounds his whistle for a final spurt. Twice the clever steerer washes the pursuing prow aside with his rudder; but the third time this desperate manœuvre fails; the bump is distinctly made, and vanquished and victor drop out of the course and paddle home in inverted order. As we get up there is a flutter of flags on the University barge, and the banner of Brazenose supplants that of Exeter, while the cognisance of Queen's succumbs to Merton, and so on. Thus with the shades of night the Homeric contest ceases, to be renewed next evening with undiminished zeal.

But college life, even in summer term, does not consist, as the casual visitor might be led to infer, entirely in athletic sports and pastimes, though summer weather calls us all, youth especially, out of doors. That some resist voluntarily the wondrous attraction of bat and oar, golf club and racket, even in summer term, is to their credit; for such resistance can only proceed from a high sense of duty, coupled perhaps with a personal ambition in other directions, which, as Aristotle would say, is choice-worthy. For her children less highly endowed with the power of voluntary resistance to these insidious attractions, Alma Mater thoughtfully provides a gentle antidote to complete idleness in the form of "schools," the "small but well-armed tribe of examiners" (to quote from that interesting and instructive work, the "Herodotean History of England," of which, alas! a fragment, edited by the Oxford Spectator, alone remains to us) being particularly active in the summer solstice.

The term ends in a general coruscation of festivities, balls, concerts, theatricals, flower-shows in college gardens (than which no more charming scenes for horticultural display are conceivable) succeeding and overlapping each other in generous profusion, the whole culminating in the academic function of the Encænia itself. Formerly there was a procession of boats, when the long line of barges blossomed into gayest bloom with a gala crowd of well-dressed spectators, and the banks of Isis were thronged to the water's edge. As Mr. Punch once sang on the occasion of Lord Salisbury's installation as Chancellor:

> "And so he may sit by the riverside,
> While the eight-oared galleys past him glide;
> And Alma Mater presents him with pride
> To her floating population."

The procession of boats has been abolished, while the Show Sunday promenade in the magnificent Broad Walk of Christ Church, for long shorn of its former glories, is also a thing of the past, having died, we believe, of a gradual atrophy. Twice or thrice we, the sometime alumni of the benign mother whom we still revere and love, have re-visited the familiar scenes, and sought to revive, as men will in mid-age, the savour of the joys of youth. But it is of no use. The courts and cloisters which once rang with the mirth of our old friends are silent now, or resound with other voices and other steps. We are strangers in the land, and perhaps the slowly awakening grin of some old college scout or boatman is all we can look for in the way of recognition; so at length we cease to repeat the experiment. Still we may be allowed to take an interest in the dear old place from a distance, and mark its fresh developments, in which we have no share. There is a sort of propriety in this; for it was there, in the study of the great Stagyrite, the apostle of the *Βίος θεωρήτικος*, that we learned the habit of contemplation which is the solace of our subsequent, and perhaps more solitary, life, and which perchance we should have learned nowhere else so well, for (to quote again from our friend Mr. Spectator) "surely never was a more favourable situation for observing the ways of men than this Oxford, which is itself a world within a world, into which, as into the fabled glass of the magician, a man may look and see the destiny of the time to come."



PREPARING FOR DEPARTURE

PASTORAL LIFE IN THE TUSCAN MAREMMA

BY E. CECCONI

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

THE weather is still fine, but it is late in the year, and rain, frost or even snow may come suddenly and render the mountain pastures inaccessible, while swollen fords and bad roads may be added to the fatigues and dangers of the long annual journey from the summer home in the mountains to the winter pasturage in the plains—it is time for the autumn migration of the flocks.

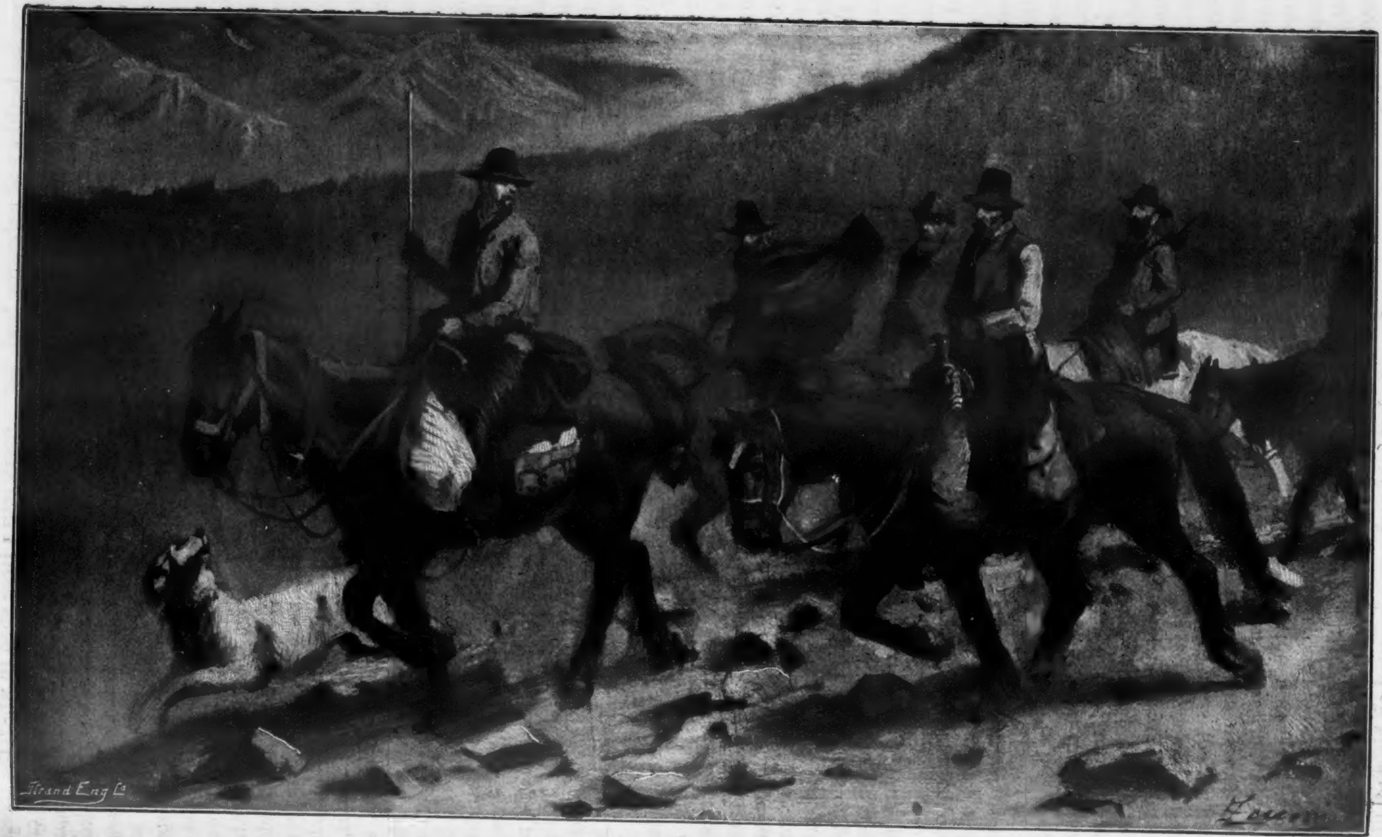
When the order for departure has been given, all the flocks belonging to one proprietor converge from near and far to the appointed trysting place, there to pass the night before they start on their weary march. The valley resounds towards evening with the baying of many dogs, the endless bleating of the ever-increasing crowds of sheep, the neighing of horses, the shouts of the shepherds and the strokes of the hammer on the posts of the hastily erected folds, for each flock (numbering about 300 head) is kept carefully separate from the other, even during the journey, by means of rope nets and posts which are carried with them. Little by little, as darkness encloses the valley, sheep, horses, and dogs are quiet, the shepherds doze round their watch-fires, and the mountain silence is unbroken save by the infrequent jangle of the bell hung at the neck of some restless bell-wether. When day breaks the camp awakens to busy preparations for an early start. The master with his family and guests, followed by a whole suite of keepers and hangers-on of all kinds, comes down the hill-side from his villa, the gay cavalcade passing among the century-old oaks and the great silvery beeches, towards the valley white with flocks. In the meantime the "Vergaio" as the head-man is called, holding in his hand his staff of office, a crook somewhat like an episcopal crosier, of a form which his Etruscan forefathers probably used in the same way, is making his round of the enclosures, and counting the sheep as he consigns them to their respective shepherds. The baggage men are loading the mules, the asses, and the waggons with the cauldrons, the pails, the netting, poles and implements of all kinds, all the baggage necessary for their long winter exile.

The women have gathered from distant huts and scattered hamlets to bid their men a last good-by, for they will not see them again till May comes round, six months hence, an eternity of solitude and wintry isolation. For them, what endless hours of darkness, spinning by the flickering light of the pine torch, what lonely nights of fear and cold, while the furious storm rages round their little mountain huts, what meagre Christmas fare, what a sad New Year; and for their husbands, on the plains of the distant Maremma, hardships and danger, the miasmas of the fever-haunted marshes, the trap-gun of the poacher—enough, it is useless to rebel; have not their fathers and their fathers' fathers for countless generations done the same? since the world began every shepherd has gone to the Maremma; when one is born a shepherd it must be so, one knows one's fate!

At last the whole "Masseria" (the comprehensive name given to flocks and shepherds) move off in a long procession. It is headed by the overseer on horseback, seated on his high mediæval saddle and surrounded by his staff of mounted men on their shaggy horses, a kind of cowboys always in the saddle carrying orders from flock to flock, and forming the connecting link between the overseer, his superior and the outer world. Then flock after flock passes, each preceded by a shepherd and followed by another with the dogs armed for war and adventure, their iron collars bristling with spikes. The long march past is closed by the confused crowd of the baggage train. In this order the caravan passes down the road which here follows the youthful windings of the Tiber, springing fresh from its Apennine cradle to begin its long journey towards the Eternal City. Similar caravans are wending their slow way towards the pastures of the Maremma from every mountain valley of Tuscany, from the upper valley of the Arno, among whose pastures St. Francis founded his hermitage, from the mountains above Pistoia, where Catilina made his last stand, and from among the jagged peaks of the mountains of Pisa and Carrara, they are all gathering on the plains of the Maremma.

The name of Maremma is given to a large extent of insalubrious land which borders the Mediterranean, whether insalubrious because uncultivated, or uncultivated because insalubrious, is a problem which has not yet been solved. Though both modern science and quickened national enterprise have of late years been applied to its solution, the results accomplished have been unconvincing. The Tuscan part of the Maremma stretches inland nearly to Siena, beginning at the North a few miles from Leghorn it extends to the ancient frontier of the Pontifical States, from whence the same immense tracts of sparsely cultivated and malarial territory continues under the name of the Roman Maremma and Campagna to the gates of Rome.

There is no hard-and-fast border line


Strand Eng Co

THE "MASSERIA"

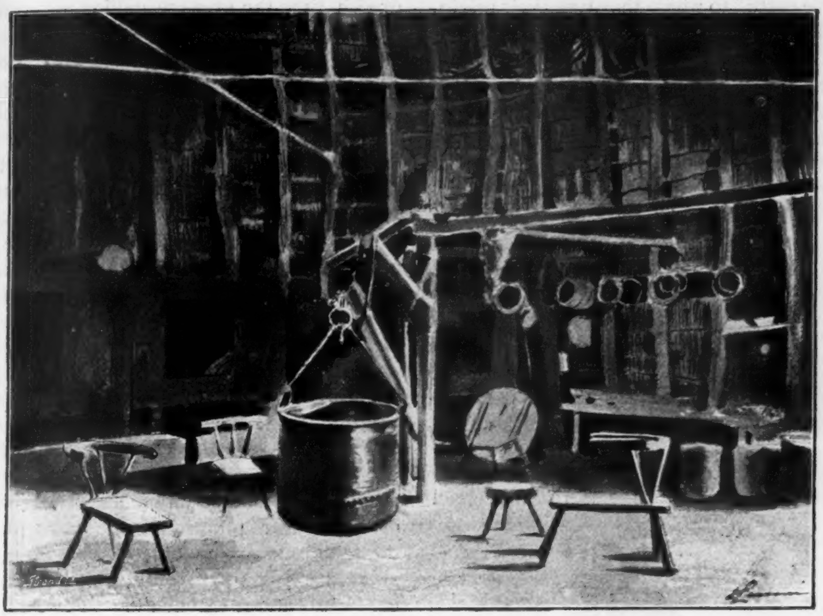
between the healthy and unhealthy land, but the transformation is a gradual one, the villages become rarer, the cultivated land diminishes, stretches of wood and bog are more frequent until we no longer see any houses by the roadside, but only here and there in the distance some small grey hamlet perched on the top of a rocky hill, "like roosting falcon musing on the chase." On the hill-side near such oases some fields, a few olive trees, and then again begins the wood land, large forest trees, then groves of beeches and oaks lopped continually for firewood, the forest full of dangers and alarms, with its ponds and bogs and labyrinths, a hiding-place for anything from a ghost to a brigand, in short, the typical forest of the Maremma. Towards the Mediterranean coast the hills become less abrupt, and along the shore and up the broader valleys which diverge from it, stretch immense extents of undulating grass lands seemingly uncultivated, but which really are sown piece by piece in regular rotation every ten years.

It is towards these plains that the migratory flocks gather to pass the winter, and here we may study a curious phase of life only possible in given circumstances of climate, of traditional customs and of property. The large properties in the Maremma, consisting of pasture-land and forest, have often a villa or castle for the accommodation of the proprietor on his flying visits, but always a factor's house which is the centre of the administration for the buying and selling of the timber, the cattle, the lambs and the cheese; the direct management of the flocks is, however, in the hands of the head-man or "Vergaio." From him the so-called "Vergheria" derives its name, the house, the centre of business and of amusement, the general meeting-place, the temporary hospital. It is a large log-house constructed in the midst of the pasturage, usually on high lying ground, and if possible near a water-course. Its shape is circular, the diameter being about sixty feet, it has a solid framework of logs lined with wattle work of canes, and covered externally with thick thatch. This structure is completed by a conical roof surmounted by a cross (the apex being left open for the escape of smoke). Two doors of wattle and thatch give access to this cabin on the east and west, two smaller doors in the interior lead on the north into a large shed in which the cheese is stored, and on the south into a smaller cabin inhabited by the "Vergaio." The wall spaces within the large circular cabin are divided by posts and planking into stalls, which are again divided transversely by two divisions so as to form so many box-like beds, the spaces between the lower horizontal planks and the floor being used as wardrobe and store-cupboard by the occupant of the respective beds, while from the dividing posts hang saddles, bridles, spurs, tassels and decorations of every kind. In the centre of the building a rude circle of stones is formed, in which a large wood fire burns. A stout pole, supporting a movable wooden arm at right angles, is planted by the fireplace; from the end of the arm hangs a chain and hook, by means of which the huge cauldron for boiling the milk is suspended over the flame, or swung back to rest on the round cushion of withes on the hob. The same method is used with the pots in which the men cook their meals of polenta, of lentils and oil, or of smoked fish.

A certain number of men stay, however, day and night with the sheep in the open, and for their protection movable straw huts are provided, somewhat like large kennels in shape, which are elevated from the ground on four poles. These straw boxes are fixed now here now there as the enclosures of netting are moved from one piece of pasture to another, the soil destined to be ploughed for the next year being thus equally manured.

Near the large cabin, smaller ones are erected to be used as stables or storehouses and a milking shed of a peculiar plan which we shall try to describe.

Every morning two hours before dawn in winter, and one hour when the days lengthen to spring, it is the duty of the cheese-maker to call the shepherds by beating a drum. The men who live in the open emerge from their straw boxes at the sound and begin to drive their herds towards the milking shed. There each flock enters its own pen, these smaller pens communicating with a larger one into which the flocks are admitted in turn; from this central enclosure there are ten or twenty narrow openings which lead into as many short passages. Near the end of each a man is seated on his stool with milking pail ready, and as ewe after ewe crowds

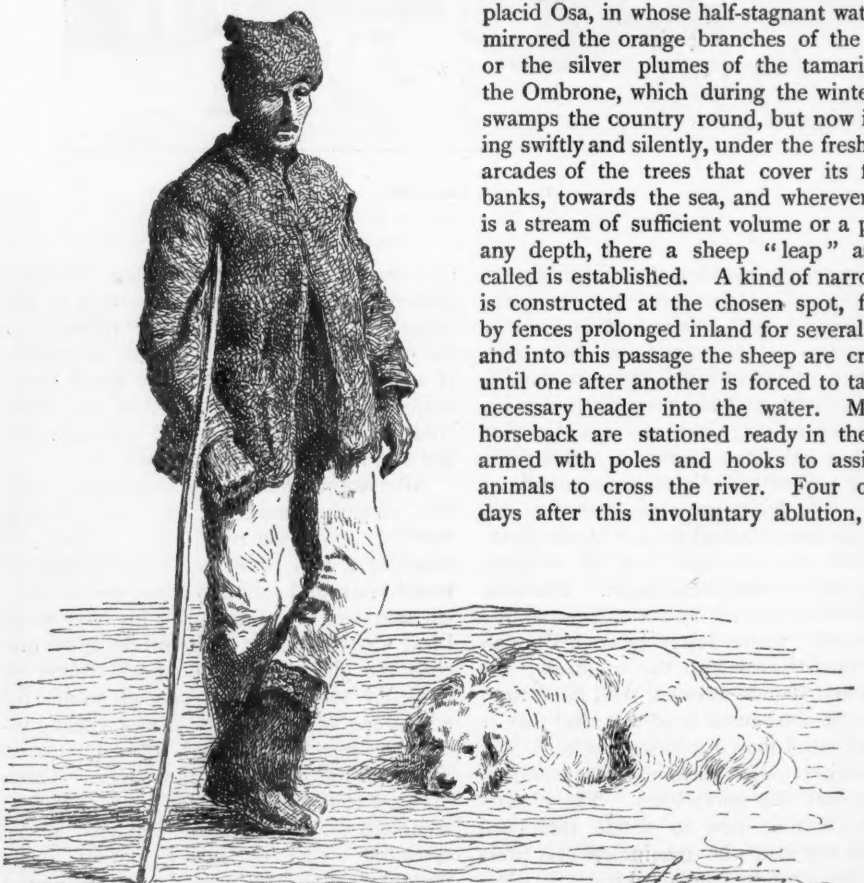


INTERIOR OF CABIN

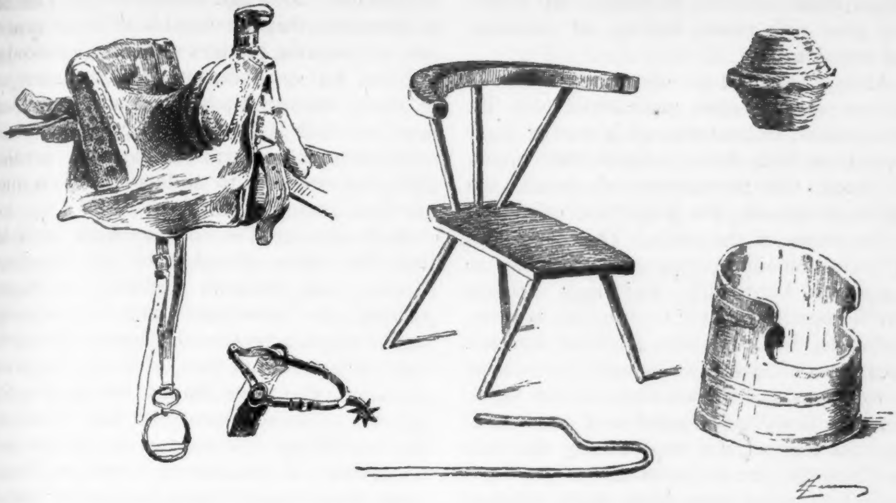
down the narrow corridor, the milker throws a two-pronged wooden fork over its neck, thus holding it until it is milked, and so on until the two or three thousand ewes have given their tribute of milk. In some dairies, it is the custom to make the ewes pass twice through the milking shed, and it is said that this system has been known to give an increase of production of over 7000 pounds of cheese. The flocks are then driven to the grazing ground, allotted to each by the head-man, until the sun sets and the evening milking-time comes round again. The milk is meanwhile carried by the milkers to the "vergheria," where it is poured through coarse linen sieves into the cauldron; the milk is first slightly warmed, then lifted from the fire till the rennet is added, after that it is boiled until the curd forms a solid block, which sinks to the bottom of the cauldron leaving only the milky whey. The cheese-maker's duty is now to divide this curd amongst the men who manipulate and press it with their robust arms until it is dry, when it is formed into round flat cheese on which the name of the man who made it is stamped. The remaining whey is boiled a second time, and now it is the duty of a less dignified subordinate to divide large spoonfuls of the coagulated mass, now called "ricotta," to the men, not forgetting the absent shepherds. If any remains, it is put into small bowl-shaped baskets of woven withes and sold. And in this routine, repeated each morning and evening, the days pass slowly by.

After supper during the long winter evenings, all gather round the fire, some plaiting baskets, some patching their clothes or mending a tool, some knitting stockings or under-vests, and probably some reconstructing snares either of horsehair for birds or of brass wire for hares. Meanwhile, some one with the gift of story-telling will relate an endlessly long intricate tale of wonderful adventures or of horrible crimes, ending invariably with the triumph of calumniated virtue or of oppressed innocence. These tales tell of fantastically cruel kings, of wicked stepmothers, of innocent maidens whose credulity verges on idiocy, and of lovers faithful through every ordeal, tales transmitted from mouth to mouth through many generations, and still retaining a faint perfume of the mediæval troubadour and the "chansons de geste" to which they owe their origin. At other times the narrator is of a devout turn of mind and relates legends of miracles, of sanguinary brigands suddenly converted, of blasphemers punished by ferocious beasts, or again he may "have instruction" and be able to recite, in the monotonous chant of the improvisatore, Tasso's "Jerusalem Liberated," or the more modern verses of "Pia de' Tolomei," of that Pia, kept prisoner by a jealous husband amongst the fever-haunted marshes of the Maremma, and who so pathetically appeals to Dante in his "Purgatorio" to remember her whom Siena made and Maremma unmade. Or some one more learned still may read aloud for the hundredth time the ever-enthralling romances of "Guerrin Meschino" or "I Reali di Francia," two books dating from the end of the fifteenth century, whose inexplicable popularity is unrivalled among the country people of Tuscany.

The worst of the winter is past, and the flocks are increased by the birth of the lambs, which are left with their mothers during the first month. A large part of them are sold and killed when about twenty days old, so that the milk may be available for the cheese production, while those spared are partly weaned during the second month and wholly so in the third. At the beginning of May, the great business of dipping and shearing begins; rams, ewes and lambs all passing through the ordeal. On the banks of the placid Osa, in whose half-stagnant waters are mirrored the orange branches of the willow or the silver plumes of the tamarisk; by the Ombrone, which during the winter rains swamps the country round, but now is gliding swiftly and silently, under the fresh green arcades of the trees that cover its flowery banks, towards the sea, and wherever there is a stream of sufficient volume or a pool of any depth, there a sheep "leap" as it is called is established. A kind of narrow pier is constructed at the chosen spot, flanked by fences prolonged inland for several yards, and into this passage the sheep are crowded until one after another is forced to take the necessary header into the water. Men on horseback are stationed ready in the river armed with poles and hooks to assist the animals to cross the river. Four or five days after this involuntary ablution, when



WATCHING



PASTORAL EQUIPMENTS

their fleeces are dry, the flocks are driven to the shearing shed. Before the shed there is a large enclosure of netting protected at the more exposed parts by matting; the floor of the shed is also covered by matting; professional shearers—always men from Umbria—barefooted, await the animals which are caught by the shepherds or the boys and brought to them. The fleeces are at once packed and sent to the villa of the proprietor or to the factor's house.

Such is the existence of the shepherd folk in the Maremma during seven months of the year, an existence whose monotony is never broken in the good years, but which may be made doubly wearisome and toilsome in the bad years if there is deep snow, or the sheep suffer either from excessive drought or from excessive rains.

As to the physical characteristics of this gathering of shepherds, they are as different as the different districts of which they are natives, but they are all healthy, strong, wiry and agile, notwithstanding their slow and deliberate movements; nearly all grow beards, and are clad in a rough homespun stuff of wool and hemp, nut-brown or dark green in colour. On this they put sleeves or patches of skin with the hairy side outwards and also leggings of skin, usually of sheep or goat, but sometimes of roedeer or horse. On their feet thick boots of cowhide, an umbrella of oil-cloth slung over their shoulder, red, blue or green, of home manufacture, and a long staff in their hand, and over all in bad weather a heavy cloak completes their costume. As to their moral and intellectual characteristics these vary not only according to their native district but also according to their social station. Between the prosperous shepherds from the mountains of Pistoja, imbued with the proverbial courtesy of the Tuscan, speaking the purest Italian, acute, intelligent, a fluent story-teller and often an extempore poetiser, down to the wretchedly poor, brutalised peasant from the Romagna, clad from head to foot in filthy sheepskins, and who with difficulty keeps body and soul together with the proceeds of his small flock of half-starved sheep, whose only pasture is on the pathways and byways or furtively cropped from forbidden ground; between such two extremes the gradations are numberless, but notwithstanding certain traits of character are common to all. Common to all is the life they lead, solitary and wandering, now on the lonely heights of the Apennines, now on the still lonelier plains of the Maremma. They are hardly ever seen even in the larger villages, and it is only from some lofty hilltop that they have a distant glimpse of the towns, those modern Babylons, on which they gaze with mixed feelings of curiosity and aversion.

Always alone they necessarily become taciturn and therefore meditative, their life out-of-doors, without manual labour or fixed application leads them to apply their minds to study the phenomena of nature, the habits of animals, the properties of plants, or the course of the stars. The necessities of their nomadic existences teach them to apply this knowledge, and they become terrible poachers, clever veterinaries, tanners, herbalists, basket-makers, stocking knitters. sometimes excellent joiners and shoemakers.

Religious by tradition they are also superstitious, sometimes brutal and passionate, they are fearless and bold among the risks to which they are accustomed, but timid and hesitating when they leave their solitude, ready victims to any swindler though suspicious like most savages, parsimonious like all peasants; although usually so quiet as to be apathetic, they are capable of bitter quarrels, of year-long grudges and even of deeds of blood for small disputes about pasturage or about money; altogether they form, like most of their fellowmen, a compound of contradictions, difficult to describe intelligibly, but very easy to understand when one has lived among them.

Such are our Tuscan shepherds, such is their life when denuded of all Arcadian frippery and romantic legends. A hard-working life notwithstanding its seeming vagabondage, a healthy and honest life, very little different from that of their Etruscan ancestors, who more than a thousand years ago, with crosier in hand, led their flocks to the undulating pasture by the Mediterranean, near the prosperous towns of Populonia, Roselle and Ausedonia, among whose ruins the shepherds of our day still guide their sheep with the same staff in hand.

THE USE OF SCIENCE TO CHRISTIANS

By EMMA MARIE CAILLARD

SCIENCE AND THE "MYSTERY OF PAIN"

FOURTH PAPER

IT cannot be denied that to human eyes the organic world presents a very sad and strange spectacle. The "struggle for life" is carried on so keenly, with such unremitting fierceness, that to the naturalist, whether he be chiefly occupied with plant or with animal life, the region of his studies appears like a vast battlefield. Moreover, wherever there is sentiency, this perpetual war is attended by a greater or less degree of pain, according to the higher or lower organisation of the sentient being. There cannot be any doubt that a study of biology leads us to this, among other conclusions, that the world of organic life is a world of suffering, and that a greater capacity for happiness involves without exception a greater capacity for pain. One thing which science does for us with regard to this "mystery" is therefore to bring it into greater prominence, to make it more difficult for us to blind our eyes to the fact that happiness *per se* is not the end of creation. Does she, however, in any measure enable us to see what is that end?

Out of the struggle for life emerge two distinct things, a more perfect life and a higher life. This is true throughout the whole organic world. By a more perfect life we mean one in more complete accord with its conditions. An entirely perfect life would be one in which absolutely complete accord with its conditions—more technically, perfect correspondence with the environment—had been reached and could be maintained. There would then be no faculty unexercised, no capacity unsatisfied; and the life would therefore necessarily be happy, for the cause of unhappiness, the sense of want and of unfulfilled desire, would be absent. Such a life need not belong to a high stage of evolution. On the contrary, the life of lower animals, and more particularly of the lowest, whose physical capacities are incomparably smaller than those of the higher animals and especially of man, and whose mental requirements are inappreciable, would be far more likely, within its narrow range, to be perfect, than a life whose higher organisation requires at the same time a more delicate adjustment to, and a far wider extent of, correspondence with the environment. We should all agree that the life of some humble unicellular organism is probably in more perfect correspondence with its environment than the life of the most appropriately circumstanced man we know; yet who would exchange the life of a man for the life of an amœba or a diatom? All those who would *not*, allow that suffering is not the chief evil, nor freedom from suffering the chief good, and that a higher life even though for that very reason more imperfect is better than a lower life.

This higher life is the second thing to which we have referred as an outcome of evolution. Speaking very broadly we may say that it is the result of continual effort to keep up or to better the correspondence with the environment—with all surrounding conditions, that is. Where this correspondence is perfect, or so approximately perfect that no pressure of imperative need is felt by the organism, no modification of function, no fresh adaptation external or internal is required. Consequently no effort is made, and no progress is possible. The existence of some defective condition, often the outcome of *overcrowding—i.e.*, of there being too large a number of similar organisms to be sustained in life under the same conditions, at the same time thus entailing struggle and effort, and very frequently as a corollary of these, some greater or less measure of pain—appears indispensable to any rise in the scale of life. Then with the rise come other needs, other capacities, the necessity for fresh adjustments, further effort, struggle and pain, finally another rise to be attended by the same consequences. These are the conditions of organic evolution, and nothing could be clearer than the fact that though they tend to a more complex and fuller, in a word *higher*, life, they do not primarily tend to happiness. Looked at from the point of view of science, we should certainly say that suffering is held of no account in comparison with the higher life to which suffering—or rather the conflict which entails suffering—leads.

This is a truth with which we are familiar in other regions than that of biology. Stress, struggle, painful effort, these we know are the conditions of moral progress, and these also are the conditions of progress in that knowledge of God which is eternal life. The higher spiritual like the higher physical life can only be attained at a great cost.

> "Every upward step is laid
> Deep in pain, in sorrow made."

And continually in the heart and mind of man arises the question *why?* Science, of course, cannot answer it; she can only press home upon us the truth to which all Nature witnesses, that sacrifice and the suffering, which to human experience is inseparable from it, is one indispensable condition to the attainment of a higher life. The why, so far as we can understand it, is given us in the Christian revelation and in that alone, for here we are shown a God who sacrifices *Himself* and who suffers *Himself*. That which He has called into being, to which He has imparted His own life, cannot otherwise than bear the impress of His life. In other words, if sacrifice is a law of the Divine Being—and the Christian revelation would lead us to suppose that it is—it must be also a law of the universe. That it need involve suffering is a different matter, and one upon which we cannot enter here. That it does under actual conditions involve suffering both to man and to God is a matter alike of experience and revelation; and it does not need a very large acquaintance with the deeper phases of human life to make us realise vividly how closely akin great suffering and great joy are to one another. Even this ordinary knowledge, if we at all enter into its meaning, throws a bright ray of light upon some of the darkest mysteries of existence. The joy to which suffering is akin, which without the possibility and very often the experience of suffering could not be, is the strongest joy of all. The solution to the "mystery of pain" seems to lie here, however imperfectly we are as yet able to decipher it.

Leaving these considerations, however, one thing is certainly clear with regard to suffering, it does not stand on the same level with moral evil. The Christian revelation and science alike teach us this, because both show us that suffering does, and moral evil does not, minister to the higher life. We may shrink from suffering—we can hardly help so shrinking, both for ourselves and others; but we cannot deny its purifying, strengthening, elevating action alike in the physical, intellectual and moral spheres. If we do see this, the question *why* is partly answered—not wholly; in our present stage of knowledge and our present conditions of existence we cannot expect, we could not understand, if we received, a complete solution to all the difficulties which press upon us. For this we must wait till we no longer "see through a glass darkly, but face to face" till "we know even as also we are known." In the meanwhile let us be thankful that we do *see*, though it be but dimly, and let us use our sight to the utmost. Increase of power comes by exercise, and a steadfast gaze into the deep things of God will never deaden faith and paralyse effort, so long as we remember that we are learners only in the divine school, and cannot therefore dictate how our lessons should be set or under what conditions we must study them.

WHITBY ABBEY

Is this the ancient "Beacon Bay,"
Whence, twelve dim centuries ago,
O'er wintry sea and moorland snow,
The Abbey shed its guiding ray?

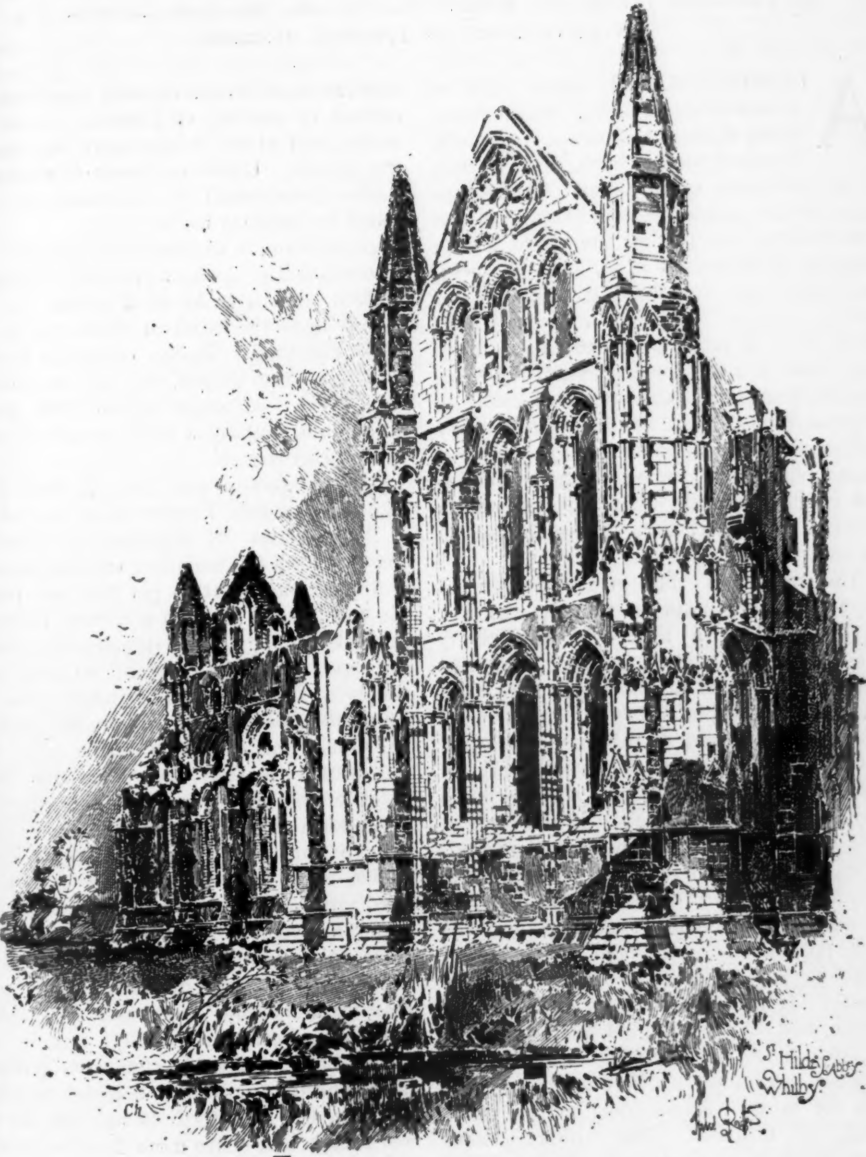
Is this the spot, the hallowed site,
Where Hilda ruled and righted wrong,
Where Caedmon sang his heavenly song,
Born of a vision of the night?

Amid the change mere living brings,
Amid these ruins of the years,
Here surely one can feel the tears—
The slow, dumb tears of mortal things.

Oh, scene of beauty, wrecked, undone,
Small wonder men should still declare
That Hilda's presence lingers there,
A sorrowing ghost in mist and sun.

But Caedmon no man sees—what need?
The Cow-herd lives from age to age;
His eyes flash up from Milton's page;
He still sings on for all who heed.

G. W. WOOD.


St Hilda's Abbey
Whitby
Ch

" Amid these ruins of the years,
Here surely one can feel the tears—
The slow, dumb tears of mortal things."

ALUMINIUM

By Professor JAMIESON, M.Inst.C.E., F.R.S.E., etc. (the Glasgow and West of Scotland Technical College)

ALUMINIUM, lately looked upon as a scientific curiosity, and costing three shillings an ounce, is a metal destined soon to rank next to iron in its usefulness to mankind. Chronologically, the first article made of aluminium was a baby-rattle, intended for the infant Prince Imperial of France in 1856. Its lightness, brightness, and ring fitted it admirably for such a purpose; but only a prince could afford such a rattle in those days. Since that time this interesting metal has descended from fashionable articles of jewellery, imperial eagles, sword-handles, and military buttons, down to aluminium surgical instruments, horse-shoes, racing yachts, golf clubs, and cooking utensils, which last adaptation bids fair in a short time to overshadow all the rest.

The reason of this great advance in the use of aluminium is, that it can now be produced at a little over one penny per ounce, and also the peculiar and valuable properties of the metal itself. In these days of economising labour, a metal one-third the weight of iron and less than one-fourth the weight of lead is sure to obtain a hearing in commerce. A racing horse shod with aluminium shoes carries only a little over the weight of one iron shoe, and, other things being equal, will win the race. Dental plates cast in aluminium have only a fraction of the weight of gold plates, but they possess the additional advantage of producing no disagreeable taste in the mouth. If a carpet tack is held in the mouth and touches a gold plate, a bitter sensation is at once felt, due to the electro-chemical action set up between the metals and the saliva. Aluminium, on the other hand, is tasteless. This innocuousness gives aluminium exceptional advantages for use in surgery; and patients on whom tracheotomy has been practised are now having aluminium tubes inserted in their wind-pipes instead of silver ones, as was previously customary. These tubes are very light and easy to carry, and after a long time they are found to be covered by a very thin enamel or coating of alumina, almost invisible, and which is absolutely harmless to the patient. Under the same circumstances a silver tube would be blackened and corroded by purulent matter.

Aluminium, in addition to its lightness and incorrodability, is also a splendid conductor of heat, and it looks as if nature had reserved it as the metal in which we are to cook our food. Unlike copper, it is absolutely free from poison, and will not taint or spoil food. Although certain acids attack aluminium, nothing a man can eat affects it in the least degree.

Messrs. Bowen and Co., Mount Pleasant, Clerkenwell, London, have carried out a long series of experiments regarding the best form of aluminium cooking utensils, and have found that to get the best results the vessel ought to be of a certain thickness at the bottom, gradually diminishing towards the top. This form of vessel so distributes the heat that the boiling takes place all round the sides as well as from the bottom. To obtain this desirable result, they had to discard making their stewpans from sheet aluminium, which was too thin and of uniform thickness, and turn their attention to pure cast aluminium, which would enable them to produce vessels of any desired form and thickness. After many failures in overcoming technical difficulties, these cast aluminium pans are now being produced in large quantities, and quite recently aluminium tea-kettles and coffee-pots have been successfully cast in one piece. The casting is afterwards polished inside and outside until it becomes as bright as silver, and goes forth to its work in the world clad in a lustre more durable than its nobler rivals, silver or gold.

Bulk for bulk, aluminium is already cheaper than copper. It forms about one-twelfth part of the earth's crust (iron coming next), for every common brick contains between one and two pounds of metallic aluminium. The difficulty of extracting it from the crude clays which contain it has hitherto ruled its cost; for it is not found in nature in a metallic state. The chief waterfalls of the world are now being harnessed to extract aluminium from its ores. For example, the great Niagara, the falls of the Rhine at Neuhausen, some Norwegian falls, and recently the Falls of Foyers near Inverness are busy producing aluminium by electro-metallurgical processes in such large quantities and at such a comparatively small cost that this most useful metal is sure to become more and more widely employed wherever articles are required which shall not tarnish and where lightness combined with strength is desirable.

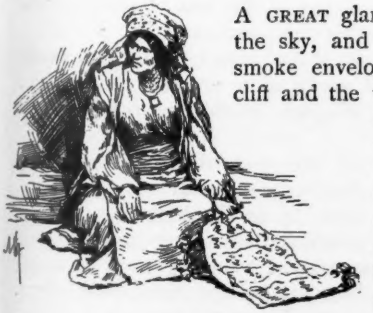
UNDER THE TRICOLOUR

By P. de NANTEUIL

ILLUSTRATED BY MYRBACH

CHAPTER XV

THE GIPSIES



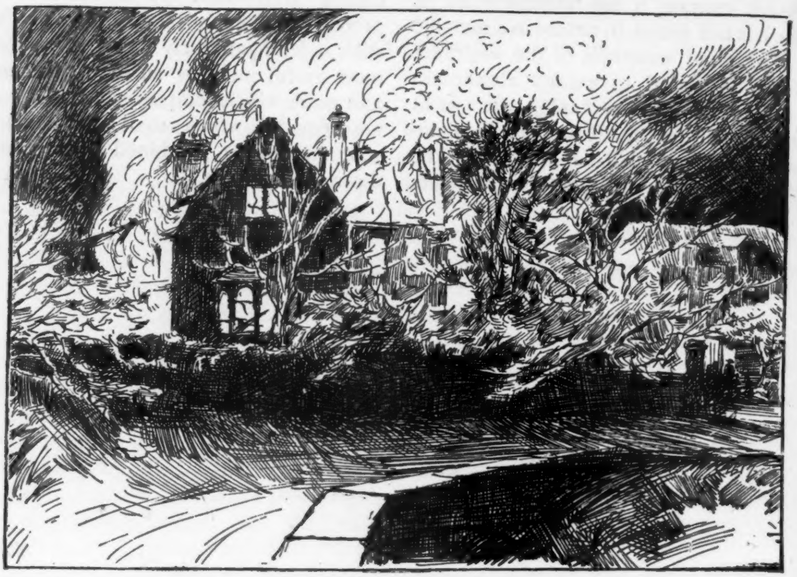
A great glare lit up the sky, and a thick smoke enveloped the cliff and the valley of Grainval. The north-west wind, which blew in gusts, sometimes drove the smoke to a great distance, while the red light, glowing more fiercely in the blast, was reflected in the sea.

A man of Yport returning from fishing, having seen the glare, rang the town bell; and soon the tocsins of the churches of Yport and Vattelot awakened the inhabitants. A number of good people, running to the scene of the disaster, endeavoured to fight the flames which were destroying the manor of Grainval and the adjoining farm; but there were too few of them to form a chain between the house and the wells and ponds, and the latter, in their turn, did not contain water enough for the purpose.

When day dawned the exterior walls of granite, now all smoke-blackened, alone remained intact; roofs, partitions, furniture, all the household stuff, the cattle in the stalls, and the corn in the granaries, were reduced to a heap of smouldering cinders.

On the evening of the conflagration, a smell of burning and some wreaths of smoke issuing from the cellars had attracted the attention of the Baron. Thinking that he could manage single-handed a fire confined to such a limited space, he had given it a few buckets of water, and had apparently extinguished it. He did not go to bed, however, but obeying a secret anxiety, he filled a strong box with his treasures, family papers and jewels, souvenirs of his wife, and a little gold and silver money which had been scraped together with difficulty.

Towards midnight, overcome by long watching, he fell asleep in his clothes in the



"The burning house, for five hundred years the property of his ancestors"

chimney-corner. An hour had scarcely elapsed when, aroused by piercing shrieks, he wakened with a start, and was at once half stifled by smoke. He was, however, able to leave his room, and, dragging after him the strong-box, he descended the staircase which was in flames, and crossing the burning yard, reached an open field, where he found the only other inhabitants of Grainval—Nice, the servant, and an old, half-crazy man. Into their charge he gave the coffer, having shut them into a little outhouse which the flames could not reach.

Then he watched the burning house, for five hundred years the property of his ancestors; he had been born in it, and he had hoped to die in it. He understood the uselessness of the attempts that were made to fight the flames, and he understood another thing as well.

When everything had been burned, certain of his irremediable ruin (people did not insure in those days) he rewarded those who had done their best to help him; then, having accepted temporarily the hospitality of the old curé of Yport, and borrowed a horse and waggon from a neighbouring farmer, he drove to the parsonage with his servants and his strong-box, which now contained all his belongings, except a little waste land. Later in the day when he had told all to his host, he said, "I bow before the hand that strikes me, for I have merited chastisement."

"Then you are determined not to denounce the incendiaries, at the risk of seeing them commit other similar crimes?"

"Yes, for if they were arrested, they would say that I was in some sort their accomplice, and my disgrace would be reflected on Jean."

"But you have assured me that you have never profited by smuggling."

"Not even by as much as a pound of tobacco, of which I have often deprived myself for the sake of economy; but nevertheless I have made up my mind to be silent, and you cannot betray me."

The priest bowed his head; he deplored the decision, but he was professionally bound to respect the Baron's secret. M. de Grainval resumed, "I shall manage things in such a way that my son shall for long be ignorant of this misfortune and its consequences."

"May I ask what your reasons are?"

"Certainly. My son has a generous disposition; he would return if he knew of the ruin which my political passions have brought on me, and the consequences of which I wish to suffer alone."

"Monsieur le Baron," said the curé, "this renunciation is in itself a full expiation."

Three years passed away, during which the Baron lived at Yport in great proverty, for with the little which remained to him he relieved the miseries of others and sent now and again two or three *louis d'or* to the naval cadet, who wrote to him from every port at which the ship touched. Jean learned the truth only at his father's death-bed.

Of the smugglers, little was heard along the coast. As to the exit from the cavern, it remained an insoluble mystery to the people of the district. "I believe that there was witchcraft about it, and that was the opinion of my grandmother," Hippolyte Vatinel, a fisherman of Yport, said to me once, pointing out the entrance to the cave, now blocked up by a landslip, and then directing my attention to another excavation, which appeared to be inaccessible, cut out as it was on the face of the cliff, at that part absolutely perpendicular. They call it still "Romain's hole." In this cleft a young man of Yport, a daring climber, but very much afraid of war, hoisted himself in 1811. He remained there for several years supported by his parents, who, during the night, sent him down provisions in a basket by means of a rope and pulley.

That was in the time of the great wars, when every able-bodied man, by force or of his own will, went for a soldier. Fat and chubby, Romain, taking the place of the basket, came up from his hole to the top of the cliff in 1814.

After telling me this veracious history, which I seasoned with more than a grain of salt, my friend Vatinel, a philosopher without knowing it, added, "Romain was not courageous by nature, and he was very much afraid of cannon-balls. For me, I went through the Russian campaign, and then that of France, and without having— But you know, mam'selle, some are brave, and some are poltroons; nothing can change that; one is born so. All the same, Romain must have bit his nails in the winter mornings before he got accustomed to his hole. Fortunately, one can get accustomed to anything."

The gipsy tribe had, however, left the country, to the lively satisfaction of the housewives and the inhabitants of the isolated farms; for a chicken, a goat, or a sack of potatoes used to be constantly a-missing, and the gipsies, reason or none, were supposed to know what had become ot them.

To return to our story. After three days' march the gipsies, who had encamped in the wood of Yport, pitched their tents in the forest of Serquigny, on the other side of the Seine.

It was night, a cold, starry night in November, when the first frosts strew the ground with leaves that are still green.

The fires burned brightly, and they were preparing the evening meal. While the hungry children cried and the men swore, grumbling lazily, the women attended to everything. Such is the custom among the gipsies.

Behind the encampment a very tall man, with a fair complexion and blue eyes, hard and treacherous, certainly a stranger in the tribe, talked with a gipsy. The latter was little and dark, and his aquiline nose and long eyes announced his Asiatic origin.

Both spoke a bizarre dialect in which French words mingled with others of a harder sound.

Soon an old woman arrived, ugly, toothless, and as lean as she could be, dressed in tattered finery, with silver coins on her neck and wrists, and a circlet of gold round her grey, dishevelled hair.

Addressing the gipsy in the language of their tribe, the old woman said: "Have you succeeded? and your companions, and your brother? Speak, Hirko, my son."

Replying in the same dialect, Hirko said: "Don't you know? Oh! I wonder if I should tell you?"

"I know that he died fighting the soldiers like a good gipsy; but have you left them his bones, you wicked gipsy?"

"How could I bring them away? Did you not tell me, when we were in prison, to bring to the camp the precious goods hidden in the cave?"

"I also commanded you to bring the body of your brother from the place where those dogs laid it."

"Your messenger," replied Hirko, pointing to the red-haired man, "only told me to come to an understanding with the Seigneur Le Grainval, because he himself was being hunted."

Le Bœuf, interrupting Hirko, said: "You have forgotten that I told you of Roina's wish."

"You lie, you lie, you lie! I did not know of the death of Zerb until we left prison. Then we got a transport, and some gendarmes, who watched all that we did, took us to Havre, where they left us three days ago. The gipsies encamped on the outskirts received us and disguised us; then on the following night, dressed like fishermen of the country, we went back, in obedience to you, Roina, to the cave in the cliff, but the cave had been walled up on the side next the sea. After making certain of this, I hid my two companions, and waited for the day before knocking at the door of the Manor. The Seigneur opened it himself without recognising me at first. Quite sure that we would not be overheard, for we were in the middle of an empty yard, I explained, and he listened. Here was his answer: 'You found the entrance to the cave walled up. Well, the exit is also closed with stones cemented by myself, for I will never lend a hand in smuggling again. Begone, unless you want to be arrested again.' I threatened him with our resentment, with a denunciation. He was quite impassive. Then he let loose an enormous dog, which would have devoured me if I hadn't gone away."

"And then?"

"And then I rejoined my companions, and we left the place."

"Is that all?" asked the old woman, fiercely. "Is that all? Cowards! cowards!"

Hirko shrugged his shoulders, and replied: "No, that is not all, because on quitting the country a great blaze lit up our way, a blaze that soon overspread the whole sky. It arose in the west. Do you understand, Roina?"

"Yes, I understand; but go on."

"At Havre, to which we returned to change our disguise, they talked already of Grainval, saying: 'It means ruin to the Baron, already much impoverished by the Revolution. To-day he is little better than a beggar.'"

"And your companions?"

"They went by Yvetot. There was work there."

At that moment two gipsies entered the forest-clearing, each leading a sheep stolen by the way; doubtless the work performed at Yvetot.

From what goes before it is plain that M. de Grainval attributed his ruin to the right cause, and that also the examining judge, Lebaudet, had certainly erred in not taking up the charge against the three bandits, who, on recovering their liberty, at once committed new crimes.

Le Bœuf, the man with the red hair, was now, and had been for some time, joined to the gipsies, who hated, but feared him, because he had acquired a great influence over the mind of Roina, the old queen of the principal gipsy tribe which at that time wandered through France.

Zerb, the eldest son of Roina, had been killed in the attack on the cave. Hirko was Zerb's brother; the latter had left a widow, Narfé, and a son, Tzerko. Ill-shapen and infirm, Tzerko was an object of aversion to every one, and had it not been for fear of his father he would certainly have been made away with: Zerb and Narfé, although angry and humiliated at having such a child, would assuredly have avenged his death. According to the laws of Pharaoh, Zerb should have succeeded Roina, and Narfé Zerb, and, in the latter event, the widow was bound to marry her husband's nearest relation.

As they were returning to their tents Hirko said to Roina: "Is the fisherman's child dead?"

"No," replied the old woman; "and Tzerko takes care of him."

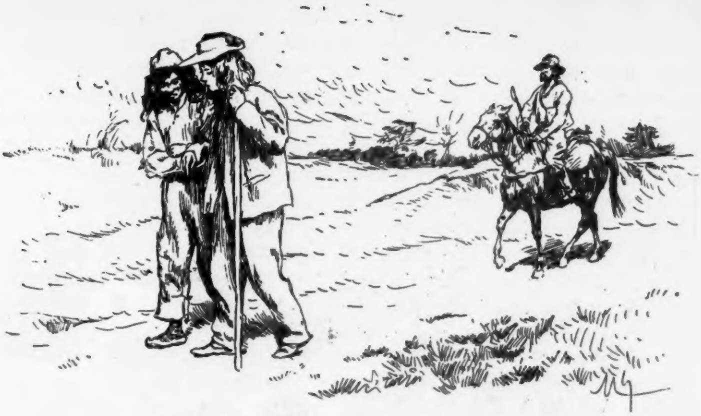
"How is this? He ought to be dead."

At that moment a woman darted out of the shadow to the two gipsies, and exclaimed angrily: "Ah! He ought to be dead? Are you then the masters of life and death? I, mark you—I have to tell you that there will be no more bloodshed among us."

The speaker must have been at one time very handsome. She was very tall, well-knit, and her magnificent eyes seemed to flash lightnings on Roina and Hirko.

Stopping with a gesture the old woman, who was about to burst into a passion of anger, Hirko replied: "Narfé, your ill-temper has clouded your memory. Was not the boy the cause of your husband's death?"

"You say so, and Le Bœuf echoes you, but I know that your treacherous tongue is never done lying. If Zerb is dead, I wish to see his corpse before obeying our laws. I



"Alexander Vorzoff and Tzerko brought up the rear"

tell you to leave me in peace and let the prisoner alone, or I shall rouse the children of Pharaoh against you, Hirko, and perhaps against you too, Roina."

Then, threatening with a gesture the mother and son, she regained her long waggon which served as a dwelling-place. It was in front of it that she carried on her business—telling fortunes to credulous peasants, and selling charms to cure cattle, cosmetics for coquettes, and philters for lovers.

In the first division Alex and Tzerko slept upon the same pallet. Narfé entered with a smoky lamp in her hand, and after having looked at the boys for a little, she muttered: "If this were only as handsome as that, I should be proud and happy."

For some time longer she stood wrapt in thought, then lifting an old curtain she disappeared, taking with her the lamp.

Meanwhile, Roina and her son discussed the conduct of Narfé in angry whispers.

"She crows like a young cock; she thinks herself already queen of half a dozen tribes," said Roina.

"She will have to submit, however," Hirko said; "for I shall not renounce my rights."

"The others pay more heed to her already than they do to you, and they will give her her own way."

"What would you advise me to do, Roina?"

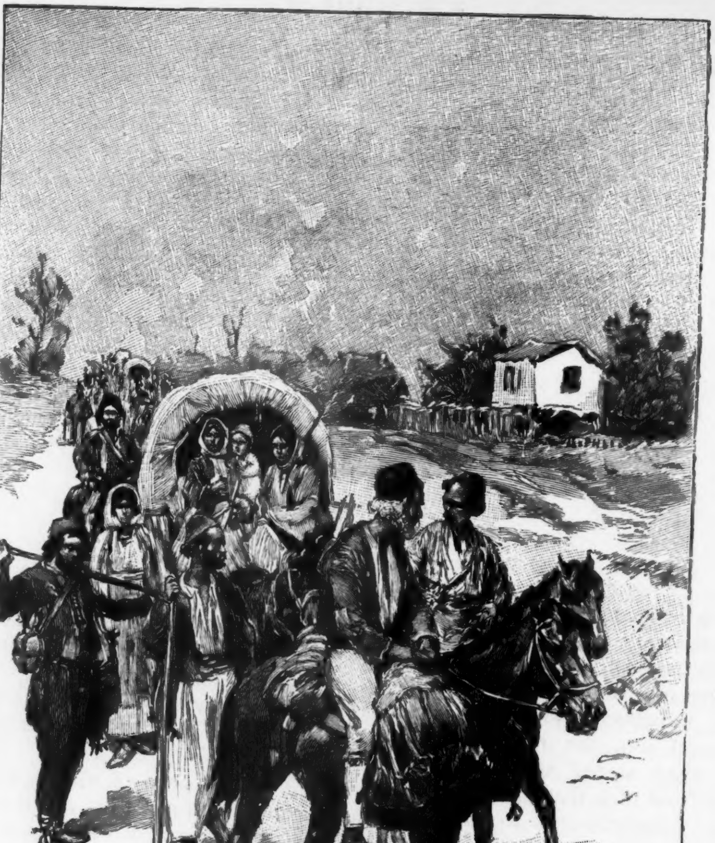
'Leave it to time. When I feel my end approaching we will consult about it. Till then keep your ambition from every one, above all from Le Bœuf."

"Have no fear. I mistrust that man, and were it not for your express command, he should die."

"He has been of use to us, and will be again. Was it not he who introduced us to the smugglers? Remember, if Zerb and you had listened to me, Zerb would be alive, for you would not have returned with the Yport fisher, and you could have carried off quietly your share of the booty; whereas, after two months in prison, having left your brother's bones in the hands of strangers, you come back poorer than you were."

"It was fate, Roina. Why recall the past? Understand, however, that I intend to be the husband of Narfé when the days of her mourning have ended."

"Intend—you intend! Fool, madman! How can men still say 'I intend'? Go and sleep. To-morrow we shall strike our tents and go away to the south, and over the borders. The ravens croak already. All the nations whom we hate will soon be slaughtering each other. We shall follow them from battle-field to battle-field where I promise you booty enough, for thousands and thousands of corpses shall litter the ways, and the blood of the wounded shall redden the streams and rivers, and stain the great white snows."



"The gipsy tribe set out toward the south"

CHAPTER XVI

TZERKO AND ALEX

NEXT morning the tents were folded, and, preceded by long waggons, the gipsy tribe set out towards the south.

Arm-in-arm two boys, Alexander Vorzof and Tzerko, brought up the rear. Alex was still very weak, and would have fallen many times but for the help of his companion. Walking was indeed terrible work for him, and sometimes he was so far gone that he was tempted to lie down and let these cruel men do their worst; if they killed him, so much the better.

But Tzerko comforted him always, and in

his bad French tried to speak to him of hope, of liberty, and of better times. Then Alex would take courage, beginning to see that the unfortunate little hunchback was not so repugnant as he had thought when he had first received his attentions and had been unable to conceal his dislike for one so dark, so ugly, and so deformed, whose enormous head swayed on his monstrous shoulders out of all keeping with legs and arms ridiculously small. Tzerko's eyes were his only beauty, large, soft, and of extraordinary transparency; an observer would have said that these eyes reflected a beautiful soul.

And, indeed, Tzerko did possess a beautiful soul, actual intelligence, and to his misfortune, a sensitive heart. He had none of the faults, none of the instincts of his parents and of his race. Perhaps he owed his qualities to the phenomenon which in our days is called atavism, and resembled morally some early ancestor who lived when the gipsies were a free people on the banks of the Indus.

Only Christians love the feeble and infirm. Among wandering peoples physical deformity is regarded as a reproach; so that Tzerko was barely tolerated by his father and mother, and was ill-treated and scoffed at by all the others, big and little.

Blows and harsh words, however, had not spoiled him. During the twelve years in which he had lived and suffered, he had endeavoured, by being sweet-tempered and patient, to make people forget his ugliness. He nursed the sick children, and looked after those who were neglected; and he took care of such animals as were wounded. Only the latter showed him any goodwill—even the bear allowed himself to be caressed by Tzerko—while the children bit and scratched him, and his own mother kept him at arm's length. Roina, his grandmother, showed only antipathy to him, and his father, Zerb, had said over and over that he was ashamed of being the father of such a monster.

Thus he lived for twelve years without a single day of happiness, more ill-treated the longer he lived; and yet he was consoled by a voice within him; he waited and hoped without knowing for what.

Almost always in pain, for his hump compressed his chest, Tzerko soon perceived that he would gain nothing by complaining, so he gave it up. When attacked by any of the maladies of childhood, he kept quiet, doubled up in the bottom of the family waggon, shivering with cold, starving, and athirst. In those times his mother and the other women went wandering for whole days in the neighbouring villages, ostensibly offering for sale baskets and little articles made of straw, but really to tell fortunes to credulous peasants, from whom, if the occasion presented itself, they did not hesitate to steal a chicken, or whatever came to hand. When the dishonest chase was successful the tribe made merry, and Narfé supplied the needs of her sick child. When the opposite occurred, the men quarrelled with the women, and went from words to blows, while Tzerko, entirely forgotten, kept silent and motionless for fear of being struck in his turn.

One day they told him that Zerb was dead, and he was much distressed: then he saw his mother mad with grief, and Roina also. A little after he discovered a human being crying and struggling in the bear's cage, while the bear howled night and day.

Ah! how Tzerko pitied the unfortunate creature shut up there, and how he wished to comfort him! He incurred many a beating because he would not keep away from the neighbourhood of the cage. Sometimes he slipped up unperceived, and whispered words of hope through the bars, or flung fruit in by the roof.

A week went past. The tribe left the shore for the interior of the country, and Roina at last opened the door of the cage with the large key which she never gave up.

"He is dead," she said, "for he no longer cries; we must bury his body."

Tzerko told Alexander his own history, and all that he knew regarding the latest events, often repeating himself, for he spoke in very bad French.

"Then," he said, in conclusion, "Narfe saw that you breathed, and allowed me to take you into the waggon heedless of the reproaches of Roina. You were ill for a long time, but now you are better. How big and fine you look beside ugly little me! Do I not fill you with horror?"

"No," replied Alex, "I love you very much, and if you like, I will always be your friend."

"Oh, yes! We shall never leave each other—never, never!"

"Then you must come with me. As soon as we can we must fly, and go to Yport, to Martine, and I will kneel down before her, and ask her pardon. I will tell her how the two poor English smugglers were assassinated by Le Bœuf, while Hirko held my mouth. Ah! when I was ill, and after, I often dreamt of these two men. 'Pity, pity!' they cried. But Uncle Vatteville and the others showed them none. Then they threw them in the sea, and broke up their boat. Next day Uncle Vatteville forced me to return, because there was nobody else small enough to reach the cellars of the manor through the cleft in the rock. That day, on entering by the side of the cliff, I was not as careful as usual, for the murders of the preceding night had made me stupid; so the coastguardsmen saw me, and caught me. I soon escaped, and when I wanted to go back to Martine, Le Bœuf laid hold of me again."

"Try not to think of these things; when you speak of them you become feverish. But tell me, were you not very frightened in the cage?"

"Ah, yes! The bear growled and scratched against the roof. I thought I felt his claws in my neck. But soon I was neither afraid, nor hungry, nor cold—only sleepy."

"You slept always at first, and Narfé said you must be wakened and forced to eat."

"How sad and worried your mother looks!"

"It is because my father was killed, you know. Then Roina and Hirko torment her; and so I think I cannot go away, and leave Narfé with these wretches. Alex, what will become of me without you?"

"Don't cry. I am not going away immediately, for these people watch me constantly. The other day, when I went to gather strawberries in the wood, Hirko came after me, and threatened me with his knife."

"Wait for some months—promise me to wait. Do you know that they would kill you without a thought if you angered them?"

"Very well, I promise to wait for a little while."

The little while grew into several years. For two years the tribe, which had encamped near Barcelona, after having crossed the Pyrenees at Port-Bon, travelled all through Spain, from north to south, from east to west. During that time Alex found not the slightest opportunity to return to France.

In Spain he was not entirely unhappy: and he even grew accustomed to his wandering life, thanks to which he visited many new lands, although he saw very little of towns because the gipsies rarely camped near large centres.

Tzerko and Alexander were hardly ever out of each other's company. Both were by profession exhibitors of performing animals. Tzerko had no equal in educating dogs, cats, and even birds, and that without beating them.

In these regions, generally poor and already exploited by other gipsies, either confessed or disguised, business was not very brisk. Then there were frequent quarrels between the various bands. Fomented by Le Bœuf and Hirko, these quarrels became battles, and blood often flowed.

At last, in the autumn, the tribe having become embroiled with the authorities, was chased from the province of La Mancha. It recrossed at once the frontier, without having beheld the outbreak of war predicted by the gipsy queen.

On their return to France, the gipsies spent the winter in the Pyrenees, at Hendaye near Saint-Jean-de-Luz.

Here, having sworn that they would not gossip nor tell any one that Alex was neither a gipsy nor the son of a gipsy, the boys obtained permission from Narfé to accept the offer of an old Franciscan who lived alone in the ruins of a dilapidated convent.

This monk, having met one evening the two little wanderers shivering with cold and hunger, had proposed to them to come and lodge in a cell which still stood intact. There they would certainly feel less cold than in a tent, and less hunger also, because they would share the provisions which the peasants of the neighbouring villages gave to the hermit as alms.

The two friends spent several months in the convent, where the old man fed both mind and body. They learned to read and write, with a little arithmetic, and a little sacred history. And, better than all, they were instructed in the truths of the New Testament. Among the gipsies Alex had entirely forgotten his prayers, and Tzerko was ignorant even of the name of Him who has promised an eternity of happiness to the disinherited of the earth.

On the return of spring, when the gipsies began to pack up their baggage, the monk went to her whom he supposed to be the mother of his *protégés*, and asked to be allowed to keep them in the convent. He would provide for them, educate them, and make honest workmen of them.

It was rashly done of the old man. His proposal was received with abuse, and he himself was threatened with blows. He left the camp and never saw either Alex or Tzerko again.

The boys were severely beaten, and imprisoned till the departure of the tribe, which made them regret that they had not confided fully in the monk, especially as Narfé was no longer able to interfere, being ill and confined to her waggon. Roina, too, hardly ever quitted her bed; and Hirko and Le Bœuf quarrelled over every division of spoil. Summer and autumn passed thus without any appearance of departure. Then Alex declared to Tzerko that the time had come to escape; that he would seize the first opportunity, and take his friend with him whether he pleased or not.

Towards the end of the month of January 1806, the tribe arrived at Bordeaux, where a great fair was being held. The town was also given over to merry-making, as they were celebrating the victory of Austerlitz, and the glories of the Empire.

One evening while they were showing their animals to some merry-makers seated in the open air, Tzerko and his friend overheard a conversation between two men, one of whom had lost a leg, and the other an arm. At first they squabbled about the respective merits of the army and the navy; but presently, addressing the maid-servant, not sufficiently attentive, in his opinion, the man without the leg said, "It's not a twopence-halfpenny Margoton who will make a soldier wait, when that soldier has been decorated by the Emperor, and was at Marengo, at Rivoli, at Cairo, at the Pyramids, at battles here, there, and everywhere. Let me tell you, my good girl, that at Vienna, which is a great capital nearly half as big as Paris, and three-quarters the size of Bordeaux, I was served by a different kind of damsel altogether, and in cups of gold too. And no longer ago than last month, do you know where I was? Come, guess, you fool!"

"How can I guess, sir?"

"I was standing sentry at the door of the room where Napoleon dictated terms to the other Emperor after having thrashed him to some purpose, and if that other wasn't called Francis II., Emperor of Germany, my name's not Boustignac."

Upon that a young peasant exclaimed, "All the same, with only one leg you must have made a pretty figure at the doors of emperors, old fellow."

Like a good Gascon as he was, the maimed soldier became excited and narrated things, possible and impossible, concerning his campaigns and the interview between the two Sovereigns.

The peasant, bursting with laughter, replied, "Never mind, what a capital runner you must be!"

"Ah, well, the cross has cured my wounds; but I regret the battles and the marches and the counter-marches, and the charges lance in rest under a deluge of shells, and above all, that I can no longer be in the midst of the regiment when the word flew along the line, 'He is coming, he is going to pass, here he is!' And the man passed, and it was the Little Corporal. Then we set off at a triple gallop, laughing at shells and balls. I tell you that I have seen a young gunner without a beard to his chin, and his head broken, jump up from under his gun, and cry, 'Vive l'Empereur!' and paff! down he fell: by the same token his name was Vatteville."

Alex and Tzerko listened with all their ears, and the former was tempted for an instant to question the veteran. Vatteville, the beardless gunner, could he be Noel? A whole world of memories danced through his brain, and regret and remorse almost overpowered him.

While he still hesitated—he, the wretched little mountebank—to address the glorious soldier, the latter turned to the sailor and twisting his great moustache said, "You don't seem to be quite of my opinion. Are you not a Frenchman, then, that you don't shout victory all along the line?"

The sailor replied, "If you had been at Trafalgar, and if you had lost your arm in hospital at Cadiz by a badly tended wound you would sing smaller."

"Trafalgar? Never heard of it! What do you talk of Trafalgar for?"

"That was a sea-fight in which we were beaten by the English admiral, Nelson, and our fleet destroyed."

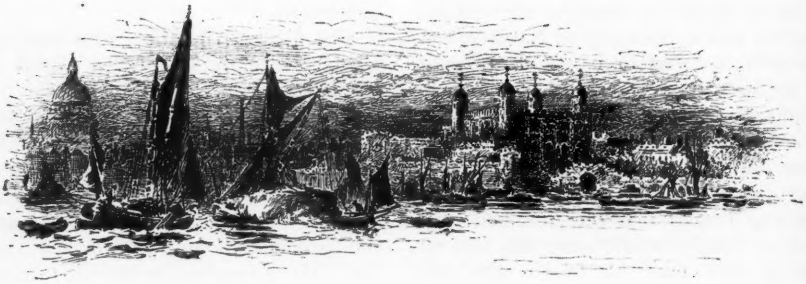
"You lie, you dog! The French have never been beaten by the English, never, do you hear? What a likely story!"

"I was there on the *Redoubtable*, which distinguished itself, because the Captain was rewarded."

"Fool! In that case, why do you talk of having been beaten? You are a traitor, an English——"

Furious, the sailor brandished his crutch with the intention of breaking the soldier's head. The latter had already drawn his knife with his only hand, when the innkeeper separated the pair.

Alex, seeing the fierce look of the soldier, dared not approach him, and after collecting a few rusty sous, the two friends returned to the encampment. There a quarrel was going on also, but of a more terrible kind.



BARGES AND BARGEMEN

By ALEXANDER ANSTED

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

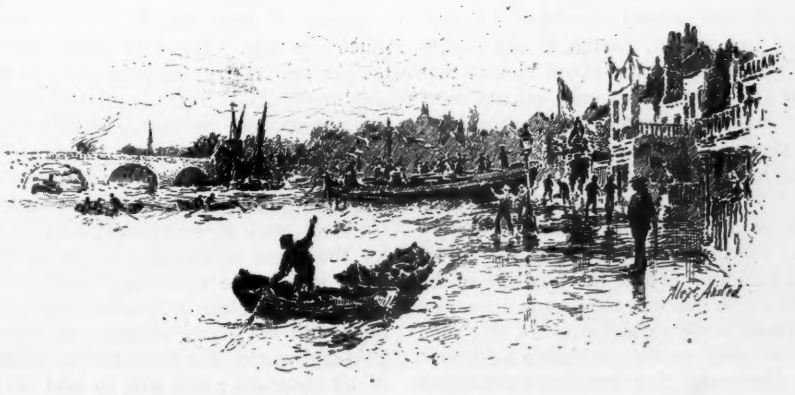
EVERY water has its own peculiar vessels. They form part of the manners of every nation, and indeed, a very strongly marked phase in those manners: for a boat carries her nationality in her lines, and we know her before she proclaims herself. Beyond this, too, each country has its special class of trading craft, the varieties of which are almost as numerous as those to be found upon the high seas.

Among these it is rather difficult to fix upon any one class as claiming precedence over the rest; for where, indeed, shall we turn to find one not hopelessly mixed up with all the others? But this has its advantages. It gives no lack of opportunity to those who would know something of the intricate shipping system upon which the existence of our commerce depends. Wherever we may be there is something to be seen, whether on the coast, or in the neighbourhood of some coast river, or even within reach only of some inland canal, we shall not have far to go in search of a subject. If in London, it is at our feet whenever we cross the river winding beneath. Who that ever passes over London or the new Tower Bridge fails to cast a look below, upon the varied shipping alongside the quays, or making its apparently impossible way up and down the river. Here, surely, is an inexhaustible fund of matter, not only for those directly interested, but for every thinking man. The movement, the bustle, the surging of the tide under the piers, the intricacy of steerage, the swaying backwards and forwards of loaded cranes and heavy bales—

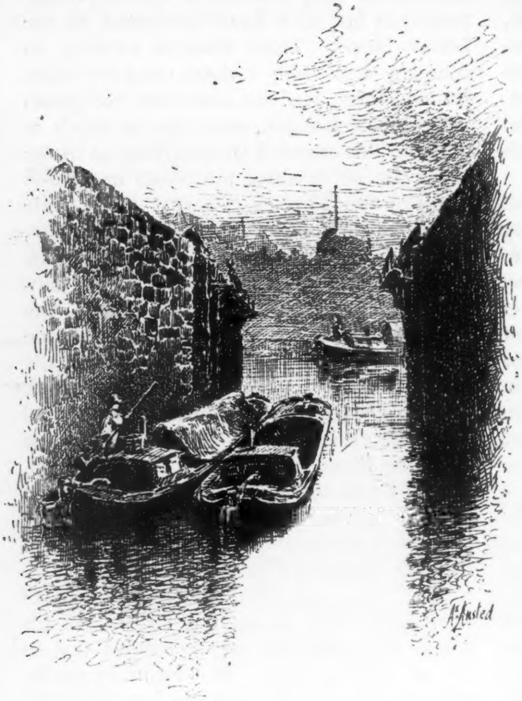
these, without doubt, must have something to tell of regions unseen, of wealth uncounted, of hard-earned bread, and, perhaps sometimes, of misery almost incredible. But this is only a small part, and of that only a passing glimpse of the life of this wonderful metropolitan river every day and all through the day of every year.

In the weird light of the smoky evening, half a dozen barges, some already under jury masts, are making their way on the top of the flood into London. They form a long perspective as they approach the Tower Bridge, and are lost sight of in the yellow mist of the setting sun. They are loaded down to their hatches, and some of them have sailed from far up the coast, perhaps in half a gale of wind, to deposit their cargoes in the quiet reaches of the dreamy upper Thames. Others hail from the Medway—"the other river," as they call it on the Thames—and those who know Rochester and Strood Bridge will be familiar enough with the sight of them here. On Monday morning—time, to the bargeman, always waiting upon tide—the Medway fleet gets under weigh. It is worth seeing this on a bright morning when the wind is fair; each vessel beating up out of its own river, and coming about into the Thames, adds something to the interest of the scene. Standing on the Essex side, one can, on a clear day, see some way up the Medway, now thick with sail, and follow the fleet along the Isle of Grain opposite, and far up the Thames beyond the long low line of Canvey, disappearing at last as it bears northward up the Lower Hope. Thus, towards evening, in company with their various sea-going companions, these Medway craft enter the gloom and haze of London, each one as much at home in this crowded thoroughfare as in the lower reaches or along the coasts north and south of the Thames estuary. Here, while some, taken in hand by the free watermen, "sweep" up on the flood tide, their long oars, or "sweeps," serving to help their dangerous passage under the arches of the bridges, others are taken in tow by one of the tugs—the *Vixen*, the *Scorcher*, or the *Storm King*, perhaps—and soon a long black string of deeply laden hulks, often lashed together, two by two, go steaming past the Nine Elms, Chelsea, and Hammersmith, to find a peaceful berth possibly behind the eyots of Isleworth or Richmond, until once more they are freighted outward to their own river, or to face the open sea.

The bargeman, then, sees something of the world both ashore and afloat, and his life is not altogether an unenviable one as far as sailoring goes. It is infinitely preferable to that of the seaman; but, then, the captain of a barge is proportionately a superior man. He is the better sailor, to begin with, though his claim to any knowledge of seamanship may be loudly scorned by the sea-going man. On his own course his knowledge amounts almost to perfection. He is familiar with every set and variation of



THE LAUNCH OF A RIVER BARGE



CANAL BARGES IN A LOCK

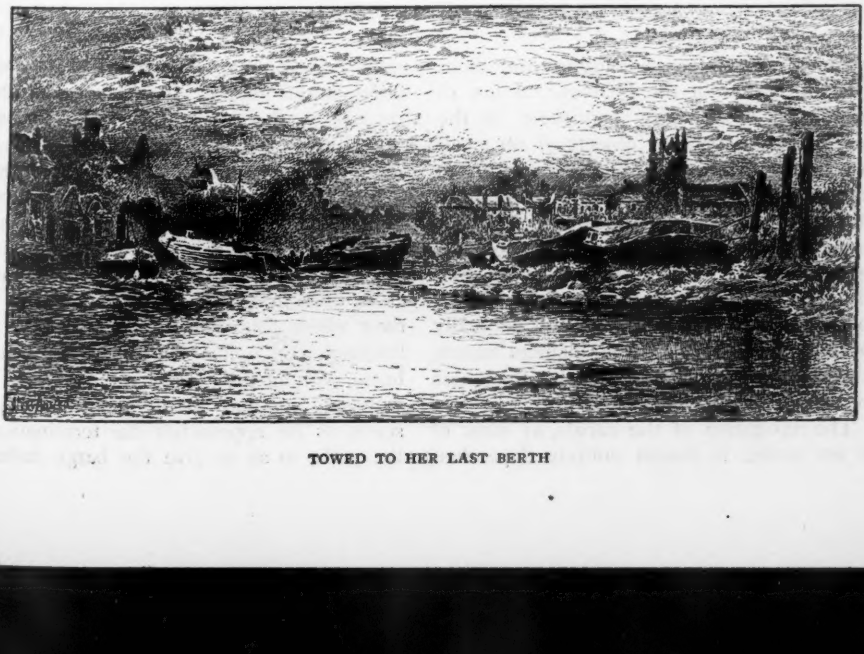
the tide, and knows every point at which he may cheat or overreach it. He can sail his boat into and safely out of the most critical of situations, and is daily obliged to do so. He runs fearlessly under the bows of big ocean steamers, often coming about so close to their sides that you might crack a nut between the two without injuring the kernel. He cares for no man, though it can hardly be said that no man cares about him, or that he is by any means a favourite on the river with the masters of larger vessels who, as he knows very well, have a wholesome fear of touching him. He bears, indeed, a sort of charmed life—free to go where he chooses, so long as he does not actually endanger others. But he cannot take his barge up through London. There the privilege of the waterman, who has served his apprenticeship to the river, begins, and these are the men we see bringing up the coal-laden lighters—"black diamonds" they have been sometimes called—hoys, and other heavy craft, all of which combine to make that moving picture of Thames life, with which every Londoner and many countrymen must be so familiar.

There is a barge to be launched from one of the yards above bridge. She has been built to trade with "the other river." Her owner is a man of substance, and of parts withal, who has sailed the accustomed voyage numberless times himself; but he and his comely consort have retired from active service many a long year, and thus in the safety of the haven he has seen his offspring grow up around him, on the waterside, and he hath his quiver full. He has already six sons in his fleet, and now the turn of his two youngest has arrived; the elder shall take command, the younger act as mate. His duties to posterity are complete; this is the last barge he will charter, and he hands her over, in shares, to all his sons; and she shall be called the *Eight Brothers.*

So the *Eight Brothers*, which has been steadily developing into the perfection of that which a barge should be all through the year, is at last ready to be launched. The builder has counted upon a spring tide, and Saturday afternoon has been the day chosen. All the world and his wife are out to swell the throng of pleasure, for the master is an old and well-respected inhabitant of this quaint and almost-forgotten Thames-side nook, nor is the builder a whit less important an individual than his employer. There is plenty of beer for all, though none too much for any. There is jollity and good temper and merry expectation; and among the more staid there is much interesting speculation, sage prophecy, and dignified anticipation. The water rises steadily; first, it laps the tow path, and then, here and there, a few ripples overflow it. It wants an hour to high tide, and all hands are busy preparing for the event of the day. The great yard gates stand wide open, and the huge black hull, with her clean yellow line and gay afterdeck, and her name shining proudly out in gold and scarlet, lies there for the admiration of all observers; and still, to add life to the already sparkling scene, she is bedecked with bunting, which flutters gently in the breeze. At length the tide, in its steady rise, has washed over the tow-path and into the yard, making a little running pond underneath the flat bottom of the hull, and dancing up to splash her sides, as though already eager to embrace her ample bulk. All who will, have soon mounted to her deck. The long rollers are laid, an old horse is hitched to, and with one mighty lift of the long lever bars, she moves. There is a shout, a loud warning to those aboard; a hundred hands are on her sides. She moves once more; she runs on her rollers, as a carriage on its wheels, down the slight incline, and with one more effort she will be free. Nor is that effort wanting, for before she ceases to slide she is again impelled. Thus she passes over her rollers: there is one lurch, one heavy plunge, and with her flags lifting gaily to the motion, she shoots out, afloat on the swelling waters of her father Thames.

The launching of a barge is of no uncommon occurrence, but it is always attended with some little ceremony and rejoicing; and it is always a pretty sight. Each one has its history, its associations, its little world of followers; nor is it, by any means, to all, the black, dirty-looking hulk it must appear to those who know nothing of its origin, its life, and its destination. To those who see it year by year it is a real vessel, taking its place with the rest of that wonderful mercantile fleet which surrounds our shores. It is as distinguishable from any other barge as it is from any other class of vessel. It has its peculiarities, like other craft: it is a good sailor or a bad, handy or the reverse, fast or slow, wet or dry; all of which particulars mark it out to the bargeman as having an identity just as strong as that possessed by any animal or human being. And if we can realise this as we cross one of the London bridges, and glance down at the shipping beneath, we may probably be tempted to look again, and perhaps to linger a little longer than usual; and, possibly, in time we may even come to understand something of that indefinable influence which seems to take hold of men living wherever navigation of any sort passes; for that there is some such influence we must admit, though we may not altogether comprehend it.

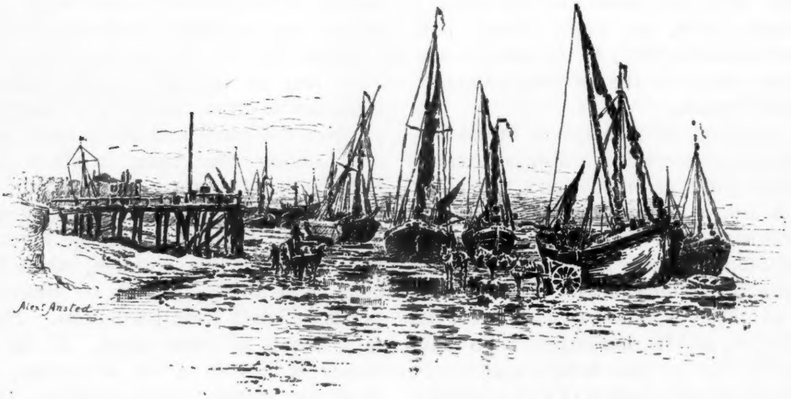
Barge life on the canals is as different from that on the river as the life of the landsman is from that of the seaman, and yet both the canal and the seaman meet in the London river upon common ground. But the bargee proper—that is, the canal-boat navigator—belongs to a race apart from other men. He has his language, his customs, and, even yet, his costume, when Sunday gives him an opportunity of adorning his person, distinct from his fellows. He is, in fact, a sort of water gipsy. If he has a vanity it lies in a bit of colour, and a fresh coat of paint is his delight. Thus, he decorates his afterdeck and hatchway with



TOWED TO HER LAST BERTH

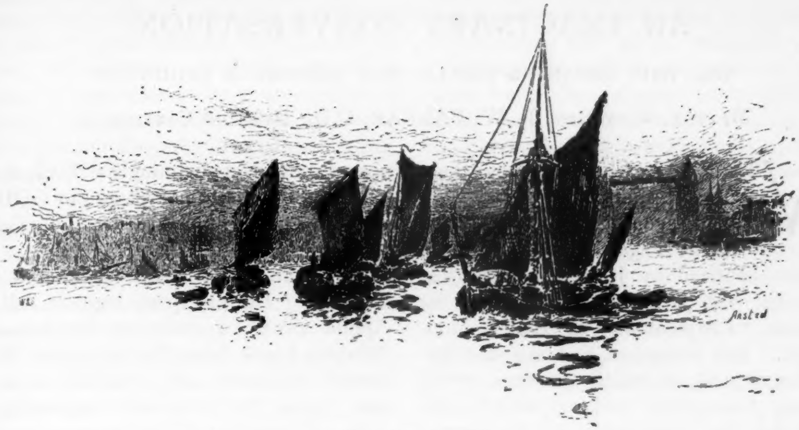
all the brightest tints the paint-pot can afford, imitating brick, stone, or basket work, and various grains of wood. Nor even is gold wanting in the embellishment of scrolls, lettering, or fanciful designs; and a very gay sight is a new boat as she comes out of dock on her first voyage to the metropolis. These boats—long, narrow, and low in the water, loaded often with explosive material or with huge vessels of acids—are very common above bridge, though rare below. Dwellers in the vicinity of the Regent's Canal will be familiar with them. They enter the river at several points, the town of Brentford being perhaps the most important. But many of them remain always in their own waters, being towed mile after mile, month after month, through every description of country; under long tunnels so low that they can only be penetrated by the men (and women too, sometimes) lying on their backs and working with their feet along the top; over lofty aqueducts, from which they look down often upon rail and roadways, until at last they reach their port, perhaps far up in some northern county.

Sometimes the more fortunate of these canal folk, like the bargemen of the coast, will retire and settle down ashore; indeed, one of the great ends of their labour is to take a waterside inn. Occasionally we find them along the banks of the Thames. A few of the women are roughly handsome in the gipsy type, and become objects of no small attraction to the youth and flower of those places, in which, for a time, they sojourn. Others, however, are anything but attractive, and, as a race, neither men nor women can be regarded as above the average of their fellow-creatures. They intermarry considerably, and hang much together; and, generally speaking, they are out of their element among other men, being regarded almost as foreigners and aliens.



UNLOADING AT SOUTHEND

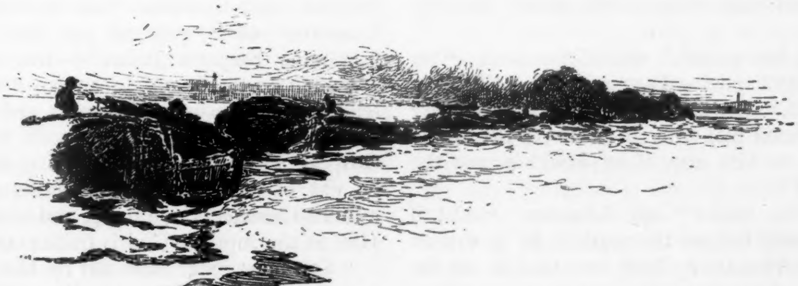
The navigation of the canals, as most of us are aware, is almost entirely dependent upon horse-power, and many are the wonderful stories told of the sagacity of these tow horses, who very soon learn their work as well as do their drivers, and are frequently left for long distances completely to themselves. In some districts the canal paths run on one side for a time and then stop, being continued opposite. Where this is the case the horses, if no bridge exists, must cross over in the boat itself; and on one river where this changing of sides is very frequent, the writer has repeatedly seen a horse, without rider or driver near him and with only one man in the boat, increase his speed as he approaches the termination of the path, so as to give the barge sufficient



MAKING FOR LONDON

velocity to carry him across, await its arrival at the bank, and as it comes up and goes about take a leap aboard over a space of from five to six feet. Here he waits patiently until he reaches the other side, when, as coolly and deliberately, he leaps ashore, feels his towline, and lays himself quietly to his work again. But there is live stock more directly associated with the boat than even the horse, who, after all, is but hired for a time. A cat and a dog are nearly always to be seen aboard, and sometimes there are rabbits and a little poultry, though whence that comes it may not always do to inquire too curiously. A monkey, too, is an occasional addition to the household, while even a goat has been seen running backwards and forwards on the deck, as much at home as though on his native heath. Indeed, a bargee would seem to be somewhat of a lover of dumb animals, as also is his seafaring cousin from the river or the coast. And when, after his long voyage, we see him arrived on the London river, if we cannot regard him altogether as a mariner, we must at least admit that he is no landsman.

Having reached the river the canal boatman may drop down as far as Lambeth, or even below, where he becomes involved in all the crowded shipping of London; and, having changed his freight, he is again taken in tow, with a down-river barge, possibly, ahead, an up-river lighter astern, and one or two others of his own class alongside. And, in this manner, he disappears once more into his own waters, and is forgotten.



A TOW

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION

OR, WHY LIBANIUS COULD NOT BECOME A CHRISTIAN

BY THE VERY REV. F. W. FARRAR, D.D., DEAN OF CANTERBURY

WHEN the Christians, by their intercession with Theodosius, had saved Antioch from ruin, many Pagans were converted, and were baptized by John, the Presbyter of Antioch, who is better known to us by the name "Chrysostom" or the Golden-mouthed. But he longed to make one important conquest, of which the fame would have rung through the civilised world. He longed for the conversion of his former teacher, the eloquent Libanius. The great orator was not a hero, nor was his ideal of life specially lofty, but he was honest and, judged by the Pagan standard, his character was high and honourable. Chrysostom felt sanguine about convincing him; and as the recognised heads of Pagan culture were Libanius in the East, and Symmachus in the West, the weaning of the former from the worship of false gods would indeed shake to their basis the last hopes of Paganism. He knew that Libanius had been impressed by recent events, and he wrote to invite him to come and partake of his simple hospitality.

After a frugal supper, Chrysostom ventured to ask the distinguished Pagan if he had not been struck with the fact that the terrible storm of retribution which threatened Antioch from the wrath of the Emperor Theodosius had been averted solely by Christian courage and Christian intercession.

"Yes," answered Libanius, "and I doubt not that your religion will greatly gain by it."

"It *has* gained," said Chrysostom; "we are daily baptizing Pagans into the Christian Church. Has the renowned Libanius never considered that it might be worth the whole world to him also, if he would accept the truth?"

"The truth?" said Libanius. "Ah! if one could but see the truth! Is it written on the blue sky? May one read it on the petals of the flowers? Is it legible in golden letters on the stars?"

"Christ said, 'I am the truth.'"

"My friend," said Libanius, "can you not see how overwhelmingly difficult it must be for us Pagans to accept as our GOD, one whom we can only regard as a holy Galilean peasant?"

"You are inconsistent," answered Chrysostom. "Do not your legends tell how Apollo lived on earth as the servant of Admetus? how Zeus, Poseidon, and Hermes visited Philemon and Baucis? Over and over again, in your own mythology, the gods are represented as having come down to us in the likeness of men. The stories show how natural to the mind of man is the thought that God is too merciful to abandon us altogether to our darkness and misery."

"You quote to me the gross fictions of wandering rhapsodists," said Libanius. "They are only meant for the common herd."

"Ah, there," said Chrysostom, "you reveal one of the most inhuman weaknesses of heathendom. You only care for the few. The mass of mankind are no more to you than if they were a swarm of flies. But we hold that God loves every soul that He has called into being; and Christ, so far from scorning 'the common herd,' as you call them, lived for them, and died for them, and gave divine nobleness to their common humanity. He said 'I have compassion on the multitude.'"

"I am not objecting to the life of your Prophet," said Libanius; "on the contrary, I approve of it with all my heart. My friend the Emperor Julian"—that phrase was often on the lips of Libanius—"used to tell me about Jesus with respect and admiration, and even to read me parts of your Gospels, with which from his early training he was of course familiar. But to *admire* a human teacher is one thing, and to *worship* Him as the supreme God is quite another."

"You must judge Him not by His words only, but by His works and by His unique sinlessness, and by that overwhelming victory over the world which, without the intervention of God, the faith in Him could never have won.

But to answer your objection about God becoming man, I will not appeal to the rhapsodists, but to your greatest poets, and your deepest philosophers. Did not Æschylus sing that Prometheus—who is the symbol of suffering humanity—could never be delivered till some god should appear to bear his anguish, and should be willing for his sake to descend into the sunless Hades, and the murky depths of Tartarus? And did not Socrates declare, and Plato himself repeat, and Seneca re-echo, that men *need* a Divine Saviour, and that such a Saviour would one day be vouchsafed to them?"

"The idea is glorious," answered Libanius. "But it is hard for us to see its realisation in the peasant of Nazareth. We can but feel amazed that you should accept a crucified God."

"I know that to the Greeks the Cross is foolishness," said Chrysostom. "Yet there should be enough in your own greatest thinkers to show you that the Cross in no way disgraced Christ, but that, in enduring it, Christ ennobled the Cross. Do you consider your greatest philosopher less of a great philosopher because he died of the draught of hemlock administered by the executioner in the common prison?

"No," said Libanius; "but Socrates was frankly human, and the claim of your Prophet to be Divine can only rest on evidence."

"And what more overwhelming evidence can you have than the hand ot God in the affairs of men during the last 400 years? Take the grandest man you have ever known, take 'my friend the Emperor Julian,'" said Chrysostom, with a smile, "endow him with all human wisdom; place him as a carpenter in the village shop of a conquered and utterly despised province; give him only three years of hunted hardship in which to preach; then crucify him:—let him give himself out as God—how many adherents would he win? How long would his claims stand the test of time?"

"Your Christ had only twelve Apostles, and one betrayed him."

"So much the more stupendous the subsequent miracle," answered the presbyter. "The world received the doctrine of a crucified Saviour with a roar of contempt. Armies arrayed themselves against it; magistrates seized their heaviest swords to smite it; emperors burnt its believers as living torches and flung its votaries by thousands to the wild beasts in the amphitheatres; respectability spat at it; malignity searched it with candles; wealth and aristocracy looked down with infinite disdain on its handfuls of slaves and artisans; wit and satire shot it through and through with arrows of dazzling scorn; the mob first regarded it with contemptuous curiosity and then rent it with frantic hate. Through all the Roman world 'Christian' was the synonym of 'malefactor,' yet before a century was over, as your Pliny told Trajan, it had closed the temples and ruined the trade in sheep and oxen for sacrifices in remote Bithynia."

"A mere ignorant province," interrupted Libanius.

"Yes, but its hated Cross," added Chrysostom, "in three centuries had been woven in gems on the purple diadems of kings, and had displaced by its *labarum* the silver eagles and gilded dragons of imperial Rome! Mankind are not all fools, nor do lies prosper thus. If Christianity had not been of God it would have come to nought. Yet when even your Julian, brilliant and able as he was, tried to reanimate the corpse—pardon me—of your Paganism, its putrescence was not delayed for a moment; and in the zenith of his career, in the flush of his youth, Julian was struck down——"

"Too probably by the arrow of a revengeful Christian soldier," interrupted Libanius again. "Cursed be the sacrilegious hand that bent that bow!"

"At any rate he was struck down with the words, '*O Galilean, Thou hast conquered!*' on his lips. As a philosopher, you are bound to account for the triumph of this impotence, against which all the strength and genius of the world strove in vain."

"I account for it partly by the readiness of men at all times to be deceived, but partly because your Teacher enunciated some great truths which were needed in those bad days, and are needed still. But all the best minds have absorbed them now. Look at our holy Epictetus; at our still holier Marcus Aurelius."

"You have selected," said Chrysostom, "the very flower of Pagan morality; yet who for a moment would dream of accepting either of them as *divine?* And remember that, far as their teaching sinks below that of Christ, they derived all the best of it—

unconsciously, no doubt—from those truths of Christianity which by their time had permeated the very air men breathed. They had kindled their pale torches at the sun, on which they turned their backs."

"I admit the supremacy of your Master's doctrine," said Libanius.

"Can you accept the teaching, and reject as imposture the divine claims made by the Teacher Himself? Had those claims been the false outcome of vanity and hallucination, He would sink as much *below* other teachers as now He towers supremely above the greatest of them. And did He not ratify His claims by many wonderful works which still continue?"

"Which still continue?" said Libanius, incredulously. "Can you point to any miracles now?"

"Miracles of that kind may have ceased," he answered; "they are no longer needed by way of evidence. But the miracles of grace continue. The proud are made humble, the furious gentle, the impure clean. Such miracles are greater than opening the eyes of the blind, and making the dumb to sing."

Libanius mused a little space. "I would be perfectly fair," he said, "as becomes a philosopher. And your last argument is the very strongest which Christians urge. I admit that many Christians—more Christians than Pagans—are compassionate and kind and unselfish, and live pure lives. Your orator, Tertullian, challenged us in his day with the words, '*We alone are innocent.*' It was a powerful challenge. But the Christians nowadays as a body—indeed, all except a few—seem scarcely a whit better than we. It is the deadly degeneracy of your Christianity which repels us from it. Your religion is no longer a good mind and a good life; it is a mass of tangled metaphysics and cumbrous ceremonies."

"Julian at least saw noble specimens of Christianity in his school-friends Gregory and Basil at the University of Athens."

"Yes, and he respected them: but what was his earliest experience of how Christians can act? Constantine, the Christian Emperor, died, and the first thing which was done by Constantius, his Christian successor, was to perpetrate an indiscriminate massacre of the seed royal, in which perished Julian's father, his uncle, his eldest brother, and six of his cousins. His brother Gallus would have been killed too, but for his severe illness. These be your Christian Emperors!"

"Julian at least owed his life to the mercy of a Christian Bishop, Mark of Arethusa," said Chrysostom.

"A good deed," said Libanius, "but he was an Arian heretic, was he not? And, in any case, one swallow does not make a spring. Who became Julian's teacher? Hecebolius! Under Constantius this man was a red-hot Christian; under Julian he became a ferocious Pagan. When Jovian succeeded, he turned his coat again, and lay at the church door asking people to trample on him, crying, 'The salt has lost his savour.' I fear that was true of his *religion* as well as of himself."

"Nay," said Chrysostom, "a false Christian, a merely nominal Christian, is no Christian at all."

"We should not have such great difficulty in accepting your views," said Libanius, "if we better understood whether the thing to which you attach most importance was your creed, or your conduct; and how much or how little of your dogma is regarded as essential. You know that the Emperor Julian was not only baptized, but was even a 'reader' in your church. He has often showed me Christian writings and told me about Christian history. It might be rude to tax you with the Christian dissensions of Antioch, where those whom you call heretics all claim to be the only correct Christians, and hate each other like dogs. Even the followers of Bishop Paulinus are always fighting in the streets with the followers of Bishop Flavian, though they profess to believe exactly the same truths. In old days, Pagans used to say, 'See how these Christians love one another!' Now we see them hating, and abusing, and intriguing against one another with frantic impartiality, and we look on with contempt at their subterranean intrigues, savage diatribes, and sanguinary quarrelsomeness. Julian sometimes amused himself by setting the votaries of your various sects to discuss their differences in his presence, and before half an hour was over he would be forced to interfere, lest they should tear one another to pieces."

"It was a base amusement at the best," said Chrysostom. "We should shun, not seek — calm, not foment — ignoble divisions."

"Nay," said Libanius, "Julian was a philosopher, and wanted to see whether there was any practical value in these nicely articulated distinctions, of which so much was made. All Constantinople had become a chaos of idle theological chatter. Your Gregory of Nyssa complained that if you go into a shop to buy a loaf of bread you are told that 'the Father is greater than the Son'; if you ask change for a shilling you are told that 'the Father differs from the Son because He is not begotten;' if you wish to know whether your bath is hot enough you must be content with the assurance that 'the Son has been educed out of nothing.' And to what does all this lead? Christian Constantinople is as pestilently corrupt as the most Pagan of cities."

"I deplore as much as you the false notion of so many, that orthodoxy and externalism can stand as a substitute for character," said Chrysostom. "You sometimes do me the honour to be a listener when I preach, Libanius. You know that the one thing on which I *always* insist is character, is conduct, is righteousness. The one burden of my discourses is Christ's word that if men would enter into life they must keep the commandments."

"I know it," said Libanius, "and I delight to hear you blighting with your invectives the crimes and vices by which Christians are infected as well as Pagans. Still it shows that they *are* so infected. And though you are far less metaphysical and transcendental than Basil and the Gregories, yet will you forgive me when I say that even your own teaching often sounds to me very unlike the simple words of Christ."

"As for instance?"

"Well, for one thing, you are far more intolerant. Your black monks assault our temples with fire, and us with clubs; but your Paul lived three years in Ephesus, and the City Registrar bore him witness that he had never been either a robber of temples, or a blasphemer of the great goddess Artemis. Your intolerance, your violent persecuting edicts, your cruel repressions, your appeal to the secular arm, your virulent and venomous abuse fairly disgust us. There is nothing Christian in such Christianity. Your Christ did not strive nor cry. He, too, could thunder and lighten against usurping Pharisaism and pretentious hypocrisy, but those are the very marks of most of your Christians in these days:—and He would not have spoken of the philosophers as you did only the other day, when you called them 'cynic offal, more wretched than the dogs under our tables, and doing everything for their belly's sake.'"

"It is too easy for me to offend with my tongue," answered Chrysostom, humbly, "and you compare me with a sinless example. I am sorry that I used such strong language, but you must not forget that your Julian wrote an oration against the cynics entitled, 'To Unmannerly Dogs.'"

"Ah, John, if all Christians were only as good as you, we Pagans would be more easily won; but you are all alike intolerant. In old days, when they were persecuted, Christians used to say 'Force is hateful to God': now that you are in power you smite and wax fierce without the least provocation. Look at Theophilus, the present Patriarch of Alexandria. The man bears the worst of characters, yet his persecuting fury is indescribable, and to us is absolutely revolting. In trying to crush conscientious opinion you are assaulting the very citadel of heaven. Again and again I say that if we cannot all embrace your faith it is not because of your Christ, but because of you Christians."

"Alas!" said Chrysostom, "it is so, and we can only blush. We are the worst of pupils in the school of charity. We fall infinitely short of the truth that 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.' I have often feared that it was the most agonising part of Christ's passion to foreknow the daily deeds of men who would parade themselves as His only true disciples. But *unreal* Christianity is no Christianity at all."

"But where are we to find the real meaning of Christianity?" asked Libanius. "I have heard you use language about your 'Lord's Supper' which is incredibly different from that of your Evangelists."

Chrysostom blushed again. "You must distinguish," he said, "between emotion and rigid accuracy. You must not—least of all where my too unpruned language is concerned—confuse the figures of passion and of rhetoric with the syllogisms of formal logic."

"Well," said Libanius, "we outsiders

cannot be supposed to discount current rhetoric, but we have your Gospels in our hands. We read them with respectful curiosity. We can compare their teaching with the lives and with the institutions of those who believe in them; and to us in these days they seem widely to differ."

Chrysostom was silent, and Libanius continued:

"Again, John, we cannot help judging of Christianity from its fruits as exhibited in your prelates and priests. Their domineering arrogance, their immense assumptions, their towering ambition are not a yoke to which we shall willingly submit. Here again we see less than nothing to justify their claims in your sacred writings. Your Tertullian rightly said that it was only the Church, not Christ, which made any difference between the ordained and the congregation. You yourself, a few days since, contrasted the piety, poverty, and modesty of your rustic clergy with the way in which your city presbyters and bishops often live. The contrast strikes you as a Christian; it strikes us Pagans much more forcibly. For instance, my friend the soldier Ammianus Marcellinus has read me a passage from his history in which he speaks of their pompous episcopal titles of 'your beatitude' and 'your sanctity,' their magnificent apparel, their ostentatious pomp, their luxury, their lofty chariots, the way in which they require men and women to kneel to them and kiss their hands. Even your Origen said long ago that in the great towns 'there were many bishops who would refuse to own as their equals even the best among the disciples of Christ.' Rome has not yet forgotten the sight of her basilicas piled with corpses and her streets running blood in the fierce competition of Ursicinus with Damasus for the bishopric of Rome, 'burning,' as Ammianus says, 'beyond all human limits to seize the episcopal throne.'"

"There are bad bishops and bad presbyters, as well as good," said Chrysostom, with a groan.

"Yes, and good Pagans as well as bad," was the reply. "So that the acceptance of your faith is in no sense a panacea against wickedness."

"Christianity," said Chrysostom, "is no fetish, no amulet in itself. But look at our hermits and monks. They surely have given proofs of their wisdom and sincerity."

Libanius smiled dubiously. "The hermits," he said, "have just done a good deed by interceding for Antioch, and I am grateful. But do no other motives mix with their so-called self-sacrifice? Some of them, as you know, adopt it for ambition and abuse it for self-interest. It helps multitudes to escape starvation and slavery and military service, and to gain immense reputations for a mechanical saintliness. It finds no support from the life of your Christ or of the Apostles. And nature avenges her majesty upon them. The view of marriage in your sacred writings is that of nature herself; nothing but disaster can arise from the attempt to enforce celibacy on great masses of men. Your saintly hermit Paphnutius convinced the Fathers at Nice of that truth. I saw your friend Stagirius among the hermits. I knew him as a blooming youth, the charm of all who saw his happy face; he is now a troubled maniac. I have seen him with his mouth foaming, his eyes distorted, his hands wrenched with spasms. What a wreck you have made of him! Is it without reason that the Pagans call your hermits *biothanatoi*—self-murderers?"

"Surely you must admit the beautiful ideal of the angelic life in our *monks?*" said Chrysostom.

"Not I," said Libanius, "I admire your monks as a body still less than your hermits. These men in black, as Eunapius says, have appetites more insatiable than elephants, and many of them are as ignorant as they are insolent. They are revoltingly dirty, and some of them know how to hide their drunkenness under an artificial austerity. Their bigotry, their indolence, their morose pride, their savage intolerance, rightly called for the suppressive measures of Valens. He called them 'followers of laziness.' Theodosius himself, pious as he is, has had to pen an edict to repress their arrogant and brutal turbulence. And what warrant have you for their insane relic-hunting? The gods whom men worship nowadays, says my indignant friend Eunapius, are 'dead men before whose bones, pickled and salted, these monks grovel in the dust.'"

"Whence did you derive so unfavourable a view of them?" asked Chrysostom.

"From your own great writers, John," he replied. "Isidore of Pelusinum speaks scathingly again and again of their gluttony, their ferocity, their idleness, their wandering disorderliness, their arrogant intrusiveness—as if nothing were required (he says) for what they call an angelic life but a cloak, a staff, and a beard."

"But Jerome writes glowingly of the monastic life," said Chrysostom.

"It surprises me that so learned a man should do so," answered Libanius. "I met him once in Antioch. He had been living as a hermit and a monk. The account he gave me of their rage and unfairness was altogether unfavourable. You, I know, have described their mode of life as a heavenly haven of peace from the wild storms of the world, an ideal of innocence and love. Jerome found it to be very much the reverse of this. I know the excellent Cassian, who has studied the monkish life, and he says that it is haunted by the eight worst vices—gluttony, uncleanness, avarice, anger, vainglory, pride, above all a hopeless melancholy and despair, and that *acedia* which they regard as the 'demon that walketh in the noonday.' You are angry with Eunapius for speaking of their swinish life, their filth, and their nakedness; but your own great writers draw pictures of them scarcely less scathing, especially of the grazing monks and similar fanatics, and they admit the constant scandals which disgrace even the smallest communities. The acceptance of your faith is no panacea against all kinds of immorality."

"Libanius," said Chrysostom very solemnly, "much that you say is unhappily true; but it does not touch the truth of Christianity. The Church wears no longer the pure orange flower of her bridal. There are stains on her virgin robe. I do not deny that we have departed, and in many respects grievously, from the simplicity that is in Christ Jesus. I do not deny, for I have testified against, the worldliness and arrogance of our priests and bishops. I even concede to you that the monastic and eremitic ideal may have been in part mistaken. I confess to occasional misgivings when I remember with what passionate invectives I almost forced my friend Theodore, when he was but twenty, to throw over his beloved Hermione, and how she died of a broken heart, and he has had many a year of poignant grief. We may make mistakes; nevertheless to us, to the world, to our inmost hearts, God has unmistakably spoken in His Son Jesus Christ. He is not responsible for our self-chosen aberrations and degeneracies. Let Him be true and every man a liar."

"So then I am doomed, you think, because my reason is unconvinced?" said Libanius with a smile.

"Nay!" said Chrysostom, "there you wrong me. What others might say I know not; but the holy Peter teaches us that God is no respecter of persons, and that in every nation he that feareth Him and doeth righteousness is accepted of Him. There is a light, as again the holy John says, 'that lighteth every man that is born into the world.' That light, whether you recognise it or not, is Christ. The sun shines on us though we turn our backs upon its light. God grant that it may bring forth in you the fruits of light!"

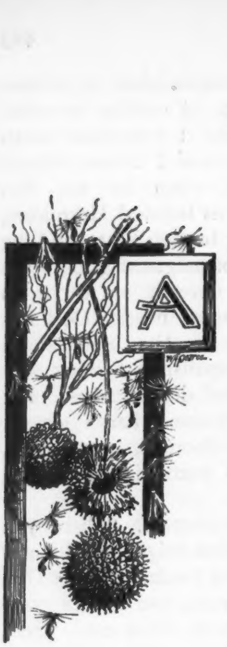
"Farewell," said Libanius. "Let us part good friends, John. Convert your Christians first, and then not a Pagan of us will be left. At present your sunlight is darkened and bedimmed with so many earthborn clouds that you cannot be surprised if it appears to us less splendid than it does to you."

When the kind-hearted sophist left him, Chrysostom could scarcely refrain from tears. "Alas!" he murmured to himself, "that the day has come when the lives of Christians are used as the most powerful and effective of all arguments against the faith of Christ."

FLOWERS OF THE FOREST

By EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

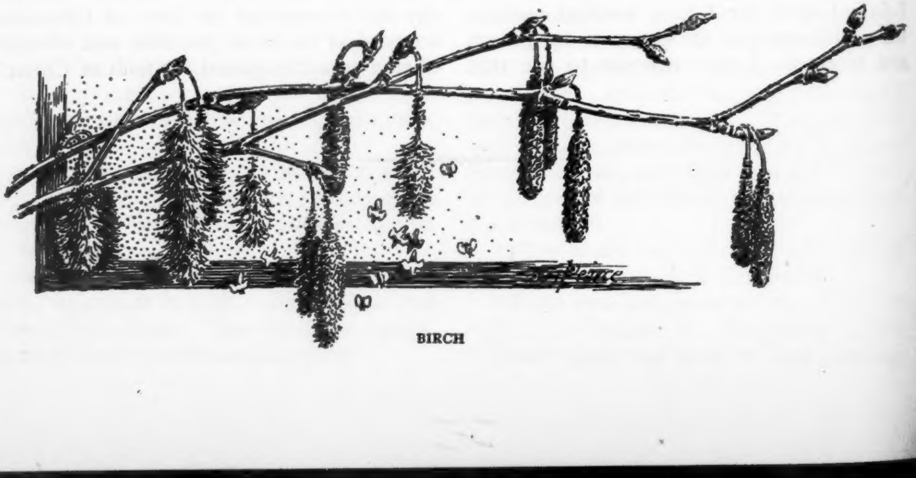
ILLUSTRATED BY W. A. PEARCE



AS a people we are intensely fond of flowers and can appreciate their beauties of form and colour, enjoy their varied odours, and tell the names of a few kinds at sight. This statement is true almost only so far as it relates to the more richly coloured flowers of herbs and shrubs. Concerning the flowers of forest and woodland trees, there is scarcely one person in a thousand can tell you anything. The ornamental trees of our parks and gardens, of course, are known by their flowers: such as the horse-chestnut, the thorns, laburnum, false acacia, and two or three others. To these we may add the flowers of orchard trees: the cultivated apples, pears, plums and cherries; and we know the so-called "palm" of sallow and willow, though we do not often regard it as the flower of the tree. Everybody knows the oak and its acorn; but what percentage of intelligent Britishers have seen the flower that is the forerunner of the acorn? Who knows the flowers of beech and birch and pine; of hornbeam and spindle and ash; of sweet-chestnut and alder and plane?

There are not wanting well-educated persons who would answer such queries by saying that these trees, or some of them, have no blossoms whatever. And yet we think we can show by a brief sketch that the flowering of our forest trees is not entirely devoid of interest, and that it would well repay some slight attention on the part of the rambler in rural places. These flowers present a strong contrast to those of the field or hedgerow in several respects, and they may be regarded as the "Old Nobility" of the flowering plants. They have set their backs up against changes of all kinds, and probably differ little if at all from their ancestors of many thousands of years ago. Among our trees, indeed, we may look for the earliest and simplest forms of flowers.

The herbs and shrubs with gaily-coloured and cunningly devised blossoms have coquetted—they and their ancestors—with the bee and the butterfly and set themselves to win their favour, squandering their substance in gaudy vestments and expensive perfumes. They have also distilled rich liqueurs for the entertainment of their visitors, whereby the resources of the foolish herbs—as we may suppose the forest trees to regard them—have been drained, and as a result they perish miserably after one or



BIRCH

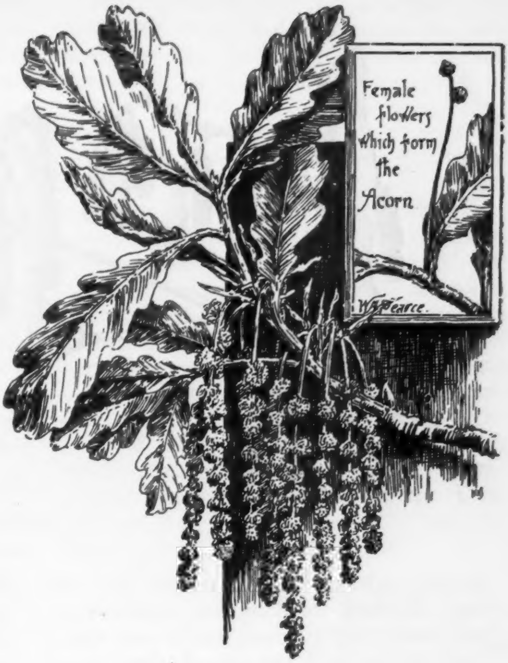
two seasons of dazzling display. A short life and a showy one.

Such extravagant profligacy the forest tree looks down upon with scorn. Shall powerful giants such as they stoop to be toyed with by the bedizened creatures of an hour that as crawling worms lived by fretting the leaves of the trees? No, they will continue independent, and certainly be under no obligation to insects to carry their pollen. With the aid of their good friend the wind and an abundance of pollen they will continue to produce healthy seeds and perpetuate their kind as their race has always done. Herein, then, lies the great distinguishing feature that separates the forest trees from the orchard trees and the bright-flowered herbs. The herbs cry out to the insects, saying: "Help us, we pray you; carry the fructifying powder, the golden pollen, between us and our kindred, for we have but a few days to live, and we would leave seed behind us that our race may continue."

Then the bees reply: "We, like you, are creatures of few days: we are too busy laying up stores for our progeny to do your bidding." And the butterflies and moths reply: "Our days are even less than yours: we mean to enjoy life while it lasts, and have no time to waste on such fools' errands."

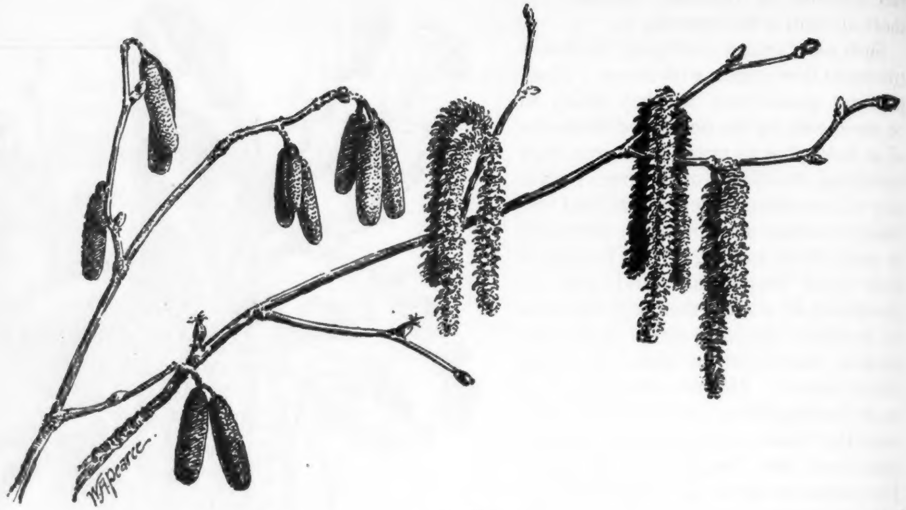
So it has come about that these lowly plants, unable to secure their ends by fair words, have had recourse to guile—to tempt the insects by velvety textures of rich colour widely spread, by exhaling sweet and powerful odours, by offering nectar, and finally by devising artful appliances whereby an insect can be loaded with pollen without his knowledge what time he is imbibing the seductive nectar. Some have gone a step lower, and because they could not afford to produce so brilliant a display as other plants, have set to work to press the vulgar carrion-loving flies into their service by developing petals of a livid purple hue, and giving forth a putrid odour. Faugh! Shall hearts of oak and beech and ash stoop to such tricks?

The forest tree has a hundred or a thousand years to live, and exhibits no precocious anxiety to produce fruit. At fifteen, twenty, or thirty years is time enough to think of such things; and when the time comes the delicate essential organs are protected merely by a few simple green or yellow scales, or by none at all. The pollen is lavishly produced, for the wind is not so precise a vehicle of transmission as the insect, and but a very small percentage of the pollen-grains will reach their destination. This, however, is of little consequence, for an incipient seed needs but one pollen-grain to fertilise it; and should a hundred fall upon it, ninety-nine would be superfluous.


Female flowers which form the Acorn
W. Pearce

OAK

If we stroll out in May to a wood where grows our only native pine-tree—erroneously called the Scotch *fir*—our attention will surely be attracted to the clusters of cylindrical yellow masses round the growing shoots of the branches. An examination of one of these masses with the aid of an ordinary pocket-lens, will show it to be made up of an immense number of two-celled anthers which burst open and discharge the golden grains of pollen. We shall also find many *cones*, similar in form to the large dry brown ones that strew the



HAZEL.

ground, and that are also on the tree; but these to which we draw your attention are very small, bright green, tender and succulent. If you will cut one of these across the middle, or pick its scales apart, you will find on the inner side of each scale a pair of little seed-eggs or *ovules*. These ovules are to become the future seeds of the pine-tree, but first they must be fertilised, and to this end it is absolutely essential that a pollen-grain should have access to each, and having obtained access should send a minute shoot into an equally minute aperture left in the skin of the ovule, that the substance of the pollen-grain may mingle and be incorporated with the substance of the ovule.

In the general run of flowering plants we find the ovules hidden in closed ovaries to which the pollen can only obtain admittance by piercing a sticky or hairy organ called the stigma, and penetrating the whole length of a usually slender column that intervenes between the stigma and the ovary. In the pines the ovules are quite naked, and the pollen grains catch on the sticky edge of the cone-scales and their shoots travel over the inner surface till they reach the opening of the ovule. Thus stimulated, the ovules increase in size, and develop into true seeds, each containing a miniature pine-tree delicately packed within, and finished off with a wing. With this development proceeds the collateral growth of the cone and its scales; and in the second autumn after flowering the seeds reach maturity, the scales then open widely and the winds pick out the winged seeds and throw them far away.

You will readily see that, left to the wind to guide the pollen grains to the ovules, the chances are immensely against their reaching their proper destination; and so it is imperative that the tree should produce enormous quantities of pollen in excess of what would be necessary could each grain be carefully placed on the ovule that requires it. We find that in extensive pine-woods there are actually tons of this pollen wasted, ponds in the neighbourhood also retaining large quantities, and sometimes dense clouds of it are blown on high winds far away from a pine-producing district; and then it brings alarm to the minds of the population, who regard it as a shower of brimstone and indicative of great evils to follow.

Although the Scotch pine is our only native species, we have many other pines and firs planted in our woods for ornament or as timber-producers. Among the latter is the larch, of which great numbers of young trees are grown in plantations. It is singular among its tribe in that its leaves entirely drop off in autumn, leaving its attenuated branches bare, save for a few small roundish cones that cling to them. But in early spring the larch is a beautiful object, not only because its sweeping branches are then studded with leaf-shoots of the tenderest green, but also because it is the period, as Tennyson sings:

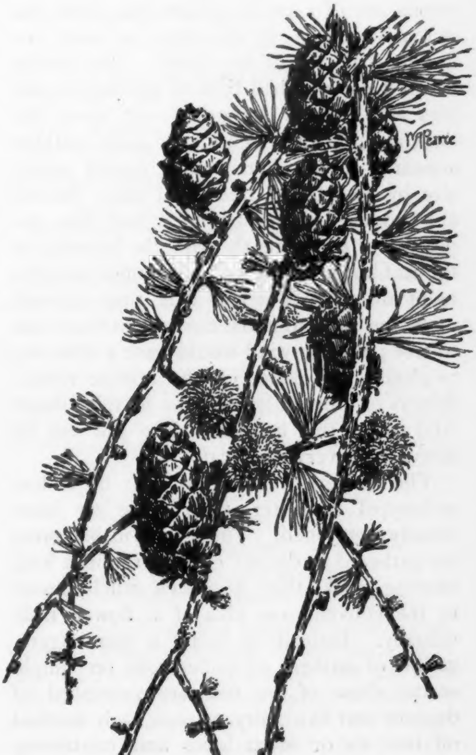
> "When rosy plumelets tuft the larch;"

and these plumelets are the incipient cones whose colour and disposal on the pliant twigs give a very pleasing effect.

Before the larch puts forth her crimson tufts we shall meet with the long pendulous catkins ("lambs'-tails") of the hazel. They may be seen by the observant eye as early as September, when the ripe nuts are being sought, but they are then short, solid, and greenish-grey in colour. Now they have become long, flexible, loose-scaled, and bright-yellow catkins that sway with the slightest puff of wind, and at each swing shake out a little pollen-cloud. Examined minutely this yellow catkin is seen to consist of wedge-shaped concave scales with hairy surface, and bearing on their inner face the anthers or pollen-sacs. Now these catkins or male-flowers are, as we have already indicated, well known to everybody at all acquainted with country life, though their nature and functions are not nearly so well understood; but the less conspicuous female flowers are comparatively unknown. These resemble a leaf-bud of several scales, from the apex of which protrude a number of bright crimson stigmas. These flowers will be found at the summit of the twigs or on their sides.

These bodies are really very like the cones of larch and pine in their structure. If we take off the broad enveloping scales from one side we shall find within a number of narrower scales, closely packed, and having at the base of each two minute and hairy globular bodies, each surmounted by a couple of the crimson stigmas. The globular bodies are the ovaries in which, a little later, the ovules will be developed, and to which the pollen will gain access only by sending its delicate shoot through the substance of the stigma. At the base of the ovary are two exceedingly small scales (joined) which are by-and-by to form the "shuck" of the hazel-nut; and whose excessive development has given a distinctive name to a cultivated variety, the filbert or *full-beard*.

It is worthy of note that throughout this group of trees, which includes the oak, the beech, the chestnut, the birch and the hornbeam, it is usual for the ovary to consist of two cells and to possess two ovules; but it is customary for only one ovule to be developed into a seed. In the course of development from ovary to fruit, one cell and its ovule become obliterated altogether. Sometimes, however, both ovules are contained in one cell, and both may develop; we may then find two kernels in one nut. It will be understood clearly, we trust, from the foregoing remarks, that the kernel or seed was the ovule, the shell was the ovary, and the husk or "shuck" was developed from the investing scales (*involucre*) at the base of the ovary. A similar history attaches to the acorn of the oak, the mast of the beech, the nut of the sweet chestnut, &c.



LARCH

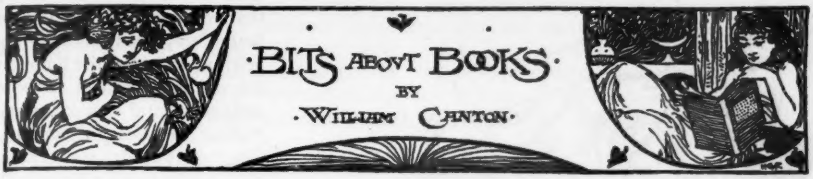
The male catkins of the hornbeam are not unlike those of the hazel, but the female flowers, form a large, many-scaled cone, bearing a superficial resemblance to the fruit of the hop. Each pair of female flowers is protected by a three-lobed leaf-like scale. These cones are borne in an erect attitude on the tips of the shoots, as in hazel, but when the ovule develops into a seed, the scales greatly increase in size, the cone elongates into a catkin shape and hangs down. The birch, too, adheres pretty closely to this type of structure; but both male and female flowers take the catkin form. When the fruit is ripe the scales drop off, and the seeds, which are fringed with a light membrane, fly away, as shown in Mr. Pearce's drawing. The alder, which is closely allied to birch, is very similar; but the scales of the female catkin are thicker, and hard, and do not drop away.

Towards the end of April, when the oak-woods are of a ruddy golden hue from the rich new foliage, is the time to seek the flowers that prelude the acorn. The tender leaves have not had time to get their crumples and creases smoothed out when the bunches of long pendulous male catkins appear. It is a characteristic shared generally by our forest trees that their flowers are produced either before a leaf has appeared, or concurrently with the bursting of the leaf-buds. This is an essential arrangement owing to the fact that they depend upon the wind to carry the pollen from tree to tree; for the wind would have a difficulty in placing the pollen on the minute female flowers of a broad-leaved tree in full foliage. And so the tree has learned to put out its flowers at a very early date.

The flowers of the oak are of a less archetypal character than those we have already mentioned. Though the male flowers are gathered in distant clusters round a long swaying stalk, they approach much nearer to the conventional idea of a flower individually. Instead of being a mere aggregation of anthers or pollen-cells on simple scales, those of the oak are possessed of distinct star-like hairy calyces, each marked off into six or seven lobes and containing ten slender stamens with two-celled anthers. Then the female flowers, which are usually two or three, near each other but not connected, consist each of an ovary with three short curved styles, and invested by a calyx that adheres closely to it and becomes the husk or shell of the acorn. The whole, except the styles, is held in a cup formed of many small overlapping scales, which afterwards lose their individuality and shrink into mere roughnesses on the outside of the cup that holds the acorn. For only one of the six ovules contained in the ovary develops into an acorn (seed or corn of the ac or oak).

Not very dissimilar is the origin of beech-mast; though the male inflorescence does not shape itself into long pendulous strings, but into a down-hanging, half globose head on a long stalk, and consisting of many bell-shaped flowers with crowds of yellow anthers dangling from their mouths. The female flowers are more nearly like those of the oak: two pitcher-shaped flowers being gathered within a four-lobed prickly envelope, or "cupule," which by-and-by becomes the familiar hard, hook-covered bur, splits into four in the autumn and releases the three-sided sharp-edged nuts or "mast."

When we enjoy the exquisite sight of the beech's tender green foliage in the spring-time, we think not of looking for its flowers; and when the same foliage has changed to gold and amber and crimson in the autumn we take the thick masses of mast upon the tree and the deep litter of the fallen nuts and husks all around as things of course, and give no thought to the how or why of their existence. Some of us even imagine that oak-apples and bullet-galls originate in the same way as acorns, but are not clear what way that is, entertaining the idea that, like Topsy, "they growed!" Yet there is pleasure to be derived and a new world of knowledge to be conquered in simply finding out the botanical history of the fruits of our woodland trees; and in considering the varied forms of their seeds, from those of the ash, like blades of a screw-propeller, to the insect-like aspect of the seeds of plane as they drop from the globular burs depicted in our initial cut. Like every other trivial department of natural history, it offers a fresh study with new suggestions to the mind seeking relief from the tension of modern life.



BITS ABOUT BOOKS

BY

WILLIAM CANTON

AS specimens of the gracious craft of bookmaking, the Eversley series, with its clear type, careful printing, excellent paper and neat binding, is so pleasantly companionable that I am delighted to find that a complete edition of the works of Wordsworth is to be added to its already admirable list. The poems will be completed in eight volumes, of which three are already issued;* three volumes will contain the prose works; two volumes more the letters and journals of William and Dorothy Wordsworth; the journal of Dora will occupy volume 14, and the last two volumes of the sixteen will be devoted to Professor Knight's "Life" of the poet. The present edition of the Poems, we are glad to learn, is not a reproduction of the eight-volume edition of 1882-6. There has been a complete revision and correction of mistakes and inaccuracies, some re-arrangement of the chronological order in the light of fresh evidence, a large accession of notes, and a revision and increase of the changes in the text introduced by Wordsworth in the successive editions of his poems. There seems good ground accordingly for the belief that we have at last got, if not a perfect, at least an excellent and trustworthy edition of Wordsworth.

I know of no more attractive and profitable a method of editing a poet than that which has been adopted in these volumes; for not only are we allowed to watch as it were the workings of the poet's brain as he shapes into final form the elusive material of his thought, but we are put in a position to understand in a very large measure how real a thing poetry was to him, how his poems formed portion of his every-day existence. In glancing over the various readings one is chiefly struck by the frequency with which one discovers that the great lines and memorable passages appear to have been the result of sheer inspiration and to have taken definite form once and for ever. The magnificent "Lines" composed above Tintern Abbey stand now, with the exception of seven words and four or five scattered lines, precisely as they were written in July 1798. "Stepping Westward" and those haunting stanzas "A slumber did my spirit seal" show no trace of doubt or hesitation; while such familiar passages as

> "Where deep and low the hamlets lie
> Beneath their little patch of sky
> And little lot of stars,"

and the lines on "The Thorn

> "And she is known to every star
> And every wind that blows;"

and yet again the imperishable

> "Old, unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago,"

apparently sprang forth at once in magical and unchangeable beauty. On the other hand one experiences something of a shock on perceiving that at first the poet did not leave

> "The tumultuous throng
> To cut across the reflex of a star."

but

> "To cut across the image of a star
> That gleam'd upon the ice."

and, eleven years later,

> "To cross the bright reflection of a star";

and much more on observing that the couplet in "The Pet Lamb"

> "It will not, will not rest!—Poor creature, can it be
> That 'tis thy mother's heart which is working so in thee?"

appeared originally as

> "Poor creature, it must be
> That thou hast lost thy mother, and 'tis that which troubles thee."

Probably there never was a more sedulous reviser than Wordsworth; he seems to have spared no pains, and it is at once amusing and instructive to read such a note as this in his sister's journal: "William began to try to alter 'The Butterfly,' and tired himself;" to no purpose, apparently, for the text of "The Butterfly" remains unaltered. Occasionally his alterations were disastrous enough, as when he changed

> "The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration, and the Poet's dream,"

the original reading of 1807, to

> "The lustre, known to neither sea nor land,
> But borrowed from the youthful Poet's dream."

It is, indeed, to the frequent extracts from Dorothy's journal that these volumes owe much of their living charm. Day, date and hour, and little homely details bring up vividly before us the stilled existence of nearly a century ago. "William tired himself with seeking an epithet for the cuckoo." "William worked at 'The Pedlar' all the morning. He kept the dinner waiting till four o'clock." "Friday, May 7, 1802—William had slept uncommonly well, so, feeling himself strong, he fell to

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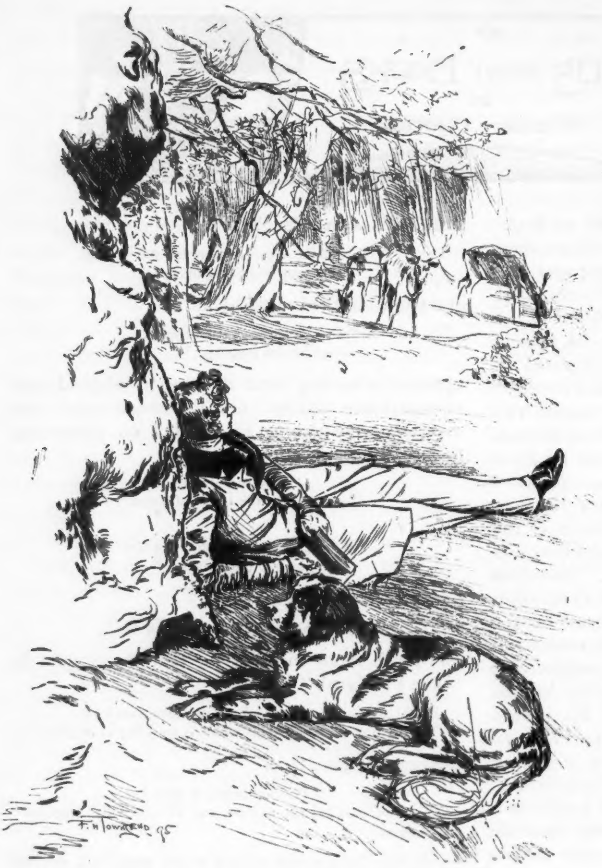
* "The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth," edited by William Knight. Vols. i. ii. and iii. Macmillan & Co., Ld. 5s. each.



"There he sat, for hours at a time, reading his favourite poets"
"Gryll Grange"

work at 'The Leech-Gatherer'; he wrote hard at it till dinner-time, then he gave over, tired to death—he had finished the poem." "Friday, 23rd April, 1802—It being a beautiful morning, we set off at eleven o'clock, intending to stay out of doors all the morning. We went towards Rydal, under Nab Scar. The sun shone and we were lazy. Coleridge pitched upon several places to sit down upon; but we could not be all of one mind respecting sun and shade."

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"You never saw a wiser man,
He knows his Numeration Table;
He counts the sheep of Harry Gill
Every night that he is able,
When the sheep are on the hill.

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"He is rurally related;
Peter Bell hath country cousins
(He had once a worthy mother),
Bells and Peters by the dozens,
But Peter Bell he hath no brother.

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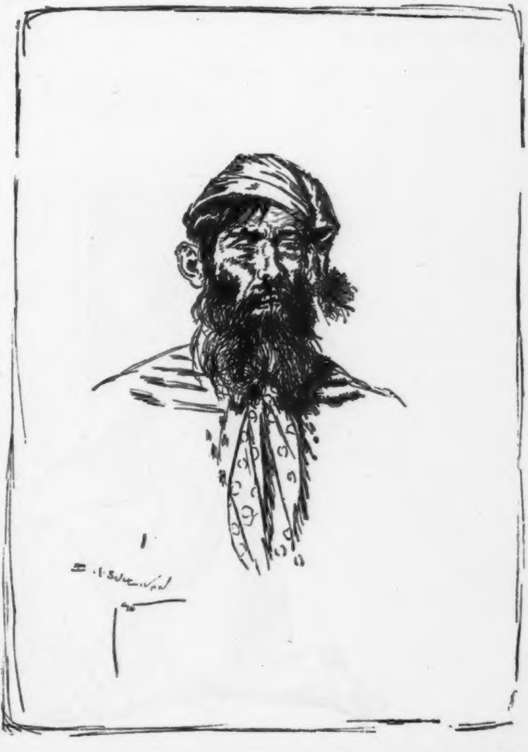

THE FLAMING TINMAN "Lavengro"

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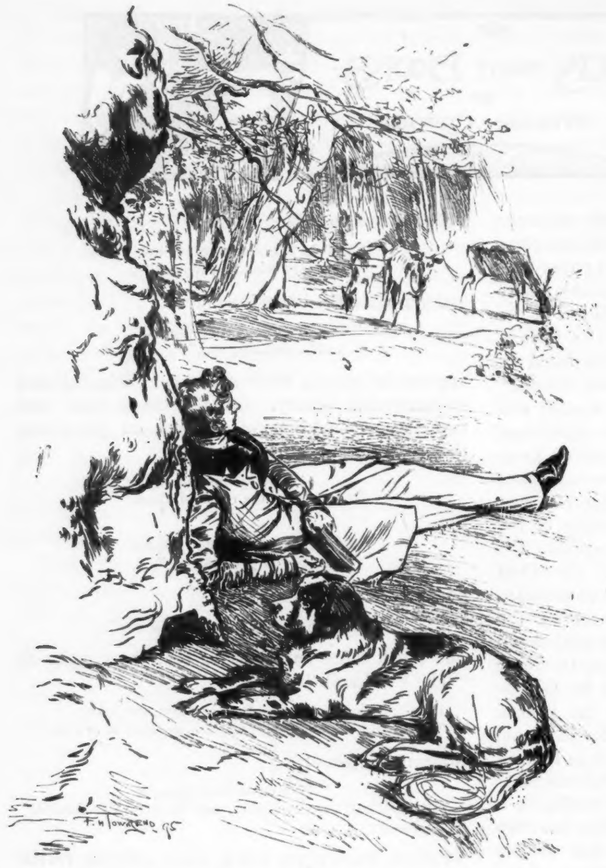

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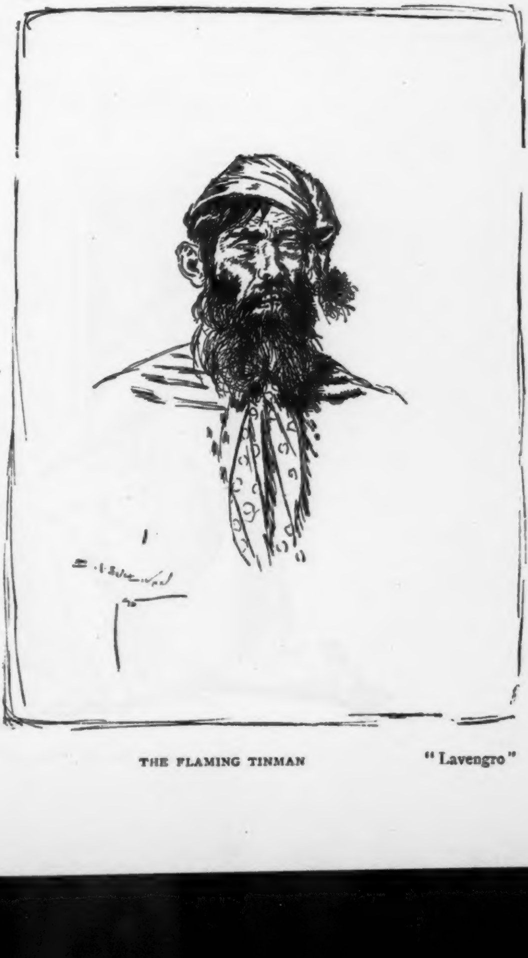

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revolves on a man's love and a woman's vengeance is to indicate very indifferently its dramatic intensity, but even an outline of the story would be almost equally inadequate. The reader must turn to the book itself; long before he has seen the windows of the castle "spring suddenly out of the darkness, each one alive with a tossing glare of links," his attention will have been riveted by the spell of a genuine story-teller.

If "The Green Graves of Balgowrie" * be, as it appears to be, Miss Findlater's first adventure in fiction, she possesses gifts which ought to carry her far. The book is not without its blemishes, but it is an achievement as well as a promise. It has freshness and power, insight, tenderness, and a sense of the spiritual; and these should secure it a wide range of sympathetic readers. I am not sure that one is quite convinced in regard to the possibility of such a character as Mrs. Marjorybanks; but, conceding her existence, the isolated up-bringing of the two girls is powerfully and pathetically depicted. Dr. Cornelius, too, the easy, self-indulgent, semi-sceptical parish minister, is excellently portrayed; behind his weaknesses and his unworthiness one is conscious of the eclipsed gentleman who might in happier circumstances have graced the Moderator's chair. His redemption through his favourite pupil is finely worked out, though it seems to me that the last line in the book is one of its blemishes. It is always the first line and the last line which are the most difficult to write.

I have left myself scant space in which to mention "His Honour and a Lady."* It seems many years ago that I first saw Sara Jeanette Duncan's name attached to an exceptionally delightful Japanese sketch; a day or two back I took up "His Honour and a Lady" with eager expectation. Naturally I was not disappointed. The story is admirably told, and the climax of the denouement is one of the finest, in its own kind, that I have seen in recent fiction. Then, too, the drama of English official life is played against a background of Indian scenery, touched in with an effect so masterly that it is difficult to resist the temptation to quote a passage or two. I must be content with a couple of epigrammatic sentences: "The town squatted round a tank, very old, very slimy, very sacred. Bhugsi bathed in the tank and so secured eternal happiness, drank from the tank and so secured it quickly." Indian sanitation in a nutshell!

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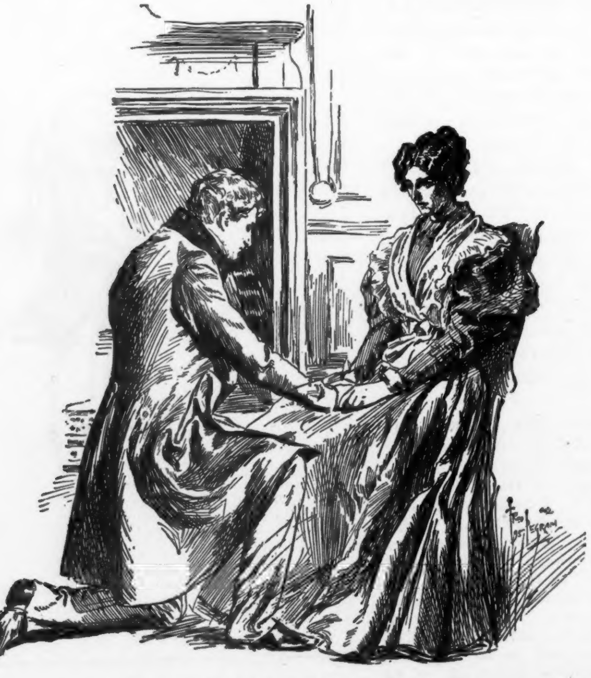
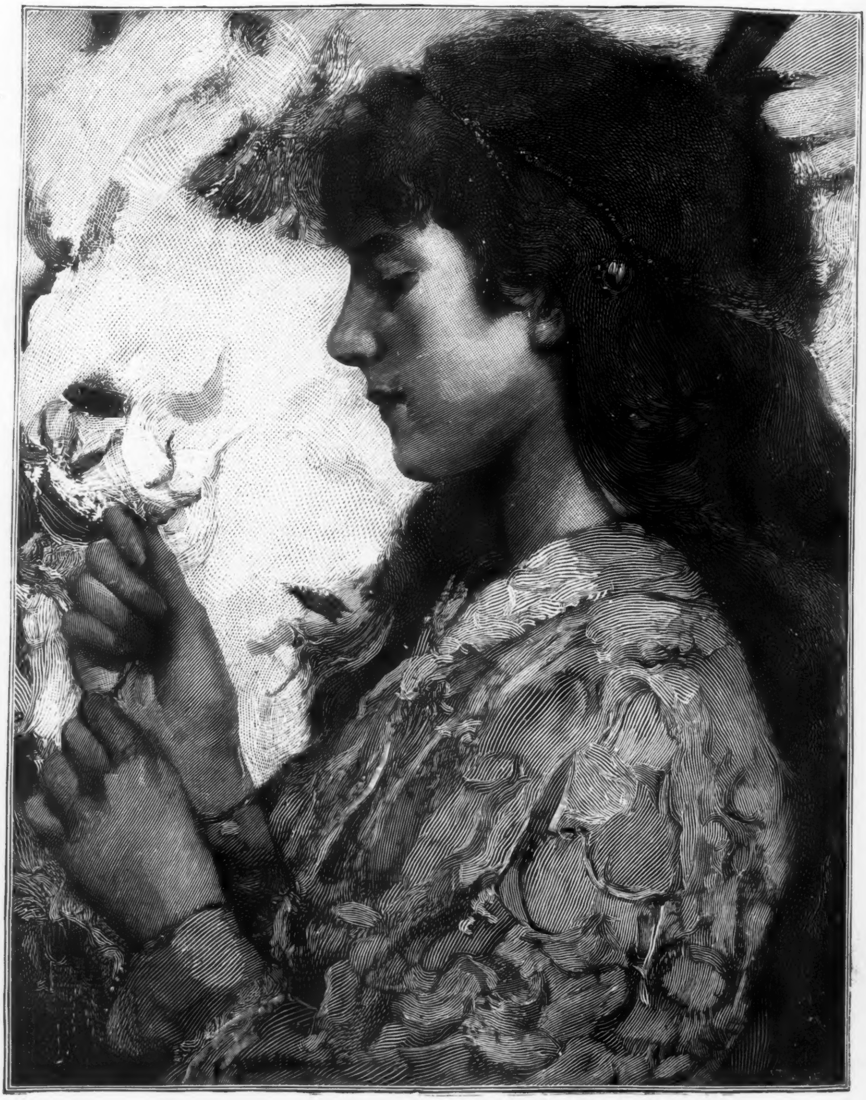
* "The Green Graves of Balgowrie," by Jane Helen Findlater. Methuen & Co. *6s.*

* "His Honour and a Lady," by Sara Jeanette Duncan (Mrs. Everard Cotes). Illustrated by A. D. M'Cormick. Macmillan & Co., Ld. *6s.*

*** In the article "Lady Blanche Balfour," the illustration on p. 308 ought to have been described as the "Grave of Lady Blanche Balfour and Francis Maitland Balfour



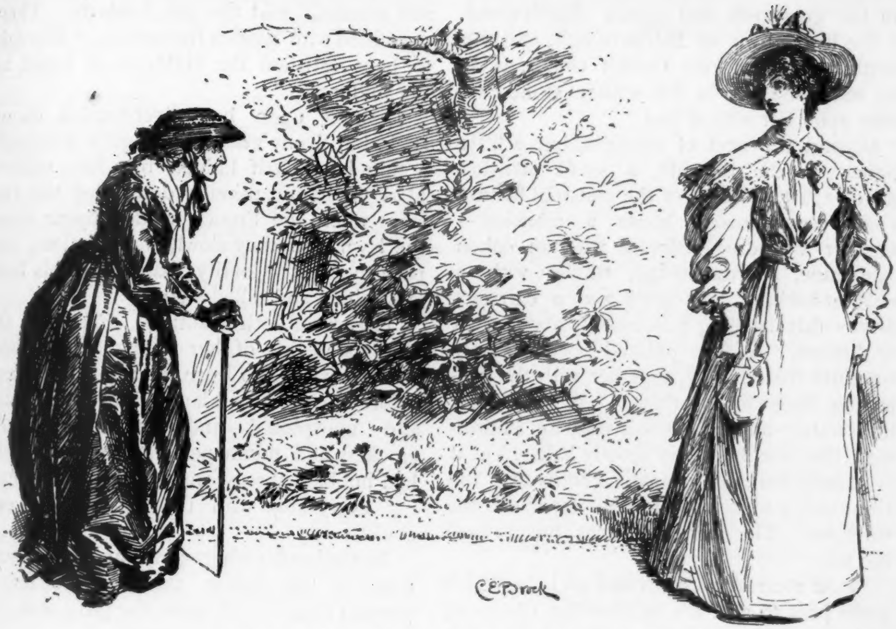
"Believe me," she said, "the gulf is impassable" "Sybil"



From a Picture by E. A. Walton, A.R.S.A. *Engraved by L. Daviel*

HEAD OF A GIRL

(Published by permission of the Artist)



"'Yes,' nodded the little lady, 'I like you in the white'"

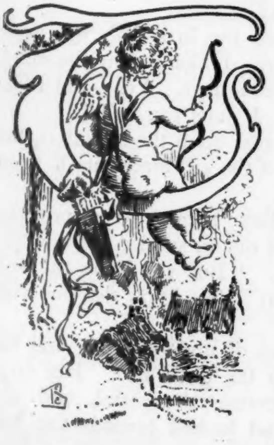
CHARITY CHANCE

By WALTER RAYMOND, Author of "Gentleman Upcott's Daughter," "Love and Quiet Life," "Tryphena in Love," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES E. BROCK

CHAPTER I

BABBLECOMBE



TO see at a glance the little hamlet of Babblecombe you must stand upon the crest of the hill.

There in the coombe below, its half a dozen houses, thatched and white-washed, snugly lie together close, like eggs of a greenfinch in a nest of twigs and moss. The road which wanders winding down the hill runs straight in front. The woods, which upon one side cover the steep, reach down to the slanting gardens at the back. The brook is so small and overgrown with bushes, you would never know it was there but for a gleam of silver where it feeds the mill.

You can hear the humming of the wheel—the shiver of the leaves when the wind sweeps up the coombe—the startled chatter of the jay as the village boys run through the wood. But to every sense of rural sweetness and every charm of sylvan sound another joy is added. The breath which sets the gentle ash a-whispering to the sturdy oak blows fresh with the fragrance of the brine; and, a mile away, a rich gem set in the open gap between the cliffs, stretches the broad sea, sometimes deep as sapphire and sometimes delicate as pearl. There also are the grey roofs and square church-tower of the little town of Babblemouth, and the slanting masts of one Cardiff collier, as at low water she lies in the square stone harbour upon her side at rest.

Beyond the nest of cottages, but a little higher on the hill-side, a small mansion stands apart. Whatever the essential feature which constitutes a house a mansion—whether a winding staircase with an oaken balustrade, a yew hedge, stables with a weather-cock, or two gates and a carriage-drive—this dwelling possesses it above cavil or dispute. A large pillared portico amply supports that dignity, together with the projecting bedroom overhead. At first sight this stately adornment conveys an impression that the house is mostly hall. Yet it is homely too; for clematis climbs over the front and a white rose reaches far above the windows. The mansion faces full toward the sea.

Great steamships of Bristol and the Welsh ports pant to and fro in the dim distance; and sometimes, when spring tides run strong, creep up the Channel under the cliffs. At summer noon the sunlight gleams on passing sails as white as snow. At eve some weather-beaten brig or schooner beating west stands like a blot upon the glory of the setting sun. They pass the place unheeding, their names and destinies unknown. None but the Cardiff collier ever comes to Babblemouth.

The tourist has not found this haven of rest. The cyclist dare not risk the hill leading down to Babblecombe. An atmosphere of old-world respectability pervades everything, from the smoke, domestic, grey and clean of commerce, which mantles the town in mist, to the sweet shadow above the open cottage door between the honeysuckle and the eaves.

The coombe is a little heaven upon earth, where everything you say will be repeated, and everything you do is known.

CHAPTER II

THE GARDEN PARTY

"CHARITY, just give me your arm, dear. How warm the sun is. I will sit in the shade by the yew hedge and they must come to me there. I hope the strawberries will be enough."

"More than enough, dear Aunt, you may rest assured," said the girl tenderly. Then she added with sudden impatience, "Enough to have satisfied the children of Israel in the wilderness."

Leaning upon her silver-headed ebony stick, but firmly grasping the girl's wrist with a thin hand, half hidden by a lace mitten, Miss Graham cautiously descended the two steps where the French window opens upon the lawn, and they slowly walked along the path together: Charity Chance and this little lady whom she called "Aunt."

They were both beautiful. Charity in the glorious wealth of her young womanhood, with everything to learn, and all to live, and before her the broad land of love untrodden and unexplored—and the little cripple, crooked and misshapen from her birth, who had hobbled threescore years alone, brightening every step with the light of her own soul.

By the border where pinks and mignonette were in full flower, the woman's fingers pressed more closely upon the girl's arm, and without a word they stopped.

"Stand where I can see you, child," she said, withdrawing her hand and pointing before her with a gesture half playful, half peremptory.

The girl stepped a few paces aside, and, laughing, stood to be looked at. Behind her the grey stones of the house peered between the delicate tracery of a virginia creeper. At her feet were the flowers.

"Oh yes, it is all right," she cried, a gleam of mischief flashing in her eyes. "And if not, what matter?"

"Yes," nodded the little lady with slow deliberation; "yes, I like you in the white. Turn round a little, dear. Yes—and I like you in the hat. It suits you well."

Her mind at rest upon these matters, the striking beauty of the girl forced itself upon her heart afresh.

"Charity! You might be a princess, child," she burst out in sudden enthusiasm; then she sighed. "But you know the wish of my life, dear. You know the one wish of my life."

A rapid glance of understanding and the light faded from the girl's face. Her large brown eyes became thoughtful, and she turned away and looked towards the hill-side.

It was midsummer. The sky was clear, the air full of light, and sunshine rested upon hill and cliff. Only far across the sea, a rising cloud capped with gold loomed through the grey haze. The woods were still as if asleep. The birds silent as they often are in the heat of a summer afternoon. Nature was in suspense.

Charity stood as in a picture, without word or sign of answer—a girl of nineteen years, tall and shapely as a lily, her frock of white nun's veiling clinging around her shoulders, and falling soft as snow upon her bosom. The broad Leghorn hat cast a soft shadow across her cheek, but could not altogether keep the sunlight from the red-brown hair that hung in waves upon her forehead.

Her aunt's appeal, pathetic in the love which prompted it, touched no new note. The hope, that could almost bring tears into the little lady's eyes, had been familiar for many a day. It could not startle; but the heightened colour on the girl's cheek and her quickened breathing betrayed the agitation it had power to arouse.

"Well, well, child. Come along." A sigh—an impatient beckoning of the long thin fingers—and side by side as before they walked along the path.

The yew hedge beginning by a corner of the house reached the whole length of the lawn. Beside it garden-seats and chairs had been brought in readiness into the shade. To the largest of these, an armchair with a high back of carved oak, raised with a cushion and provided with a footstool, Miss Graham solemnly ascended, and seated herself in state. By this device, at which some people smiled, the poor little lady sought to cover the unkindness of Nature by concealing her deficiency of stature. In her left hand she still held the silver-headed stick.

Her manner of dress she had not varied for many years.

A soft black satin gown open at the throat. An embroidered muslin kerchief, crossed and fastened with a miniature in an oval frame of twisted gold—the portrait of a woman, young and beautiful, with features and expression strikingly like her own. A mushroom hat of plain black straw tied with black ribbons underneath the chin.

The quaintness of this unpretentious attire was in keeping with the sweet simplicity of the face, which smiled upon Charity with the unchanging serenity of a Madonna in the full contentment of maternity. Her forehead was broad and smooth, with fewer wrinkles than her years might claim. Her hair, once fair, was not yet white. And out of her frank, grey eyes looked a soul, alert and happy in the confidence that it could see nothing but good.

The girl's arm, taken for support, was still retained from affection.

"Listen, Charity, dear! What is that?" she suddenly cried in alarm.

From across the sea, like a warning murmur of discontent, came the sound of distant thunder, and they saw that the cloud on the horizon had risen rapidly.

"It is a long way off. They have it in Wales," laughed the girl in consolation.

"If it should rain——"

The little lady stopped abruptly and raised her hands in horror at the thought. "But somebody is coming, child. I can hear wheels on the road, and John Sprake is hurrying to open his gates. Perhaps the Babblemouth people and Graham. Run down to the door, dear, and bring them round here."

As Charity passed along the path, a look of joy and exultation, such as belongs only to a dream of love, flitted across the cripple's face.

Through the gates of Babblecombe House, now open wide, trotted a one-horsed waggonette bringing the first arrivals to Miss Graham's garden-party. But not the Babblemouth people and Graham. Merely the Reverend Mr. Mortimer, Rector of Babblemouth, round-faced and clean-shaven, with his tall, lean wife, and a judicious selection from his numerous daughters.

"Put him where he won't get kicked, John," cried he, throwing the reins upon the back of the most patient beast in Christendom.

Then he greeted Charity with condescension. "Oh! How do you do, Miss Chance?" he asked, almost as if her presence were a surprise.

"In the garden, dear, I suppose," piped Mrs. Mortimer, with that rich smile which creams upon the countenance when the milk of human kindness has turned a little sour. She pecked the girl's cheek with her sharp face, and marched away as if she were at home.

"Good afternoon, Charity," said Theodosia the eldest.

"Good afternoon," echoed Amy and Amelia.

They were shy of Charity Chance, perhaps a little afraid of her.

Tall and straight, and cool even in that hot weather, they shouldered their tennis rackets and followed their father up the garden path, like Grenadiers in single file.

"Amazons!" muttered the girl contemptuously between her teeth, "who never read a line in their lives."

And now the guests flocked in apace. Carriages came crawling down the hill, or whisking along the level road from the town, until they were packed in the little courtyard by the stable close as mere carts at a fair. The lawn was crowded with people; lovers already wandered in the laurel labyrinth by the foot of the wood. It would seem that everybody of distinction in the neighbourhood was there—Colonels of Militia, Captains of Volunteers with their ladies, even a Colonial Bishop in gaiters, stooping to play at bowls. Everybody either great or impressive—and yet little Miss Graham's face became anxious as she glanced again towards the gate.

At last there dashed up to the portico a splendid landau drawn by a pair of bays and bearing on the panel a shield the size of a dinner-plate. Its blazonry had often awakened the curiosity and excited the admiration of Babblemouth. It was understood to be quarterly: 1st and 4th az., 3 stags passant ar., for Poltimore, 2nd and 3rd sa., 3 ducks plucked and trussed or, beaked, legged and skewered gules, for Briggs. As Mr. Poltimore-Briggs slowly descended and assisted his second wife (the first had been merely Mrs. Poltimore, and passed away before he had assumed the arms and dignity of Briggs) to alight, many an eye was turned to look at them. Even the Bishop himself stood erect, the bowl poised upon his ten fingers, and suffered a grave smile to suffuse his classic face.

For Mr. Poltimore-Briggs was a man of the finest presence. Six feet tall at least and proportionately portly and important. And he wore a spacious waistcoat of snowy white, and a long, old-fashioned gold chain around his neck, and a broad blue necktie, with white spots on it, tied in a bow, and shepherd's plaid trousers and spats, and the blandest expression that ever veiled a mortal face. He closely followed Mrs. Poltimore-Briggs, who was small, sharp-featured, intrepid in social enterprise, and so truly British that she never knew when she was beaten, and never gave up when she was snubbed. And as they threaded their way through the throng of guests he bowed and nodded upon all sides. For Mr. Poltimore-Briggs was possessed of the most admirable manners. A different manner for each different man. So that towards the great he behaved with deference, and to the lesser folk with a dignity commensurate with his great worth.

Close behind them came a young man in tennis flannels and a blazer of blue.

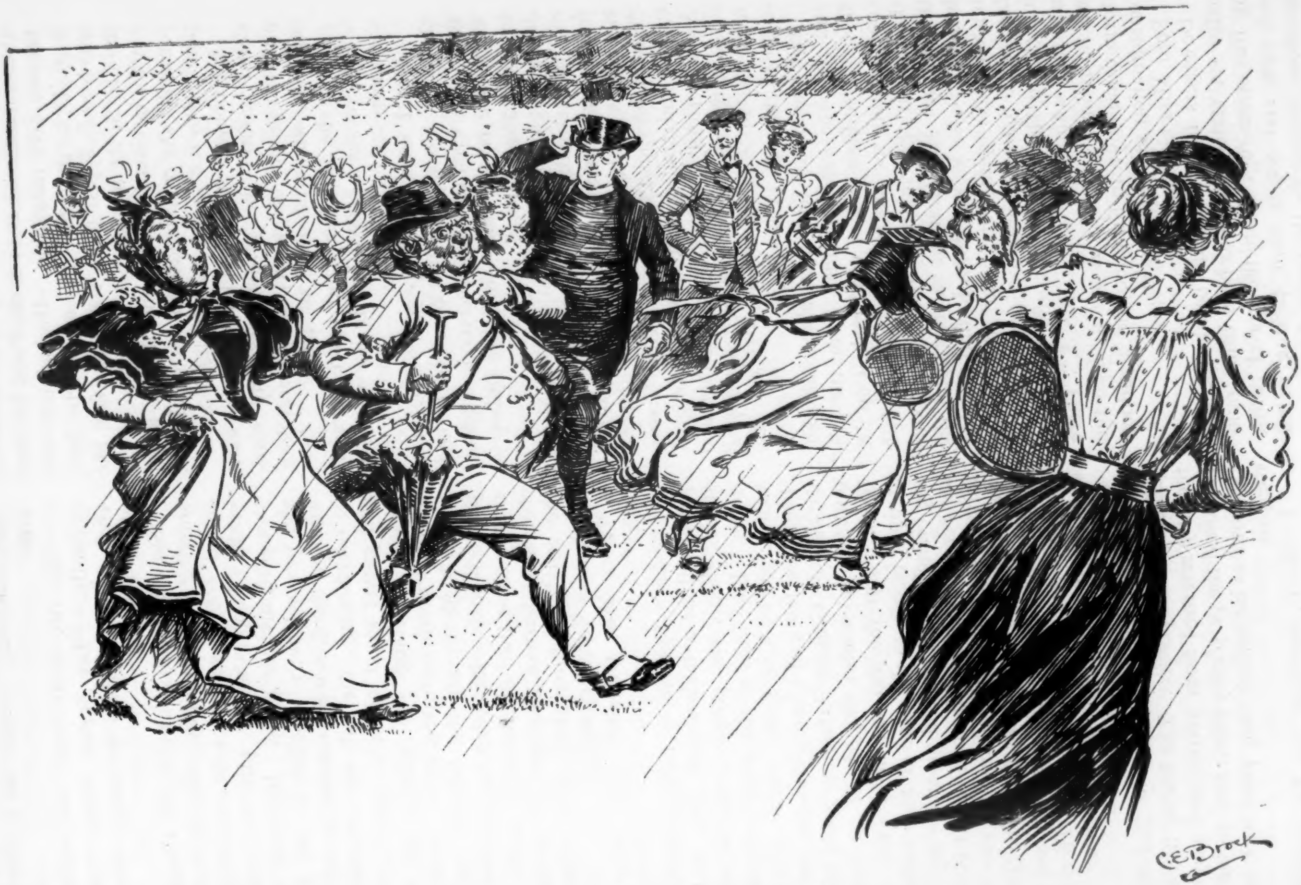
So the Babblemouth people, as she had called them, were come at last. Impatient to watch them upon their way towards her, Miss Graham sat erect upon her throne, her bright eyes sparkling with delight. But the respectful bow and blandishment of Mr. Poltimore-Briggs, who called her Helen and in his most affectionate manner inquired after her health, passed unheeded. The voice of Mrs. Poltimore-Briggs, shrill in respectful explanation—"it was really so unfortunate, but just as we were ready and the carriage absolutely coming round to the door, in came Sir John, and of course, having ridden ten miles, Henry could do no less than—" although audible to the surrounding country, ran on unheard. Miss Graham's eyes and ears and thoughts were all for this young man.

"Graham!" she said, eagerly holding out both hands. "So you have come back."

"Yes, Aunt Helen. I came down yesterday."

For a full minute she looked at him attentively. "How well you are looking, boy," she cried; and carried away by an impulse of affection, she placed a hand upon each shoulder and, drawing him down towards her, warmly kissed him upon both cheeks.

The salute was not only unexpected but loud. The young man stood disconcerted, and blushed as if he had been smacked. He had an honest open face, not over-clever, but fresh with sound health and ruddy from



"Men and maids went tacking in all directions, making for the house" the open air. Then as he smiled good-humouredly at the absurdity of the situation, a resemblance between himself and his aunt became very noticeable. He had the same frank look, the same grey eyes. His hair, which was clipped quite short, was fair, like the hair in the miniature.

"Sit down—sit down and tell me about yourself," she commanded in her quick way, pointing to the vacant chair by her side.

He obeyed at once. But his eyes wandered around the garden, narrowly scanning the groups of people, as if in search of some one whom he could not find.

Then she laid her hand upon his arm, and there was a little falter in her voice as she whispered:

"But I must not keep you. You have not seen Charity yet. Come back and spend the evening when everybody is gone. There she is—in white—with the Bishop—by the rhododendron."

He caught sight of her at last. A glance of understanding, a quick nod of dismissal from his aunt, and he rose and walked hastily across the lawn. She watched him tenderly as he spoke to the girl. And Charity turned and smiled, and looked quite glad. As they slowly strolled away together and disappeared amongst the trees, tears almost filled the little cripple's eyes. It was easy to guess the wish of her life.

But the cloud had risen above the cliff, and now the sunlight faded from the hillside. A sudden gust of wind rushed up the coombe, and set the woods a-rustling with the rumour of a coming storm. Then something struck Miss Graham smartly upon the hand, and she looked down to find that her mitten was quite wet. And the Bishop fancied he felt something too, for he turned his classic shaven face towards heaven to ascertain whether it really rained. There was no room for doubt. A minute later the storm came down in torrents, and a sudden consternation seized the guests.

Poor Miss Graham!

Dowagers from the seats beside the yew hedge set stately sail; old boys came puffing like steam-tugs down the gravel paths, and men and maids went tacking in all directions, making for the house, but she sat still.

Mr. Poltimore-Briggs advanced with stately strides to Miss Graham's throne. "My dear Helen," he pleaded, in a tone of deep solicitude, "permit me to offer you an arm."

"No, no, thank you," she replied impatiently. "Let Sprake bring round my chair. Tell Sprake to bring round my chair."

She was keenly sensitive, and shrank from showing her infirmities. For the world she would not be seen to walk even those few yards. People would pity her, and the thought hurt her pride. But when at last she was solemnly wheeled to the French window, the drawing-room had already filled to overflowing; the hall was crowded too, and guests stood under the portico disconsolately watching the pelting rain which pattered down more and more. Mere men might laugh to see the heavens play this practical joke. But what can be done with more people than the house can hold? The women understood this, and, having shaken the raindrops from their skirts, whispered on all sides with deep feeling:

"Poor Miss Graham! Poor Miss Graham!"

The lawn was empty now, suddenly depopulated as a billiard-table after an eight stroke. Only two people remained out of doors. Like balls in the same pocket, they waited side by side under shelter of a tree. The white frock of Charity Chance, and the flannels of Graham Poltimore stood clearly out from the sombre shadows of the copper-beech. But the girl was ill at ease. She stepped hastily to the edge of the overhanging branches and glanced up at the sky. A shower of raindrops fell upon her, as leaning forward she struck the slanting leaves with the brim of her broad straw hat. The clouds looked hopeless and heavy as lead, and the storm poured down in torrents. Then she sighed as if she also echoed the sorrow:

"Poor Miss Graham!"

The Rector and the Bishop had foregathered in the portico. The Bishop had but recently returned from abroad, and may be pardoned the perplexity which knit his bushy eyebrows as he looked many years back into the past.

"I—eh—I remember old Dr. Graham. He was a physician at Bath. A rather celebrated man in his day. But I can only recall—if my memory serve me aright—two daughters. One of them our good friend of to-day—and the other much younger, and a very beautiful girl—eh—as was universally admitted. She married Poltimore, much against her father's consent. A sort of—eh—runaway match in fact, which attracted a great deal of attention at the time. Who then is this young lady—this niece whom they call Charity?"

The Rector drew closer as if not caring to be overheard.

"A child whom Miss Graham adopted and brought up. She lives with her as a sort of companion."

"And—eh—no relation?"

"Dear me, no—eh——"

"She seemed to me a very charming young creature?" interrupted the Bishop in a tone of inquiry, as if on such a matter his opinion might need corroboration.

"Yes—yes, she is," replied the Rector briefly as a matter of fact.

"And are they going to make a match of it?" laughed the Bishop, pointing with elderly pleasantry towards the copper-beach.

"I fear it is extremely likely. Capital young fellow, Poltimore. Might do a great deal better. Miss Graham has no one else with any claim upon her—no one whatever." Then the Rector drew closer still, and his voice sank into a whisper. "It is rather a romantic story. The child was——"

"Charity Chance! Has any one seen Miss Chance? Miss Graham is asking for Miss Chance." It was Theodosia Mortimer who asked, and her voice sounded quite eager.

This inquiry, repeated by every tongue, cut short the Rector's tale. The Bishop glanced at the weather, stepped with alacrity into the hall, and took an umbrella from the stand. Thus equipped, he gaily embarked upon his mission. To the admiration of everybody, and the glory of his calves, he positively ran. He placed his paternal arm round her shoulder to hold the umbrella over her head, and thus Charity was conveyed into the house with a tenderness and gallantry very beautiful in gaiters and a shovel hat.

But that was always the way. Strangers who talked to Charity and looked into her frank eyes felt a kindness for the girl.

In the hall she took off her hat, revealing the luxuriant wealth of her rich hair. She laughed to see the people sitting in pairs upon the stairs, as they sometimes do at a dance. But everybody was making merry of the mishap. People made room for her as she pushed her way to the other end of the drawing-room, where the little cripple was now installed. They turned to talk of her when she had passed. An atmosphere of wonder and curiosity surrounded this adopted daughter of the rich Miss Graham. The girl knew this, and it made her angry.

"Charity, dear"—the lace mittens were raised in a humorous gesture of despair—"we must do something for them—I want you to sing at once, child. But ballads, dear. Something quite simple that they will all like."

"'Home, sweet Home,' I should think," laughed the girl impatiently.

Upon the piano was a volume of "Songs of the West," a recent collection of the old ballads of that country, saved by a friendly hand at the last moment ere they sank into oblivion. She had been singing them to please her own fancy. They were quaint, and fragrant of an old-world simplicity for which she was always looking and loved. Mrs. Poltimore-Briggs who, by-the-by, had once been a governess, volunteered to play the accompaniment.

The girl stood by the piano, facing the guests. She was restless and angry. It was a relief to stand up and do something—and she sang her best. She had been well taught, and her voice was low and sweet. Through the open door it filled the hall with the stairs, and even in the portico they could hear every syllable.

"Down in the mead the other day,
As carelessly I went my way,
And plucked flowers red and blue,
I little thought what love could do.

"I saw a rose with ruddy blush
And thrust my hand into the bush,
I pricked my fingers to the bone,
I would I'd left that rose alone!

"I wish! I wish! but 'tis in vain,
I wish I had my heart again!
With silver chain and diamond locks
I'd fasten it in a golden box."

There is a tender melancholy about these old songs, both in the simple words and melody, which is irresistible and goes straight to the heart. At the first note the conversation sank into a whisper and then died. As Charity finished there was loud applause, and quite a chorus of voices: "If it is not asking too much, Miss Chance. If it is not troubling you, Charity——"

But the girl was as ready to sing as the birds in spring from mere love of it. And so she went on:

"The lily it shall be thy smock,
The jonquil shoe thy feet;
Thy gown shall be the ten-week stock,
To make thee fair and sweet."

Until at last the rain had passed over, and again there came a sound of wheels upon the gravel-drive. Then Mrs. Poltimore-Briggs was carried away by her lord; the Rector's lady went clucking around gathering her daughters under her wing, and they filed off as they had come; the Bishop was translated, and the rest went home. But not one failed to congratulate Miss Graham and pour praises upon Charity Chance. "Thank you so much"—"Such a *great* treat"—"But I am not sure that the last quite suits you, Charity," put in Theodosia.

"Capital! Very much obliged, Miss Chance. Very much obliged indeed," blurted the Colonel of Militia.

"Very charming," smiled the Bishop. But then the men admired Charity and meant it.

"Come here, child. Come here," beckoned Miss Graham, when they were all gone. "Sit down on a corner of the footstool. I am proud of you, dear. I am so proud of you."

There was silence for a minute, whilst the long thin fingers kept stroking the bright hair.

"And is not Graham looking well? Do you know, I think he gets better-looking every time he comes down. Not so many freckles—and the moustache improves him too. But he has such a nice face—an open honest face—an English face."

The little lady brightened with enthusiasm as she pictured it. Then she bent down and kissed the girl's white forehead.

"I asked him to come back by-and-by."

But Charity did not speak. She knew the inner meaning of all this too well. And although the words were not repeated, every touch, every caress and every smile was only an echo of the familiar phrase—

"But you know the wish of my life. You know the one wish of my life."

CHAPTER III

A PLIANT HOUR.

UPON the ceasing of the rain followed the sweetest eventide that ever lighted upon hill or sank beyond the sea. The pinks and mignonette were beaten down, and petals from the white rose lay strewn upon the ground. Yet the air never smelt so sweet, for the brown earth itself breathed forth a freshness and fragrance of its own. And every bird that had a tongue, from the thrush upon the tree-top to the blackbird hidden in the holly bush, burst into song.

So the party was over—thank goodness for that!

Miss Graham had gone upstairs, and Charity stole into the garden. She was quivering with emotion and longed for the fresh air to cool her throbbing temples.

Upon a ladder by the window was John Sprake, putting a nail where the magnolia had been torn away by the storm.

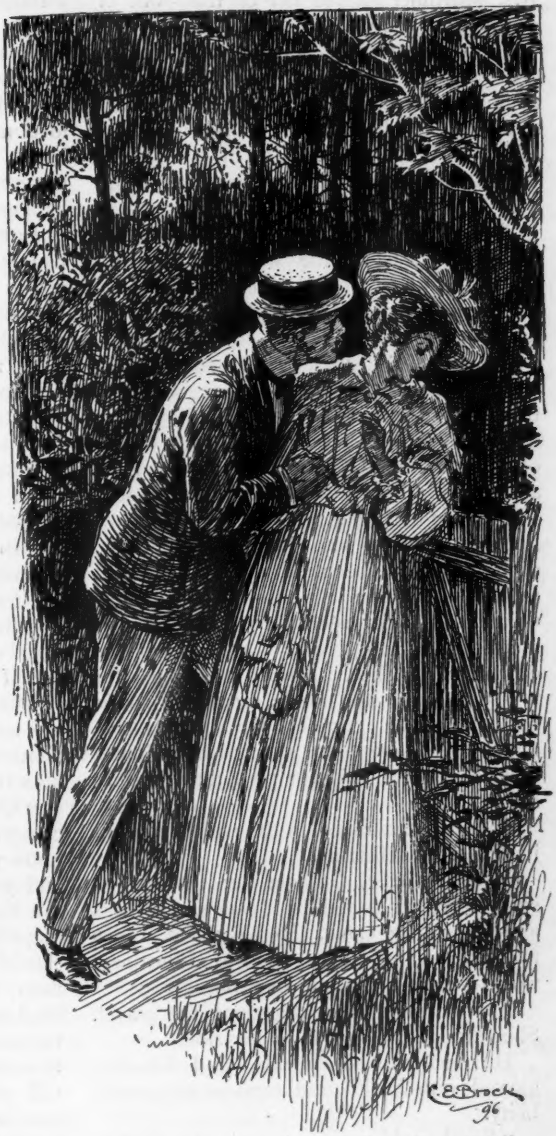
"Massey 'pon us, Missie! There were a pity to be sure," he shouted at the top of his voice. "Why so much as ever you'd a-had time to zwank round like, and show one another your new vrocks, when comed down cats an' dogs. Made 'em turn tail an' run to hole like rabbits. Iss did. Ay, so did, sure 'nough."

A fine philosopher and observer of human manners, John Sprake. He was at Babblecombe before Charity, and she liked to talk to him. But now she hurried by without reply.

"Ay, put 'em out a bit. I'll warr'nt did. To 't would, sure 'nough," he chuckled to himself as he turned to the wall.

She strode quickly into the shrubbery where the high bushes hid her on all sides. Alone at last, her pent-up indignation found a voice. What did these people mean who looked upon her so coldly? They were no better than she. Better indeed! There was not one of them could do anything she could not do. And yet in some indefinable way they slighted her as a person of small account. Because she was an orphan—adopted—brought up on charity. Her spirit rose in revolt against the narrowness of this little Babblemouth world. She hated them all—every one. Her heart told her there was a nobility of which they knew nothing—somewhere, beyond this little coombe—in the great city, perhaps. She was not one with these people. She was not of the same blood. She longed to meet some human soul suffering disadvantage—then she would give sympathy and receive it. As to Theodosia Mortimer, *she* wanted Graham Poltimore, and made eyes at him. That was at the bottom of her behaviour.

She walked restlessly on. At the end of the path a wicket gate opened into the wood, and against this she leaned. The place was quite solitary, and she remained so still that a rabbit in the copse went on feeding undisturbed, a few yards from her feet.



"He threw his arm round her neck and would have kissed her"

Graham Poltimore loved her madly—she had no doubt of it. He gave her no peace, and she could no longer procrastinate. On the April morning, with the sun shining between the clouds, when he came to say "Good-bye," his last whisper had been of love. To-day, on his return, his first words beneath the copper-beech were a passionate appeal.

It was heartless to refuse a love like that. She thought she could almost love him if he would only leave her alone, or do something more than hunt or shoot, and hope that he might just scrape through—as he called it. Something noble and great—that she could worship. She would have him a scholar—a soldier. In fact, she did not want to marry—unless——

To hear the Mortimer girls, one would think there was no aim in life but to catch a husband by hook or by crook, and she hated that. Her dream was of an irresistible passion carrying all before it. Then an icy fear swept over her like a north-east wind. She had no feeling, no heart, no soul, no gratitude. That was why people were cold to her. That was why she did not return Graham's love.

Yet surely she did love Graham Poltimore. How could it be otherwise? When last winter a returning huntsman, riding slowly through the coombe, left word that young Poltimore had been thrown and hurt, did her heart hesitate? She blushed to think how she had run breathless into Babblemouth—so that even now people tattled and laughed. They said she wanted to catch Graham Poltimore—the fools! Sour-faced

Mrs. Mortimer warned her of this—out of kindness, as she said.

The voice of John Sprake broke in upon her thoughts. Her ear could not distinguish the words, but his sing-song shouting seemed to fill the coombe. Miss Graham might be asking for her. She must go in.

At thought of the little cripple tears came into the girl's eyes.

The golden eventide rested like a crown upon the head of the wood; and every sentiment which could soften her into acquiescence burst into life and warmth within her bosom.

Dear Miss Graham! How good she had always been. And this marriage would be the one perfect joy of her life—the happy ending to an idyl which was no mere dream of the imagination, but a story in living flesh and blood. For Miss Graham had created her—made her what she was—brought her up as a flower with infinite tenderness, sheltered from the wind of adversity and protected from the biting frost of the world's unkindness. For such a friend, could any sacrifice be too great? And she was capable of sacrifice. Adored it—longed for it—some great and noble sacrifice! If *he* had been the cripple, she would have married him without a moment's doubt, only to comfort his crumpled form against her bosom.

Suddenly the rabbit in the pathway raised itself alert and listened.

If she married Graham her future was secure. He at least did not care who she was and whence she came. He was too generous for that. How angry all the Mortimers would be—at first—and then obsequious.

There came a quick step upon the gravel. She turned, and he was by her side.

He had walked quickly, and his face glowed with health and careless irresponsibility.

"Sprake told me you were in the garden, Charity," he burst out, "and I came to find you at once. I was afraid you might be indoors, and that I should not see you alone at all."

"I was just going in," she interrupted him, nervously turning towards the house.

"But not now. Not until you have told me. Charity, I think of nothing else. It is the dream of my life. I cannot live without you. And I cannot go on like this without knowing. If it is hopeless, you must say so. I come and go—at Easter I came down and went again—but you managed—you always manage—to evade me. I cannot go on like this. If you know you will never love me, I will go away and never come back. I will turn my back upon the place for ever and go abroad. I do not care what happens to me—whether I live or die——"

In his excitement words failed him. He had spoken with the wild exaggeration of young romance, and yet it was all so real. How madly he worshipped her. A womanly pity pleaded for him against her doubt. It were no better than heartless cruelty to remain unmoved by such a love as that.

"But I am not sure," she faltered, "that I—that I care for you enough for that."

"But you love me a little."

"I am very fond of you, Graham," she replied in a firmer voice. "You have always known that. But it seems different. Not like what you mean. Not like what you say you feel yourself."

"But that will come—that will come," he urged eagerly.

"If I could be sure of that!"

The cry leapt straight from her heart and was tender with regret. There were so many reasons why she should love that this coldness troubled her.

"Charity!" he cried passionately. "How can you doubt it? You do love me, I know you do. I can hear it in your voice; and you say yourself you are fond of me. We were made for each other, and it is the one wish of poor Aunt Helen's heart. Why should we delay? It is not as if we could marry to-morrow, and I were asking you to bind yourself beyond all recall. But, promise me now. Let us go in and tell her to-night. She will be glad beyond everything. And I will make you happy, Charity. I love you so much I cannot help making you happy."

His words almost persuaded her, but she remained silent and turned to lean against the gate again.

"Let me tell her, Charity——"

"No, no," she answered, in a voice low but very clear. "Do not say a word, Graham. But if you want to please me very much, go away quite early, and I will tell her myself."

He could scarcely believe in his good fortune.

"Then—then, we are engaged?" he cried.

"Yes. I suppose we are engaged."

He threw his arm around her neck and would have kissed her. But she drew back.

"Not now—not now, Graham dear," she said quickly. "Come, let us go into the house. There is the bell."

CHAPTER IV

THE MINIATURE

THEY were in the drawing-room, and a maid was bringing in the lamp, when Graham Poltimore rose to go. He had scarcely spoken to his father since his return, he said; and Miss Graham accepted the explanation without one word of question. During dinner conversation had been scanty, and the little lady's quick grey eyes glancing from one to another became at first perplexed and then sad. She felt that something had happened, and to her as well as Charity his departure came as a relief.

"You may leave the shutters awhile," she said, turning to the maid with nervous impatience. "The room becomes so warm when the windows are closed. Bring the book, Charity, and come and sit by me."

It was customary every night for the girl to read or sing, and sometimes they remained quite late, forgetful of time and place in the bright illusions of poetry and romance. Beside the sofa where they sat, upon a small round table, stood the lamp. But to-night the reading was slow to begin. Charity waited long, the book unopened in her hand.

"Did you mark the place, dear?" asked Miss Graham, with quiet self-repression—then, melting into sudden tenderness, she drew the girl towards her and fell to stroking the bright hair.

"Never mind, child," she whispered, sadly. "I understand it all quite well. When I longed for it so much, I only meant if it could really be—not against your heart's inclination, dear—not if it harboured a doubt. Nothing can ever lessen my affection for you, Charity—nothing. You may always rest assured of that."

"But you do not understand, aunt. Graham asked me again to-night, and I accepted him."

"Then why did he go?"

"I wanted to tell you myself—all alone."

"And you are quite happy?"

"More than happy."

It was true. The delicacy of those tender assurances had gone straight to Charity's heart. They touched her deeply, and in an ecstasy of gratitude and gladness she threw her arms around the little cripple's neck. What, if this promise were a sacrifice! The very doubt, which just now held her halting, filled her soul with joy. She also had something to give—some return to make for these years of kindness. She was conferring happiness upon the human being she most loved. Her quick tell-tale face, ever ready to betray emotion, glowed with triumph at the thought.

To little Miss Graham this was all natural. She interpreted that look of joy in her own manner. Her eyes beamed brighter than ever as they filled with tears of joy.

"Charity, darling!" she cried, with wild excitement and delight, "it has made everything right. All I have will be Graham's some day. Half of it should be his now in justice to his mother. And he shall have it at once. There is no need to wait. Let him go back and get his degree, and you can be married next summer. I know what love is. There shall be no long engagement. I know what love is—at second-hand—always at second-hand."

As she repeated the words her voice sank into a wail of regret; then she paused a moment, and went on in a deep rapid whisper:

"Charity, I cannot help talking to you to-night. Within this wretched misshapen little body is a real woman's heart. It makes no difference, child. It is something of the soul. For the most perfect that ever walked under God's sun had no more capacity for loving, no greater longing to be loved, than I who only hobble from chair to sofa or hide my back and truckle along the road on wheels. I tell you, child, I was made living, and knew that I could never live."

Again she stopped. Her thin fingers eagerly unpinned the miniature upon her breast, and she held it towards the lamp, gazing lovingly upon the face.

"Look, Charity! Look at her, child! She loved. How she used to come and tell me! You could never have taken her for my sister—so well-grown and graceful. But she hurt me; without knowing it she hurt me. She would talk of him by the hour, and always as if I could not understand. Yet it was I who did it when they thwarted her. She could only sit and cry. She had given way until I stirred her into revolt, and quickened her with my spirit. And so she followed her heart's desire, and married Poltimore in spite of all. What is it Thekla sings, child?

> " Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
> Ich habe gelebt und geliebet."

But what a little while she lived! And I, the useless one, to stay on all these years?"

With a sigh she laid down the portrait upon the table, and, turning towards the girl, placed a hand upon each shoulder.

"After she had gone the loneliness fell heavy upon me. It haunted the quiet, proud old house, the street was full of it, where everybody was astir so quick and strong. Her marriage was a madness, they said. I was not even allowed to speak her name. One night a letter came, that was when Graham was born, and as I sat thinking there crept into my heart a longing. I knew that I too was made for maternity—I, who was never to bear a child. I wanted to know. I wanted to feel the warmth of it upon my bosom. And every day it grew and grew from a little loneliness to a great despair: until at last I found you, child. And ever since my one thought has been set upon to-day. Year by year I watched you grow up like a flower—and waited. You were so bright and warm, I could put my cheek against your hair and feel the day coming when you would love and live and learn it all. The hope kept my heart young. The touch of you kept my blood warm. It was like food and fire to keep a starving soul alive. And now you are to marry—you two, who are all the world to me. Kiss me, Charity. It shall be next year, and you shall live here. Kiss me, dear. I planned it all from the day when you first ran. And he has grown up such a man! Only sometimes I feared he did not care enough about things—books and poetry, I mean—to please you. Do you feel it cold, child?"

She stopped abruptly and glanced towards the still open window. A great moth had come in and was fluttering around the lamp. Moonlight fell across the lawn and glistened upon the dark beech-tree. The rain had left a humid chilliness in the night air. But not from that did the girl shiver. The eagerness of the little cripple's words had moved her sympathies and made her shake like an aspen.

"No, no," she said quickly, "the air is close."

"Yet, shut it up; and at the same time ring. We will not read to-night. It has been a long and wearying day—but a glad day, Charity, both for you and me."

"Yes, the gladdest of all," cried the girl, carried away by her emotion.

"My stick has fallen. Come, give me your arm, dear, and we will go upstairs. You must be tired, too."

But Charity was not tired. Alone in her room she sat down in the square window, quaintly projecting over the porch, and curtained off like another chamber. Never was sleep further from her eyelids. Never were her senses more alert. The slanting moonlight glanced between blind and mullion, and she eagerly drew each cord, until a flood of light filled the place from floor to ceiling. She looked down the quiet coombe at the roofs of sleeping Babblemouth. Upon one higher than the rest, standing just under the hill, the smooth slates were shining like silver. How well she knew it—that largest house in the little town—the home of the "Babblemouth people," to-night it stood out from the rest with an import strange and new.

Half-way over the gap and above the open sea hung the full moon.

Neither fleeing cloud nor passing ship broke the serenity or burst in upon the solitude. The ragged bushes on the brow of the cliff lay flat and dark against the sky, and nothing moved but the broken ripple of the running tide where the moonbeams danced down a broad trackway into the harbour mouth. The hollow under the hill lay hidden in gloom and mystery.

Many times before she had looked out upon this moonlit sea, but to-night transcended all experience. The surpassing beauty held her senses captive—the wonder stirred her soul to some unknown unfathomed depth.

Graham Poltimore's words came whirling

through her memory, "Charity, I think of nothing else." "I cannot live without you."

The reality of his passion startled her. It agitated her like a wild strain of some strange music once heard and wanting interpretation. But it awakened no responsive echo in her heart.

There was no triumph in this love. For him she felt a pity of the imagination, and for herself a fear. And the passionate yearning of her helpless little friend, longing for more than life could give, haunted her like a sad, sad song.

Her intention did not waver. She loved these people both, and would make them happy. One way lay before her, straight and clear as that path of light, and she knew of no other. But there had come to her an undefined longing for something beyond all she knew.

She stood there, still in her white frock, until the moon had sunk behind the sea and the great black cliffs grew dim.

"DIED—ONE DAY OLD"

STILL and cold in the nest
Of thy mother's warm breast,
Thy little hands — not yet learnt clinging—
Fall languid asunder,
While wistful we ponder
What message thy white feet were bringing.

Wert thou sent for a look
At the earth's dreary book,
That thy blue eyes—undimmed in blue heaven—
May welcome the twain
Who surrender in pain
The gift God withdraws in His giving?

Wert thou granted a soul,
To make up the roll
On that Day, when—the angels upholding
Thee sinless—thou'lt dare,
Without flinching or fear,
To gaze at the heavens unfolding?

Our strenuous endeavour
Can waken thee never;
Nor cry of thy mother o'erleaning,
Nor thy father's strong clasp,
Straining close in his grasp
Babe and mother for comfort and screening.

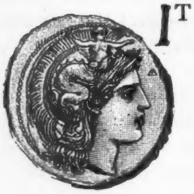
In silence we take thee;
No passion can wake thee—
Afar from these voices thou'rt ranging;
Flow'r-shrouded we leave thee,
God's pity receive thee,
Where parting haunts never, nor changing!

E. S. C.

ART IN MINIATURE

By THOMAS SULMAN

> "Nor these alone! but every legend fair,
> Which the supreme Caucasian mind
> Carved out of nothing for itself, was there
> Not less than life, designed."
> TENNYSON.



IT is difficult to realise that before B.C. 700 there were no true coins, that ingots or buttons of gold and silver were weighed at every mercantile transaction. The Lydians of Asia Minor are credited with having been the first to cast and stamp with an official device small oval gold ingots of definite fixed weight, an invention strangely delayed, but of inestimable importance to industry and commerce.* A coin has been described as "a piece of metal of fixed weight, stamped by authority of Government, and employed as a medium of exchange." Medals though struck by authority are only historical records and have no currency value.

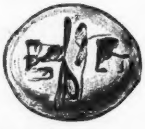


FIG. 1

The bright, far-flashing intellect of Greece saw the import of the Lydian invention and adopted it quickly, and every Greek State, nearly every city, island, and colony, established a Mint, generally at some one of the great temples, for all early coin types are religious in character. They bear symbols of some god, as a pledge of good faith. The offerings, tithes, and rents of the worshippers were coined and circulated as money. Temples thus became both Mints and Banks. Our word "money" is said to have been derived from the Roman shrine of Juno "Moneta," the earliest Latin Mint.

The first shape of these early coins was that of an enlarged coffee-berry, punched on the rounded side with official letters, or sinkings as they are called (Fig. 1).

Though money in the form of coinage was so long delayed, gem engraving was practised from the earliest times. Roller seals of crystal or chalcedony still exist, in unblunted perfection, of the early semi-mythical Babylonian kings.

Now, the act of stamping with a seal or signet was the most ancient mode of making a compact; and if from a gem intaglio for sealing clay or wax to an incised matrix for stamping gold and silver seems but a step, it was one that the race did not take for two millenniums.

Large sums of gold and silver were reckoned by talents, a Babylonian Standard; and the first coins were carefully proportioned to the talent of each State. The heavy Phœnician talent weighed 936,000 grs., and the light talent 468,000 grs. At first, the back of the coin had only a square incuse or punch, but soon proper dies were used, and the back or reverse received its device as well as the front or obverse (Fig. 2). The only Greek die that has come down to us is shaped thus. The gold or silver blank, carefully weighed, and roughly forged, was heated to redness, and laid by tongs on the die; the top was then adjusted, and the impression made by mighty blows with a smith's hammer. As no collar was used, and all register neglected, the shapes (but not the weight) of each coin varied; parts of the device were often lost; sometimes the edge of the metal cracked, and very frequently the impression doubled; later on a hinged adjustment of the dies was used (Fig. 3). Greek dies were not made of steel but of hardened bronze; they soon wore, and needed continual restoration and deepening. The die sculptors were therefore constantly at work on them. Careful examination shows that the dies were mostly cut with a wheel, like gems, not with graving tools. This retouching of the matrices explains the numerous minute variations in duplicates of the same coins; very few are found exactly alike. On the other hand, it must not be supposed that these exquisite works

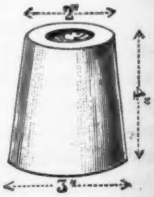


FIG. 2

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* Herodotus says, "The Lydians first coined money in gold and silver, but other Greeks thought that Phidon of Argos, the seventh from Hercules, was the first who stamped coins."

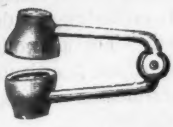


FIG. 3

of art are always much defaced. The hoarding instinct has concealed many that had just left the Mint, and that preserve all their pristine, exquisite sharpness. One of the loveliest of the Syracusan coins was found under some lava in Sicily, as perfect as on the day it was struck.

Coins are described by collectors as of AV, aurum or gold, AR, argentum or silver, and EL or electrum, an alloy of from two to four parts of gold to one of silver. This alloy was used because gold and silver were found in some river sands mixed, and early metallurgists knew of no process of separating the metals.

At first, the impress on the coin is very simple, a lion's head, a boar, an owl, a dolphin, a lyre or the mystic triquetra of three human legs; then heads of various deities, or idealisations of the State or city. No tyrant, however despotic, dared to put his own likeness on his coinage. Alexander was the first to do so, 306 B.C. Sometimes it is the Ephesian Artemis, the Argive Hera, Zeus Dodonæus crowned with oak leaves, or Hermes tying his sandals. Sometimes it is Europa in a tree in the attitude of grief, with a bull or eagle near, or Hercules wrestling with a lion. The reverse bears a symbol either of the city or colony, or of a victory at some public games, or of some leading production of the State; such as the maize plant for Cyrene, the tunny fish of Cyzicus, the seal of Phocæa. A quadriga or a racecourse symbolises a victory at the Olympian or the Pythian games. The exergue, when present, is the lower part of the reverse, separated from it by a straight line, and contains arms, or a fish, or the artist's name; and this arrangement has lasted down to the present day on much of our own coinage. With these preliminary notes, it may be permitted to us to proceed to enjoy the marvellous artistic wealth revealed to us on the staters of Hellas and her colonies.

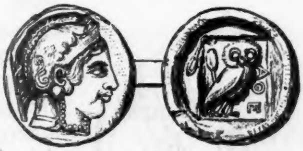


FIG. 4

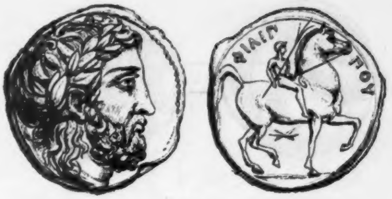


FIG. 5

It is a little surprising that the Athenian coins are less beautiful than some others. They always preserved an affectation of archaism. The Attic drachmas (Fig. 4) bore the head of Athene, and on the reverse an owl, often standing on a lyre, the whole in a myrtle wreath. Plutarch, in his "Lysander," tells an amusing tale how Gylippus had been sent to Sparta with a great sum of money as a bribe; and how he unripped the bottoms of the sacks and stole large sums, sewing up the sacks again, not knowing that there was a writing in each sack saying how much coin it held. On coming to Sparta, he hid his plunder under the tiles of his house, showing the Ephors the unbroken seals on the mouths of the sacks. When the Ephors opened these they were in great perplexity. But Gylippus' servant betrayed him, saying, "that under the tiles roosted the owls." The consternation was great; Gylippus fled, and the stern Spartans declared that for the future they would use iron coinage, made red hot and quenched in vinegar to make it hard and unpliable. In the laws of Solon, 600 B.C., the punishment of death is recorded against forging the coinage.

It is interesting to find that the staters of Elis are of the highest excellence. Olympia was the most visited city of Greece. The Olympic games made the city sacred even in

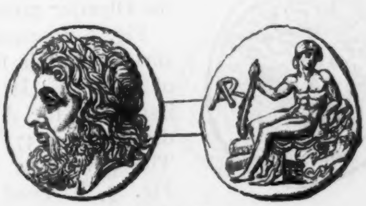


FIG. 6

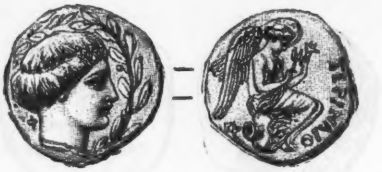


FIG. 7

war time. Zeus and Hera had splendid temples there, and artists of highest numismatic skill were employed at their Mints. The influence of the incomparable Phidias was supreme. The coins of Elis all bore the eagle or the thunderbolt of Zeus.

Fig. 5 is a lovely silver stater of Philip of Macedon, about 358 B.C.

The numismatic art perhaps culminated here. Nothing more beautiful, more ideally impressive was ever struck later than this. The features have the winning sweetness and calm which was the attribute of Zeus. There is in the Elgin Room of the British Museum a head of Zeus or Asklepios, from Melos, which has the same rare charm, and closely resembles it. It has been suggested that this stater was a copy of the chryselephantine statue of Zeus by Phidias at Olympia. Looking long and admiringly at this exquisite head, one seems to draw nearer to that distant, incomprehensible polytheism, when the sculptor's creations were acts of worship. The reverse shows a boy on horseback holding a palm, an allusion perhaps to Philip's victories at the Olympic games.

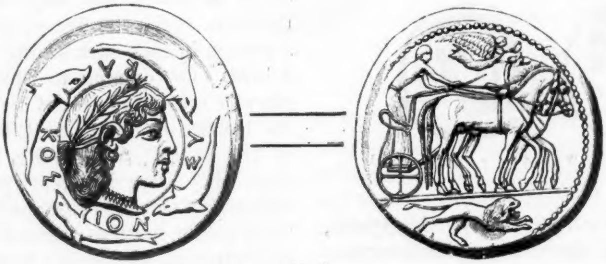


FIG. 8

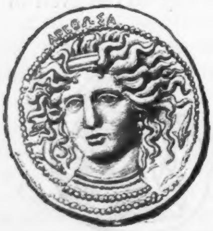


FIG. 9*a*

Fig. 6 is another silver coin, this time of Arcadia. It was issued by the Arcadian league in 371 B.C. The obverse is like Fig. 5, a head of Zeus, very nobly conceived. It has the fascinating gift of changing greatly in expression, according to the light in which it is studied. The ambrosial locks, laurel bound, and beard, are luxuriantly free. The face is powerful but gracious, nearly filling the field of the coin.

On the reverse is a charming figure of the god Pan seated on festooned drapery upon a rock (Mount Lycæus). Pan has his club (pedum), but not his goat legs; and below is his syrinx. Admire the ease and youthful vigour of the god! Obverse or reverse, it is impossible to say which will attract you most. Fig. 7, radiant girlhood! winning, modest, noble, and chaste! is a silver coin of Terina. Nothing in die-sinking more enchanting. φ is the initial of the artist who was the supreme chief of the Terinese school. Notice the artless virginal coiffure. The reverse is just as charming. It is a winged figure sitting on a vase with a bird in one hand. It may be Eirene, and commemorate some treaty of peace.

The city of Syracuse, in Sicily, was marvellously rich in the types of its lovely gold coinage. They vary greatly; sometimes the head is a laureated Nikè, more often Arethusa, and at times it is certainly Persephonè, with corn-blade entwined in her abundant locks. The fields of Enna were in Sicily; Ovid's beautiful lines occur to us:—"There is a deep lake not far from the walls of Enna, by name Perga; Cayster does not hear more songs of swans on his running waters. A dense wood keeps out the rays of the sun as with a veil. Coolness reigns there and the moist ground is gay with Tyrian flowers."

The Sicilian towns vied with each other in producing æsthetic

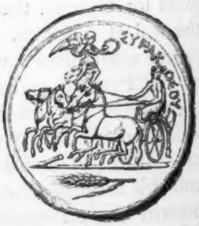
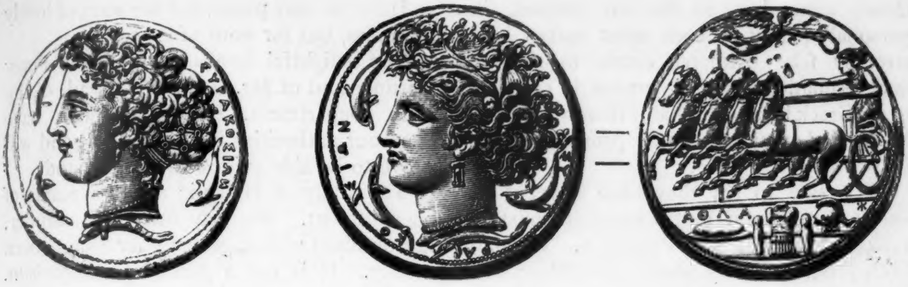


FIG. 9*b*



A

B

C

KIMON

EVANÆTUS

coinage. We have the names of the most celebrated artists; Eumenos, Kimon, Evænetus, and Euklidas.

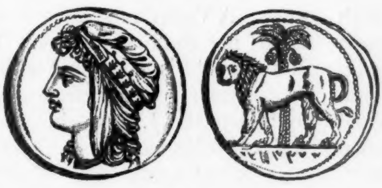


FIG. 11

Fig. 8, a silver decadrachm, is archaic in feeling: its date is fixed at 480 B.C., when Demarete, wife of Gelon, coined her Carthaginian silver, a present for a peace obtained by her mediation. The face is Egyptian in character; the eye is almond-shaped and not foreshortened. The face bears the fixed Greek smile; the hair is gathered into a heavy coil; the brows are low. She wears heavy earrings and a gold necklet. Round the head chase each other four dolphins of incomparable grace of motion. The artist must have watched them as they leaped from the purple waves! Looked at closely the magic vanishes, but in a side light the lissome living grace of these joyous creatures becomes enchantment. The reverse is a triga, possibly a quadriga, and here again the horses are marvellous. Thin, Arabian in type, full of gracious movement, their nervous, slender limbs quiver with life. Below in the exergue, a lion springs. There were lions in Greece and Sicily in those days. The note in this early art is that of reserve. Delicacy in parts, never surpassed, side by side with naïve simplicities. This is the wonder of early Greek work, to accept such limitation and to be so subtle. The art that conceals art. Fig. 9, the next coin in our list, is also Syracusan. A silver tetradrachm. It is one of those rarely successful attempts at a full face. It is named ΑΡΕΘΟΥΣΑ. In Sicily, river nymphs constantly appear on the obverse of coins.

> "O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,
> Smooth sliding Mincius crowned with vocal reeds."
>
> LYCIDAS.

Dolphins play among the locks of the goddess-nymph, on her diadem the engraver has signed his name KIMON. The four-horsed chariot on the obverse refers to a Syracusan victory at Olympia, B.C. 388.

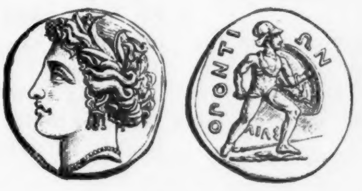


FIG. 12

But the climax of Sicilian numismatics, and indeed of all coinage, is found in two triumphant silver decadrachms, the size of an English crown-piece (Fig. 10, A, B, and C). They are signed, one by Evænetus, and one by his rival Kimon. Words fail us to describe these splendid competitive creations. At first they seem

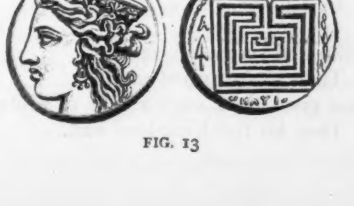


FIG. 13

closely alike, but, as they are studied, the personal quality of each artist makes itself strongly felt. Kimon's excels in richness and dramatic power, Evænetus in elevation of its Greek ideal. Probably there will always be divided opinions as to the primacy of these *chefs d'œuvres.*

It is safe to say they have never been excelled. Kimon and Evænetus must be ranked with Phidias or Praxiteles. They are both profiles of Persephone; are indeed both the same coin.

Demeter and Persephone were tutelary deities of Sicily. Kimon and Evænetus lived between 405–345 B.C. The former was the pupil of the latter. It may be that both were pupils of Praxiteles; certainly the great traditions of Phidias had descended upon them both. The Dolphins in the Kimon coin are perhaps the noblest Greek animal sculpture extant. On the reverse is the usual quadriga, and in the exergue arms, helmet, spear, shield, grieves, and cuirass, with the word ΑΘΛΑ (prizes).

In the year 345 B.C. the dynasty of Dionysus was expelled from Syracuse. Carthage had always been her rival, but she borrowed from her not only the art of coinage but also Greek die-sinkers. Fig. 11 is a very beautiful disk. The obverse may be a head of Dido in a Phrygian bonnet; and the reverse is a lion, the symbol of Africa, as the palm-tree is of conquest.

Fig. 12 is a Locrian silver coin, on the obverse a head of Persephone of captivating quality, and on the reverse a figure of the fighting Ajax, the national hero of the Locrians.

Here we may pause, not for want of lovely examples, but for want of space.

The delightful books of Professor Percy Gardner and of Mr. Barclay V. Head, of the Coin Department, British Museum, have been our authorities for this article, and will prove to be able guides for further study.

The study of Hellenic art is a realm of enchantment. We may turn with wonder, not unmixed with dismay, to our own modern money. It is not a gratifying comparison. Surely never were coins so soulless, tame, or uninspired. We have not a single piece comparable—we will not say to these Greek marvels—but to mediæval Italian medal-work. A Victorian shilling is neither beautiful art nor good portraiture. The exchange of the world is negotiated with the meanest of counters! Ten years ago the Queen sat to the late Mr. J. E. Boehm, R.A., and a new series of coins was issued. Even prosaic Lombard Street could not tolerate the result. Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A., and Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A., were called upon to furnish new designs. There is perhaps no living artist more sensitive to the classic ideal, or with a subtler quality of genius, nor is there any more consummate draughtsman than Mr. Poynter. But an ill-fate seems to brood over our English Mint. Who will say that the muffled vacuity of the last attempt gives us any hope for future English numismatics? Oh, for the drill and burin of Evænetus or of Kimon, or of the delightful φ of the Terina Mint!

Fig. 13 is a coin of Crete, obverse, head of Hera as a bride; reverse, the famous labyrinth built by Dædalus, the home of the Minotaur.

"REQUIESCANT IN PACE"

MOURN not the holy dead,
For Jesus calls them blest;
They live in Him their living Head,
In Him they love, they rest.

Calm and serenely bright
Their altar-shrined estate;
God gives them each a stole of white:
They for the Kingdom wait.

Joyous their lot will be,
Their rapturous surprise,
When Jesu's hand shall set them free,
And they to glory rise.

Church of the living God,
Refrain thy faithless tears;
Plead with fresh zeal the Precious Blood,
Until the Lord appears.

JOHN MACLEOD.

MORAL SLOVENLINESS

By the Rev. W. PAGE-ROBERTS, M.A., Canon Residentiary of Canterbury

THE study of ethics has still a great attraction for many thoughtful philosophic minds. Even those who dispense with the religious sanction are eager to maintain a moral imperative. From the early days when men began to turn their thoughts from cosmical theories to theories of conduct, there has been an unbroken succession of writers all dealing with what we may call, in an exact sense, moral philosophy. And to-day we have elaborate studies of the methods of ethics, and of the bases of ethics; while utilitarianism and intuitionalism, morals as modes of matter, and morals as inspirations of God, have their powerful advocates; and in the long years which divide Aristotle from Herbert Spencer, and despite the asseverations of such writers as Buckle, we may perceive positive moral progress, a deepening and widening of the conscience; and only the fanatics of irreligion dare deny that much of this moral progress is due to Christianity. But the progress has been slow indeed. Men have studied ethics and theorised upon conduct with greater assiduity than they have used to improve themselves. And, alas! it must be confessed that even the people who adopt the ceremonial of religion and profess its doctrines, make little or no moral progress, and sometimes they seriously degenerate. With the progress of years, there comes to some a coarseness of the moral fibre, like the dry insensitive skin of old age. The romance of youth, which veiled in poetic drapery the animal nature, has long departed, and thoughts and words have become altogether earthly and fleshly. It is sometimes the case that youth is more refined and spiritual, in its association with the passions, than is age.

There have been men, and indeed whole periods, which have practised and stiffly insisted upon religious observances, in which conscience seemed dead. The Italian Renaissance was such a period. Benvenuto Cellini was such a man and represents the period. It has been said that the word "*conscience*, does not occur in Machiavelli's phraseology of ethics; and that conscience does not make a coward of Cellini, and in the dungeons of St. Angelo he is visited by no remorse." Fine artist though he was, he was a furious braggart, a profligate and a homicide; and yet we are distinctly told that he was "a devout Catholic, and a funeral oration was pronounced above his bier in the chapter house of the Annunziata."* And possibly there are still, greedy, tormenting ferocious tyrants—like some who have sat on thrones, and been the scourges of mankind—whose little realm of misery they call home, where wife and child are slowly killed with legal cruelty. It is possible such people have an allotted place and position in the Church. It is possible there still may be found æsthetic sentimentalists, like Rousseau—the most squalid sentimentalist that ever touched the heart of man; Sterne is the pink of fashion by his side—sentimentalists overflowing with fine feelings and copious tears and delicious tremors, who could do the basest things and not be ashamed.

What a contrast there is between those three remarkable confessions and self-revelations—of Augustine, of Cellini, and of Rousseau, of the sentimentalist, the bravo, and the saint; two of them without conscience, and one whose youthful sins were ever to him a scourging anguish. You can do nothing with people who are without a conscience, whether they be brutes or sentimentalists. Corporal punishment constantly inflicted might gradually produce such a tenderness of skin as to become a kind of elementary conscience. This in time might develop into a positive if diminutive conscience.

But how few of those who attend churches, and are in the way of moral teaching, are really distinguished for moral eminence! We acquiesce in decency and never attain to dignity, and it is accident or early training or the pressure of our social medium that we are as respectable as we are; for conscious, continuous efforts at moral improvement are rare. Instead of associating with sympathetic and spotless refinement, we are constantly being surprised and bruised by the things which are said and done by those who are, like the rest of us, good sort of people. They do not mean to do wrong. They mean on the whole to do right—that is, without much thinking about it, or taking pains, or putting themselves to any strain, either of thought or of bodily exertion. They are the victims of moral slovenliness, a temperament which shows itself in a hundred different forms.

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* Symonds' "Renaissance in Italy," iii. 479.

The moral sloven is one who does not take pains as to his conduct; who does not put himself to any trouble or expense in order to be quite right. He is willing to be quite right, if it comes without any trying, like breathing or blinking; but he is not observant, studious and critical as to his conduct, like an aspiring artist taking a judicial attitude towards his work, viewing it in every possible light, in order to discover, that he may correct, its defects. The stuff out of which moral slovenliness is made is indolence. The word sloven is said to be a growth from the old verb *to slow*, that is, to make slow or cause to be slow. The sloven is therefore one who is too slow, too lazy to do anything with painstaking assiduity. Slovens are not the people who do their best but do not know any better. There are a great many people who are not fine morally but who are thoroughly conscientious. They have never had a fine ideal of conduct put before them, just as there are persons who have never had a fine ideal of manners put before them; whose manners are the manners of the pantry or the music-hall, because they are the best they have known; just as there are people who dress execrably and take great pains over it. The moral sloven sees that which is right, or that which he recognises as right, but will not take the trouble to attain it; and is content if only he can escape from any painful consequences which might arise from neglecting it. You know the people quite well when you hear them say in a weak, self-sophisticating way: "What does it matter? It's of no consequence. Nobody will notice it. It does just as well. I shall scrape through. It's good enough for them. I can make an excuse. I never gave it a second thought. It's too much trouble. It's not illegal. It will sell. I'm not paid to do more. You can't always be bothering yourself about little things." These are the clues which guide you into the centre of the maze we call character; and you detect people before they have had time to put on a look of tidiness, and smooth themselves down a bit.

There is much of this moral slovenliness in the work of life. There are men who never do their best, whose work is always inferior to that which they could render if they tried. It does; but that is all you can say for it. Sometimes a clever device to conceal the scamping is employed; it serves to deceive the uninitiated. The work is prepared for the street by hypocrisy—hypocrisy as the rouge on pale-faced indolence. For not to do the best we can under our peculiar circumstances, not to give the best service we are capable of, whether we be servants or shop assistants, clerks in an office or lawyers with clients, or doctors with patients, or preachers with hearers, is a sort of dishonesty. We are often compelled to render service which we know we could do better if only we had sufficient time at our disposal. But if a thing must be done in a moment, we are not culpable if we do the very best we can in that insufficient time. But there are cases in business and in trusts of various kinds where moral slovenliness becomes disastrous. No man ought to be a director, trustee, guardian, superintendent, or visitor, who does not strictly perform the work of his trust. Every now and then the community is scandalised by revelations of fraud which has been committed under the eyes of some sleepy self-important magnate, a ready chairman of charity dinners, and pompous pillar of orthodoxy; who signed anything put before him in a majestic way, as though his signature conferred solidity. And what shall be said of the men who advise others to take up projects which they themselves a bit suspect, and which they would not recommend if they had not their own personal interest to serve, their own liabilities to diminish? There are the people who allow false impressions to be repeated by which they profit. There are the people who drift into debt because they cannot decline some self-indulgence; who prefer foppery and frippery to integrity; who learn to prevaricate, to promise again and again and still break their word, descending from mere slovenliness into positive wickedness; who evade a duty, who escape a fair or lawful payment when they can; who draw money from sources which should cause them shame. What do the words "not transferable" mean but an accepted condition not always fulfilled? And is not a bribe given at times to escape a heavy duty or toll?

There is often a moral slovenliness to be seen in the home, in the responsible domestic occupations which, whatever other occupations women may secure for themselves, they can never be freed from. "The true school of morality is the family. The moral quality of every man is determined to a very great extent in his infancy. We learn our morality not from books and lessons, but in the nursery, or at our mother's knee, or from intercourse with our brothers and sisters. There it is that the core of character is fixed, and that the deepest organic qualities are permanently stamped upon us. The essential part of our education is that which we receive in the stage of absolute dependence upon others" (Leslie Stephen). Now if it happened that a mother instead of performing this most solemn duty, instead of filling the child's mind with noble ideals, and thinking no labour too great to form a being who would be a source of moral health and blessing to future generations—if instead of doing this a mother indulged in languid prostration, cultivating a strengthlessness unequal to anything more oppressive than a fan, a smelling-bottle, and a novel; or was so devoted to society, that with calls, drums, drives and dances, with after-dinner science and boudoir politics, there was really no time to see much of the children. . . . . If the children saw the mother but a minute amid a circle of admirers, or with one more than usually devoted, and for high moral teaching were bidden to go away and "be good children." . . . . If the mother belonged to that ardent company of workers for humanity whose life is a perpetual hurry and flurry and restless bewilderment, who write letters without end to clergymen and chairmen and charity organisations, rushing to this committee or discussion somewhere else; and, whenever it is possible to overcome the impatience of an editor, displaying themselves in the correspondence of a newspaper; with the most lively interest in other people's children, but who never teach their own; who send parochial mission women to teach other people's children to pray, but who never teach their own children to pray; in fact, who have "such an excellent nurse that the children do not really need them,"—in all these cases there is a moral slovenliness most culpable, and not condoned by the mere service to the world of being a mother. And is it not true that among those who take up good works of various kinds, volunteers of various sorts, there are too many who cannot be depended upon to do, and to do thoroughly, the work they have undertaken; who are unpunctual, irregular, and diverted from their duty by any invitation which is offered. There are people who seem to think that a volunteer is one who enters a place free to do or not to do the work of the place according to his own pleasure. This is a moral blunder. The volunteer, volunteers to do; and is as morally bound to fulfil the duties of his office as if he were paid, or were under legal obligation; and yet what untidy, slipshod service some people render! In the lives of the young, especially where wealth does away with the need for professional employment, how often do we see a pitiable waste of time and opportunity; what dawdling aimlessness, lounging through a useless day to some unearned and undeserved, and sometimes reprehensible, dissipation at night! Nobody has a right to a holiday, to what we call recreation, who has not purchased it by some useful work.

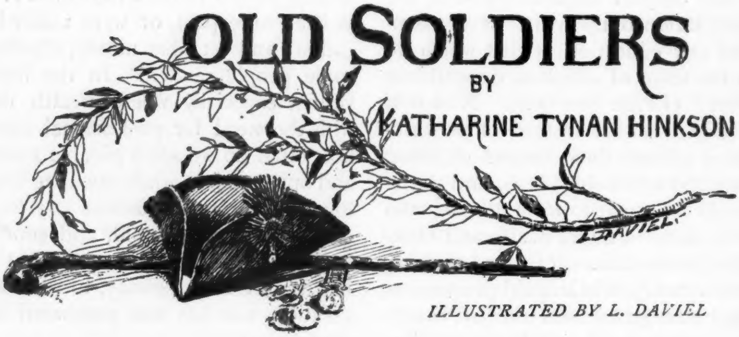
Conversation also is often marked by moral slovenliness. Not only is there that kind of talk stained with dirt which some men shamelessly exhibit, but there are the conversations in which there is a covert looseness, a doubleness of meaning, a hint of that which may not be said with manly straightforwardness, which has in it a certain laxity as far as moral rectitude is concerned. There is that ready knowledge of everybody's misdeeds, as of their humbler relations, which people dispense, some with glittering mischief in their eyes, others with confiding demureness—"so dreadful, you know!"—only it happens that they do not know, and are only retailing a lie which they have procured from some dealer in that infamous article; hinting away a man's or a woman's character, and proving that they have none of their own. And there are people who are slovenly in their religious observances, who have untidy minds and negligent manners when they profess to believe that they are offering themselves in worship to Almighty God; who in church dream or sleep or chatter or fidget with the leaves of a book or the case of their watch, or meander among the capricious suggestions of the moment.

Slovenliness is a habit which is hard to cure. You may have tried to correct it in some one whose dress, toilet or apartments are always in disorder, and you must know how irritable the sloven becomes when you call attention to the fault; and how, despite all your rebukes, the untidiness remains unaltered. In their earliest days children should be taught without ceasing to make the best of everything, to do the best they can in everything. Primness is better than negligence. Primness may extend to morals, and may become virtue ever measuring its actions by the exact rule of right; while slovenliness, when it extends into the realm of morals, has a ready liability to fall into vice. The temper and disposition we manifest where some things are concerned, tend to become the temper and disposition where all things are concerned. Inexactitude as a habit in one thing advances until it is a habit in all things; and then life may develop into any baseness, and careless youth become criminal age.

OLD SOLDIERS

BY

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON



ILLUSTRATED BY L. DAVIEL

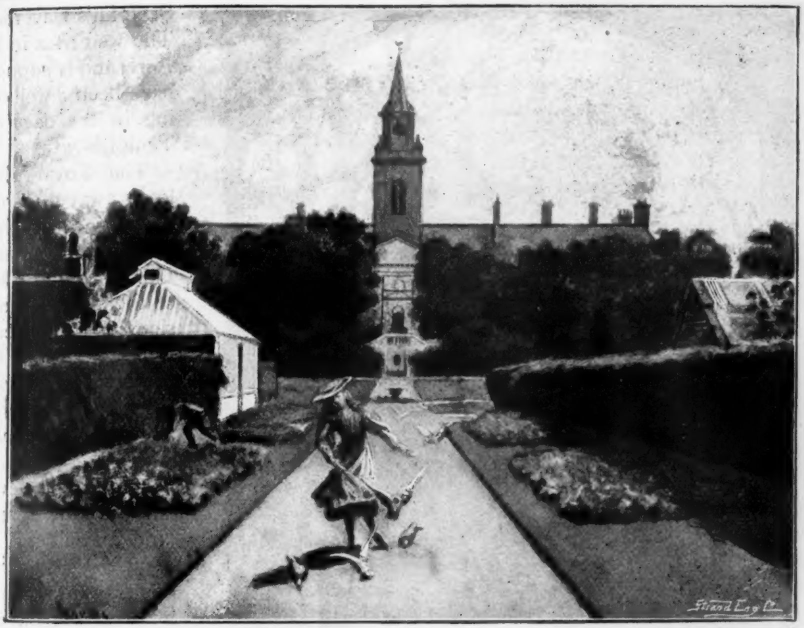
THE Royal Hospital at Kilmainham near Dublin, which shelters the Irish-born old soldiers of the Queen, is like an old college. It has its quiet green quadrangle, its echoing stone cloisters, its hall and chapel, like any Oxford or Cambridge college. It has the ancient ecclesiastical tradition of building, and as one crosses the quadrangle to meet a veteran leaning on his stick, one mutters half-unconsciously

> "His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
> And lovers' sonnets turned to holy psalms,
> A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
> And feed on prayers which are to age his alms."

Indeed, the Royal Hospital occupies the site of an ancient priory of Knights Templars, and one can imagine that in designing the present buildings, Sir Christopher Wren was to some extent influenced by the traditions of the place.

The quiet settles upon one after passing the battlemented entrance gate, with the red-coated sentry pacing up and down. This gate was originally built upon the site of one of the old city gates at Bloody Bridge —or, as they call it now more squeamishly, Barrack Bridge. Within the gate is a long avenue of ancient elms leading to the hospital. On each side is a grassy rampart flanked by a wall. There one walks between graveyards, so that the quietness may well be felt. On one side is the old graveyard of the hospital; on the other Bully's Acre, the most famous of Dublin burial-places.

Bully's Acre is now a wind-swept prairie of long grey-green grasses, with here and there the head and shoulders of a reclining tombstone visible above the waves. Nature is gradually reclaiming this earth choked with human dead. It is more seemly than many well-kept graveyards, with its rows of cypresses indicating avenues now overgrown, and the

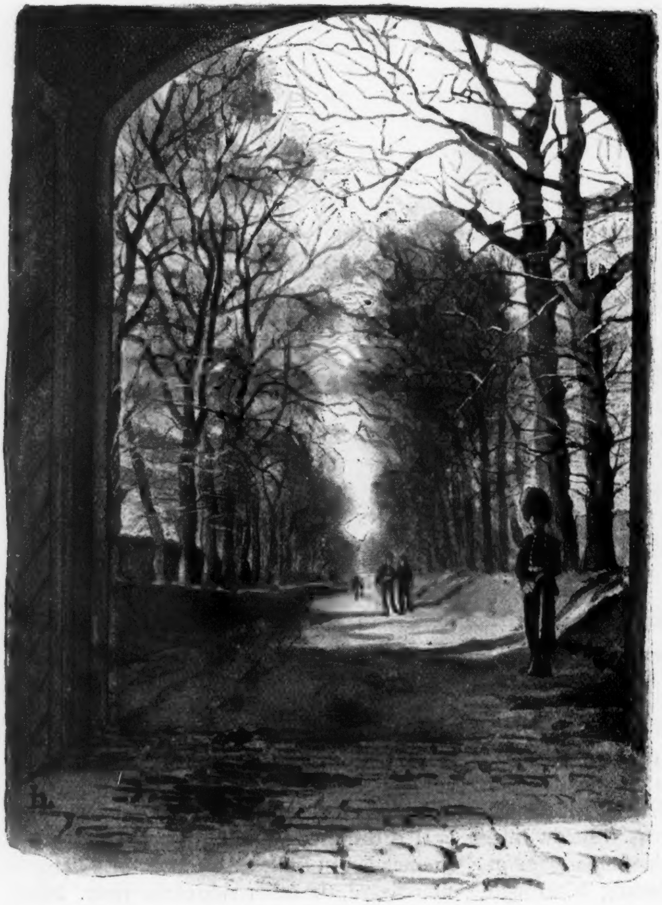


THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, DUBLIN, FROM THE COMMANDER OF THE FORCES' GARDEN

grass fast covering the stones by which mortality strives after a term of remembrance. The one thing that stands up boldly from the rank grass is the tall shaft of what must once have been a great cross. Below this, tradition says, lie buried chieftains slain at the Battle of Clontarf, including Murrough and Turlough, the son and grandson of Brian Boru. A widely different personality shares their grave. This is Dan Donnelly, the pugilist, who crowned his triumphs by defeating, in fair fight, Cooper, the English champion, in that indentation of the Curragh of Kildare, named from the historic fight, Donnelly's Hollow. His entry into Dublin after the event was indeed a triumphal progress. He was borne on men's shoulders in the midst of an enormous multitude, the idol of the moment, while in front of the procession marched his old mother, beating her breast, and crying out as she went, "There's the breast that sucked him! There's the breast that sucked him!" When he died, a few years after, nothing would please the multitude but that his dust should lie with the royal earth of the victors of Clontarf, and so it was done. The same year saw the closing of Bully's Acre. The cholera broke out in Dublin, and in a few weeks the graveyard was congested to its utmost limits, and had to be closed against burials.

It is disputed whether the patriot, Robert Emmet, lies in Bully's Acre or in St. Michan's churchyard, the other side of the river. Many illustrious dead sleep in Bully's Acre, for the graveyard is supposed to have been first used by St. Maignend's monks, and St. Maignend established his church and monastery in 606. The Templars lie there, and their successors the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem; a long line of saints, princes, soldiers, monks, and sages, down to Dan Donnelly and the cholera victims of 1832.

The Irish cling to their graveyards as vehemently as to their bits of land in life. Attempts to enclose Bully's Acre on the part of the governors of the Royal Hospital, gave rise to a long series of dangerous riots. The populace took the enclosure as a menace to its ownership. In one of these riots the hospital itself was attacked by the Liberty Boys, a band of roystering gentlemen from the Coombe and its neighbourhood, a portion of Dublin called "The Liberties," be-



THE AVENUE, ROYAL HOSPITAL, KILMAINHAM, DUBLIN

cause there the French Huguenots, who took refuge in Dublin after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, were given liberty to establish themselves and their silk-weaving. It must have been a dramatic scene when this mob marched on the Hospital to find it defended by the old soldiers who had fought at Minden, Dettingen, and the Heights of Abraham. One of the assailing party was killed, and a good many were wounded in this encounter.

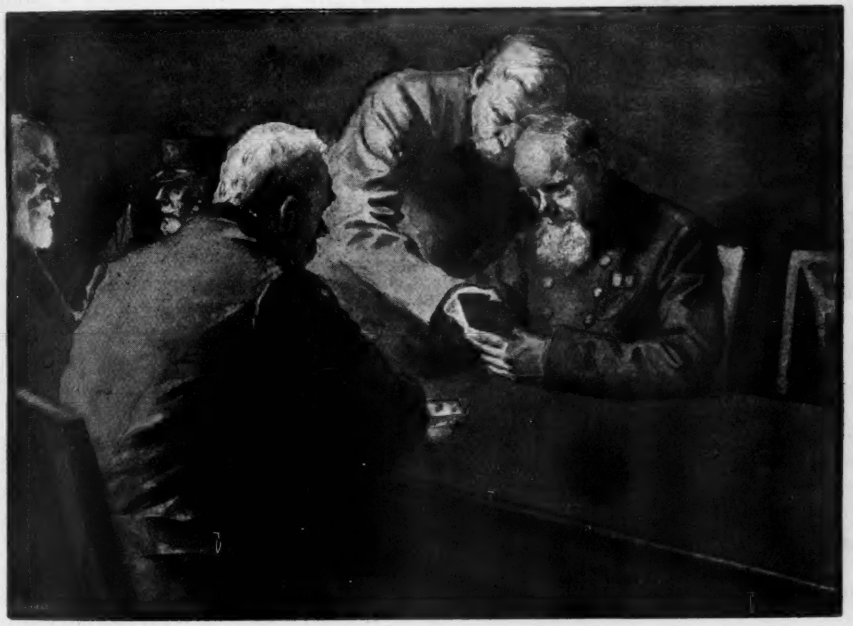
Just outside the wall of Bully's Acre, and now enclosed within the railway wall, is one of Ireland's holy wells—the Well of St. John. There used to be a great "pattern," or commemoration of the patron, there every June, in the week that held St. John's Day, the 24th. The well rises in Bully's Acre, and is supposed to have been a well of healing in the days of the Templars.

The Royal Hospital looks away on two sides of it to a lovely view of fields and mountains. Underneath the old elms of the avenue are occasional seats, where you will see the old fellows sunning themselves of a fine day. They go in and out freely all day and till a respectable hour of the evening. The authorities are very kind and liberal. It is easy to see that the officers in command look on the old fellows as so many children. There are few infractions of the rules. Occasionally the old soldier will take "a drop too much" on his outing, but the case has to be pretty flagrant, one imagines, before it is severely dealt with.

You find the old fellows in the hall playing cards or dominoes, or reading newspapers about the fire. Or the invalids will be in their little wards, two or three rooms of which are in charge of one kind woman. One old fellow was sitting by the fire in the ward which the Queen visited in 1849; there is a brass plate on the door to commemorate the event. It was easy to see by the position of the old soldier and his ineffable look of patience, that he was blind. Another old soldier was reading Cooper's "Pathfinder" to him. "You see he's a dark man, and can't read for himself," he explained. "I call them my old babies," said the motherly-looking woman in charge.

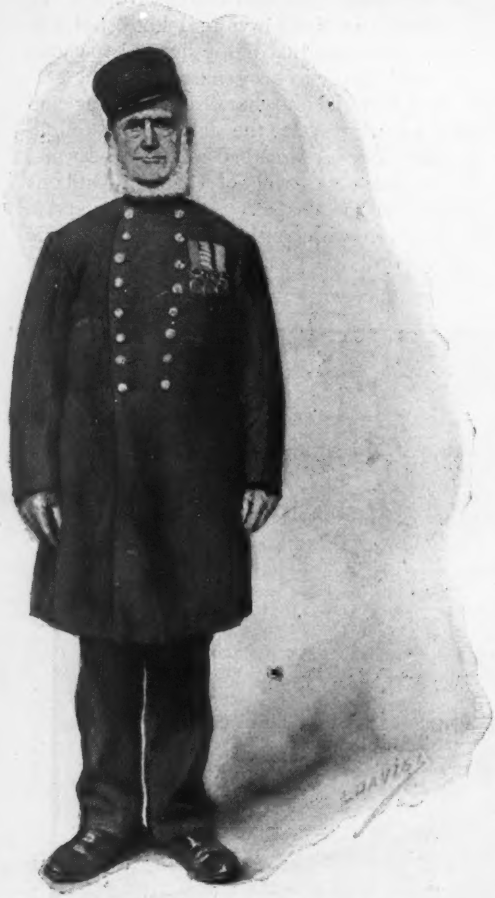
Only the delicate are on the first floor. The others sleep upstairs in wards leading off the light, wide corridors. One rather envies the old fellows who spend as much of their day as they want to, in the beautiful Hall. This is a magnificent apartment, walled, panelled, and ceiled with the most beautiful old oak. The oak makes a delightful background for the armour and weapons with which the lower portion of the wall is lined. Round the upper wall is a line of portraits of kings and statesmen. The Merry Monarch is there: it was he who gave the charter of foundation: and James, Duke of Ormond, who conceived the project for the founding of the Hospital. People call the Hospital the foundation of Nell Gwynn; I know not why unless it be that that blithe sinner persuaded her needy lover to his generosity.

The Hall is one hundred feet long and half as wide. At the far end a round-headed doorway wreathed with the beautiful and elaborate carving of Grinling Gibbons leads into the chapel. At the other end a low screen with settles on the inner side runs round the great fireplace. Below the portraits on the upper walls hang faded silk banners, and when the great chandeliers are lit, and the Commander of the Forces gives a ball, the beautiful apartment is indeed rarely beautiful.



A QUIET GAME

There are a good many curious things, even for the unlearned, among the armour and arms in the Hall. There is a set of irons in which malefactors were hung. There are suits of armour and breast-plates dating back to the Wars of the Roses. There is a chronological line of the weapons used by the British Army down to the present day, through which you can trace the evolutions of the Lee-Metford rifle. There are helmets, from the bar-helmet of the Middle Ages to the helmet of the modern dragoon. There are spears and swords, musketoons, halberds, battle-axes and tomahawks. There are Irish pikes from the Rebellion of '98, and a piteous spear, a mere piece of sharpened metal affixed by some blacksmith to a spade-handle, which was captured at the battle of Tallaght, the one skirmish of the unfortunate Fenian rising of '67. "Ah, poor fellows!" said our kind guide, Captain Fielding—"I remember when it was taken. A bitter, bitter night it was, with such a snowstorm as no



OLD MONEYPENNY—ONE OF THE SIX HUNDRED

man remembers. They were old men and boys chiefly, and I think a good many of them must have been glad to be captured and taken out of the rigours of that awful night. The poor fellows! they had neither equipment nor training." And the kind Englishman might have added that then, as always, the elements fought under the British flag.

These relics of Irish rebellion deeply interested an Irish sightseer, as did the swords of Grattan's Parliament, with hilts of ivory inlaid with gold. Very curious were Mahratta shields, containing breech-loading, match-lock pistols. And you might see there the caps of the Roundheads, and be thrilled by holding a breast-plate through which a bullet had found its billet.

But, after all, the chief interest was in the old fellows playing Spoil Five, and dominoes at the fire, or arguing out the policy of the Queen's Government, or recalling old wars and imagining wars to come. They are amiable veterans, highly pleased when you display an interest in their game or the matter of their discussion. A little stake lends excitement to the game, wherefore, if you are minded to give pleasure, you will put down a few pence per man. One of the old fellows told me that Lord Wolseley's aide-de-camp used to give them sixpences to play for. They were simply delighted when they discovered that I understood their game at cards, the peculiarly Irish one, Spoil Five.

Here is a veteran, Magorian, who fought at the battle of Ghuznee in 1839. He is a robust old chap with a great frosty beard and a ruddy face, bearing few signs of age. He is a North of Ireland man, and has the dryness and reticence of the Scotch, whose characteristics the inhabitant of North-Eastern Ulster shares. He shows his medals without sentimentality. He wears the Afghan war medal and clasp, and the Crimean and Turkish medals. He tells you he fought under Sir Hugh Gough, "a fine soldier; you know where he came from, ma'am? the county Tipperary." Captain Fielding asks him if he would like to serve in another war. "Not I," he says, "I'll keep out of it;" and goes off laughing.

Very different is an old fellow for whom the officers seem to have a certain affection—old Madden. He has a pathetic old face, with the lips fallen in a little, and a soft Southern voice and brogue. He served twenty-one years. He has half a dozen medals, including the Crimean medal and clasp for Sebastopol, the Turkish war medal and a good conduct medal. I ask him whether he isn't very comfortable in the Hospital.

"Aye, indeed," he says, "'tis a fine place, and every one kind and pleasant; yet 'tis hard enough sometimes for a travelled man, as soldiers does be, to fix himself down to live and die in the one spot."

"You get restless sometimes?"

"Aye, sure I do. Soldiers is rollin' stones, ma'am,—an' great ould grumblers too, you'll be thinkin'."

"How did you make up your mind to come in?"

"'Deed then, 'twas herself done it for me. We never had chick nor child, but maybe we thought the more of each other. Well, when she was dyin' she calls me to stoop to her, and she whispers into my ear: 'When I'm gone, avourneen, I want you to promise me you'll go into the Old Man's House. Sure I couldn't rest easy if I thought you were wanderin' round the world by yourself, with no one to take care of you, and maybe takin' to the drink. Promise me, jewel.' So I promised her—may the heavens be her bed this night! But sure after she was gone I took to the drink, God forgive me! an' I sold everything, even to the bed she died on. I was always knockin' about the streets and through the public-houses, an' always stupid an' bothered with the drink: tryin' to drown grief, I was. Then one day a thought went through me like a sword of what she'd think if she could see me like that: aye, bedad, I was thinkin' she wouldn't rest much if she was knowin' about it: it 'ud trouble her even where they say there's no trouble. So I came up an' offered meself, without waitin' for a second thought, and got in."

"She'll be easy in her mind about you now."

"That's what's I do be often thinkin'."

"It's a good place, then, to be old," I said. "You're pretty well shielded from temptation, and you've plenty of time to say your prayers."

"Oh! indeed, we're well looked after. The bit of a chapel's open all day for the Catholics, ma'am, and there's the church for them that's of a different pursuasion. An' the priest's a very nice gentleman."

"You're a Catholic, I suppose?"

"What else, ma'am? We're nearly all the same."

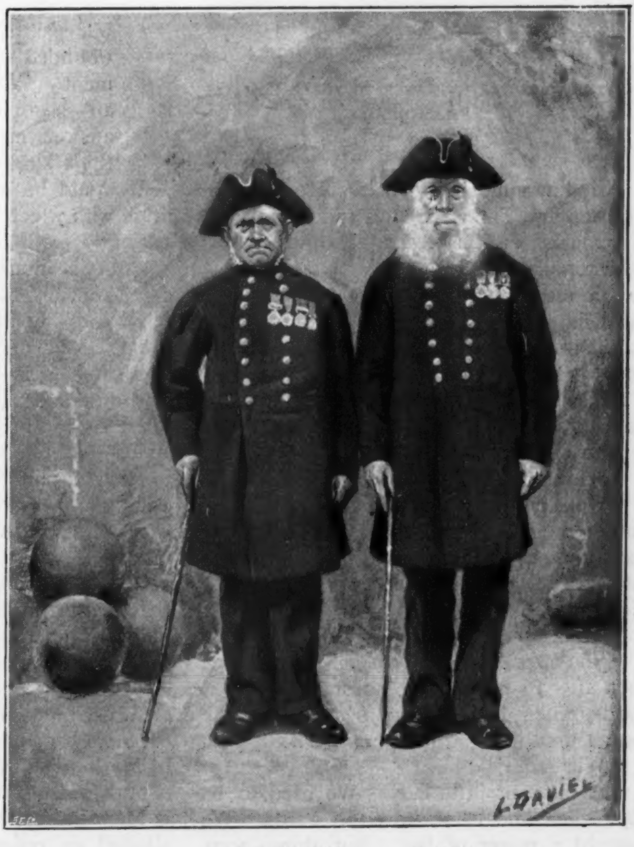
"Are the old men very pious?"

The old fellow smiled with a gentle amusement.

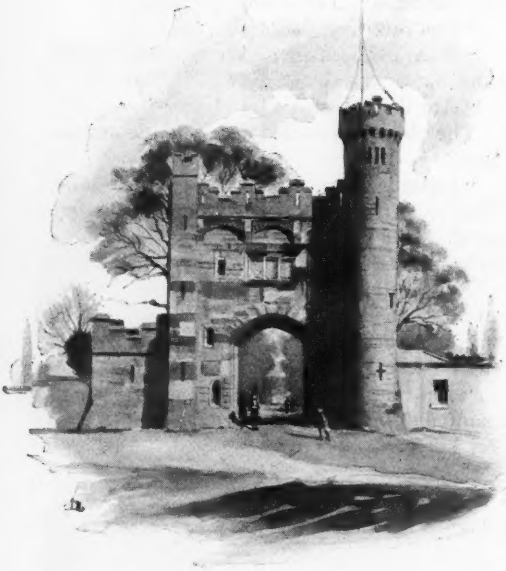
"Indeed then, not to say too pious. They're very good indeed; oh indeed, very good. But it isn't all so aisy for a soldier to be pious."

Another hero is old Moneypenny. He is an apple-cheeked old fellow, with white side-whiskers and blue eyes. He is a survivor of the Balaclava Charge, and is very proud of it.

"I'm the man," he says, "that Lady Butler painted bringin' out the wounded lancer on my horse."



OLD MADDEN MAGORIAN



RICHMOND TOWER ENTRANCE TO ROYAL HOSPITAL, KILMAINHAM

He shows me his medals. He has the Crimean and Turkish medals and four clasps. He fought at the Alma, Inkerman, and Sebastopol, as well as at Balaclava. He has also a medal for distinguished conduct in the field. He got a wound in the foot at Balaclava which led to his being invalided home. He concealed the wound, dressing it himself roughly, till the foot got in a bad way and it had to be revealed. Then he was sent to Scutari.

"Why did you conceal the wound?"

"Well, partly because I didn't want to be out of the fighting, partly because I didn't want to go to the hospital, We had terrible stories of the place; but that was before Miss Nightingale came."

"Things were altered then?"

"She made us comfortable. She came out soon after I went into the hospital, and afterwards, when I was hopping about on one foot, I used to mind her pony for her."

"What was she like?"

"A pleasant little lady. We used to be glad when she came into the wards. We thought a power of her. But things were bad, very bad, at Scutari before she took the thought to come."

"I suppose there are not many survivors of the Balaclava Charge?"

The old fellow looked portentous, and began to accompany his talk with a forefinger laid upon his palm.

"Now that's what I can't make out Colonel —— sent for me a few years ago to go to a dinner in London of the survivors of the Charge. You know how many came out alive, ma'am, a hundred and twenty, an' of coorse many of 'em dead by this, or aged min not fit to travel. Well, there was crowds there by way o' being survivors. I'm not good at numbers, but there was more there than I saw coming out alive from the guns. 'Who are these min?' says I. 'I don't remimber them. An' what are they doin' here side by side with them that was in the Charge? aye, and was painted in picturs of it carryin' wounded lancers out of th' engagement. Who are these min?' I asked, an' begonies; there was no one to answer me. But I go no more to them kind of dinners."

It would be impossible to reproduce the pride with which the old fellow swelled himself out.

At this moment there was a word of command, and the old soldiers formed themselves into line to receive their dinners, old Moneypenny among them, so our conversation came to an end. Bread and beer are distributed in the great Hall, but dinner is eaten in the wards. The dietary is generous, and, in addition to the meat and vegetables, there is a pint of Guinness's XX stout for each man every day. There are five men to each ward; and the wards are as cleanly as a monastery, and with a monastic simplicity in the little iron beds, curtained with blue check, and the bare tables and whitewashed walls. There is an allowance for tobacco—eightpence a week for privates. They wear a red or blue coat and forage cap. On great occasions they don a picturesque three-cornered cap, such as might have been worn in Marlborough's wars. On the books there is one woman's name as out-pensioner. This is Mary Storey, who, on March 1, 1744, was allotted an out-pension of eighteenpence a day. A few years ago one might have talked with half a dozen Waterloo veterans, but the last of them is gone.

The chapel of the Royal Hospital is severely plain, except for Grinling Gibbons' carvings, and the east window, which belonged to the priory church of the Knights Hospitallers, and the magnificent ornate ceiling by Cipriani, the Italian artist who came to Dublin during the little renaissance of the arts a hundred years ago and has left the work of his hands in so many public buildings and private residences. There is a charming gateway of light ironwork within the entrance from the Hall to the chapel, which was the gift of Queen Anne. The military service of Sunday morning is very fine, the music being supplied by a military band. The soldiers from Island Bridge Barracks attend this service, and you will see the Commander-in-Chief in his gallery pew. But most of the old soldiers being Roman Catholics attend the mass at the little chapel in a corner of the quadrangle. The congregation crowds in to the doors, so that there is no room for outsiders. Captain Fielding would like to see it rebuilt, and no doubt it will be one of these days.

The kitchens of the Hospital are the crypts of the old Priory. Delightfully cool and clean, and free from kitchen odours they are. The soup tureens standing in a stately row make one envious. They are made of copper, in a delightful shape, which has not been departed from since the foundation of the Hospital. We visit all the cook's domain, even to the beer-cellars, once the wine-cellars of the Knights perhaps. Captain Fielding laughs as he looks at the great beer-vats. "Ah," he says "there is the enemy."

The Commander-in-Chief's house is not very spacious according to modern ideas. It has at least one charming room, panelled in white wood. But the interest is in the thought of the great soldiers who have lived here. Lord Wolseley had only vacated the place, and Lord Roberts was not yet in residence. Lord Wolseley was good to the old soldiers and had taken a certain bookish interest in the place and its associations. The old fellows were interested in Lord Roberts,—"a fine soldier, ma'am," they said; and one man who had served under him remarked, "The army idolises him." The Commander-in-Chief's garden lies below the terrace on which the Hospital is built. It is formal with the fashion of the time in

IN THE GREAT HALL

A COSY CORNER

which it was laid out, and not very spacious. You descend to it by balustraded steps, and from a sun-dial in the midst of it an artificial little maze of walks and summer-houses and grass-plots spreads itself. No doubt it would be delightful in summer.

Some one has suggested that the Royal Hospital would make an admirable building for the purposes of a university—this in view of the agitation for a Roman Catholic University in Ireland. Its fitness for such a purpose is obvious, but many a one would be sorry to see the old soldiers turned out in the world, or to Chelsea, where it was proposed to send them when the military authorities would have confiscated the Hospital early in this century. Then the Hospital was required for the purposes of a barrack. That would have been profanation indeed.

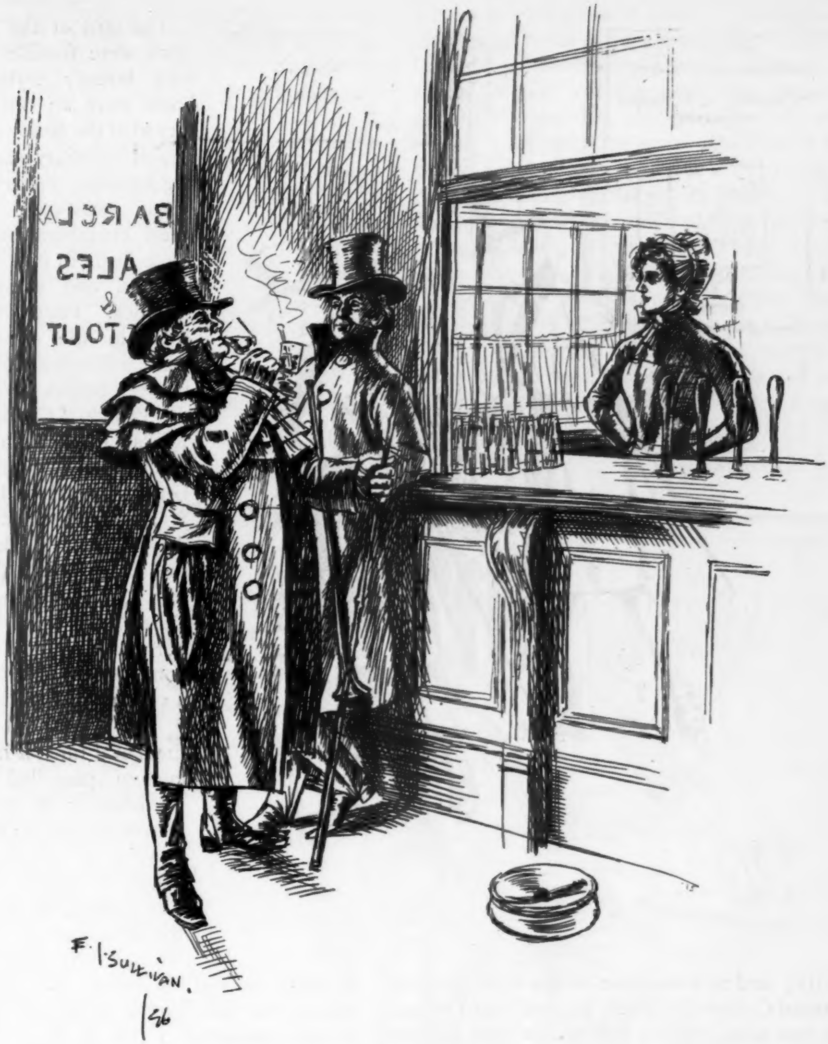
"His helmet now shall make a hive for bees," in this pleasant green spot, sheltered for the old and chilly-blooded, and full of the ineffable charm and dignity which comes from centuries of age and honourable association.

THE OLD LIFE OF THE INNS

By SHEILA E. BRAINE

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. SULLIVAN

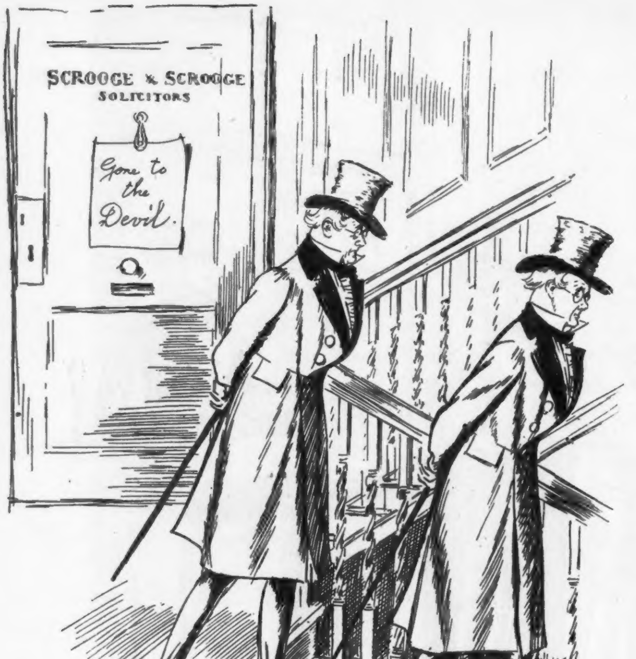
IT would be interesting to know who was the first person to keep an inn. The word itself is Anglo-Saxon, signifying a lodging-house; another term was *gest hus*, a house for guests, or *cumena hus*, a house of comers. Near the high-roads, a few scattered inns were established, where travellers could obtain a night's shelter. Edward the Confessor ordained that if a man lay three nights at the same inn, he was to be styled a



CHANGING HORSES

third-night-awn-hinde; and the landlord was answerable for him, exactly as if he were one of the servants. A good many alehouses seem to have been dotted about Saxon England. Our sturdy forefathers spent a large portion of their spare time in them. Chaucer's friar "knew wel the tavernes in every town"; and Dunstan found it necessary to ordain that a priest "should in no wise be an ale-scop," that is a story-teller or reciter at an alehouse.

Efforts were continually being made to keep down the number of inns. In the reign of Edward I., there were only three in the whole of London. Even in 1552, no more than forty were legally permitted in the metropolis, now spreading out its boundaries on every side. York might have eight; Norwich, Exeter and Cambridge, four; Bristol six, and Oxford three. These regulations must have been set at naught in a very wholesale manner; for half a century later, there were four hundred "houses of call" in that part of London known as the



City; and no fewer than twenty-four clustered round Covent Garden. In mediæval Oxford, it was ruled that no "victualler" was elegible for the office of Mayor, and this term included an innkeeper. It will be remembered that the "Sweet Swan of Isis," Sir William Davenant, the poet, was the son of an Oxford innkeeper, mine host of the "Crown," a house which tradition declares was patronised by the immortal Will himself in his journeyings from Warwickshire to London. The "Crown" is one of our oldest English signs. A curious epitaph records that:

> "Here lies the body of Matilda Brown,
> Who, while alive, was hostess of the Crown;
> Her son-in-law keeps on the business still;
> Patient, resigned to the Eternal Will."

The inns of the Middle Ages were furnished in a very homely style. We know from an old inventory what the famous George Inn at Salisbury was like in the fifteenth century. This house possessed thirteen guest chambers, each with three beds in it, a table on tressels, and some oaken benches. People ate and slept in the same apartment indiscriminately. The thirteen rooms were named the Principal Chamber, the Earl's Chamber, the pantry adjoining, the Oxford Chamber, the Abingdon, the Squire's, the Lombard's, the George, the Clarendon, the Understent, the Fitzwaryn, the London, and the Garret. At this period titled persons slept on a bed, commoners on a mattress; a curious distinction.

In French and German mediæval inns, a humorous custom prevailed for the punishment of those convicted of drawing the "long bow." A wooden knife called a *couteau rodomont* was placed by the side of the president of the table, whose duty and privilege it was to put boasters to silence, by ringing the bell in the blade, or blowing a whistle concealed in the handle. He then, amid the laughter of the company, handed the knife to the offender, to keep until a greater boaster than himself could be found. Sir Walter Scott has given us in "Anne of Geierstein," a graphic picture of the utter discomfort of a German inn of the Middle Ages, where a churlish host reigned supreme over a pack of abjectly humble guests.

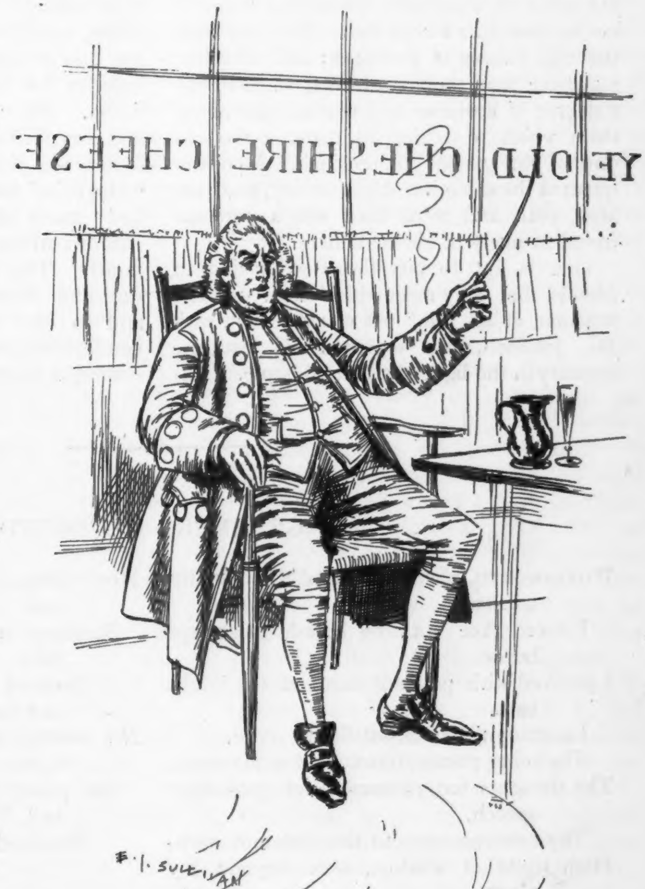
A curious provision was introduced into the Scotch parliament in 1425, owing to the complaints of the innkeepers that travellers stayed with friends when they came to a town. It was enacted that these henceforth, whether on foot or on horseback, should repair to the established hostelry of the place;

and that any burgess who took them into his own house should be fined forty shillings. Nobles and gentlemen might stay where they pleased, provided they sent their horses and attendants to the inn.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the inns of Paris and London were at the height of their prosperity. They were the general meeting-places of the wits and literary men of the day; and even the noblemen used them. The Duke of Montague gave a dinner at the "Devil"; and the great Elizabeth herself, so says tradition, did not disdain, upon one occasion, to eat pork and peas at the "King's Head" in Fenchurch Street. An ancient metal dish with a cover is still exhibited there, as the identical one used. In her reign, it appears that the taverns were great receivers of stolen venison. The Lord Mayor wrote to Elizabeth's secretary in 1585, informing him that he had taken bonds of all the cooks in London not to buy or sell any venison to bake, without keeping a note of the name of the seller. The penalty, forty pounds, seems an enormous one.

Dr. Johnson had the highest appreciation of the benefits of an inn. "There is nothing," he remarks, "which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced, as by a good tavern." The burly doctor dearly loved to take his ease at his inn, or rather at his two inns—for his name is intimately associated with both the "Mitre" and the "Cheshire Cheese." The former dated from Shakespeare's time, and was pulled down in 1829; the latter still exists in much the same condition as when the author of "Rasselas" trod its sanded floor, and smoked his clay pipe, with the admiring Boswell close at hand. A small social circle used formerly to meet at the "Cheshire Cheese" every Saturday night; and as the clock finished striking nine, the chairman rapped on the table, and gave the following toast: "All ships at sea; sweethearts and wives; not forgetting the trunkmaker's daughter at the corner of St. Paul's." The last part of the toast referred to a very fascinating damsel, whose father kept a stall beneath the shadow of the great cathedral.

The old "Cock" tavern in Fleet Street was frequented by Fielding, Smollett, Savage, Goldsmith, Boswell, and Cowper; and in its palmy days could boast of a cellar of rare port wine. Pepys records a lobster supper



LAYING DOWN THE LAW

there in 1668. Ben Jonson lorded it at the "Devil," near Temple Bar; both, alas! have disappeared. Lawyers no longer post a notice on their doors about the hour of dinner, that they are "gone to the 'Devil.'" The old inn, once the home of the Apollo Club, became absorbed into Child's Bank, and its place knows it no more.

Most of the famous old literary taverns are now merely a matter of history. The rooms were small and low, the seats only wooden benches; but they were good enough for the giants of former days, who found within their homely walls the social intercourse they craved for. The guests drank out of pewter pots, and their table manners might not have been all that one could wish, but some of them have left names that will not be forgotten for all time. The inns were the club-houses of the time; and whatever may have been their disadvantages, there was a degree of cosiness and cheerfulness about them which is lacking in many a modern one of far greater pretensions. Men frequented the same inn day after day, and year after year, and mine host was a personal friend of many of his customers.

One is apt to pity those so lacking in friends that they meet with "their warmest welcome at an inn," but many a man, with Dr. Johnson, has regarded his favourite hostelry in the light of a second home. This is how Goldsmith, who knew a town inn, describes a country one:

> "Low lies the house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
> Where grey-beard mirth, and smiling toil retired;
> Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
> And news, much older than the ale, went round."

The old coaching inns were cheery, bustling places once, when it took two days and two nights to get from Edinburgh to London; and a journey up from Cornwall was an affair of greater moment than one round the world is now. But the railroads have for the most part done to death the houses full of life, of which Dickens has left us so telling a picture. They have sunk into decay, and the hoarse-voiced coachman, with his multitudinous capes and extraordinary capacity for hot drinks, has vanished into limbo. But "Boots of the Holly-tree Inn," and Sam Weller and his father, we shall never forget, nor old wooden-headed Willet of the "Maypole," Mark Tapley's pet landlady, and and many another of those immortal shadows whose birth has given joy to thousands. The England of Dr. Johnson has vanished, that of Dickens is all but gone; and to find the inns they knew, homely, comfortable, and unpretentious, is daily becoming a more and more difficult task.

GRASMERE REVISITED

Wordsworth, when last I trod these mountain-ways
I loved thee not; by boyish pride upborne
I plucked with petulant hand at thy bright bays,
Laughing their immortality to scorn.
Thy sober phrase, translucent as the morn,
Thy thoughts too passionate for passionate speech,
Thy condescension to the weak and worn,
High fruits of wisdom, were beyond my reach.
How changed from that, I find thy spirit now
Regnant in every flower and flood and fell;
Forth of the brooding heavens it looks and broods.
No worship from the altar of earth, but thou
As priest presidest, sounding the clear bell,
Ordained interpreter of all her moods.

Robert F. Horton.

A DAY WITH BISHOP THOROLD AT SELSDON PARK

By the Rev. EDWARD A. PARRY,
Formerly Resident Chaplain to the Bishop of Rochester

PUNCTUALITY was a note of the household. A little boy once told a visitor, "If you leave your room when the gong sounds for prayers, you will be late by the time you get there." A billiard-room at the extreme end of the house had been ingeniously converted into a chapel, that to not a few must be hallowed by the thought of their ordination time. To hear the Bishop at such a season gave fresh meaning to the term "father in God." As St. Paul with his son Timothy he pleaded, he counselled, he encouraged those whom he regarded as true sons in the Ministry. In speaking of them he would dwell fondly on the words, "my ordinands." Few things gave him greater pain than to hear of any betrayal of trust, any embracing of exaggerated or erroneous views, while the remark "I gave him orders" foretold a favourable reception. In that little chapel, amid the country stillness, he brought out the treasures of his own spiritual experience, and the listener felt that though the subject did not appear on the list of books for ordination, yet that his knowledge therein would soon he tested by something more than an examination paper, by the demands of the sick and the dying, the doubter and the indifferent, asking "What do you in your own soul know of the Saviour you preach?" And here was one showing that such knowledge, wonderful and excellent as it was, would be attained by the earnest seeker.

Of his earnestness there could be no doubt. He never would hurry over the words of a prayer, and his deliberation frequently came as a silent rebuke to the chaplain. As a friend once said, "You cannot hear him read the Exhortation to Morning or Evening Prayer, without being struck by the beauty of the words." He always *prayed* his prayers.

Not until after prayers was there the morning greeting, the shake of the hand, the inquiry how each guest had slept. Breakfast was a meal, so far as the Bishop was concerned, overshadowed by the work of the coming day. He had already opened his letters and they were now in his mind. In those days he and his chaplain were often alone, and he would sit silently considering the answers that would soon be sent far and wide. [One chaplain at any rate was accustomed to use this silent time for reading *his* correspondence and arranging the points to be presently submitted for decision.] His special supply of coffee brought in towards the end of breakfast will be remembered by every visitor. He prided himself on the excellence of his coffee. "A teetotaller should have good coffee," he would say, as he explained that this was a mixture of Blue Mountain and Virginia, brought home by himself from a holiday trip. Even the milk-jug reminded him of Damascus, and he would enjoy showing how the wily Syrian had cajoled the traveller into buying what certainly was not silver.

The next thing would be the letters for his chaplain. Ah! those letters! the atmosphere of all Bishops in these days! Down on the floor they would go as fast as they were written, presently to be gathered up, and the total of each post in or out recorded. From time to time he would publish the figures to show the public that the oversight of a diocese was no longer a time for dignified leisure. So, in his charge of 1889, he speaks of the last four years as bringing no less than 32,000 letters to be answered. How characteristic the answers were! so often no more than one side of a small sheet, some three lines and then the familiar signature.

For the chaplain there would be a bundle to answer, each with a few words in the corner, only to be deciphered after some practice, from which the reply was to be developed. A varied assortment they were: (1) Invitations to preach on some special occasion; but disappointment was in store for the man that gave an alternative date, "or on any other day that your Lordship may think fit to name." This part of his letter was generally ignored, and if he again pressed for a day, he laid himself open to a sharp line in return, saying the Diocese had as great a claim upon its Bishop as the interests of a particular parish. But where a vicar's work was valued, or it was thought that the presence of his Bishop might strengthen his hands, the calendar of engagements would be consulted, and the first refusal would be followed by a second letter offering a day for the visit. A man should know "his own limitations," was one rule of his life, and considerations of health often dictated "no," where inclination would have said "yes." But all could not know this, and some clergy would wonder how it was their Bishop had so little sympathy with their work. (2) Throughout the year, letters about ordination maintained an even flow. The routine was generally the same: (a) An application to be permitted to sit for examination. (b) The return of a form of questions to be filled in, dealing chiefly with the personal history of the applicant, and asking the reason for his choice of the Ministry. The names of three references, lay and clerical, were required. (c) A form of application was sent to each of these, and, if satisfied, the Bishop would then accept the candidate. Literates he never ordained, and always declined to lower his tests on admission. "If I can get men on my own terms, why should I alter them?" The fact is that in "the Home Dioceses" there are special circumstances that make the supply more equal to the demand than is generally the case. On this point he was especially emphatic in the case of Nonconformist ministers who desired to take Holy Orders. Sympathy they would find with him, but no relaxation of his rules.

"Why should I make it easier for him than for anybody else?" To their credit be it said, that men's earnestness would generally stand the strain, and they would seek a degree. It is an encouraging sign of the times that so many graduates spend a year at one or other of the Theological Colleges. If one may judge from the fact that three chaplains in succession were "Doves," it would seem that he appreciated the work of Dr. Vaughan, who for thirty five years at Doncaster, the Temple and Llandaff, has carried on his labour of love in preparing men for the work of the Ministry. (3) Then there would be letters about the licensing of those Lay-readers and Lay-preachers whom he gathered into an Order, with an entrance examination, generously arranged by a South London clergyman, as a test of their sincerity. To such, the chaplain would explain the conditions of admission, with a word of thanks from the Bishop for their self-denying labours added to the ordinary businesses of life. (4) An element of humour (quite appreciated by himself) would enter into the situation, when he was assured that the writer discerning his Lordship's poetical temperament ventured to send him a small volume of poems, of which he desired his acceptance. The only thing to do was at once to return a message of thanks before there could possibly be time to look through the work. The humour of the situation was increased, if the writer added that he was in necessitous circumstances, and asked for 3*s.* 6*d.* by return of post! Applicants for his charity were numerous, from the lady who wrote unknown to the invalid sister that knitted socks for a livelihood, to the gentleman who wished for a passage to South America, and thought that the Bishop might help him on the ground that he had an uncle a clergyman. It is quite certain that if the Charity Organisation Society had known all he did, they would have denounced him as perpetuating the race of begging-letter impostors. For a time the publicity of sending for Postal Orders acted as a restraint, but the discovery of the cheque bank system was fatal to the chaplain's peace of mind!

He might flatter himself that he had exposed the similarity between the appeal of a youthful cripple in the suburbs and a widow whose husband had been verger at a city church; but his complacency would be rudely disturbed by a letter of thanks from some one else, concluding with a hint that a doctor's bill would shortly be due. Then he felt that his vigilance had been in vain. Not that the Bishop gave indiscriminately, but he had a softer heart than was generally thought.

Many of his charities will never be known in this world. One thing often forgotten by his correspondents was to enclose a stamp for the reply, and in some letters written for him, it was a sore temptation to draw attention to this want of consideration. How heavy a tax upon the purse this may be, is known too well to many a poor country parson questioned about his parish or his people by a perfect stranger, who might just as well have enclosed a stamped and addressed envelope.

As may easily be inferred, the more important letters were answered by his own hand. "Copy this," he would say, entering the room with his reply in some difficult case of policy. If the legal position needed defining, he would first consult the Chancellor of the Diocese. He kept to his principles and the victory was generally his, though he did not refuse to acknowledge defeat. Firmness and tact compassed many of his successes, but he never boasted of them, and not a few who had opposed him from conviction found themselves raised in his estimation by the sincerity of their opposition. "That man is a gentleman" meant that he did not fear the issue.

Of the *three* writing-tables in the library, one was kept for the business of the Diocese, another for private affairs, and the third for interviews and chance needs. From which of these tables was it that he wrote those letters which came as precious messengers in times of sorrow! Only the pen of one always living in "the Presence of Christ" could have traced the words that will be laid up in many a drawer so long as life shall last. *Then* they brought home to the chamber of sickness or death the reality of God's Providence. *Now* they are a reminder that he, too, has passed behind the veil.

A turn on the terrace made a break in the morning's work. Regular in this as in all things, his punctuality necessitated a change in the habits of his haymakers. His appearance and their "bever time" coincided, but their refreshment interval had to be altered, lest he should say that they were always resting and never doing any work. As he walked from one cedar to the other, "Pepper" would come bounding towards him followed by her young mistress.

The library was consecrated by earnest prayer. After once or twice disturbing the Bishop on his knees, the chaplain found it necessary to knock more loudly and pause before entering. The secret of his life was continued intercourse with God, and so it was never a surprise to find him in his big armchair pondering the address or charge that he was to deliver. The transition from work to meditation was no forced change. The spirit was the same. For speaking in public it was his custom to prepare the opening words most carefully, repeating them over to himself. It was rarely that he wrote out his addresses in full, though he retained the power of preaching written sermons, as in the case of that course which it gave him so much pleasure to deliver at St. Bartholomew's, Sydenham, in Lent, 1890, or when he occupied the pulpit at the Chapel Royal. When driving to a church there would generally be in front of him one of the familiar little red books, not that he referred to his notes at the time, their use was mainly in preparation. There were rows of these books dating from the days when, as Mr. Thorold, Vicar of St. Pancras, he filled that large church by his preaching. The use of such books was one of his characteristics, not for sermon notes only but also for extracts from any book he might be reading. A striking passage he would note down with his stylograph, and one day it might appear between quotation marks at the beginning of a chapter in his next book or at the top of a paragraph in his charge. Then there were volumes of confirmation statistics in which the best working clergymen gave the chaplain the most trouble, since for his purposes it was better to have a long list of candidates once a year than two or three presented at short intervals at every confirmation in the neighbourhood. Other volumes held those forms relating to Ordination (see p. 468), a growing series. One book contained notes made by himself at the close of any interview of importance, and when it was over the visitor would stay to luncheon, and find that the Bishop had a side to his character of which he had not suspected the existence.

Other days would see a morning in London. The offices of the Rochester Diocesan Society in Great George Street formed a convenient centre. "I believe in doing work by committees," and two would often be arranged in succession. Certainly the organisation of that unwieldy diocese justified the utterance. Kent and Surrey, town and country, a divided diocese comprising an isolated district round Rochester, a portion of Surrey and London south of the Thames, were by him united into one compact whole. Or the House of Lords might claim his attendance, or some function, the consecration of a church, the laying of a foundation-stone, most of all a confirmation. On that day that could come but once in a lifetime, it was the elder candidates that listened attentively to one whose personality was so marked. In speaking of the grace of God he often used a simile gathered from his travels, "a child's drinking-cup may be full and the Atlantic Ocean may be full, but you know which will hold the most." Sparing himself no pains to impart reverence to the service, what wonder that he so often fell asleep when driving home! A drive was his favourite relaxation, and one direction was called "Phillips Brooks' Drive" after the guest to whom he delighted to show the best of English scenery, the sweep of hillside marked by the beeches that love the chalk. Jealous for the Day of Rest he was most careful to give his coachman and horses their Sabbath once a week. "I always let them have one day if I can possibly manage it." Compelled to economise his strength, he would always get home to sleep, however long the drive. As he would say, the Bishops of Rochester had possessed—and lost—seven palaces, and as the Diocese did not provide him with a house, he felt himself free to consult his own inclinations and to choose a spot fulfilling the conditions of health required for the children who made so great a part of his life.

Most welcome always to him was the first sight of home, as the carriage surmounted the crest of the hill and Selsdon lay in view. Though not really of stone, the long, low front had a certain grandeur of its own, and if the position forbade any prospect from the windows on this side, behind there was that view over the rolling Surrey uplands, so refreshing to the new-comer tired of London dust and noise. At a distance from a station though it was, that quiet residence was of no little use to the Diocese of Rochester. It needed but a hint from a neighbour, telling of overtaxed strength of mind and body, for the Bishop to ask that parish priest to leave his streets of small houses, so depressing in their uniformity, looking to the railway traveller raised above them like a sea of roofs broken only by churches and schools rising like islands in the midst. The overworked clergyman would go back to his charge the following Sunday refreshed by the change, and stimulated by the knowledge that he was not overlooked. You never knew whom you might meet at Selsdon, some clergyman lately come into the diocese; another recently married (and the Bishop would ask the lady as a special favour to bring her bridal dress); some acquaintance of travel, perhaps one who had been his host across the Atlantic; a friend needing advice, who had asked for an opportunity and would next morning have the desired half-hour to throw light upon the difficulty; some one whose help was invited to set on foot new work, whether Diocesan organisation or the restoration of St. Saviour, Southwark. Before each of these would be laid the visitors' book, its pages filled with the names of very various celebrities and friends from many lands. But on a repetition of the visit the name was not entered again. That was a solemn ceremony, observed once for all. And of some visitors he would observe, "I am very fond of A., he writes to ask whether he may come, he does not wait for an invitation."

In their rooms they would find that evidence of forethought which makes a guest feel that he is welcome. On the table would be the very books that a hard-worked clergyman cannot afford to buy, yet feels are so indispensable to his intellectual equipment if he would keep up with the times. A biography or two, a volume of sermons, a book of devotional thoughts, the Pensées of Pascal, some work of research, were delightful companions for the non-smoker in the midnight hour. Others would have been told in a tone that made them feel tobacco to be a frailty of the flesh, "You will find the chaplain's room through that door." The meeting place for dinner was the library, its walls lined with the books of fifty years ago belonging to the owner of the house, more travel and less biography than is found in the shelves of this generation. The Bishop's own books were consequently relegated to passages and ante-rooms. One thing that at once caught the attention was a large photograph of the Rocky Mountains, changed from time to time for the Bishop's eye to dwell upon the scene of former journeys. In another corner an idol said to belong to the former inhabitants of Mexico, and none the less prized by its owner, even though the authorities of the British Museum had pronounced it spurious. On the tables lay the last volume of sermons or the book of essays then stirring men's minds. Not that the authors would always be of the Bishop's school of thought. He did not believe in opposing or closing his eyes to uncongenial tendencies, and would playfully remark upon those excellent people who are so afraid of reading anything not on their own side of the question. Dinner announced, the guests would pass through that delightful suite of rooms that gave the house its charm, from the library through the long drawing-room to the dining-room, hung with Thorold portraits. No one more highly valued a man for his sterling worth, but none more appreciated the advantages of birth, and the Bishop would point out the Sir John Thorold who preferred one of the oldest Lincolnshire baronetcies to the peerage that was offered him.

At dinner, he would exert himself to set his friends at ease. The work of the day was over, and his spirits would rise as he told some story, for which he would claim the authority of his old friend A. K. H. B., or that prince of raconteurs, his own Dean of Rochester, or perhaps some Transatlantic divine. But his stories never left a sting. Blame he could apportion when due, or a pungent remark might stimulate flagging zeal, but he never wounded for the sake of saying a smart thing.

On the evenings that he was alone, or with no more than an old friend to keep him company, he would sit over dessert with the drawing-room door open, and listen to his daughters as they played a duet upon the piano; or Miss R., their companion of long-standing, whom he so much valued, would play in the dark. There were few days in the year that a fire was not to be found in the drawing-room; and there was his arm-chair, with its companion table holding the daily budget of printed matter brought by the morning's post, pamphlets, parish magazines (why do not more of the clergy send their parish magazines to the Bishop?), sermons, charity reports, proceedings of learned societies, none of which would appear again, unless set aside by himself or his chaplain. This after-dinner hour was, in ordinary times, his only leisure for light reading. On a holiday, he would take light literature as an essential part of his luggage; and the world was sometimes astonished at the spectacle of a Bishop recommending his clergy to read this or that work of fiction. Some might shake their heads, but there is no doubt that by this means he kept himself in touch with one phase of present-day life.

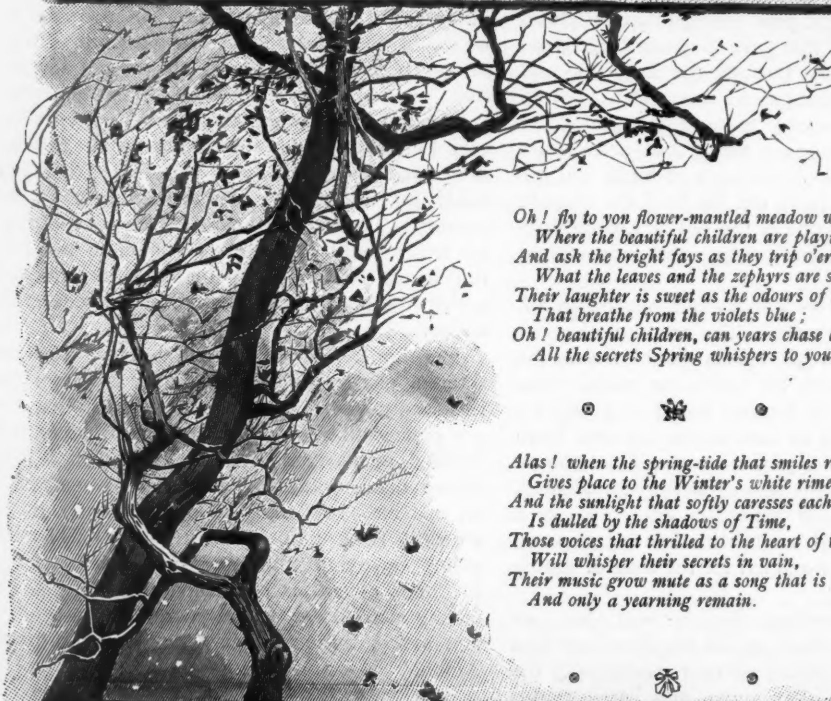
But too often, when there were no visitors to entertain, he would recline in the armchair, exhausted by a tiring day, and ready for the summons at ten o'clock to prayers. Then, once again in the chapel, his voice would impressively commend into the hands of God all gathered there, the parish, the diocese, the Church, in the widest terms:

"O Lord, look down from heaven, Thy dwelling-place: behold, visit, and watch over this family, village, and diocese, and all that are connected with us by the ties of duty, kindred, or affection; all that are in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity; all that are preaching Thy Gospel here and abroad. Look upon us with the eyes of Thy mercy; give us comfort and sure confidence in Thee; defend us from the danger of the enemy, and keep us in perpetual peace and safety, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

The last scene of the day was the meeting at the foot of the stairs round "the erratic spinner," that game in which he delighted as a gift from America. The difficulties of a novice would cause unbounded amusement. "It shows the character of the player," he would say, as the top careered from corner to corner or steadily pursued its way to victory. Himself giving a candle to each, he would go not upstairs but back to the library, and there write up his diary. "The children may like to have it some day." And there, in that library, the last act of the day would be once more to enter into the presence of his God.

CHILDHOOD

BY THE REV. JOHN REID M.A.

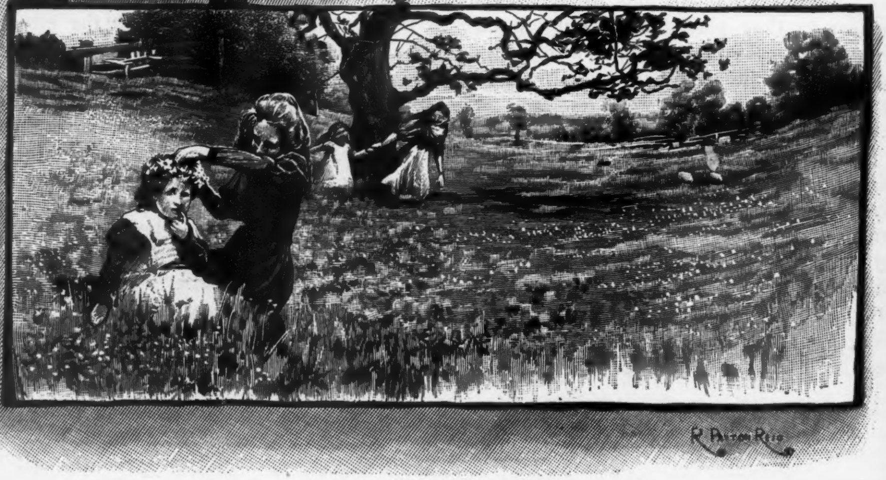


Oh! fly to yon flower-mantled meadow with me,
Where the beautiful children are playing,
And ask the bright fays as they trip o'er the lea
What the leaves and the zephyrs are saying.
Their laughter is sweet as the odours of May
That breathe from the violets blue;
Oh! beautiful children, can years chase away
All the secrets Spring whispers to you?

* * *

Alas! when the spring-tide that smiles round them now
Gives place to the Winter's white rime,
And the sunlight that softly caresses each brow,
Is dulled by the shadows of Time,
Those voices that thrilled to the heart of the young
Will whisper their secrets in vain,
Their music grow mute as a song that is sung,
And only a yearning remain.

* * *



SOME BIRDS' SONGS

AND A LITTLE BIRD GOSSIP FROM MY NOTE-BOOK

By the Rev. ROBERT C. NIGHTINGALE

THE blackbirds have been singing for the last fortnight in the topmost boughs of the larches in the shrubbery, around whose roots the snowdrops and the violets have also bloomed. Both birds and flowers have been stirred into life before their time this year by this wonderful spring, itself so early born. As I stand here and listen, while the sweet odour of the flowers perfumes the air, the association of the sweet scent with the sweeter song gives me a new meaning for words that are so exquisite, that even the great poet himself never went beyond them. Hark! the soft breeze carries the sound this way again as the bird sings, and bearing it up is the fragrance of the violets. Surely I have never known till now what the subtle charm of true poetry is!

> "That strain again! it had a dying fall:
> O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odour!"

I linger on, and now across the meadow come the first notes of the thrushes, as they "record" the song which the old ones have forgotten in the winter, and which the young ones are learning for the first time. The partridges are "creaking" in every field, and one fierce lover is chasing another down the road, beating up the dust as he scurries along. The gnats have stolen out, and poise themselves in little clouds between me and the west, where the sky is held up by great red beams, whose glowing lengths extend right across it from north to south. All things are full of the unlooked-for life of the early spring. The newness of it is so rich and so pleasant after the dull unvaried days which are past, that in very joyousness we stop and look, and listen, and wonder again. But even as we gaze the mist steals up, and the birds are still, and the fragrance dies away, and the short bright hour is done! But to-morrow it will come again and stay longer, and the next day longer still, until the spring has gained its strength, and then it will be "Ho! for the summer, and its long, long joys." Thinking thus as I turn towards the house, I see in it all a lesson for the heart when duty or adversity meets us in our daily round. Dark night or chill winter silences the birds, and robs the flowers of their beauty for a time; but all will be well again—nay, is well now; and when the songs and the sweet blossoms come again, as come again they will, we shall find them fuller of strength and gladness than they were before.

The song of birds! It is strange that this, the most admired of Nature's choicest things, should be the one we know the least about, and stranger still, if I may digress at starting, that while poetry is full of its praise, there is one race of poets whose lyrics are as sweet and touching as any, who do not seem to have known that there were singing-birds in existence. And what makes this all the more strange, is that their land was full of them, perhaps fuller than any other;—but more of this afterwards. I have said that we know less about the song of birds than we do of anything else which is provided for our delight or our use. And it is so. When we have said, that some birds sing and others do not; that of birds which sing, there are no two species that have exactly the same song; that most species sing only in the spring and summer; and that abundance of food, and cheerful weather are necessary to make birds sing, we have said all that can be said with certainty. But why the sparrow does not sing as well as the nightingale, or why the jackdaw does not sing, are undiscoverable. And the reasons why any particular bird should sing at all are not certainly known to us.

The poets have but one reason, but, like so much that the poets say (is that why they say it?), that reason is only a fanciful one. According to them it is love that tunes the "amorous descants" of the birds; but I doubt it. It does apparently give a frenzied vigour to them at times, but that is all. The robin and the lark sing far into the autumn; the former sings right through the winter, long after love-making and all its sweets and sorrows are forgotten. I have heard the lark sing frequently in November and January, and once (in Kent) in December. The robin hides himself so much in the breeding season that we do not often see or hear him then; but when he does come out again his song is altogether of such a row-de-dow, I'll-hit-you-again description (for the last three days, February 14th to 17th, two have been fighting nearly all day long up and down the drive) that to hear anything like love in it must be to have an ear very finely set indeed. There is one bird, and one bird alone so far as I know, that does plainly say, "I love you, my dear, I love you," and that is the blackbird. Just now, as I heard him in the larches, he was flinging his joy on the wind, and it went over the cottages and across the green, like flute and trumpet both in one; but before long he will come down to the apple-tree, near the privet hedge; and in the morning before the moon is gone, if the day breaks clear, he will begin telling his mate the tale that has been told so often, but never, except by him, in accents so liquid and so sweet. Or perhaps, as one did last year, he will stand inside the hoop the children left hanging on the chestnut-tree, and sing all his heart away, but watchful and ready at any time to jump on the bantam hen that comes too near the corner of the wood-stack in which his nest and its dear belongings are placed. Of all birds' songs his is the most human and expressive, particularly in its love passages. I remember hearing one at Hornsey in 1892, which used to sing regularly for about an hour, from the beginning of the morning twilight, in one poor little scrubby tree that was left standing in the midst of rows of shabby cottages, and then was silent through the rest of the day; or rather, as I believe, ashamed and saddened at the altered appearance of the old home of his family (the nest was in a quick-set fence that had been made to serve as a backyard wall); he lived till nightfall in a tall elm two hundred yards away, and sang there where his notes could just reach the hen-bird sitting on her eggs. His song was altogether in a minor key, and with the soothing murmur of his love there was mingled an unmistakable plaint of grief. As soon as the young birds could fly, all left the dingy spot and were not heard or seen again.

The Anthology speaks of the "blackbird's whistling notes," and calls them "surpassingly excellent like a god's"; and in another place in it, a poet calls upon "beloved Cupid and the blooming Graces" to witness that he would he were a blackbird "that he might pour out his voice and pleasant tears" on the loved one's hand. Early Scotch and English verse writers also notice the specially human characteristic of the blackbird's song. Grahame says, "List to the merle's dulcet pipe," and Drayton tells us that, "Upon the dulcet pipe the merle doth only play." But it is not only a "dulcet" voice he possesses. It is very human-like in other respects. It was but the other day that a blackbird had picked up a stray worm in the garden, when a rabbit, bolting across as the shepherd came along Barn Meadow, startled him, and caused him to swallow it too suddenly. Oh, the scolding that wretched rabbit had, although, of course, he was much too far off to hear it. For ten minutes the chattering continued: "Well there! You——! To frighten a poor bird in that way!" and so on, quite as inconsequential and as foolish as the other biped is when he is angry. I have noticed too that he enjoys a practical joke, and out of what beyond the Tweed is called "mere cussidity," he will utter that startling shriek of his which sends everything, from the turkey-cock to the tit that is slipping through the holes in the well-cover, into their hiding-places, panting with fear.

The mild weather has had a bad effect on one of our songsters. I heard the missel-thrush on January 7th, but I have not heard it since. The "storm-cock," as he is commonly called, cannot away with these peaceful days. Like Cato's soul (according to the Right Hon. Joseph Addison) he enjoys "the war of elements and the wreck of matter," and steadfastly refuses to regard this calm spring-time as one to pipe in. I have not heard him since that day, although I have seen him many times. In rain and wind and tempest he delights, and usually through the early months of the year can be heard singing on the highest bough of the tallest tree. Is it not from this habit and from his furious temper that he gets his name, and not from his fondness for mistletoe berries as is commonly supposed? All soft-billed birds are as fond of these as he is, so that it is not a characteristic belonging to him exclusively, as the habit of singing on high only, and of driving all other birds from his vicinity is. He is also the largest of our thrushes. The Welsh call him pen y llwyn, that is, the master of the copse, and as we have gradually smoothed magister down to "missis," so the Anglo-Saxon "magster thrysce" has been softened into "missel-thrush." (Compare "mistling" weather changed into "mizzling" weather.) This piece of etymology reminds me that I once found the heel half of an old shoe carefully built into the nest of a missel-thrush.

The lark has been freely singing to-day (February 21st), for the first time this year in my hearing. There is a songster, if you like! for those who are pleased with trills and shakes. And how professional he is in other ways as well! He wants either the whole of the programme, or the best places in it, to himself. It is three months since I heard one in full song, and then he was singing a few hundred yards up in the air, while another was singing about two hundred yards eastward of him. Like most people that I have asked, I do not know exactly what "to make the welkin ring" means, but these rivals made the whole air ring with their melody. One would fall a few feet in silence as if beaten and then mount again, and pour out his music faster and higher than before; then the other would change his tune and try softer and more gentle harmonies, but it was of no use. Neither would yield, and at last, as if by mutual consent, both came down together, singing till they reached the earth and ran along the stubble. No other of our birds is so bold and free, as the lark is. As he struts along, with his crest erected and his head well up, how proud his quiet quaker-like wife must be of him, and no doubt sings to herself at the bonny sight whatever answers to her for

"My Johnny is the best o' men,
There's nane so leal an' canty yet,
That such a laddie is my ain,
Indeed I'm unco vaunty o't."

Undoubtedly the lark was a very early benefactor to mankind, as it was he that taught us how to thresh, by his habit of picking up the short ears of corn that lie amongst the stubble, and beating them on the clods. How we boast! Lords of creation indeed! What have the birds learned from us, except to dread our approach? But these are a few of the things we have learned from them; and that without so much as one "thank you" in return. The birds taught man how to sing, and how to weave, and how to make himself beautiful. They showed him how to bore a hole and how to build a comfortable house, and how to ascend a mountain. It was also the birds that taught man to row, and sail, and walk on stilts; and so saved our race from dying out. It is we who belong to the lower order, not they. But to return to the lark. I believe it is the most plentiful of birds. It is found in abundance in almost every land. Its habit of building on the open ground, but under the shelter of growing plants, protects its young both from vermin and from birds of prey, and so tends to its increase. (In the winter of 1866, 1,500,000, *according to official statistics*, were taken into Dieppe market. When migrating 15,000 larks have been caught in one night at Heligoland, and it is computed that at that period they pass over the island at the rate of 100,000 an hour.) This is what the dictionaries say about them: "Lark, a bird famed for its song; *and also as a dainty cookery dish*." One has heard of swallowed pearls, and of people breakfasting on bank-notes, but these seem to be mild atrocities compared with dining on skylarks. He that would knowingly do such a thing is fit for treasons and base offences against all that is sweet, and whatever belongs to the gentle life. How adroit the lark is also! More so perhaps than any other bird. Ravens are cunning, and sparrows are full of low tricks, but the lark never stoops beneath his rank (the Celts called him the "noble songster"), and his talents are always used as a gentleman should use them. We all know that that great gentleman Julius Cæsar called one of his legions by its name, and the soldiers who formed it felt honoured at the preference thus shown.

Mr. Wood says that he knew more than one case in which the young birds had been carried out of the way of threatening danger by one of the old birds placing them separately on the back of his mate, which has then flown away with its young one to a place of safety. On two occasions I have seen a similar occurrence, and I have also known the lark to remove its eggs to a new nest. Several times I have seen larks fill a nearly empty drinking-place with small stones till the water was within their reach. If a pair are kept together, and the hen is caught and held, the cock, all on fire with anger, and every feather erect, will fly at and peck the hand that dares to touch his bride. No bird sings so constantly. Perhaps there is no month in which he may not be heard if the sky is clear. From early in February to the end of October he is always in song. Beginning at daybreak, he goes on till night. I have heard them, in Kent, singing long after the moon was up, and their music was more like that of another sphere than ever, falling, as it did, from a sky that was one ocean of silver light.

February 22nd.—I see a statement repeated this morning which I have seen before, to the effect that skylarks sometimes perch on trees. I doubt it. I have watched them at liberty and in captivity for very many years, and have never seen them show the least tendency to do this. Their awkwardness if they flutter into the branches of a shrub placed in their aviary, and their evident incapacity to grasp the twigs, show that they have no knowledge of such an acquirement. I saw one singing on the top of a gate-post some years since. How he did enjoy it! He kept stamping up and down, and raising and depressing his crest as if keeping time to the music that he made. The field was a large one, and both it and the adjoining ones had been fed down by cattle, so there could have been no nest near. It was all for his own delight, and the delight of the God who made him, and who loves the small things as well as He does the great. Perhaps the lark's pleasure in his own existence was the very highest note of praise that could reach the Creator's ears. Who can tell?

A wren has just gone fluttering across the raspberry-canes. Its flight is peculiar to itself. It is as if the air were water, and its little heart was full of fear lest it should sink and be destroyed. It bobs along, striking the air with its wings exactly like a coot flutters across a pond. As each short flight is done, the similarity becomes more striking, because it perks and preens itself on the rail, or whatever it is resting on, as if it were a landing-place that it had reached at the peril of its life. Last year a wren built in a fowl-basket hanging from the roof of our tool-shed, and another between the folds of an old herring-net that was lying in a fowl-house. In the horse-chestnut tree, at about five feet from the ground, a hen wren built her nest, and laid her spotted, rust-coloured eggs; in another and smaller hole on the rectory side of the tree, and nearer the root, the cock had a nest all to himself. Why? If it was because he knew that mischief lay hid in the house, and also that ground vermin would be more likely to be attracted by his habitation, the entrance to which was too small for anything bigger than a mouse to enter, than by that which held the hen and her eggs, then it was reason certainly, and not "instinct," that taught him to order his domestic arrangements in such a way. The wren has flown back again while I have been writing, and now stands flirting its tail and bending itself up and down on the potato haulms. Its eye is twinkling, and I am sure it is repeating the old song of the Tarentine Leonidas:

"They say that I am small and frail,
  And cannot live in stormy seas;
It may be so; yet every sail
  Makes shipwreck in the swelling breeze.
Not strength nor size can then hold fast,
  But Fortune's favour, Heaven's decree."

How it peers between the stalks, before it plunges into their dark recesses!

"Let others trust in oar and mast;

Ah! now it is off!

"But may the gods take care of me."

I find that I have not yet commented as I intended to do on a singular fact which is almost overlooked by those who explain the Bible.

There is no allusion in that book to the beauty of the song of birds, and only one doubtful mention* of there being such an adjunct to the beauty of the groves and valleys of the land whose loveliness aroused such glowing pride in the hearts of its people. And yet no country in the world is so rich in bird music. All our British songsters are found there, and many other species besides. Some that are only summer visitors to us reside there throughout the year. Warblers like the blackcap and the nightingale are much more numerous than they are with us, while the lark and the thrush abound in numbers to which those found in Great Britain bear no comparison. They are, however, quite unnoticed in the old Hebrew writings; this is altogether different to what we find in the literature of other countries, or even in that of Syria itself at a later date. The sweet beauty of the rose and the lily, the fruit of the citron and the beautiful pomegranate, the spread of the oak, the grace of the cedar, and the goodliness of all the trees down to the willows that grow beside the village stream, are all mentioned with love and admiration both in the ancient records and in the poems of the Hebrews, so that it is plain they did really love Nature; but from the beginning to the end of their writings the name of a single song-bird is not to be found, nor yet one word of wonder at the music that then as now came from every spray and echoed over the still waters and the softly flowing brooks that made their pastures so green and bright.

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* *Cf.* Solomon's Song, ii. 12. The meaning of the word translated "singing" is doubtful, It may mean "pruning."

"Happy meads that smile with flowers," Meleager of Gadara calls them; but he and other secular poets speak as the sacred ones do not, of the wild lilting of the lark and the nightingale and the thrush, giving those same fields a gaiety and charm which appealed to the heart through the eye. The exiles remembered Zion and her temple, and the lordly cedars, and the mountaims of the land they had left, but so far as we can tell they never gave one sigh because in the arid wastes in which their captivity was spent the songsters of Palestine were unknown. It is an unaccountable phenomenon in men possessed with the simple joy in Nature that is always breaking out in the songs and stories of the Bible, and we must leave it unexplained.

February 25th.—The page on which these notes are written is nearly filled up and I must end. The robin (I hope he has not killed his competitor) is in peaceful mood to-night, and is singing, oh! so sadly sweet, on the elm block beside the church path The grey walls send his dirge back again, and it sounds as though he hymned those that are sleeping beneath. His fathers knew them all. They are old inhahitants these Red-breasts. Long, long ago before the Saxons built yonder round tower they were here. Before the great dyke that defends our village on one side was raised, or longer back still, before the stone weapons that we find on our warrens were chipped, his ancestors sung in the field by the well, that gives the parish its name.

We think much of the red-breasts in Norfolk. Where they performed the holy deed which has made them famous throughout the world is not so very far off, and there are those who still hear at night the sobbing of the babes as they lie down to die in the wood.

What memories this evensong calls up! As this robin is singing here, so one is singing perhaps above the grave of her who first told me the old story, and his low clear notes seem to bring back that voice again. But oh! they want the touch of love which made that story so sweet when I heard it from those dear lips. And the round-eyed girl that listened with me, and the boy that held her hand. I see them both. She, the contented mother of girls as beautiful as she was then. He, dying within sight of the golden hope that he went so far to seek. As the bird sings, I see all this and much more besides. I see happy children who know, as children should, but one heart-whole bliss, that of loving and being loved. I see brave and steadfast men and women who have found a shrine in the love of God if nowhere else. Thoughts of work doing and to be done come into my mind, and now it is no more to the dead that the bird is singing, but to the living and the strong, telling them, that if some are born to toil, some are born to sing, and some are sent to make the gladness of the world, as some are sent to bear its agonies. But all alike are meant for the service of love and for the praise of duty.

The stars are shining as I walk home and all is still, except that now and then a pheasant's call—most unbirdlike of sounds—is heard. Between the "good-nights" I wish my neighbours as I pass them, I keep time to the old lines:

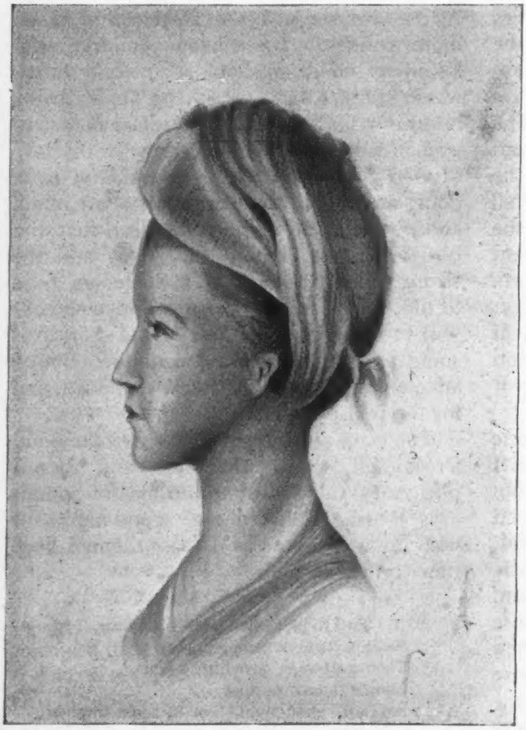
"'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not 'good-night,' but in some brighter
clime
Bid me 'good-morning.'"

AN OLD MAID'S LETTERS

BY THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

I

IT sometimes happens that in turning out old cupboards, or boxes, that packets of letters come to hand belonging to people long ago dead, and which are therefore cast aside as of no possible interest. But a little time given these letters not infrequently shows that they have a value as picturing a bit of old English life, and the habits of those gone before us, and this enables us to realise how immense is the stride we have made in the comforts of life, since they were written. One thing alone seems permanent, the type of good English womanhood, the fragrance of which breathes out of the musty old papers with unfading sweetness.



JANE DAVIES

In my drawing-room hangs a little pastel portrait of a girl, on the back of which is written in the hand of the late General Sir Edward Sabine, K.C.B., "Portrait of Jane Davies, when young." The picture is one of a girl, her face in profile, very pleasing, although hardly pretty.

The head-dress is peculiar.

This Jane Davies was the daughter of Dr. Richard Davies and Jane his wife, who were both buried in the Abbey Church at Bath; she in 1780.

Dr. Davies belonged to an ancient Staffordshire family, holding property in the parish of Staunton Lacy in the middle of the seventeenth century. He left but three children, daughters, his coheiresses, Jane, Frances and Arabella.

Jane, the eldest, is the daughter whose little picture is so often under my eye.

For some reason or other, Edward Sabine was placed as a boy under the charge of Jane Davies, at Bath.* He was born in 1788, and towards the end of last century his father and mother resided at Teignmouth, in South Devon, having sold the family estate of Tewin, in Hertfordshire. Probably the boy was sent to school at Bath, and Jane Davies was in all likelihood a friend of his mother, who was a Hunt, of Boreaton, in the same county, where the Davies family had property.

In December 1803, Edward Sabine obtained his commission in the Army, and in November 1804 was sent to Gibraltar. The post must have interested him, as his great-grandfather, General Field-Marshal Joseph Sabine, had been first governor of the rock-fortress after its capture by Rooke, and his grandfather had also been there as secretary (1735). General Joseph Sabine died at Gibraltar, October 24, 1739. His portrait was painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, as was also that of his wife, kit-cat size, and the former was engraved in mezzotint by Faber in 1719. A curious ghost story is told in an early number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, relative to the apparition of Mrs. Sabine, his first wife. It runs thus: "General Sabine had a seat at Tewing, in Hertfordshire, and gave the following relation to Dr Yarborough, the rector of that parish—a gentleman of great honour and veracity and much good sense—That, being dangerously ill of his wounds after a battle abroad, and beginning to recover, as he lay awake one night, in his bed, having a candle in his chamber, he saw, on the sudden, the curtains drawn back to his bed's feet, and his wife, then in England (a lady, whom he greatly loved), presenting herself to his full view, at the opening of the curtains, and then disappearing. He was amazed at the sight, and fell into deep reflection upon this extraordinary apparition. In a short time afterwards he received the melancholy news from England that his beloved consort was dead, as near as he could possibly recollect was the very time at which he had seen that strange apparition. This he immediately entered down in his note-book, continuing afterwards fully persuaded of the certainty of some apparitions, notwithstanding, the general prejudice to the contrary, 'which,' said he after, 'I can, from my own knowledge in this instance, confidently oppose upon the strongest grounds.' "—*Gentleman's Magazine* for 1783.

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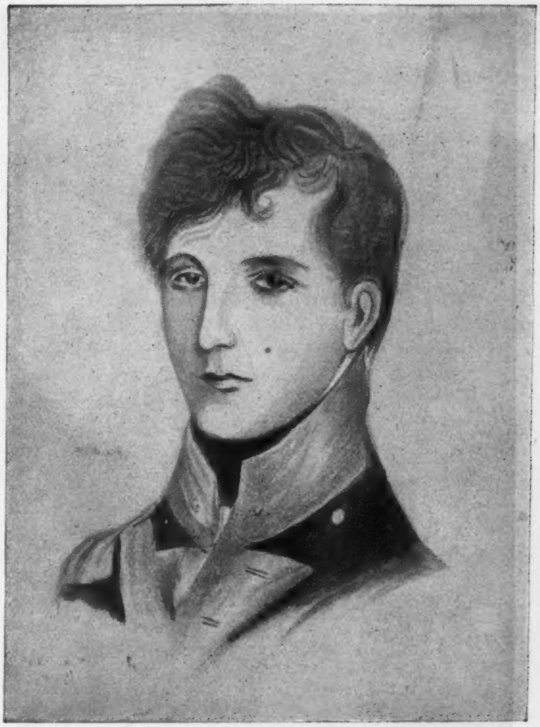
* She was godmother to one of his sisters in 1787.

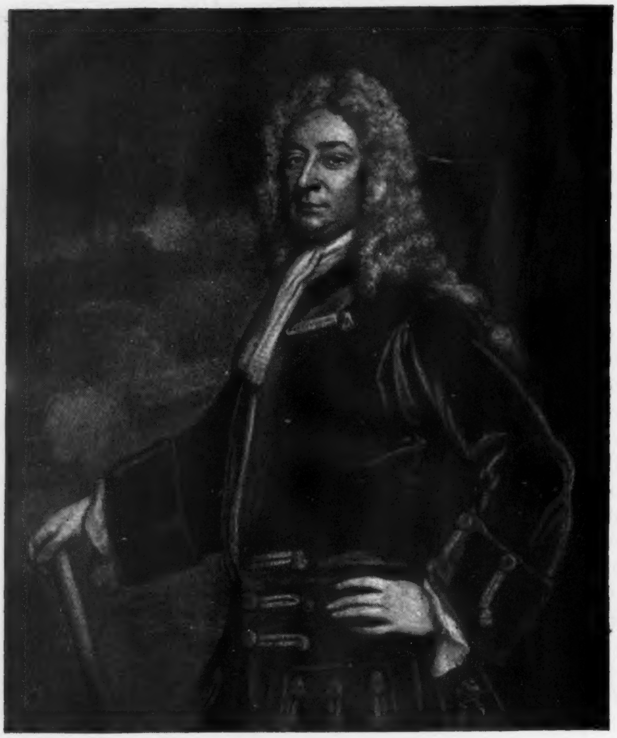

EDWARD SABINE, AGED 19

Another curious story connected with the field-marshal may here be given. He was in the battle of Ramillies in 1706, where he lost the signet ring off his left hand. Joseph had been a third son; accordingly he had borne on his arms a mullet for a difference. But owing to the death of his elder brothers, he came to be the representative of his family, and accordingly with the point of his knife he dug out the mullet.

A century and a quarter after this, his great-grandson, Edward Sabine, was travelling in Belgium with his wife, and visited Tirlemont and the battlefield of Ramillies, when, happening to look into the window of a little local watchmaker, he was surprised and delighted to see a ring with his own arms on it—in fact, the very ring lost by his ancestor. He at once secured it, and the ring is now in the possession of the family.

But to return to the early days of Sir Edward Sabine.

He left Gibraltar in 1806, and was at Woolwich till 1808, and then was in barrack at Woodbridge till 1812, when he was despatched with his regiment to America, and was in the battle of Lake Champlain. On his passage out he was taken prisoner by the American privateer, *New York Town*. The letter descriptive of this incident has been preserved: it is addressed to his elder brother Joseph.



(*From a painting by Kneller*)

GENERAL JOSEPH SABINE

"*June 25th*, 1813. Lat. 47, long. 24.

"DEAR JOSEPH,

"We had the misfortune to fall in with an American privateer 3 days since, by which we have been taken, after a very severe engagement; our vessel is a perfect wreck, the *New York* mounting 18 long 9 pounders and 115 men, we having only 8 much smaller guns and 32 men. However we fought an hour and five minutes in a perfect calm, within the fire of their musketry. Thank God, I am safe, my hand only being very slightly hurt; two men at my gun were wounded. We did not strike, until we had but twenty cartridges left—they have behaved very civilly as yet respecting our private property; and have suffered me to remain on board the vessel with Captain Elphington. We are to have a prize-master and 7 men, who are to endeavour to get us into New York, but we are so cut up that notwithstanding the privateer has laid by us since yesterday, with a large part of her hands on board us, they cannot repair her to much purpose. I have therefore great hopes we shall be retaken by some of our English cruisers. I send this short notice by our master who is to go on board the privateer, which will give me a double chance of acquainting you of the above particulars. You may suppose I write amidst much confusion and have but little time —I must therefore trust to you to communicate my fortune to all in Devonshire, and to Caroline,* with my best love."

What he had hoped actually took place a few days later. An English cruiser swooped down on the *New York* with her spoil and retook the latter.

With the rest of his history we need not concern ourselves, as not coming within the scope of the letters.

These letters for the most part belong to one year (1809), when Edward Sabine was in barrack at Woodbridge, a period broken only by the episode of an expedition as volunteer to Walcheren. Of that presently.

The first letter is dated January 25, 1809, from Bath.

"Both your letters have given me the greatest satisfaction, my dear Edward. I was very anxious to hear of your safe arrival in town, as there are so many delays and difficulties the London coaches have met with. You were out of luck in having so bad a night, though I little expected it would be so late on Sunday before you arrived; but as there is always much good to alleviate the bad, I was glad you were in so warm a carriage, and that the teapot afforded such exhilarating tea to arouse and cheer your spirits. Tea is not always to be had upon the road, or if procurable is not often good. It is a great pleasure to me to think that you like Lady Hartwell and her son so well, and I have no doubt they and other friends of yours will leave to-morrow, if the state of the roads does not prevent them; but I am told that the coaches are all stopped, and that there will go out no post to-day. For my part, I shall be in good luck if I escape drowning in Park Street, especially at No. 4, where your best room is no longer habitable, and the wet has penetrated even to the attics. So deplorable is our state, that if it does not melt the heart of our landlord, as I much fear it will not, and he repair the roof, immediately, we must lose no time, and spare no expense in doing it for ourselves.

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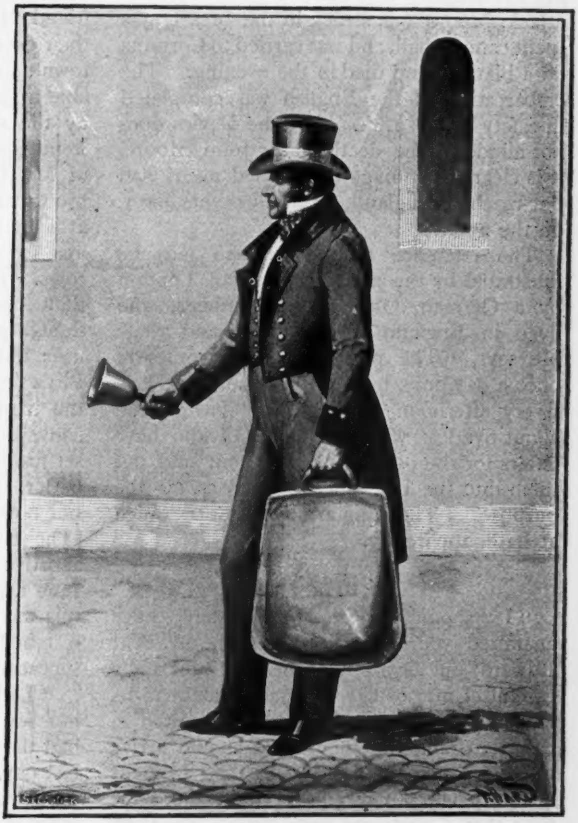
* His eldest sister.

"Lady Waldegrave has done us the honour of coming for a night to Bath, on purpose of spending an evening with us." [This was the Lady Elizabeth Laura Waldegrave, eldest daughter of the second Earl Waldegrave, the Johnny Waldegrave of Horace Walpole's Letters, "who was shot through the hat and through the coat" at the taking of Berlin, 1760, "and would have been shot through the body, if he had had any." She married George, Earl Waldegrave, her cousin, in 1782.] "I do not find that there was much result as to forming an acquaintance, as the Countess seemed out of spirits, and very reserved, though we did our best to draw her out. She must have been a very fine woman, but I was astonished to see her look at least twenty years older than she really is." [In fact the Countess was then ailing; she died in 1816.] "My cough is almost gone, I believe from having so little inducement to chatter, as you used to think me so much inclined to do. The weather keeps almost everybody at home but my dear neighbours, who, in spite of wind and weather, almost every evening come to spend an hour or two with me, and Emma is now reading to us Mrs. Grant's "Memoirs of an American Lady,"* which interests us as far as we have gone. I am reading my Anacharsis † for the second time, and am glad we are about the same book, and that you have begun it already. You will, I believe, like it still better as you proceed. Mrs. H. Bowdler is much pleased with your intention of continuing the chronological table she gave you, as she thinks you have now no time to lose in fixing many works of knowledge that will be of the greatest use to you through life. Your very good friend, Mr. Dean, came purposely in his snow-shoes to inquire how



THE POSTMAN, 1809

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* Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, "Memoirs of an American Lady." 1808.

† Barthélémy, "Voyage du jeune Anacharsis en Grèce," 7 vols., 3rd ed., 1790.

you got to town. I was told, an hour ago, that it would be impossible to send a letter, as no mail would go out to-day; but as the letters have just been delivered, I suppose the postman will go round the streets ringing a bell about an hour before the departure of the mail, if letters can go to town to-day.

"Great have been the calamities that have happened from the floods, both in Bath and on the different roads. I well knew a young woman who lately left Mrs. Green to be married, who with her husband and four or five more were discovered in a house near the river in Walcot last night. We are all made disheartened by the news from Spain, though thankful that any of our brave men have made good their retreat."

The reference is to the retreat of Sir John Moore to Corunna, on January 13th. The embarcation took place on the 10th, when in defending the village of Elvina, against the French who were making a concentrated attack, Moore was struck in the breast by a spent cannon-ball, and was carried to Corunna on a blanket, and died in the evening. The embarcation of the English was completed in safety by the 18th. As Jane Davies does not allude to the death of Sir John Moore, it is clear that tidings of that sad event had not reached England, or at all events Bath, on the 25th.

The reference to the bellman may be illustrated by the account given of London by a German, Otto von Rosenberg, who lived in England between 1826 and 1828. He says, "The post in London comes in once a day only, between noon and one P.M. Every afternoon the postman goes round about five P.M. with a bell, and all who have letters for the post bring them out and put them into the bag which he carries for the purpose." The same arrangement prevailed at Bath, apparently.

"BATH, *February 20th*, 1809.

"I should more immediately have answered your letter of the 7th, my dear Edward, but as you have been so amazingly careful of my postage, I certainly ought to be equally so of yours, and therefore waited in case the frank you mentioned should arrive in the course of last week, that I might acknowledge the receipt of it at the same time that I answered your letter; whenever it does arrive you may depend on my informing you by return of post, when you must for once submit to the indignity of having the letter post-paid, unless, indeed, I can procure a frank for that day." [The allusion is to the custom of getting some nobleman or member of Parliament to write his name on a cover. This enabled the letter to travel without charge. It was generally regarded as a discourtesy to prepay a letter, and it is even told that a challenge had been sent by one gentleman to another for having so insulted him as to prepay the letter he had addressed to him.]

"We have all continued well, but in other parts of the town sad scenes of distress have been exhibited, which never happened before, at least in the memory of man. The inhabitants were little prepared for it. Our little ditch of a river became a turbulent ocean at the commencement of the thaw, throwing down houses, and destroying many lives. Dr. Clark, a physician, and your friend Mr. Olive were particularly active in their exertions, as well as many others in the town; but these two gentlemen, not being able to bribe any of the people they found by the waterside to cross in a boat, they went themselves, imminently at the hazard of Mr. Olive's life, who cannot swim, and brought away in the course of the morning at least twenty-five persons who were clinging to the roofs of tottering houses and trees. I think Mr. O. a far greater hero than Alexander, or even the great Bonaparte, though probably Dr. Clark proved of more use; but as he was the person who in Mr. Pitt's time conducted the boats—I know not the hard name they were called by—that conveyed a new invention under water to set fire to the shipping at Bologne, he was better qualified to encounter difficulties; but both of them were once very near lost." [The reference to Boulogne concerns the abortive attempt made by Nelson in 1801. Jane Davies makes a mistake in saying that this was when Pitt was in power. Pitt had resigned on the last day of January, and was succeeded by Mr. Addington.]

"Lady Waldegrave has borne the loss of her son with great fortitude, and has even had the resolution to go to church on the fast day, when the service must have been particularly affecting to her, and her affliction must, I think, have been greatly aggravated by having received a letter from her poor son to inform her of his being off Falmouth." [This son was Edward, who was drowned on his return from Corunna, on January 22nd, 1809. He was lieutenant in the 7th Dragoons.] "I shall send a Latin book you left in the parlour by Mr. Hartwell when he visits you in the spring. I think I can account for Lady Hartwell's fascinating powers, without the help of Lady Isabella King, as her name was Elphinstone, and she was a Scotch woman, and when a Scotch woman is at all agreeable I think it is to a degree that I never saw equalled in ladies of any other country.* I question if even Meta herself could be more engaging, at least on a first acquaintance; Klopstock, however, seems to have been impervious to affection for her, and Miss Smith thinks that he showed more love for Fanny. I do not decide on that subject; but with so much happiness in possession, and such prospect of its continuance, Meta's resignation and willingness to die showed equal fortitude to his, and equal love and submission to the Almighty, who ever appeared to be her chief and first object, as He undoubtedly was his." [This Meta was Margaret Molles, born in 1728, whom Klopstock the poet married in 1754, but she died in 1758.]

"As Lord Charles Fitzroy took great pains to find you out soon after you left Woodbridge last year, I think you must get some one to introduce you when he comes there again, but as we don't understand military etiquette, I wish you first to consult Captain Frazer on the subject. He is now at his seat near Ipswich, where poor Lady Charles is in a very precarious state of health." [Lord Charles Fitzroy, a general, was the second son of the third Duke of Grafton, his second wife was a daughter of the first Marquess of Londonderry, and she died a year after this letter was written.] "Mr. Ricketts and Lady Mary Neggy* (as Martha announced her) were here just before I heard from you last. Lady Mary looked as if she had much rather have seen a smart young officer like yourself than a frightful old quiz like me, for which I could easily forgive her. I sent Mrs. Ricketts a note afterwards to mention Lord St. Vincent's civilities to you, as she desired her kind regards when she wrote."

* Lady Hartwell was the daughter of Vice-Admiral John Elphinstone, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian fleet. She married Sir Francis John Hartwell, Bart., and died in 1809.

* Lady Mary Carnegie, daughter of the seventh Earl of Northesk. His mother was a Ricketts.

A CHILD'S VOCABULARY

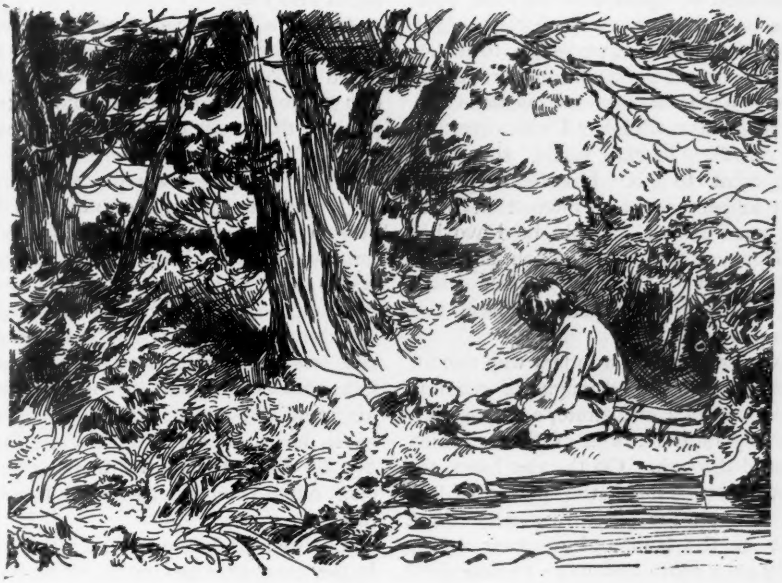
IN reading Dr. Sully's delightful "Studies of Childhood" a month or two ago, I came across a passage which suggested the possibility of obtaining some authentic information in regard to the limits of a child's vocabulary at a certain age. I had at my disposal a small kinswoman of my own who was close upon the completion of her sixth year, and it seemed to me that two months' careful attention to her ordinary talk would enable me to jot down pretty nearly all the words that she had acquired. The interval was short, but its very brevity had this advantage, that the list would represent, so far as it went, her actual linguistic equipment; for it is with words as it is with flowers, the small hands drop many of the earlier collection in order to grasp the fresh spoils. Dr. Sully, too, had confined the statistics he furnished to the first two years, when, for the most part, a child's vocables are merely provisional and only serve for a temporary use. In the case of my little kinswoman, however, the list was confined to "dictionary English."

Notwithstanding the assistance given by her mother, the compilation of this "bright lexicon" of a six-year-old involved an almost inconceivable amount of trouble; and extensive as it seems to me to be, there is, to my mind, nothing more remarkable than its incompleteness. The commonest words have been the most difficult to capture, and in glancing over the pages of a dictionary I see that dozens of them have escaped. I have no note, for example, of *fib*, *golf*, *dust*, *loose*, *loop*, *shrub*, *shove*, *swallow*, *swift*, *martin*, *plough*, (*to*) *wag*, *plenty*, *very*, *verse*, *vest*, *round*, *roof*, *rose*, *thrush* and *tit*, all of which she knows and frequently uses. Even in the vocabulary I have collected, I have not entered any word in more than a single sense; *cross*, a crucifix, *cross*, out of temper, *cross*, to go from one side to the other, score only once instead of thrice; so, too, all moods, tenses, &c., of a verb count as a single entry. Names of people and places are not included at all; and French words are omitted, though she has acquired a fair number of these. Allowing for these accidental and deliberate omissions, I find that the vocabulary of a child of six, of average intelligence, may be reasonably, if somewhat roughly, estimated at 2000–2500 words; without any allowance my small kinswoman's stands actually at 1764.

If one considers only the latter figure, one cannot but regard with extreme suspicion the statement of a country clergyman, quoted by Professor Max Müller, "that some of the labourers in his parish had not three hundred words in their vocabulary." It seems incredible that three hundred words should suffice to express all that even a "man of the furrow" finds to say in the course of his uneventful life; and if thought and language be inseparable, in what worlds unrealised, in what dusky wastes of intelligence, must the spirit of such a being go painfully groping. But surely the four hundred and thirty vocables of the German two-year-old cited by Dr. Sully are sufficient evidence that this estimate of an English rustic's range of speech requires revision. On the other hand, a comparatively small selection from our dictionary speech appears to be amply sufficient, not only for our daily requirements but for our achievements in eloquence and art. A well-educated university man, according to Professor Max Müller, seldom uses more than three or four thousand words; "the Hebrew Testament says all that it has to say in 5642; Milton's works are built up with 8000"—only four times the vocabulary of a six-year-old!—eloquent speakers may rise to a command of 10,000, and Shakespeare, with his unequalled variety of expression, "produced all his plays with about 15,000."

However tentative and unscientific this estimate of a child's vocabulary may be, it shows at least not only how needless but how unwise it is to "talk down" to the intelligence of a four- or five-year-old. Dr. Sully tells of a mother who feared her boy of six could not understand a poem she was reading to him. "Oh, yes, I can very well," was the answer, "if only you wouldn't explain." And it is marvellous how very well they do manage to get at the sense of words which in many cases have never been explained to them. There are few tasks more difficult than to define the signification of a word on the spur of the moment. In making my vocabulary, I endeavoured to test how far sense had been acquired as well as sound; and in reply to my questions, my kinswoman, who has been going to school for a year, informed me that *punctual* means "just the time"; *dead*, "when you have left off breathing"; "and your heart stops beating too," she added as an afterthought; *messenger*, "anybody who goes and fetches things"; then as a bee flew past, "a bee is a messenger; he leaves parcels of flower-dust on the sticky things that stand up in a flower." "The pistils"? "Oh, yes, pistils and stamens, I remember those old words." Which words came, alas! too late for the vocabulary. Flame, she explained, is "the power of the match." What did she mean by "power"? "Oh, well, we have a power of talking"; so that flame is a match's way of expressing itself, I gather. What was a *hero?* "Perseus was one; a very brave man who could kill a Gorgon." "*Brain* is what you think with in your head; and"—physiological afterthought!—"the more you think the more crinkles there are." And *sensible?* "The opposite to silly." And *opposite?* "One at the top," pointing to the table, "and one at the bottom; they would be opposite." *Lady?* "A woman." But a woman is not always a lady. "If she was *kind* I'd know she was a lady"; which is quite as good as the definition of the Galway Celt who considers a gentleman to be "a man who has a grandfather." *Poetry?* "Words that rhyme." Is that all? That she thought *was* all; "Tiddly wink, take a drink," seemed excellent poetry; evidently she has caught the *fin-de-siècle* craze for form, and is prepared to let sense and thought take care of themselves. *Noble?* "Stately; a great person; father's the noble of the office, you know." One would like to know what the "office" thinks on that point.

William Canton.



"Tzerko kneeling beside him and bathing his face with water"

UNDER THE TRICOLOUR

By P. de NANTEUIL

ILLUSTRATED BY MYRBACH

CHAPTER XVII

ROINA'S TREASURE

THE dispute in the camp of the gipsies concerned the division of the spoil after an exploit in which Le Bœuf and two or three others were accused of having taken possession of almost all the money.

Le Bœuf and the others denied the charge and turned round upon their accusers, and blows rained thick and fast.

Night parted the combatants, and in the morning, as peacefully as if no dispute had arisen, they set out on their way north.

Alexander's determination to leave these detestable people was more fixed than ever. He spoke their language badly, but he understood it very well, and from odds and ends of conversation overheard here and there, he had learnt that they purposed going to Brittany on the shore of the English

Channel. Now, he remembered that Yport was on the shore of the English Channel; therefore the tribe was about to reach the neighbourhood of Yport, and his best plan would be to wait patiently so that he might have as short a journey as possible to make, without money and perhaps with pursuers at his heels. When he discussed his plans with Tzerko he always added, "I will never go without you." Tzerko would sigh, not knowing what to do. His mother, it is true, no longer took any interest in him; but she was very ill. Should he leave her to die alone, or should he remain and lose his only friend? Absolute despair seized Tzerko whenever he tried to face this dilemma.

Perhaps the reader wonders why neither Alexander nor Tzerko thought of claiming the protection of a magistrate, a mayor, or a curé in any of the towns of France which they passed through. On the one hand, the poor boys exaggerated the power of the gipsies, and on the other they were quite ignorant of the laws and of their rights. Still they grew more and more to hate their companions and the evil which they saw committed. It was the gipsy's son, the little despised dwarf, who built up the honesty of his friend. Without the encouragement and remonstrances of Tzerko, Alex would sometimes have taken part in plundering, and in cheating purchasers. The first lessons, the first examples, leave indelible impressions; and those of Vatteville had been detestable.

After a long and fatiguing march the gipsies arrived at Dinant; and soon went to bed, having dined more than frugally.

Next morning Narfé could neither leave her bed, nor take any nourishment, nor endure the presence of her son. In the evening, on entering the tent Tzerko found his mother dead and already cold.

The event profoundly affected the whole tribe. While the women waked the corpse with Tzerko, the men conversed in whispers, and several remarked that the death had occurred opportunely for Hirko, as Roina had not long now to live and reign.

The old queen was slowly dying as a lamp dies in which the oil is done. Still, when she heard of the death of Narfé, she summoned the elders of the tribe, and enjoined on them to elect at once Hirko as their leader and king.

Although it was very much against their wishes the elders dared not resist, and they raised Hirko upon a sort of shield, electing him "to command them, to guide them, and punish them as chief of the gipsies of France."

While the election was proceeding, Tzerko sat weeping in the waggon, now transformed into a death-chamber with wax candles burning about the body. Since the morning Alexander had wandered round and round the camp. Fixed on getting away, he debated with himself how to accomplish his design, and was most impatient for a moment's talk with his friend. Turning over in his mind the means of flight at his disposal, he sat down behind a thick hedge. Shortly he heard voices on the other side, and, much interested, listened to what was said.

Le Bœuf and one of the vilest wretches in the band were talking in whispers.

Le Bœuf said, "I am going; you should imitate me."

The other replied, "No; Hirko has a long arm, and I dread the fate of Narfé. Wherever you go, he will search you out, for he will accuse you and wish to avenge himself."

"I shall go to sea. This morning, at Saint-Malo, I signed an engagement. I shall embark at once on board a boat which sails for distant lands. Hirko will never get at me."

"As what have you engaged? Are you a sailor?"

"I have been, and I still know something about it."

"Good luck to you! Be off, and get out of reach."

"You hurry me, because you think in this way to shelter yourself, and that he will only accuse me. What does it matter to me? I shall be far enough away when he discovers the treasure."

With that the two men separated, the one returning to the camp, and the other walking away very quickly in the opposite direction.

Alexander remained where he was for a long time, thinking over and endeavouring to understand what he had heard. He was full of black forebodings, but he dare not disturb Tzerko at his sad vigil. The gipsies yield special reverence to their dead; they do not leave them until the last moment, and Tzerko followed the custom of his race.

Alexander, having supped on nothing but a crust of black bread, lay down for the night. He had been asleep for some hours when a great noise wakened him with a start. He left his tent to see what was going on. From all parts of the camp shouts and exclamations rose, and his favourite dog, a fine intelligent spaniel, black, with sparkling eyes, came up to him and licked his hand. At the same instant two men threw themselves upon him, paralysing any attempt at resistance by the suddenness of their attack. Hirko came behind the men, exclaiming, "Wretch, now we have you! If you wish to save your life, tell me who is your accomplice and where the treasure is."

"What accomplice? What treasure?" asked Alexander, who thought himself dreaming; yes, surely he was dreaming.

A violent blow on the head proved to him that he was awake. Hirko, as he struck him, said: "Speak, if you wish to live!"

"Speak about what?"

"About Le Bœuf and the treasure of Roina."

"A little while ago I heard Le Bœuf say to Rab that he was going away for ever. They said nothing about a treasure, and I didn't even know that Roina had one. Search me, search all my things! Have I ever stolen anything? There's Rab. Ask Rab what Le Bœuf said a little ago behind the hedge."

Hirko questioned Rab with a threatening air, at the same time kicking the spaniel savagely. Alexander's dog, called Kram, had been growling at the sight of the ill-treatment of his master, and now it rolled away to some distance, covered with blood. Rab, however, denied, and with frightful oaths declared that he had not seen Le Bœuf since the morning. Then he accused Alexander of being the thief, because he, Rab, had seen Alexander under the waggon of Roina on the preceding night. Yes, he was sure Alexander had crept under the waggon.

Alexander saw his imprudence at once when it was too late; that, indeed, he had lost himself by bringing Rab into the matter, Rab, the vilest scoundrel of them all. He understood now the meaning of what the two rascals had said; they were the perpetrators of the theft beyond a doubt.

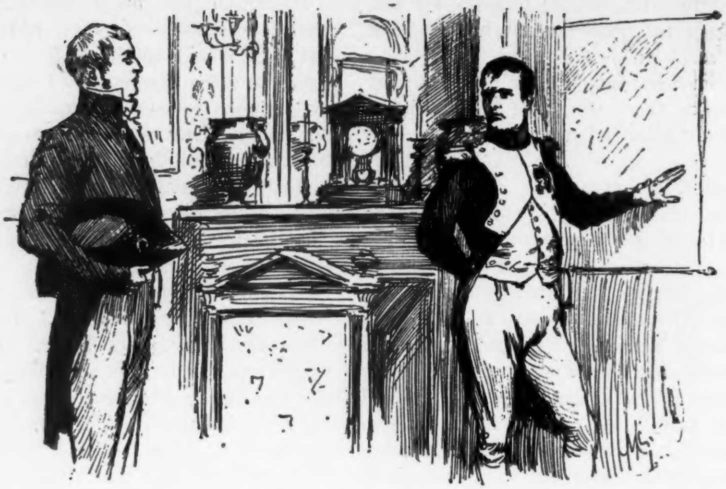
They searched him, his belongings and his tent without discovering anything, until Rab exclaimed, "Ah! I have found a proof!" At the same time he held up an old Spanish gold doubloon, which he declared he had taken out of Alexander's mattress. In an instant, while the unfortunate boy vainly protested his innocence, he was seized and pinioned, and then gagged by Hirko and Rab. Holding a torch close to Alexander's face, Hirko said to him: "Confess where the treasure is. Make a sign with your head that you will confess, else you die."

Alexander stood motionless, but his eyes accused Rab. Mad with rage, and not understanding Alexander's look, Hirko cried, addressing Rab and another, "Take him to the bear's cage. He knows the place already. I am not such a fool as Roina, and he shall be left there to die of hunger. Once more, will you say where you have hidden the treasure? No. Quick, then; in with him."

In less than a minute Alexander, in spite of his struggles, was locked up in the close, black hole, of which he had had such a terrible experience before.

He spent an awful night. In three years he had grown much taller and stouter, and he felt that he was being slowly stifled. He succeeded, however, in freeing his mouth from the gag. But it was useless to cry out. Who would listen to him; besides, Martin the bear howled without ceasing, and his harsh voice made all other sounds inaudible. He must die of hunger and thirst!

Despair at being abandoned in this manner overcame at first every other feeling in Alexander. He wept as he had not done since the day he left Yport. He remembered the night of his flight, and his nurse, and "Mama"; then the prayers she had taught him, and which he had learnt again from the monk of the Pyrenees. Ah! he often forgot to pray! Without Tzerko perhaps he would now have been as bad as any of the gipsies. Poor Tzerko, how he would search for him and mourn for him! Where was he? Doubt-



"What do you think, Captain Surcouf?"

less he was watching beside his mother's corpse.

Little by little stupor overcame him, and asphyxia began, for the hole in the roof had been closed, and very little air entered by the chinks in the boards.

Martine, Tzerko, Biquette! His last thought was for his four-footed nurse.

As he sunk down he heard a strange howling, and he thought to himself, "The bear has taken the voice of Kram." Then he lost consciousness.

When he came to himself again, he thought he had had a nightmare. Raising his head, which felt as heavy as a stone, he saw a dim pine-wood, and Tzerko kneeling beside him, and bathing his face with water, which he had brought in his cap. When Tzerko saw his friend open his eyes, he uttered a cry of joy, and then said in a whisper: "We must fly. Try to rise. Ah, mon Dieu, mon Dieu! There is the dawn. Now they will see the bear, and guess it all. Then they will come after us. My friend, my dear Alex, try to rise! I will help you. Come! Try!"

Still half-dazed, Alexander made several unsuccessful attempts. Soon, however, he was able to stand, then to walk, and at last to run, leaning on Tzerko's shoulder.

They went by many byways through the wood without meeting any one. Hares and rabbits leapt about them, the sun shone on the coppice, and the birds sang blithely. This gaiety of nature seemed to them a good omen; and when they came, tired out and breathless, to the banks of a fine river bordered with trees, they felt themselves safe, and sat down to eat some fruit and bread, with which Tzerko had fortunately provided himself.

They were dreadfully tired, and when their hunger was appeased they sat still, talking together. With the light-heartedness of youth, they made plans and built castles in the air. They would go into the town which they saw beneath them, and ask some captain of a ship to take them as cabin-boys, for no wage at all to begin with. Then they would be so zealous and docile that the captain would be glad to pay them in order to keep them. They would never be troubled again by those wicked gipsies, and would be certain to succeed on the sea.

Then they exchanged news of the events which had preceded their flight. Alexander told his story first, and then Tzerko said: "I knew nothing of what had happened to you; but as I was watching by my mother with two other gipsies, I heard Kram barking long and plaintively. Then a woman came in and said to the others, 'Kram is whining for the death of Alex. It seems, although we didn't know it, that Alex stole the treasure of Roina, and so Hirko shut him up in Martin's cage to stay there till he died, since he wouldn't tell where the treasure was. Alex is not a child of Pharaoh, and it's just as well to make away with him.' Without waiting to hear more I left the waggon, and unperceived I glided to the cage, behind which Kram still growled, scratching against the door. Kram wagged his tail, and by the light of the moon I saw his eyes fixed on the cage. Then God Himself inspired me. I went to the other side, and made up my mind to open the cage, and take out Martin and chain him to the trunk of a tree. You know that Martin was never savage with me; he let me do as I wanted without a single sound. Afterwards it was easy to tear down the board which separated you from the bear. Then when I called your name you made no reply, and seemed to be dead. But I half carried, half dragged you out of the camp, and happily the dogs made no noise. At last we reached the pine-wood, where till the dawn came you lay unconscious. How I cried and cried while I was trying to bring you back to life."

"Dear Tzerko! without you I should have been dead—and Kram, poor Kram!"

"Yes, poor Kram! He is dead."

"How do you know?"

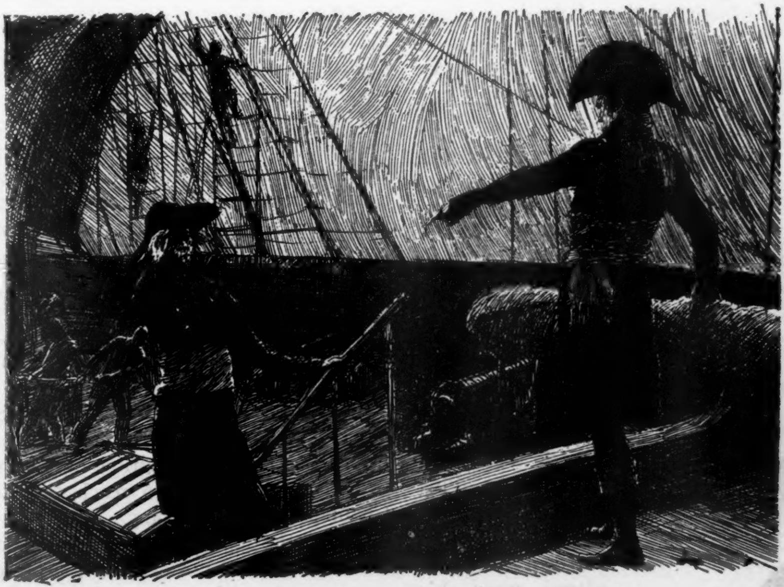
"I touched him as I passed with you: he lay stretched out, already stiff, bathed in blood."

"Ah!" sighed Alexander, turning away his head to hide his tears. After Tzerko, Kram had been his only friend, and that friend had died for him.

A terrified exclamation recalled them to the danger in which they were. Tzerko pointed out with his finger, a man followed by an enormous dog; the man and the dog were going along the bank of the river.

Then, instead of trying to find a hiding-place, the two boys lost their heads, and stepped out into an open path in the full light of the sun. Terror lent them strength; straight ahead they went as if they had been winged. But the man and the dog gained on them.

They reached the sea-shore. Leaping on to the rocks, they ran along a narrow tongue of land round which the tide was beginning to rise. There they thought themselves safe, because Hirko was obliged to stop and answer the questions of the fishermen. These people would without doubt come to their aid. With one voice they cried, "Help, help." But the fishermen with-



"A moment after, Surcouf stood on the bridge of the *Revenant*" drew, apparently satisfied with the lies Hirko told them. The latter then resumed the pursuit, always followed by the dog, a savage beast dangerous to all except Hírko himself.

At the same moment the fugitives noticed despairingly that they had wandered out upon a sort of island which the tide already half covered. Behind them came the man and the dog, and they had not a single weapon to defend themselves.

They were dreadfully tired and quite out of breath. Soon Tzerko sank down upon a slimy rock. Then Alexander, facing the dog which ran towards them with open mouth, seized a large sharp stone and threw it with such dexterity that he struck the dog between the eyes. Rolling over, the animal slipped from the rock into the sea and disappeared.

As far as the eye could see the shore was deserted, but in the offing a great ship rode with sails furled. Alexander cried, "Let us jump into the water. I swim well and can support you. Perhaps we may reach that ship." While he was endeavouring to raise Tzerko, who seemingly hurt could not help himself, Alex felt himself seized from behind and thrown upon his back. But he did not give up the struggle, and while he fought wildly with his feet, his hands and his teeth, he uttered a prayer at the pitch of his voice, crying, "God, oh God, help us! Help!" And in his shrill falsetto, Tzerko also cried, "Help, help! For Christ's sake, help!"

CHAPTER XVIII

IN WHICH CAPTAIN SURCOUF REAPPEARS

ON December 2, 1804, at Paris in Notre Dame, the old Gothic cathedral, once more consecrated to the worship of God, Napoleon Bonaparte received from Pope Pius VII. the Imperial crown, which with his own hands he placed upon his head.

Already the Peace of Amiens was broken. On the very morning of the treaty reflecting minds had foreseen the rupture, because of the increasing ascendency of France upon the Continent, because of the insatiable ambition of the First Consul, and lastly, because of the growing irritation of the Court of Saint James, an irritation which was shared by the bulk of the British nation.

War broke out again after England had refused to restore Malta to the Knights of St. John, one of the conditions of the Treaty of Amiens. Immediately Bonaparte occupied Hanover with a military force under General Mortier. We all know that Hanover was the patrimony of the kings of England.

On the eve of his coronation, Napoleon, exasperated at an attempt upon his life, had already sullied his glory with an indelible stain: I speak of the execution of an unfortunate prince, arrested against all law in foreign territory, and shot in the ditch of Vincennes, after he had been condemned upon a ridiculous accusation.

Meanwhile the Emperor abandoned none of the schemes of the First Consul; and the descent on England took precedence of all his other plans. Convinced that in order to be the arbiter of the entire world it would be sufficient to obtain the mastery of the Straits of Dover for a single day, he had resolved to draw off to foreign seas the naval forces of his enemy.

Orders were sent accordingly to the commodores of our various squadrons. One of these squadrons, combined with a Spanish fleet, was intended to lead away an important division of the English navy to the Antilles. Unfortunately, contrary winds and storms prevented Ganteaume from leaving Brest, and, on the other hand, Admiral de Missiessy had already left the Antilles when Admiral Villeneuve arrived there.

On his return from the shores of Spain, Villeneuve found at the Corogne an order from the Emperor requiring him to return to the north in order to reach the English Channel before the enemy.

Seeing the deplorable state of his squadron, Villeneuve dared not execute the prescribed movement; on the contrary, he returned first to the port of Ferrol; thence he reached the roadstead of Cadiz, which he quitted almost immediately upon receipt of a new despatch, announcing that the Emperor was much exasperated at not having been obeyed to the letter.

Napoleon would never admit his inability to command the elements, to create a fleet with a dash of the pen, and to man it in one day with officers and sailors ready drilled. In naval affairs this great genius exhibited sometimes extraordinary ignorance, and cherished, by reason of his ignorance, childish delusions.

On October 20, 1805, attacked by Nelson off Cape Trafalgar, the Franco-Spanish fleet experienced the most complete and irremediable disaster, a disaster which assured to the English for many years the sovereignty of the sea, and at one blow rendered almost impossible the invasion of England; in the accomplishment of which the Emperor had so long revelled in imagination, and which the English people expected daily during the triumphant period of the Empire.

However, with the exception of the Navy, and a small number of reflecting people, our defeat at Trafalgar was immediately forgotten in the midst of the succession of brilliant victories which preceded or followed it.

At that period Pitt had succeeded in forming a third coalition against France. With such allies as the Princes of Bavaria, Baden, Wurtemburg, and the feeble King of Spain, Napoleon was able to fight the whole of Europe.

Austria opened fire. General Mack, the Austrian commander-in-chief, having crossed the Inn, advanced by forced marches towards the eastern frontier of France, in the hope of crossing it without a battle.

Napoleon learned the news in the camp at Boulogne, which he immediately broke up. Soon the grand army had crossed the Rhine, whilst, on this side of it, Bernadotte and Marmont effected a junction with 25,000 Bavarians. With the Black Forest on one flank, and a chain of mountains on the other, Murat and Lannes, employing successful strategy, cut the Austrian army in pieces. In four successive victories they forced Mack to capitulate at Ulm.

The campaign had lasted three weeks. "The Emperor," said the soldiers, "carried on the war with our legs rather than with our arms."

Then came the December 2, 1805, a day of world-renowned combats, lit by that famous sun, so often celebrated, so often sung. During the bloody battles which were waged against the Austrians and Russians under the eyes of their respective Emperors, from the first cannon-shot to the last, nothing was left to chance. Divining and baffling the plans of the Russians who wished to cut him off from Vienna, Napoleon decided the victory by flinging himself upon the enemy from the heights of Pratzen. On that day 45,000 of the French sufficed to vanquish 90,000 Russians; and the French Generals, Lannes, Murat, Kellerman, Vandamme, Soult, and many other brave soldiers, performed prodigies of valour.

The troops called the victory of December 2, the Battle of the Three Emperors; but, in an order of the day, which was liker an Homeric song of triumph, Napoleon gave it the name of Austerlitz, after that of the château where he had established his headquarters.

The overwhelming result of the campaign terrified the whole of Europe, which saw Napoleon's idea, "the re-establishment of the Western Empire," taking most palpable shape before its eyes. Napoleon distributed crowns, despoiled the royal families, sapped the old thrones, and from their ruins cut out others for a great feudal empire. His brothers and sisters became kings and queens, and his Generals were endowed with the principalities which they had conquered. This unexampled power seemed to be established on a solid foundation; and when a new league was formed against it, into which England drew Prussia, the sole result of this fourth coalition was the conquest of the latter State.

At Jena, Napoleon at the head of his army overthrew the lieutenant of the Duke of Brunswick, who was himself defeated on the same day (October 14, 1806), at Auerstadt, by Marshal Davout.

Then the French entered Berlin, and the conqueror went to Potsdam to meditate at the tomb of the victor of Rosbach.

Between Austerlitz and Jena, the Emperor had returned to France, and fixed his court at Saint-Cloud. There, while ruling the destinies of the world, and directing the affairs of his own country—reorganising the legislature and reforming the laws—he still thought of crossing the Channel, and he also planned the conquest of Persia and of Egypt; but always first and foremost England occupied his thoughts.

" When all Europe shall have consented to a continental blockade, if I can lead my fleet in person against England, Rivoli, the Pyramids, Marengo and Austerlitz shall then have magnificent counterparts on the sea. If I only had commodores like my Generals, Ney, Murat, Davout, Eugène, I would mobilise 15,000 men at Boulogne; then with 4000 transports to ship across my troops and artillery, whilst my squadrons guarded the entrance to the Channel, where they would hold in check the ships of the enemy long enough for me to cross the Straits, we would land soldiers, horses, and guns, at various points. Then we would give battle and conquer, and in three days I would enter London, as I entered Vienna, and as I will enter soon Berlin and Moscow, if the King of Prussia and the Czar are blind enough to their own interests to ally themselves with my enemies."

As he spoke the Emperor pressed his finger on a large map of the British Isles, which hung at the side of the fireplace, while his shining eyes seemed to look through the walls of the room across Paris and across the Straits to the white cliffs of England.

In January 1806 Napoleon began to grow stout. It could no longer be said of him:

" All lean and pale with watching, and with dreams
Of world-wide sway the proud young Consul seems; "

but his figure was still supple, and his features, which recalled those of the great Romans, were still clear-cut and refined.

On the day on which he sketched the scheme in the words we have just quoted, he was giving an audience to a man we know already, to Robert Surcouf, the privateer captain.

Surcouf was arming at Saint Malo a large ship intended to scour the seas, when a letter from Decrès, the Minister of Marine, notified him that the Emperor desired to see him as soon as possible.

Such a desire was a command which Surcouf obeyed at once, taking the same evening the mail-coach to Paris.

As soon as he arrived he visited the Minister, who gave him a letter of audience for ten o'clock next morning at the palace of Saint Cloud. At a quarter-past ten next day, the chamberlain introduced Surcouf into the Imperial cabinet. At once, and without waiting for answers to two or three questions which he put rapidly, Napoleon began to talk of the continental blockade which he wished to see more complete and better observed, then of the state of the fleet, and of the death of Nelson—a death which removed, he said, a redoubtable adversary. Then he returned to the invasion of England, and discussed it in the terms already quoted. After which, looking his visitor in the eyes, he said, " What do you think, Captain Surcouf? Speak your mind boldly without fear or false shame."

Returning the Imperial glance with one as high and proud, Surcouf replied, " Sire, I have never felt either false shame or fear, and I am ready to reply to your Majesty, if you will deign to put a precise question."

Frowning, Napoleon rejoined, " Does the invasion of England seem to you realisable? "

" All, or almost all is possible to the powerful genius of your Majesty, but I think that that invasion will never be accomplished during your reign."

" Why? "

" Because other great enterprises will always interfere, and also because it will be a very long time before our fleet will be able to hold in check that of the enemy. May I add, sire, that while great soldiers may turn the tide of battle, the sailor, even if he saves the honour of his flag, as Lucas of the *Redoubtable*, and Infernet of the *Intrépide*, did at Trafalgar, will have hardly any effect on the result of an ill-conducted sea-fight. Besides, the French ships of war are really inferior to those of England, and far too few for the number of vessels; our men lack experience; they are overworked, disheartened, and without confidence in their leaders. There are exceptions, but these only prove the rule."

"And about the blockade?"

"Sire, it is an important question which I have not studied enough to be able to express an opinion of any value."

"Well, put yourself for a moment in my place, and tell me what you would do with the French navy?"

"Sire, if I were the Emperor Napoleon, I would never again wage war against the English navy, and I would burn or disarm all my ships; then, launching upon all seas, upon all oceans, a multitude of frigates and corvettes as privateers independent of each other, before ten years I should have ruined the commerce of your rival, who would soon be at your mercy. Sire, that is what I would think of doing if I were the conqueror of Austerlitz."

"Have you read Molière?"

"Yes, sire, rather late in life because I had to educate myself. I remember, nevertheless, the phrase of which your Majesty is thinking: 'You are in the trade, Monsieur Josse.' Certainly I am a privateer and glory in it, since on the rumour of my return, and a very premature rumour too, the directors of the East India Company have put a price on the head of the pirate who made them tremble for so long a time. They call me pirate, sire—never anything else."

"Captain, I appreciate men of your type, and I will make your fortune. Expect to-morrow the beginning of it. You will receive from the hands of Decrès a captain's epaulettes with the command of two frigates which at present ride at anchor in the roadstead of Port Napoleon in the Isle of France."

"Sire, I am overwhelmed by such a favour, and I humbly thank your Majesty, but——"

"But? What do you mean, monsieur?"

The Emperor rivetted his angry eyes upon this pigmy who dared to say "but" to him.

The pigmy replied, without lowering his glance, "Sire, I am sorry that I must tell your Majesty that I cannot accept the great favour with which you propose to honour me, unless I and my frigates are absolutely independent of all superior officers whom I might meet, having also full liberty to control my arrivals, departures, cruises, attacks, captures, &c. &c."

Napoleon replied ironically, "In a word, you wish with my vessels to make war for your own exclusive profit."

"No, sire, but for the profit of my country, and it would be impossible for me to make it glorious and useful except on the conditions which I have had the honour of indicating to your Majesty."

"Know, monsieur, that I allow no conditions. No one has ever laid them down to me, and no one shall ever do so. Begone, monsieur, your audience is ended."

As he said this Napoleon rose from his seat and with flaming eye pointed to the door. Surcouf bowed profoundly, and without being in any way disconcerted, turned to leave the great room.

Those of Napoleon's household could never tell whether his bursts of anger were genuine or simulated; as Pope Pius VII., his quasi-prisoner at Fontainebleau, said of him once, he was an "actor."

Surcouf had not yet reached the middle of the room when Napoleon, grown suddenly calm, called to him in an affable tone, "Captain, where are you going in such a hurry?"

"Out, sire, in obedience to you."

"And then?"

"Then, after paying some visits in Paris, I shall return post-haste to Saint-Malo, where my lieutenant, M. Drieux, is arming a three-masted vessel in which I hope to play havoc among my Sovereign's enemies."

"Have you yet named your ship?"

"Yes, sire. My wife was god-mother, and on the day when our curé baptized it, she called it the *Revenant*."

"A good name; it pleases me much. Ah! What is it, Monsieur de Flahaut?"

This question was addressed to a page whose head and shoulders appeared under a half-raised portière.

The young page replied: "Sire, on the part of the Empress, I beg to inform your Majesty that breakfast is served."

"Good; Josephine calls me to order, for I am late. Captain, I invite you to breakfast. The Empress will be charmed to make your acquaintance, and you will tell her of your cruises and of the fine things you have done against the English. Monsieur de Flahaut, let Caulaincourt know that the audiences are over for to-day. Your arm, Surcouf."

Preceded by the page, and leaning familiarly on the arm of the Malouine privateer, the Emperor left his study, crossed the grand gallery, and entered the Empress's private *salon*. Josephine, surrounded by officers and some ladies, had been waiting for an hour on Napoleon before sitting down to breakfast.

During the meal the Emperor set himself to charm his guest, and Josephine showed herself as she was, kind and affable. So Surcouf returned perfectly delighted to the Hôtel de la Victoire, where he lodged.

While he was inquiring about post-horses, there came up to him a young second lieutenant in uniform, who addressed him thus, in a cordial and clear-toned voice: "Captain, Monsieur Surcouf, do you not remember me?"

After a moment's hesitation, Surcouf replied: "Of course! Although you are much changed. Come with me, and we'll have a talk."

When they had entered his room, Surcouf took the new-comer by both hands, saying: "You are a fine fellow, and I am most happy to see you again. Had it not been for your voice—for I never forget a voice, although I may have heard it only once—I would not have recognised in the tall, handsome young man you are now, the pale puny youth whom I took away from Normandy three years ago."

"Three years and three months. I have profited, then, as they say in the Navy?"

"Yes, and very charmingly. And what have you been doing in the squadron of Admiral Villaumez?"

"Escaping death from ennui by the skin of my teeth."

"The cruise, then, produced no result of any importance."

"No more for us than for the enemy, with whom we seem to have been playing a game of hide-and-seek. It amounts to this, that having sailed the seas for eighteen months, we have lost several vessels on the bank of Newfoundland, where we failed to destroy the English fisheries; and without having engaged in an actual battle, we returned to France with disabled ships, diseased men, discouraged officers, and chiefs who feel that they are not supported in high places. Finally, since Aboukir, and above all since Trafalgar, our navy has been in a sad state. If the Emperor's suspicions could be aroused, and if he would inspect in person our ports and arsenals, his eagle eye would discover at once the things and the men that ought to be transformed, changed, improved, condemned."

"The Emperor, I am afraid, will never occupy himself with all that. But talk of your plans. What do you want to do?"

"To go with you at once. I thirst for action, for danger, for battle."

"It will humiliate you to exchange your rank in the Imperial Navy for that of a second lieutenant in a privateer. I cannot offer you more, because Drieux, my old officer, will sail as first lieutenant of the *Revenant*."

"Humiliated? Never! Only I wish to go and bid adieu to my father."

"Agreed."

"And then I must obtain my discharge."

"That will offer no difficulty. As soon as I knew you were in France, I presented conditionally your request to the Minister, who declared himself ready to grant it. In two weeks we set sail for the Isle of France. Oh! I forgot to tell you that I saw Major Raimbaud last year. He is now a colonel, promoted on the battlefield of Elchingen by Ney, who praised him to the skies, they tell me. And little Noel—guess what has become of little Noel."

"My old comrade, the son of the Vattevilles?"

"Yes, he. Well, in yesterday's *Moniteur*, among whole columns of promotions and changes, there was this:—'Vatteville, Noel, corporal in the 7th Artillery, appointed sub-lieutenant in the same regiment. Good conduct in face of the enemy.' One goes quickly and far in the Imperial Army, if a shot doesn't stop you on the way. Really, Grainval, it would have been better for you to have gone as a simple soldier; with your name—old names are again in high esteem—a little instruction and a fair chance, some fine morning you would have wakened up to find yourself—who knows?—Marshal of France."

"But I care only for the sea."

"You will have enough of it, then, for a year or two; and if God, during that time, should call us from the world, it will not be from the earth, but from the sea, that our souls shall return to Him."

That same evening Surcouf took the road to Saint-Malo, while Jean went off post-haste to Normandy. Arrived at Grainval, he heard for the first time of the burning of the manor, and received his father's last blessing.

M. de Grainval showed the greatest tenderness for his son; and one evening Jean learnt at last the true heart of him who died painlessly next morning, his right hand in that of his son, and the left in that of the old curé of Yport.

After the funeral, Jean sadly left the country where his father slept beside his ancestors; and in three days entered the gate of the old walls of Saint-Malo, and went aboard the *Revenant*, whose crew and officers were already embarked. They were waiting only for favourable weather—that is to say, for a thick fog, with a north or north-east wind—before attempting to dodge the English Channel cruisers, and reach the high seas. The English had been ordered to sink the privateer after seizing the "pirate," whom they meant to give a high gallows and a short rope before the year was out. Such, at least, were the opinions expressed by the English papers writing of Surcouf.

Surcouf was growing impatient, for the weather remained obstinately calm, and the sun continued to shine—a pale winter sun, it is true, but much too bright for the privateer's man; and then nights, brilliant with starlight, succeeded each other without intermission.

At last, one afternoon in February, a cry of joy arose aboard the *Revenant*. The wind had changed, and was increasing in strength every minute; and with the wind, out of the east came a thick fog, which entered the roadstead, and soon covered sea and land with a grey veil.

Surcouf, having bidden adieu to his wife and family, hurried down to the harbour, where the jolly-boat hung in the surf in charge of the boatswain, Alain, the captain's foster-brother.

Alain took the oars, and Surcouf the helm. The twilight and the fog made navigation difficult and slow, especially as the *Revenant* had that morning been anchored at some distance west of the roadstead and in the shelter of the coast where Dinard now stands.

As they advanced carefully Surcouf thought he heard cries, desperate appeals like the voices of children. "Quick!" cried Surcouf, directing the boat towards the cries. Alain bent to the oars, and the voices grew shriller, although nothing appeared as yet.

"Captain," said Alain, laconically, "there! that rock to windward; it comes from there! Take care of the breakers!"

"Right. Slowly, Alain."

In spite of their precautions, the jolly-boat struck with some violence the rocky base of a little island, over which the rising tide already broke in foaming billows.

Surcouf leapt on to a slippery stone; clinging with hands and feet, he climbed a rock like a sugar-loaf, and, not without difficulty, reached its summit. There in the waning light he saw a tall, strong man trying to throw into the sea two boys, who clung despairingly to the sharp rocks and cried aloud for aid.

Surcouf, shouting "Help, Alain!" opened his knife, the only weapon he possessed at that moment, and flung himself on the murderer, who, releasing his victims, faced this unexpected enemy. They fought for an instant, till Surcouf, missing his footing, slipped and fell. The other, grasping his throat till he was half-choked, succeeded in disarming him; but at that very moment, seized from behind, the murderer was flung into the deep.

As the man fell, an oath was heard; then a small eddy appeared in the midst of a wave, and all was over with Hirko, the son of Roina, Queen of the Gipsies.

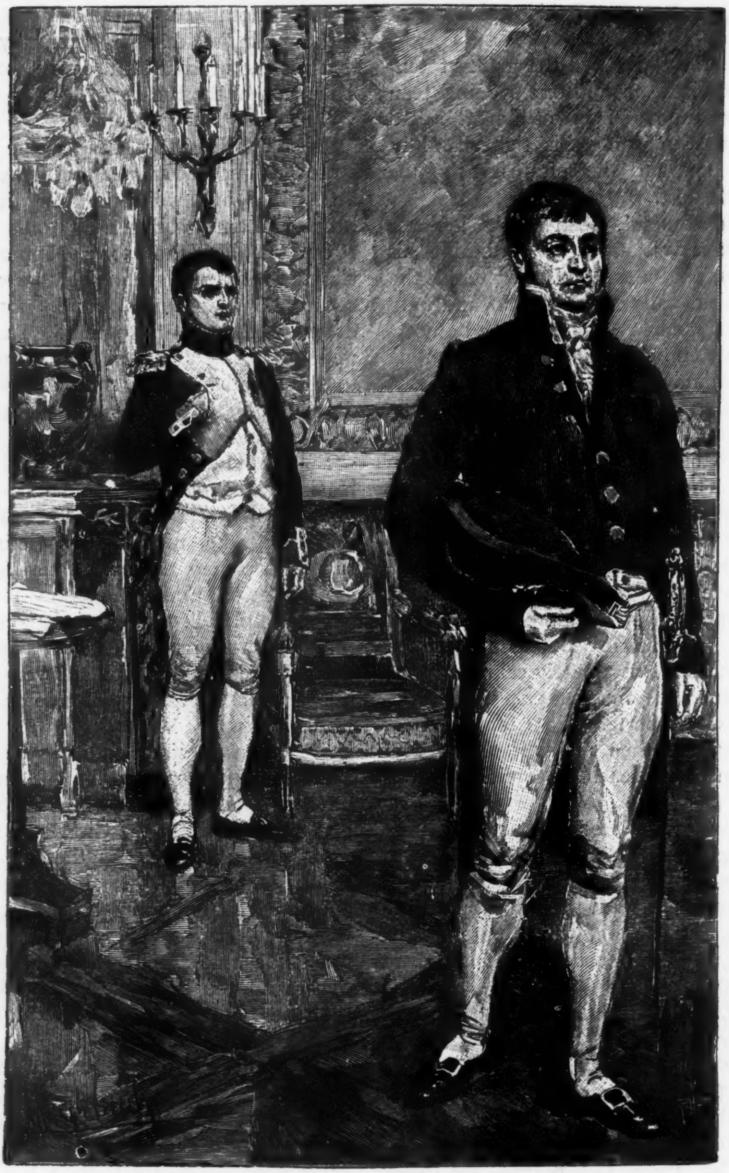
All this occupied less time in the doing than it takes to tell.

Alain, calmly wiping the sweat from his brow, said to Surcouf, who had risen, but was still a little dazed: "I should say there's one rascal the less now. I should say also that these boys have escaped by a miracle, if they are still alive."

"We must take these boys with us," said Surcouf, feeling with his hands Tzerko and Alexander, inert and blood-stained. "You take the little one, and I shall take the other."

Not without difficulty, for the surge was very violent, the captain and his boatswain placed Alexander and Tzerko in the jolly-boat. Surcouf, as he leapt in last, cried: "What a time we have lost! Pull, pull hard, Alain!"

"And must we lose the tide and this fine fog in order to land these wretched gulls on the green deck beside the cows?"



"Without being in any way disconcerted turned to leave the great room"

"Not at all. They will remain on board in the meantime. Ah! here we are. Hail as quietly as you can."

"Boat ahoy!" cried a voice from the *Revenant.*

"Ship ahoy! It is the Captain," replied Alain.

"The ladder is lowered."

"Good. Send down a man or two; we have some wounded."

CHAPTER XIX

ON BOARD THE *REVENANT*

A MOMENT after, Surcouf stood on the bridge of the *Revenant* surrounded by his officers. After saluting them, he said: "We set sail at once. Grainval, it is your watch. Order the jolly-boat to be hauled up."

"Yes, captain."

Surcouf resumed: "These dark lanterns still give too much light; cover them until only a single ray falls on the bridge. Drieux, get the wounded down to the infirmary; Doctor Lenouvel, go with them. Grainval, set all sail; we start at once."

Grainval went to his post, and shouted through his speaking-trumpet: "Let loose the mainsail, and set the topsails."

The captain called, "Weigh anchor."

"Weigh anchor," repeated the lieutenant.

The sailors executed the various orders, and as soon as the foresail caught the wind the ship began to obey the helm. The speed increased; the lower sails and the stay-sails filled out, and the brigantine flew along, lightly leaning to starboard, and hardly seeming to touch the crests of the small white waves.

The night was dark, the fog hid the sky, and, without a single light showing, the *Revenant* stood out to the north-west in order to clear the Channel before the morning.

Surcouf remained on the foot-bridge. Wrapped in a large cloak he kept watching the darkness, trying to pierce it at all points in vain. He knew that a British flotilla was cruising the Channel in search of him, and he did not wish to be surprised. Suddenly, in a whisper, he said to the officer of the watch who had replaced Jean: "Fournier, do you hear anything?"

"Nothing at all. Ah! yes; what is it?"

Surcouf, whose hearing was extraordinarily acute, had first perceived the shrill sounds of a bagpipe playing a Scotch air on board an immense man-of-war, the sombre bulk of which heaved up suddenly on the stern of the *Revenant*.

Immediately Surcouf whispered, "Ease the helm," and the order was repeated to the steersman by the officer of the watch.

As the privateer sheered off from the ship of war, orders were shouted from the latter in the English tongue, to which the *Revenant* made no response.

Would the English give chase? Perhaps. But why had they not enforced their orders with powder and ball? It was impossible to say. Perhaps they were afraid of being led into a trap, imagining that a French squadron might have entered the Channel without having been signalled.

In any case the *Revenant*, all sails set, and wind and helm together, had soon swept out of range of the English guns. By the morning, the wind having veered round to the north, the privateer was driven out to the Atlantic, and for many days saw not a single sail either of friend or enemy.

"Captain," said Grainval to Surcouf one morning, "the convalescents are now in condition to answer questions, and the doctor declares them cured."

"Good. I hardly thought the hunchback would have pulled through."

"Nor I, Captain. And I imagine I know the other. The tall, handsome, fair-haired boy with the blue eyes, is a foundling, adopted by a worthy woman, the daughter of a fisherman of Yport, called Martine Duclot."

"What! Noel's good cousin—the cousin of him who saved my life! What a strange coincidence, and how small is this world in which people are constantly meeting in this odd manner! If I remember rightly, it was this boy who acted as spy to the smugglers."

"That is so. He was captured at first, but I saw him escape, and disappear as if by magic. He was searched for in vain. Last month, when I visited Yport, Martine told me that she had not heard a word about him. In the meantime I have let the young man believe that I am ignorant of the faults he has committed."

"Why so?"

"Curious ears were on the alert while we talked together. And then, I think he was led away by a rascally uncle, and has been cruelly punished already. I believe the boy will grow into an honest man if we put it in his power. As far as we can tell, he will have to stay for many months on board, so that we shall have time to judge. It would be very much against him were he to begin a new life believing himself despised by me, and suspected by his comrades and his superiors. On the *Néréide*, when I was a midshipman, a poor devil of a cabin-boy turned out very badly. His superiors held him in good repute, and he did his work well, but his comrades reminded him constantly of a theft he had committed in his twelfth year before shipping, and gradually he grew quarrelsome, then a drunkard, and now he is a lost man."

"I promise to be silent, then. Drieux, who must be told, will do the same, for he is as silent as the grave. But have you questioned your protégé about the last three years?"

"Yes, and I believe his answers. Kidnapped by the gipsy band who camped in the wood of Yport, closely watched, and beaten if he wandered, he would have died had not the little hunchback comforted him, and taught him patience. Indeed, Captain, the affection and solicitude which this handsome boy shows for his deformed friend says much in his favour."

"Bring them to me. Here comes Drieux. I shall tell him, and he can be present when I question the boys."

Alexander and Tzerko were led into the presence of Captain Surcouf, who looked at them for a second or two saying to himself, "One of them is indeed splendid, and his face has a true nobility. The other makes one thank God for having been made straight and strong." Then he said aloud, "Come here, both of you. Now look me straight in the eyes. I have a perfect horror of those who cannot look me in the face. Very good; there is no harm in blushing. You, the taller, what is your name?"

Alexander replied in a clear voice, but with a Norman accent mixed with the curious guttural intonation, caught from the gipsies, "Alexander, more commonly Alex. That's all."

"Your parents?"

"I never knew them. She who brought me up said that they were foreigners guillotined in the Revolution, but she never knew their names. She saved me from a prison, and from a very wicked man who wished to kill me."

"Did she often speak to you of these things?"

"No, she recommended me rather to forget that I was not her son. It was her Aunt Mathilde who kept me from forgetting, and Martine annoyed me when she wished me not to believe that my parents were rich and noble. They guillotined the nobles then, you know."

"And others to boot, by hundreds. Then Martine is bad?"

"Oh! Monsieur, she is good, the best in the world. But I was bad, disobedient and idle, and God has punished me for having distressed Mama; I called Martine, Mama, Monsieur."

At the memory, Alexander's blue eyes filled with tears. Surcouf coughed to hide his emotion, and replied, "You know God!"

"Yes; Mama made me say my prayers, and when Bonaparte ordered the churches to be reopened, a monsieur priest came from foreign parts and taught me the catechism. All that bothered me, as I only cared to run about and be disobedient. Then the wicked cruel gipsies took me away and shut me up in a bear's cage. Deprived of everything, beaten every instant——"

"I know that; but tell me how you came to be on the rock when I heard you crying out?"

After having told what the reader knows already, Alexander added, "Ah! Monsieur, you have saved us and I will do whatever you want. Keep us both here, I beg you. You will see if I do not become a good sailor, you will see whether I am ungrateful."

"I'll think about it. And you—it is your turn now. Have no fear. Who are you?"

In his weak shrill voice, his brown eyes raised to the face of Surcouf, and in a French more than fantastic, Tzerko told his name and the name of his mother, and how everybody in his tribe despised and ill-treated him because he was ugly and hump-backed, and how when he had taught a beast to love him, they killed or sold it. Only Alex had shown any compassion, and had taught him to speak to the "Lord God of all the earth." Tzerko told lastly how they had fled from the camp of the gipsies, adding, "Just when we thought ourselves safe Hirko discovered us, beat us, and dragged us over great sharp stones. While I was still able, I cried to Alex, 'Save yourself, save yourself!' He could have done so, while I clung to Hirko and dug my nails into him, but Alex would not forsake me. I remember nothing after that."

As he finished the poor boy turned towards his friend, and his eyes lit up with gratitude.

Surcouf, speaking very gently, said: "My good little fellow, what will you do if I keep Alexander and make a sailor of him?"

"Monsieur, I am sure that I shall some day be able to show you that I am not ungrateful either."

"I believe you. Drieux, add Alexander's name to the roll of the ship's company; from to-day this boy is entered as a deck-hand. If he proves attentive, brave, obedient, and well-conducted in port, his future is in his own hands, and I shall take care of him. In the opposite case he will find me inflexible. You understand, my boy?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Every one calls me Captain here, but you will learn all that. Grainval, see that Alexander is properly equipped; he will join the next watch. As to you, Tzerko, what can you do? Every one must make himself useful on board ship. Let me see; you couldn't be a sailor, my good boy, because you are too small."

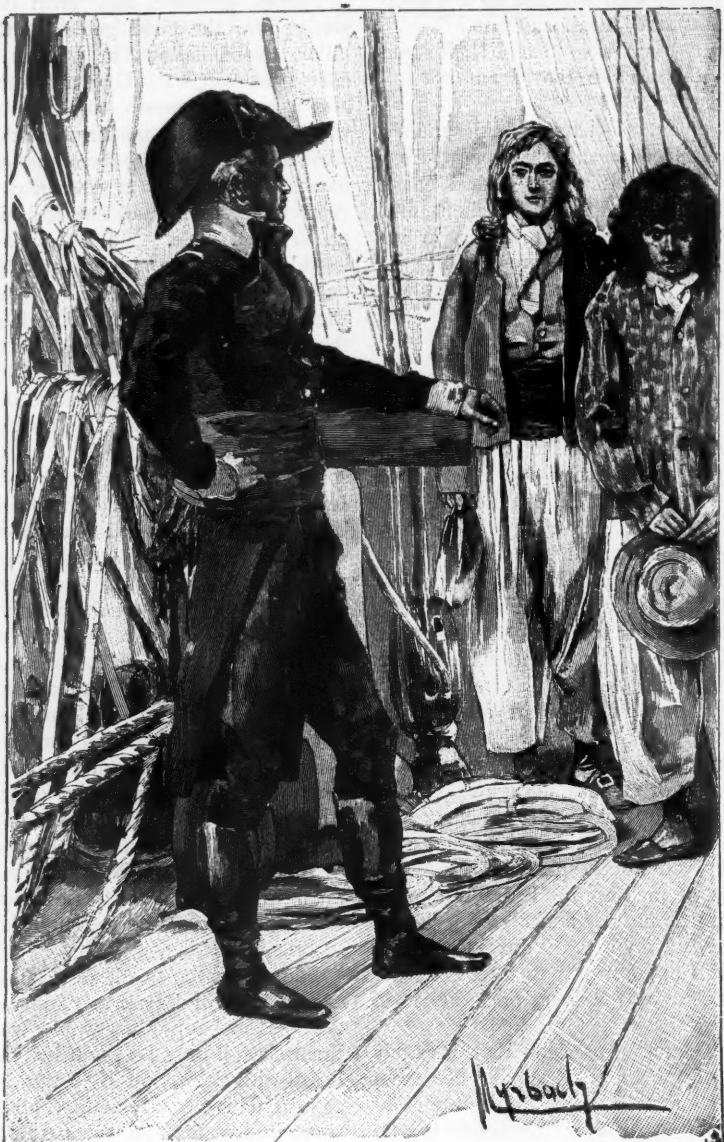
Tzerko remained perplexed for an instant, wagging his great head about, and pressing his forehead with his long thin fingers. At last he replied, "I have found it! In the large room where we lay, I often wanted to leave my bed and comfort others who lay groaning beside me. It seems to me that I am strong enough to make beds, to hand a cup, or make a draught. Doctor Lenouvel will perhaps teach me how, and when the sick see that I am patient and useful, they will not despise me any more on account of my hump. I did not make myself, and it is not my fault."

"No, indeed, my boy. Your idea is excellent, and I appoint you to attend on the two doctors, whom I shall at once inform of this step."

So it was done. Inscribed that very day in the list of the crew, Alexander became a deck-hand, then a top-man, and a very good top-man too; he never required to be punished, and he never quarrelled with his comrades. Gifted with extraordinary strength, he was soon secure from the rough practical jokes which sailors play on all novices; besides, he was not aggressive, and helped his neighbours willingly. Only they found him too serious for his age. "One would think that it was an old man who had suddenly got into the skin of a youngster," said a steersman, who was also the barber and the wag of the crew.

Tzerko, however, had great difficulty in getting into the good graces of the Breton sailors, good fellows at bottom, but very coarse and rough; calling a spade a spade, and a hump a hump, for them deformity was not so much a misfortune as a mark of shame. They gave the dwarf the most absurd names, culled out of almanacs — Cupid, Apollo, Narcissus; and they had him dressed up in great style. When they landed they would bring back with them a garland of flowers which they forced him to wear. Off the Isle of France, when some ladies visited the ship, a quartermaster, given to talking, told how one of the loveliest of creoles had asked from the Captain the hand of the handsome Tzerko, and that the marriage would be celebrated next day or the day after, or some time in the first week of Sundays. Laughed at and hustled about, but without brutality, the poor little hunchback smiled sadly but never complained. However, in proportion as his intelligence developed, he suffered from this cruel raillery. On the other hand, he had a deeper sense of the kindness of others; of the two doctors, who were well pleased with his zeal, of the boatswain, Alain, who taught him the mysteries of the ropes, and told him Breton legends of a Sunday, and above all of Jean, who encouraged him to share the daily lessons of Alexander. In Alexander, the boy whom he had known in his own country, and in whom he perceived many noble qualities, Jean took much interest, and the lessons were a pleasure for all three, and the pupil learned with surprising rapidity.

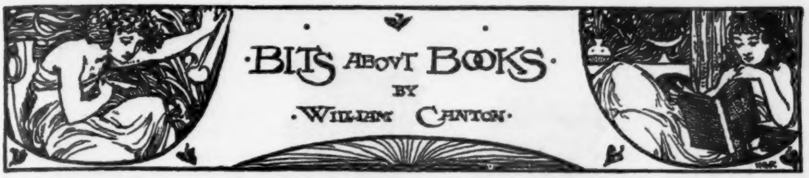
Sometimes the two friends talked together of the sorrowful past as of an evil dream. Ah! How happy they would have thought themselves if only Le Bœuf had not been on board with them, and if Alexander, who exaggerated his own criminality, had not dreaded some indiscretion on the part of Le Bœuf, And in proportion as he acquired information, and the officers showed their goodwill, his fear lest he should fall in their esteem increased. Ah! how he regretted that he had not confessed all at once at whatever cost, and that he had not refused to have anything to do with this wretched man, on the day he saw him for the first time in the infirmary. Under pretext of friendly interest, Le Bœuf, leaning over his bed, had whispered into his ear, "Swear to be silent



"Come here, both of you"

or you are lost. I will accuse you and clear myself, and they will leave you on some desert shore, you and Tzerko."

Weakened by suffering, Alexander had sworn. Now he understood his folly, and regretted it bitterly. Still, it was just as terrible to have to confess now as before, and then they would accuse him of having lied all this time. "No, it is too late," he said to Tzerko, who, the frequent witness of his friend's misery, often invited him to clear his conscience.



BITS ABOUT BOOKS

BY

WILLIAM CANTON

ONE of the most picturesque details in the story of the building of some of our grand old abbeys and cathedrals is the expedient adopted by the shrewd Dominus Abbas for supplying funds when stone and timber threatened to run short. More than once one catches a glimpse in the pages of the quaint Latin "Chronicles" of a little band of cowled figures traversing the ancient ways of wild England, journeying from town to town, from village to village, with the shrine of a saint, and collecting such offerings as the piety or gratitude of the people prompted them to make. Whether the pilgrims ever crossed the sea into France I am not aware, but a passage in Miss Stokes's singularly attractive book, "Three Months in the Forests of France,"* renders such an expedition by no means improbable; for in some measure at least the imposing six-towered cathedral of Laon, with its colossal stone oxen standing out against the sky, owes its completion to English benevolence. After the great fire in 1112, it was resolved to supplement the collection made in France by a visit to England, and nine canons, with several shrines containing miraculous relics, spent five months in visiting Canterbury, Salisbury, Dartmouth, and Bristol, and returned to Laon in September with a hoard of silver marks and valuable ornaments. Laon Cathedral stands on the site of the ancient church in the porch of which, about the year 648, St. Gobain, the companion of St. Fursa, restored sight to the blind; and if the twelfth-century incursion of the French canons into England is curious, still more strange and interesting is the close connection between this portion of France and the Ireland of the seventh-century saints and missionaries.

Indeed, when one comes unprepared upon the fact for the first time this constant intercourse between the Continent and "the green isle of the sundown," is one of the most delightful and suggestive surprises in our early annals. As in a dim dream one sees the ascetics, summoned by airy voices or a vision of angels, launching their rude currachs covered with skins, or their hollow trees, or, at a later date, their timber-built ships of many oars and leathern sails, and venturing out into the great deep with songs of joy and hope. To and fro in such unseaworthy craft were borne the treasures of Western life—religion and art and literature, skill in music and metal-work, in jewelry and enamelling, in church building and bell-making, and the illuminating of books. "The country of Ireland," says an old biographer, "rich in scholars and teachers, resembles the star-bearing heaven, adorned by the quivering of brilliant constellations;" and crowds of Gaulish students "sought the Irish shores to win back again from their pupils of former times the learning they had lost themselves." Customs and habits and folk-tales passed from country to country, so that even at the present day we find not only Irish churches, but Irish superstitions and Irish legends in the northern provinces of France; the same inspired animals and birds, the same mystic lights and miraculous wells and magical ships are common to both countries.

The story of Miss Stokes's search, after twelve centuries, for the traces of her missionary countrymen is not only delightfully told, but it presents us with the results of long and patient research. Over the French landscape of to-day descends the glamour of a past long forgotten and difficult to realise. Those who are interested in this remote but vivid kind of romance should, however, either preface or supplement the present work by the perusal of her "Six Months in the Apennines." As one gazes at the interminable plains and long straight roads bordered with poplars around Luxeuil, and thinks of the dense forests and sacred lakes of the old Pagan creed, it seems hopeless to expect to find any record of Columban and his companions; yet, strangely enough, tradition can still point out the cave which the wolf surrendered at the Saint's command; little children who gather the wild myrtle, the *brin belu de St. Columban*, can tell the story of how, after a long fast, the Saint fainted, and was restored by eating its crimson berry; and in seasons of drought processions still wind up the mountain to the Saint's chapel and holy well to ask his intercession for rain. No vestige survives of the ancient church at Annegrai, a few miles away, where Columban founded his first monastery, but around the knoll on which it stood Miss Stokes observed an ancient wall built of unhewn stone without mortar, "evidently of the same character as that which enclosed the monastery of Glendalough and the *cashels* which surround most of our early monasteries in Ireland."

But try to picture Luxeuil when in 574 Columban fixed on the site of the splendid old Roman

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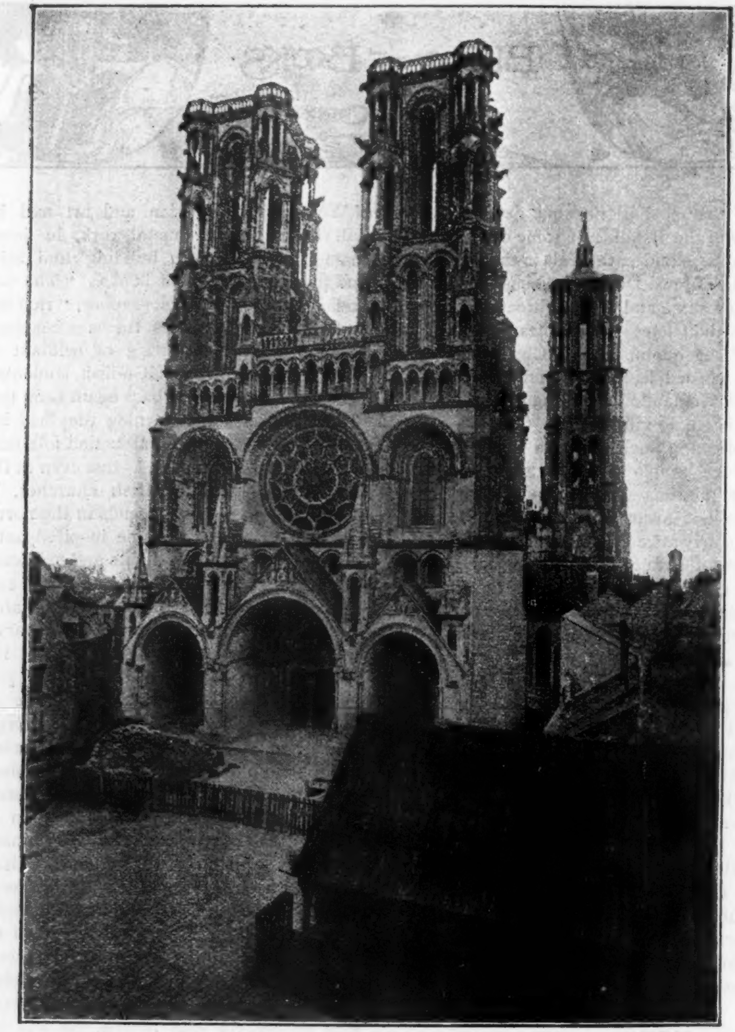
* "Three Months in the Forests of France: a Pilgrimage in Search of Vestiges of the Irish Saints in France." With numerous illustrations. By Margaret Stokes, honorary member of the Royal Irish Academy. George Bell & Son. Price 12s. net.



THE CATHEDRAL OF LAON

"Three Months in the Forests of France"

town for his second monastery. Attila and his Huns had passed like a whirlwind of fire a little over a century before. It was a mound of cinders and broken marble in the heart of a savage wilderness. Weeds and brambles had overrun the wreck of baths and temples and the shattered statues of the Latin gods. "Here," writes the biographer of the Saint, "the groves were thick with crowds of stone images, which the heathen in old times used to honour with wretched worship and profane rites; but now, amid vast walls all gone to ruin, there were only wild beasts, bears, buffaloes, and wolves." From this ancient wreckage has been recently dug a bust, on the wistful face of which Columban himself may have looked as he surveyed the spot chosen for his new house. As one reads one remembers the opening pages of "Hypatia," and the vision of Philammon in the painted vistas of the deserted Egyptian temple. The reader must refer to the book, however, for the story of Columban's labours, and his contest with the terrible Queen Brunehilde, who eventually drove him out of Burgundy, and so sent him forth on his mission into Italy. And space fails me to touch on his companion, the cheerful old Deicola, one of whose holy wells, to the north of the pleasant little town of Lure, is surrounded by branches of trees hung with the offerings of thankful parents whose children have been cured by its healing waters. A second holy well springs from a great grey rugged rock, lying to-day submerged beneath a glassy lake which its abundant waters have formed.

To the average layman, however, the most interesting portion of Miss Stokes's book is the account of St. Fursa and his visions. "An ancient brother of our monastery is still living," writes the Venerable Bede, "who is wont to declare that a very sincere and religious man told him that he had seen Fursey himself in the province of the East Angles, and heard those visions from his mouth." Bede was one of the writers whom Dante specially honoured, and it is possible that through him he became acquainted with the name of Fursa. Whether the great Italian ever read these Irish visions of heaven and hell is a question to which we are not likely to receive a satisfactory answer, nor, in spite of the cases of parallelism which have been noted, is it one of much importance. Infinitely more attractive is the character of the visions in which, as Miss Stokes points out in her careful comparative analysis, the gentle Irish dreamer is given a revelation less of the anguish of the lost than of the great flowery plain of heaven, with its shady bowers full of sunshine and its air full of sweet voices mingling with a thousand perfumes. Fursa's angels appear "as winged hands and winged faces, whose bodies are invisible, lost in dazzling light, or winged birds with human faces." And surely there is nothing finer in early Christian poetry than the ideal of the ministry of angels conveyed in the answer to Fursa, when, ravished with the beauty of the heavenly music, he exclaims: "It is great joy to hear these songs." "We may not often hear them," replied the angel; "we are the ministers of man, and we must toil and labour in his service, lest demons destroying human hearts should make our labour vain."

Burghcastle in Suffolk, where Fursa dwelt about the year 630, yielded Miss Stokes no trace of the kindly visionary; no one knew or knows anything of his bell, his girdle, or his holy well. It was otherwise at Péronne, in spite of the wanton destruction of the Revolution. The superb basilica, erected in the twelfth century on the site of the Saint's great church, was razed to the ground, but his relics were saved, and are now enshrined in the church of St. Jean. Among the finest memorials of Fursa is a great painting in the town-hall, executed in the seventeenth century.

Hasty and superficial as is this account of a fresh and extremely interesting work, enough has, I hope, been said to suggest that Miss Stokes, in raising the veil from the forgotten lives of these old saints, seers, poets, and craftsmen, has made a notable contribution to the literature of what has been termed "the Celtic renaissance."

What a magical sweetness and pathos, what a freshness of imagination, what a strenuousness of power one feels in the literature and legendary of the Ireland of old days! Some months ago I spoke of Dr. Douglas Hyde's version of the tales known —if they are known—as "The Three Sorrows of Story-telling"; but there is such imperishable beauty in "The Legend of the Children of Lir," such heart-piercing fatefulness in the story of the Sons of Usna, that I am glad to welcome Mr. Todhunter's presentation or "free rehandling" of the old material. It has long been a matter of astonishment to me that so little attention has been given in England to these superb Irish sagas. Had Carlyle but known them, he would surely have given them a place in English memory beside the epic of the Nibelungs. It is customary to speak of the fatality of Greek tragedy, the terrible αναγκη against which human prayer and divine power are helpless, but let any one turn to "The Coming of Deirdrè" in Mr. Todhunter's version of the legend, and where will he find anything more implacably predestined than the horrors foretold by the "thin, keen, shuddering cry" of the child crying "in the gate of birth for terror of this world"? This is the only new poem in the volume, and I venture to think it is the best of the three.* What a noble picture is this which heralds the coming of the babe whose name is to be "Dread."

"There Conall Carnach sat,
Whose eyes, renowned in song, the blue eye and the brown,
Abashed his foes; but now beamed kindly as he pledged
The man of glorious heart who laughed a realm away,
Fergus MacRoy; who now pledged him again, and laughed,
With frank heart-easing roar, the laugh that all men loved.
So Fergus laughed, and looked a mighty man of men;
Ruddy his face, and red the great beard on his breast,
Fergus, whose heart contained the laughter and the tears
Of all the world; who held the freedom of his mood,
Love, and *the dreaming harp that made the world a dream,*
Dearer than power . . . .
And there Fardia felt the broad hand of his death
Laid on his shoulder now in comrade's love."

And what a mighty fight is that for the fateful and fated Queen beside the House of the Red Branch! Such slight quotation as my limits allow can afford no adequate conception of the great epical swing of the poem, of the colossal strife of heroes during Naisi's great game of chess, of the irresistible sweep of doom; but one passage may be given—a radiant flower in the dark field of death, an episode as fine in its way as anything in the "Iliad" or the "Nibelungenleid":

"But on the door-post leaned Illàn, trembling and pale,
And gasped for breath. Anon with his last strength he flung
His shield into the hall, and tottering in, death-blind,
Fell on the floor, panting: 'I am slain in your defence;
Do valiantly for yourselves.' And all the floor was red
From the rivers of his veins; with every word he spoke
More blood came through his lips than breath. Then Naisi
cast

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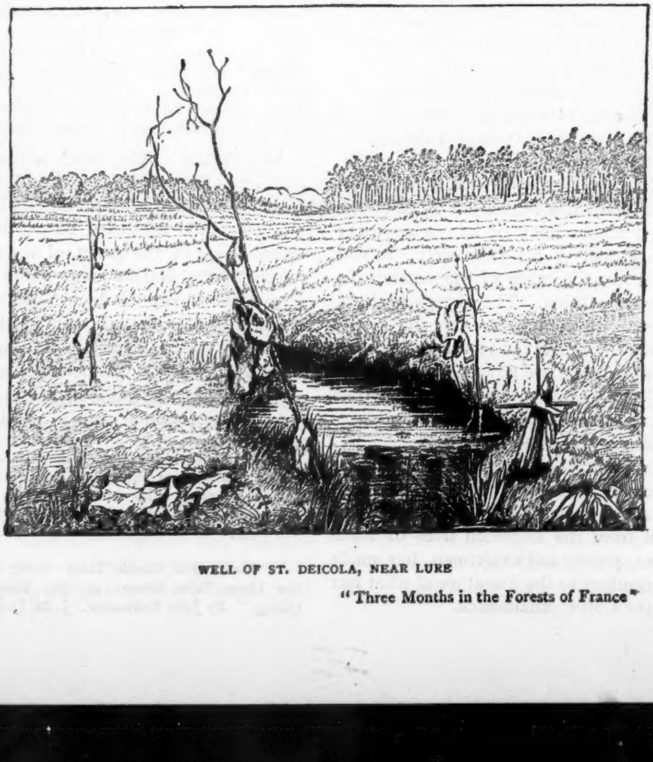
* "Three Irish Bardic Tales: being Metrical Versions of the Three Tales known as 'The Three Sorrows of Story-telling.'" By John Todhunter. J. M. Dent & Co. Price 5s. net

> The board away, crying: 'Thou art the pick of three,
> And thou hast done the work of three for us this night;
> A champion's praise be thine, for better none could do.'
>
> They raised him in their arms, and Deirdrè o'er him bent.
> 'Faithful and true thou art, faithful and true!' she said,
> Weeping; and on his face, damp with the dews of death,
> Rained her hot tears. She knelt, and with her warm, soft mouth
> Kissed his cold brow. Thereat, with wistful glazing eyes,
> He stared on her. No speech was left him, but he smiled,
> And dead they laid him down, that smile on his dead lips."

For those who do not know this grandiose old Irish literature these Bardic Tales will be a surprise and a durable delight.

"Lyra Celtica," * is a volume which every lover of poetry, every lover of the poetry of glamour and regret, will hasten to place upon his shelf of favourite books. The range of selection, which covers Irish, Scottish, Welsh, Cornish and Breton, is wide enough, and although in an anthology it is impossible to include every one's peculiar choice, the selection leaves very little to be desired on the one hand, while on the other it has gathered beauties which must be unknown to the great majority of readers. In Mr. Sharp's interesting and eloquent preface, it seems to me that he plays fast and loose with his own definitions. The word Celtic is generally taken to connote a distinction of blood and race, but Mr. Sharp's quest is really for "the poetry drenched in the dew of natural magic," and this kind of poetry is often enough found among writers who can lay claim to no immediate Celtic consanguinity. The result is curious: Moore, "born in Ireland of Celtic ancestry," is excluded as "the least Celtic of all modern poets of eminence," while, in regard to Coleridge and Shelley, "of unmixed English blood," we have proposed to us the query whether "the wild lyricism of the one and the glamour and magic of the other were not in part the expression of some 'ancestral voice.'" It seems to me, so much mixed up is our genealogy, that this was quite possibly the case; but if Moore, a Celt of the Celts, was not "Celtic," what after all is the value of the racial distinction? Had we not better regard "Celtic" as a temperamental characteristic, not confined to the so-called Celts at all, although it may be most noticeable among them?

Indeed, if my memory does not play me false, I think it would not be difficult to add to this handsome and far-ranging collection thrills and snatches of song distinctly Celtic from the mediæval Latin and from both modern and ancient Greek. After all, any difference of opinion on this matter is merely one of definition and delimitation. The book itself is one which will be widely welcomed, and the admirable biographical and bibliographical notes which Mr. Sharp has thrown together in an appendix are eminently useful and workmanlike. A word, too, of praise must be given to the publishers for the fresh and dainty *format* of the volume, which in paper, type, impression and binding, is one of the most charming I have recently set eyes on.



WELL OF ST. DEICOLA, NEAR LURE

"Three Months in the Forests of France"

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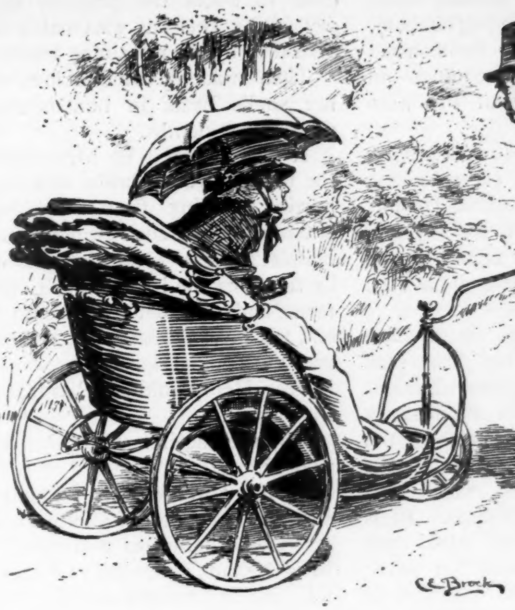
* "Lyra Celtica; an Anthology of Representative Celtic Poetry." Edited by Elizabeth A. Sharp; with an introduction and notes by William Sharp. Patrick Geddes and Colleagues. Price 6s.



"Have the horses been exercised, John?"

CHARITY CHANCE

By WALTER RAYMOND, Author of "Gentleman Upcott's Daughter," "Love and Quiet Life," "Tryphena in Love," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES E. BROCK

CHAPTER V

MERE MONEY MATTERS

A STRANGE mixture of fine feeling and fastidious sensibility was this little lady of Bablecombe House. She dwelt in a garden of poetry—a sort of fairy island of her own—where, alas! at times she suffered rude shocks from the tempests that sweep across the sea of life. Then she cowered in a corner until her sorrow was forgotten in sunshine and flowers, as the garden bloomed afresh.

It was a heavy blow when her father died unreconciled to Irene. Good repute and the respectful admiration of Bath constituted the breath of that great physician's professional nostrils, and the scandal of his girl's elopement went near to break his heart. He scented the pump-room gossip. He detected the covert smiles of rival medical practitioners, and they made him mad. In reality he felt these more deeply than the loss of his daughter, although Irene had been a belle in Bath, as the good bishop remembered. In his wrath he swore that rascal Poltimore should never touch a penny of his money.

But in little more than a year, stepping from his brougham to pay a visit, he dropped suddenly upon the wide pavement in Milson Street, and neither spoke nor opened his eyes upon the world again.

In her loneliness Helen Graham sent

post-haste for her sister, who hurried home to the great shuttered house, bringing Graham, a baby in arms. How good to be restored to each other! They wept together—in sorrow for the dead—in joy of the newborn.

But Dr. Graham had kept his word. After the funeral it was found that every farthing was left in trust for "my daughter Helen," with power of appointment to her by will. She could not part with the money during life, although she could leave it as she would.

Between baser spirits this must have opened an impassable gulf, but it seemed only to knit the sisters in closer affection. They spoke of it with bated breath, scarcely daring to call in question the justice of the dead, or defeat his intention. After all, the money might have been lost, which now must be secured to little Graham. Bless him! And meanwhile Helen could pay Irene's bills. Then, to be near her sister, the little cripple bought the mansion at Babblecombe, with the cottages, the wood, and the small farm let with the mill. Scarcely had she come there to live, when Irene died.

For awhile sorrow brought closer intimacy between the bereaved neighbours. Helen Graham was constantly driving into the town to the little motherless boy. And Henry Poltimore, then agent to Lord Babblemouth, and steward to his lordship's vast estates, was no less frequently at Combe. She could not do without him. He advised her concerning the mill, the cottages, and the farm. She esteemed him highly. She pitied him with all her heart. And if at times a manner somewhat too large jarred upon her nerves—as when he boasted of his own gentility, or talked of his lordship at unnecessary length—such little matters must be forgiven to a man of business. She had always understood discreet reserve and perfect self-restraint to be the exclusive possessions of upper professional circles and the pick of the aristocracy. As a man of affairs, as a man of heart, Henry Poltimore was perfect; and he also had loved and lost Irene.

About this time one of the trustees under her father's will was called to his last account. She gladly appointed Henry Poltimore. Who so fit to accept this trust as the father of the child to whom the property should some day fall? This was reasonable and readily agreed to by the remaining trustee.

Then suddenly came a blow, which shook her soul's belief in human nature to its profoundest depths.

It was delivered by Mrs. Mortimer, then the Rector's young bride, who one morning hurried panting from Babblemouth, and entered the French window, as pale as Hamlet's ghost. Not that she was affected by the news she bore; but driven by excitement, and a laudable desire to be friendly and tell Miss Graham first, she had travelled with inexpedient speed.

"Mr. Henry Poltimore has married again!" she gasped.

"Married again! When? Where? To whom?"

"To a governess—in Wiltshire—they say she is the daughter of a farmer——"

"The daughter of a farmer," interrupted Miss Graham, indignantly; "I do not believe it! He is broken-hearted! He is inconsolable!"

"But he has written to the Rector. He could not bear the solitude, he said. They married quietly—nine in the morning—none present because Mr. Poltimore is still in mourning. The Rector thinks it positively indecent. So very soon, you know. You will certainly get a letter when the post comes. But I thought you would like to know at once."

It was too true. The prediction was little sooner uttered than confirmed, for the postman was already upon the gravel path.

"He might at least have married a lady," said Miss Graham with bitter self-control. But her hand shook, and the letter dropped upon the floor.

That was all she said. It was reported in Babblemouth and afterwards repeated to the second Mrs. Poltimore on the authority of the Rector's wife. But although she sat in her chair, stiff with dignity, tears rushed into her eyes at the thought of Irene, sweet and beautiful as an angel, and only a few months in heaven.

She was too proud to give expression to her pain. When Mr. Poltimore brought home his bride, she called. But her constant visits were discontinued. They must send over the little boy on every fine warm day, she told them. She should be pleased to welcome them at Babblecombe at any time of course, but she had given up going out. Thus they sank into comparative insignificance as "the Babblemouth people." A little later, in spite of their remonstrance, she adopted Charity Chance: an act of benevolence, which so far had brought her nothing but happiness and love.

Then Mr. Henry Poltimore suddenly became rich, retired from his stewardship, and blossomed into Briggs. He bought a small estate close to Babblemouth, and farmed it to the admiration of surrounding agriculturists. It was like a garden: "but la! it never couldn't pay," they said. He bred prize cattle of marvellous length of pedigree and price, and rented the shooting of Babblemouth Park when his lordship went abroad, and added a wing to his house, and built new stables, which everybody said were better than most people's cottages. The hillside above the town glistened with his conservatories; and his grapes, exhibited at all the flower shows, became the despair of every gardener in the west.

Thus he grew and grew, and many people thought he ought to be made a magistrate for the county. He thought so himself. His devotion to public business deserved no less. For he sat on every board and council in the district, and spoke, too, at considerable length. Thus his name was in every mouth. As elections were frequent it brightened every hoarding, and enlivened every blank wall in the neighbourhood. Gate-posts bloomed perennially with invitations to "Vote for Poltimore-Briggs." And what a friend he was—a friend to the farmer—a friend to the landed interest—a friend to the poor man. Nothing was too high or too low to be included in the friendship of Poltimore-Briggs. And at last this broad humanity, assisted by persistent pushing of himself, was to reap its reward. The Agricultural Association had determined to run a candidate for Parliament, and upon whom should its maiden fancy light but Mr. Poltimore-Briggs!

No wonder, when at last he was left sole surviving trustee, Miss Graham did not appoint another. Such a thought could not enter her head. For everything was managed to perfection. Her dividends were never a day late, nor even the rent of a cottage went into arrear.

Some days had elapsed, and the buzz of excitement following Charity's engagement had settled down. It was a lovely summer morning, and John Sprake had already toiled half-way up the hill, when Miss Graham suddenly leaned forward in her chair.

"Have the horses been exercised, John?"

John Sprake, who although a very steady man, was no fool, hearing himself thus addressed, speedily turned around the little wheel, and respectfully rested.

In Miss Graham's opinion nobody in this world was so good as John Sprake—in his own station in life, of course. Nobody could pull the chair like John Sprake. She could trust no other in the same way, for several excellent reasons. He was a coachman, and understood driving, and had never been known to go fast or have an accident in his life. He was clean-shaved, with white wavy hair, which reminded her of the late Dean of Bath. He had buried two wives, poor man, and married a third; and brought up fourteen children and lost four; and looked very respectable in church in top-boots and a blue livery; and during his whole twenty years of service had never done anything giddy or lost his head. Therefore she placed implicit confidence in John Sprake.

"Regularly?" She looked him keenly in the face. Something evidently weighed upon her mind.

Ever so small a spot upon John's conscience made him unduly to protest.

"Iss mum. Every day so sure as the sun. Zo to speak, unless 'tis vor some good reason."

"And are they in good order?"

"Zo vat 's butter."

"Yes, but I mean quite quiet?"

"Zo quiet 's mice."

"Then bring round the carriage this afternoon at three. Miss Chance is going for a sail and I shall drive into town with her."

This unexpected termination to a cross-examination pressing perilously close upon detection, took John Sprake's breath away. As he explained at leisure when subsequent proceedings attracted attention in the village: "I wur that tookt aback, that wh'er or no I wur 'pon my head or my heels I couldn' ha' told. There! If you'd a-stuck Jan Sprake wi' a knife, thik minute, he wouldn' never ha' blood."

However he managed to murmur "Iss, mim," and turned and plodded wisely on his way.

No wonder the man was startled. Jan Sprake bestriding one fat carriage-horse and leading another was the most familiar object in the Babblecombe landscape. He did very little else, and many a distasteful duty did John avoid by urging the immediate necessity to exercise his horses. He had been known to refuse to haul the chair because he must take out his horses. And this with such a serious shake of his hoary old head, that the poor little woman was nearly moved to tears by the contemplation of such devotion to dumb animals. She had not set foot in a carriage for years. The splendid chariot, its wheels picked out with yellow, and the brougham in which her distinguished father formerly paid his visits, stood in the coach-house side by side, in solemn state. She would not have parted with them for the world. Sometimes a visitor must be fetched from the station five miles over the hill, and the mere thought of a hired fly made her shudder. But ten years ago, when alighting, she had stumbled and fallen in Babblemouth Street, and since then, except upon those rare occasions, the carriages had remained at rest.

But with Charity's engagement, over everything had come a change.

The little lady started life anew. Her tenderest hope, hitherto liable to be cut off by any frost, was at last hardened into a set purpose. She could look forward to flowers and fruit.

Of late a doubt had often troubled her mind. If Charity did not marry Graham, she must be provided for in some manner consistent with the luxury in which she had been brought up. To educate and then to leave her poor would be cruelty indeed—for education in the opinion of this little lady added a grace only. It was not meant for the work-a-day world. Common people were better without it, with its restless upsetting influences leading only to discontent. And the pay which an accomplished lady could command was a mere pittance. Yet to leave money away from her own kin seemed to savour of robbery, and was scarcely a righteous act. She almost fancied it might follow her beyond the grave, and meet with disapproval both in this world and the next. For in this woman's heart was a fair mixture of fine old family pride.

But now that Charity was to be her niece indeed, all doubts were blown to the winds. People called, letters came by every post, and the very air became quite bracing with congratulation. In her joy, with every hour Miss Graham evolved a new and loftier idea. Graham should add the name of Graham, as his father had taken Briggs, and Charity become the mother of a fresh line of Grahams. It was a noble mission. Only to think of it brought the colour to the little cripple's cheek. The girl whom she had always loved so well was now worshipped, and this order for the carriage was an act of sacrifice and devotion.

To the intensity of this new-found fervour witnessed every word and look. The reality of it unconsciously impressed John Sprake so that he hauled and wheeled in silence without stopping for argument or rest.

Nor did his wisdom afterwards invent any specious obstacle; and the carriage was brought round upon the stroke of three.

"Put the footstool closer, Charity dear, and draw the shawl over my shoulder—To Mr. Poltimore-Briggs's, Sprake."

Thus she courageously started; but all along the Babblemouth road and down the one street which forms the town she nervously clutched the girl's hand. Tradesmen scarcely able to believe their eyes popped to their shop-doors to be sure it was Miss Graham who passed. Two of the Rector's daughters upon the causeway turned back at once to carry home the news. Quite a little crowd of children gathered round as the carriage drew up before the house of Poltimore-Briggs.

A large house of red brick, three stories high, with a paved court in front enclosed with tall iron railings against the raised causeway. An old-fashioned ornamental arch of wrought iron, bearing an heraldic shield and a square frame to hold a lamp, bent over the gates. The windows were long and narrow with thick sash-bars. And above the brass knocker on the front door in place of panels were panes of glass to light the hall. It was a fine old place, this ancient house of some forgotten merchant, and above the brass knocker it frowned down upon street and harbour with the solemn dignity of a bygone age.

Scarcely had the carriage stopped when the door quickly opened and Poltimore-Briggs himself came hurrying hatless down the steps and across the paved court. He was carefully attired as at the garden party, his face shone with pleasure, and his bald head glistened in the sun.

"Now this is kind, Helen, this is delightful. Let me help you. Take care of the step——" Suddenly remembering Charity, he gave her his hand without looking at her, still talking all the while. "I saw you from the window, and could hardly believe my eyes. But you are in no hurry. You will stay. Sprake must put up the horses. Yes. Put up the horses, Sprake. Really not? Then wait, Sprake. Take care, Helen, take care. The polished floor is slippery——"

And so with blusterous zeal he led her across the hall, bending down that she might take his arm.

"You have come at a fortunate moment," he cried, unable to conceal his pride. "I have been invited to stand for Parliament. A deputation—a most influential deputation, from one of the most powerful organisations in the division has just left me. You must have passed them in the street. I admit I was gratified—deeply gratified. But I have not yet given a reply. We shall find the others in the new room——"

"I wanted to talk to you," she whispered in that sudden way of hers which sounded so abrupt.

"To be sure. To be sure. Let us go in here. We shall be alone. You'll find the others, Charity, somewhere or other. They are waiting for you and the boat is ready. Graham has an old school friend with him. A poet or something of the sort, so they say. Alfred—Alfred Prentice."

As a man of affairs, he laughed at the bare idea of poetry. Then as he opened the door, he added with respect: "But I've seen his name in the papers."

They went into a large dining-room with three tall windows looking out upon the street. It was panelled halfway up the walls, and furnished with pieces of old oak, picked up during many years at sales in the neighbourhood. It had an odd look as if it belonged not to the place—this flotsam from the seas of bankruptcy and death. Many of the chairs were out of place, and on the long oak table stood empty decanters and glasses to prove how well the thirsty deputation had refreshed itself. Over the mantelpiece hung a life-sized portrait of Poltimore-Briggs himself, smiling round at a visitor pen in hand, and upon his face a light of intelligence such as, without the advantage of baldness, human forehead dare not hope to sustain. The attitude was justified; the quill no mere poetic flight. In the local newspaper he had once waged bitter war, the Incidence of Local Taxation being the theme.

The paint upon the picture was scarcely dry, but a host of old familiar objects recalled the past. A bookcase from the old house in Bath, a pencil drawing, by an artist of that city, of Irene, a school-girl, with hair halfway down her back—these moved the little woman deeply, and for awhile after she was seated she did not speak.

But Poltimore-Briggs blustered heedless on.

"Why it must be twenty years, Helen, since you were last here. Did you notice we've thrown the little room into the hall? A wonderful improvement I flatter myself. Some of the deputation said frankly they had never seen anything carried out so thoroughly and well. You must look when you go out. And you wouldn't know the gardens now. I don't know what I've spent upon them I'm sure. Thousands. More than I was justified. More than I shall ever see again. Lord Babblemouth came in only the other day—when he was down about the new quay. He wanted my advice. He thinks a deal of my opinion. And he was astonished. He said 'Poltimore'—he said—he always forgets and calls me Poltimore still—'Poltimore, you have the prettiest place in the west of England—for the size, of course.' I said, 'I am gratified to find you like it, my lord.' And so I was, I confess. And so it ought to be, for it costs a pretty penny to keep it up. Four men summer and winter, and sometimes five in the spring."

He paused for some note of admiration, some expression of surprise, and looked larger than ever with his hands thrust in the pockets of his white waistcoat. But little Miss Graham had scarcely heard his words. Only when he ceased she became conscious of what he had been saying.

"I have something to tell you, Henry," she began, and her voice was tremulous and very low. "A secret that you must not repeat. I only tell you now because I want something done. I should have sent for you to come over if I had not seen you to-day. I have been thinking over it for some time, and I want your help and advice."

Her earnestness arrested his attention; she was shaking from an agitation she tried in vain to repress.

"You know, Helen," he replied in his large way, with a wave of the hand, "that I am always at your service. I——"

"Yes. Yes. You have been very kind. You have been most good, but—but——" She paused, in doubt how to begin, and then summoning all her courage, continued: "Do you remember the story of the Spartan boy who concealed a fox in his bosom?"

He nodded assent. She has found out that rascal Sprake, he said to himself. For in his mind was the fable of the man who cherished a snake, and he thought it meant ingratitude.

"And then it gnawed into his heart and he died."

"What do you mean, Helen? What do you mean?"

"I want to arrange and settle everything without delay. I have known it for some time. But I could not speak of it. And I do not want any one to know. Henry, I have only a little while to live. Perhaps two years at most. Only two years to live."

Her voice sank into a wail. But now that her sorrow had found utterance she at once regained composure, and she looked up with her keen grey eyes, as if eager to observe the effect upon him of her words.

He was standing upon the hearth-rug, and the light from one of the windows fell full upon his face. His brows were knit in perplexity as if he did not quite catch her meaning, but the colour left his cheek. He became pale with alarm. He could not have appeared more startled had he just heard his own doom.

"Do you mean you are ill, Helen?" he asked eagerly, in a hoarse whisper.

"Beyond hope. There is no chance of recovery," she moaned. Then she burst into passionate lament: "And I do not want to die. I want to live. I want to live for years and years."

"But what are you doing? Why don't you take advice? Call in Bibberly. He's a good man, Bibberly. I should have every confidence, and——"

"Do you think I would have such as he prying at my poor body?" she cried with sudden nervous irritability. "No. I wrote to a physician at Bath. I sent Charity out for the day, and John Sprake fetched and drove him back, and nobody knew. Besides I have read about it in one of my father's books. Nothing can be done. He did not propose anything. It must just grow and grow. I can see it grow."

"But — eh, surely——" he hesitated, groping in his brain for the thing to say. "Surely, Helen, you will take a second opinion?"

"It is no good. Besides they might want to do something."

She shuddered at the thought, and then again came upon her this great longing for life.

"And yet I do not want to go. I could not lose it for the world, little as it is. To be wheeled out into the sun. To watch in winter for the Christmas roses in the corner. And the daffodils in spring, so bright in the meadow along the brook. And the bluebells in the wood quite thick, as if the sky had fallen between the trees. And I want to see Charity married—and to sit like a grandmother, with children running around my chair. There are people who say they are tired of life—people who have it all. But I was never tired. I could never do enough to get tired."

She stopped in her sudden way, and asked quickly: "You were not averse to Graham's engagement?"

The look of fear vanished from his countenance. The question implied a doubt, and again he was important and self-satisfied as ever.

"I will not seek to hide from you, Helen," he began slowly, and in his most sententious manner, as if he were addressing a Board of Guardians, "that I had cherished other hopes for Graham. My position and his—his expectations, I think I may say—justified me in hoping that he would make a suitable match. I was ambitious for him, I confess to you. It was only natural. Personally, I say nothing against Miss Chance. Thanks to your bounty, she is well brought up, intelligent, accomplished—but——"

"You would be too generous to speak of that," she broke in with warmth.

He graciously accepted the attribute: "Well, well! Graham has chosen, and we need say no more."

With his patronising wave of the hand he would have dismissed the matter, but she had still her errand to fulfil.

"But I want to see everything clear. I love her as if she were my own, and I want to know that whatever happens she will be provided for," she cried with glowing enthusiasm. "Of course I have left all to Graham, and that is only just. But there is the money that has been saved. That seems to me quite different. I want to give her that at once. To settle, or secure, or whatever you call it. So that it can never be lost or taken away, you know. Now, in my lifetime, I want to do it. So that if anything comes between them she will have it just the same. And when they marry, it can make no difference."

He turned to the window, and stood with his back towards her, looking out into the street. She felt that he disapproved of her intention. The old opposition, she thought, offered to poor Charity from the very first. This made her more determined.

"You see," she urged, "I do not want to have to think of these things again. Soon I may have to tell Charity, and I want all this settled first. As if it were for the marriage and as much for his sake as hers."

He walked slowly back, and leaned with his elbow upon the mantelpiece. He looked ten years older than the portrait now, and the lines upon his forehead were very deep.

"I have been taken by surprise, and what you tell me of yourself pains me very deeply, Helen," he faltered. "Let the matter rest. I will think how your wishes can be best carried out. Leave it for the present. Leave it, I will not forget nor delay. But such things want looking at—careful looking at——"

There came a step across the hall: the door was thrown open, and Mrs. Poltimore-Briggs, like a little whirlwind out of breath, broke in upon their conference. She was full of regrets, and overflowing with apologies. Her rapid trivialities, pitched in the highest key of exaggeration, were in strange contrast to the deep sorrow hidden in Miss Graham's heart.

"My dear Miss Graham! How could he bring you into this disreputable room? I was beside myself when Charity mentioned it. I rushed away at once in the most frantic haste. Why, you must be quite worn out and exhausted. Now do let me take you into the other room to have some tea. Let me take your arm. I won't trust you to him any longer. Open the other window, Henry, do. It is as close as an oven."

So the interview came abruptly to a close and he was left alone.

The cool air blowing in from the sea was grateful to him, and he stood looking down upon the harbour mouth. It was high-tide; but below the clear deep water he could distinguish lighter streaks of sand between masses of weed-covered rocks. There came a moment of insight. Between the whirling eddies of his vanity and the varying agitations of his social ambition, he caught glimpses of the unchanging realities of life.

In his perplexity he passed his hand across his forehead. It was wet with beads of perspiration.

"Two years. Two years," he muttered. "He must marry her at once."

Between the cliffs lay a cutter in readiness to go out. He could hear the creaking of her gaff and the hoops of her mainsail against the mast, as it flapped idly when she rolled upon the swell of the tide.

Two members of the deputation strolled down, and stood upon the quay. One of them in gaiters and with a back of the broadest acreage raised his stick and pointed at her.

He knew that they were talking of him—saying, perhaps with envy, that she was his. An hour before he would have been gratified—very gratified; but now the thought was bitter to him.

"I wish to God I was dead and in my grave!" he hissed between his teeth. And at that moment he meant it too.

CHAPTER VI

ALFRED PRENTICE

A POET? Alfred Prentice? Yes, there sometimes appeared verses in the magazines signed with that name. Charity had seen but scarcely read them, or if so they left no deep impression on her mind. But the mere thought of a poet made her heart quicken with interest and enthusiasm. In her restless impatience with Babblemouth and its trivialities, one thing she longed for more than all—intercourse with people whose minds were lifted above littlenesses upon great ideas. No poet had ever been known in Babblemouth, except the little shoemaker on the quay who recommended inelegant boots in limping verse, and drove a thriving trade in consequence.

Attracted by the sound of voices she went quickly down a long passage to a door at the back of the house. It opened into a paved court at the foot of a terrace, beyond which a large walled garden ran up the hill-side.

Here in the cool several people were seated. Theodosia Mortimer, with her mother and some of her sisters, Mrs. Poltimore-Briggs and Graham. They had gathered in a semicircle around a stranger who leaned back in his chair smoking a cigarette. Upon the ground close to his hand, which hung over the arm of the chair, lay a small red volume he had just put down.

As she came into the doorway Charity was greeted with a chorus of mingled welcome and regret.

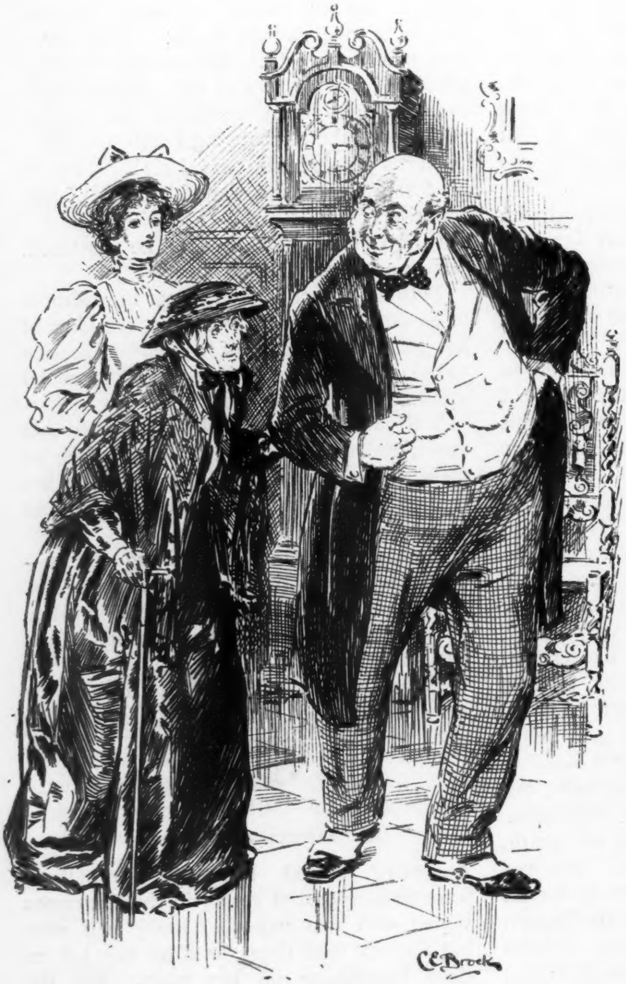
"We are ready and waiting for you, Charity," said Mrs. Mortimer with her never-ceasing smile.

"Oh, Charity! What a pity you were not here before. You have lost the most delightful treat," piped Mrs. Poltimore-Briggs. "Mr. Prentice has been good enough to read us one of his most beautiful poems."

"And you so fond of poetry too," chimed in Theodosia.

The poet languidly rose from his seat and stood in an attitude combining ease with angularity. Less than the middle height and very slight, beside Graham Poltimore he looked quite small. His hair, of which there was a great deal, was black as jet; his shaven face thin and pale, and his eyes large and bright. He wore a soft hat, a velvet jacket, and a lace cravat.

At the first glance there came to Charity a strange feeling of mistrust. An intuition of something new and not yet understood, which brought the colour to her cheek, and caused her to abruptly turn away. "How happy she looks, now she is engaged," thought Theo-



"With blusterous zeal he led her across the hall" dosia Mortimer; "what luck the girl has had!"

In the movement and flutter of excitement, for a moment the poet seemed likely to be overlooked.

"Present me, Poltimore."

The voice was deep and rich and almost tragic.

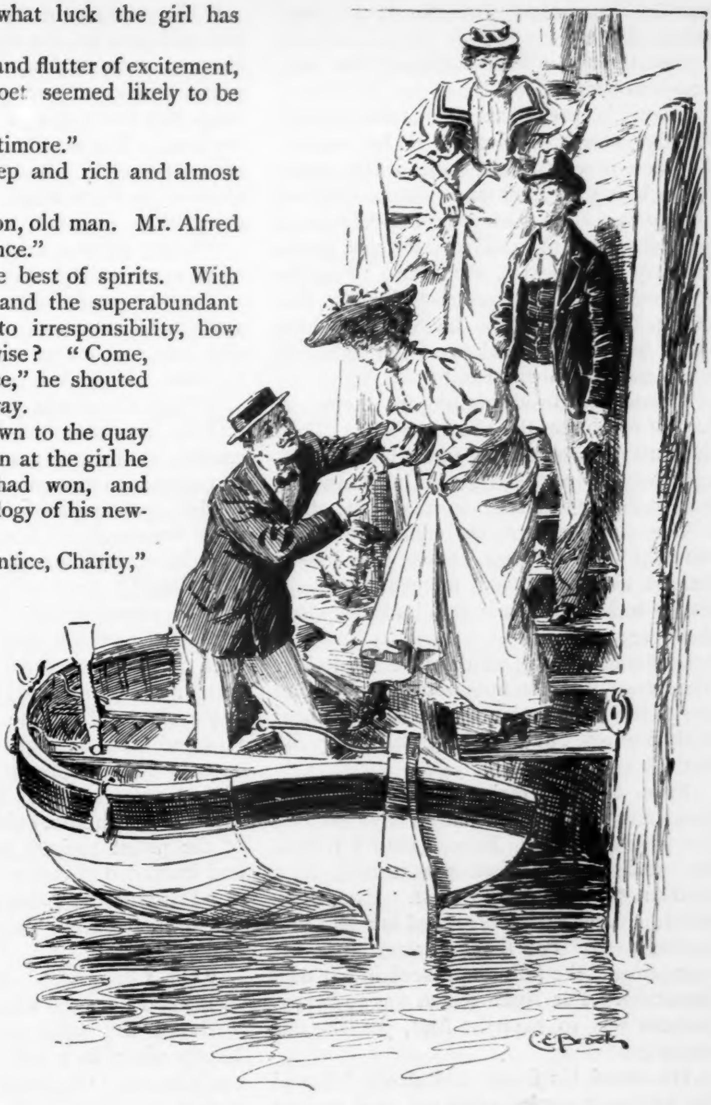
"I beg your pardon, old man. Mr. Alfred Prentice—Miss Chance."

Graham was in the best of spirits. With youth, expectations, and the superabundant health which runs to irresponsibility, how could he be otherwise? "Come, let us go on at once," he shouted in his light-hearted way.

As they walked down to the quay he looked gladly down at the girl he loved and at last had won, and burst out in rapid eulogy of his new-found friend.

"You will like Prentice, Charity," he cried with enthusiasm. "He is not exactly a Hercules, but he's a very good fellow—and clever, very clever indeed. Just the sort of literary chap you will like to talk to. I fell across him this morning sitting upon the wall at the end of the jetty. I asked him what he was doing. He said he was busy. Incubating a poem, I told him. We were at school together, but he is older than I. Oh! he's a very good chap. He did my verses and Greek play for years. That's why he made such a reputation so young in life. He got the learning meant for me, in addition to his own. Those verses he read just now really belonged to me. He did them vicariously, you know."

Then he laughed in his light-hearted way. Now that she had promised to marry him he had not a care in the world.



"Let me help you. Step upon the seat"

With quickened curiosity the girl glanced again at the stranger. He was striding along by the side of Theodosia, apparently rapt in thought. But then, as Charity asked herself, how could a man of genius take to Theodosia? Inadvertently, no doubt, he had brought away the little red volume, and carried it, a finger between the leaves. Would it surprise him, she wondered, when he found this out. And would he read again? She hoped that he would read again.

"He seems so self-conscious," she said, almost to herself.

"Don't be prejudiced against him, there's a dear," whispered Graham in her ear, for they were now upon the steps in the quay-side. It was easy to him to like people, and Charity was always so critical "There is generally something odd about these poets. But they can't help it, you know. Prentice is a man of deep feeling—of really fine feeling. I want you to like him. I have asked him to stay with us. Let me help you. Step upon the seat."

A boat was already waiting for them. A flash of oars upon the silent harbour. Then the rattle of a block as the foresail was run up, and the *Halcyon* filled her white wings and stood up the Channel, close under the cliffs.

The wind was scarcely enough to make the ship heel, although at first she moved through the water briskly enough. The girl leaned back in her chair and looked up into the clear summer sky.

Graham was lying on the deck beside her. The others, with the humorous consideration due to lovers newly betrothed, had left them to themselves, but for a long while they did not talk.

From a sharp rock, jutting out of the water, a seagull rose and slowly wheeled over the passing cutter. How beautiful it was! She could see each feather as it hung for a moment just above the mast. Everything was sweet and calm, and lulled her soul into contentment. For the first time since her engagement, she fully acquiesced in her own happiness. For Aunt Helen was so happy. Graham was so happy. And, yes, she was happy too.

He raised his finger and slowly followed the bird as it circled overhead, as if he had been pointing at it with a gun.

"I should hate you if you could kill it," she cried, suddenly raising her head to look at him. "Could you kill it?"

"Not on those terms," he laughed.

The gull uttered its shrill note, dropped astern and settled again upon the rock. But all her restlessness had returned. There was never an escape from her own sensibility when a sight, a sound, or even the cadence of a word could awaken all the vague longings of her heart.

"They build upon the ledges of the cliff—and jackdaws in the crevices, too. I used to creep along at low tide and pick up the young birds. They get tired and drop when they first begin to fly. Once I stayed too long. You see the slope where it is not quite so steep. I had to climb up there. Halfway up I got stuck. But there was no going back. I had to go on, and I did."

The girl glanced at the dizzy height with its meagre foothold and shuddered.

For a moment she was silent; then she spoke with animation: "You had to go on and you did. That expresses it exactly, Graham. If you had to go on—you would."

"What a moralist you are, Charity," he told her with half-amused indolence. "From reading so much poetry with Aunt Helen, you expect every man to be a hero."

Her eyes sparkled and the colour rose upon her cheek. "I could worship a man who did something," she cried.

"What?"

"No matter what."

Startled at the feeling into which she had been betrayed, and for a moment disconcerted, she again leaned back and looked up at the cliffs. The tide was running faster now and made a gurgling sound against the cutter's side. Above it they could hear the distant voice of Mrs. Mortimer in earnest discussion with Mrs. Poltimore-Briggs: "Yes, of the palest apricot, cut very full indeed, and interlined of course with crin——"

"Listen to the words of wisdom, Charity," he whispered with his imperturbable good-humour.

"Oh, I hate it!" And she clenched her hands and quivered with nervous excitement. "Always the same—the same—the same. Except when they talk of each other, and that's worse. One would suppose there was nothing to think about, and nothing to feel. And it is all so weak and insipid. It isn't living. There is no interest in it. It is like sailing when there is no wind. That always makes me long for a storm. I've been watching the rocks now and we haven't gone five yards in five minutes. I wish it would blow a hurricane—and carry us over to Wales—so that we had to beat back in the dead of night—in the teeth of a driving rain—with all of them as wet as drowned rats, and afraid too. That would be sailing."

"You would be just as wet as the rest."

"I shouldn't care. I can picture it. Hailstones have beaten down Mrs. Mortimer's back hair. She cannot turn her face to the gale, and one long tapering lock clings round her neck like damp seaweed. The unsuspected frame is revealed to the eyes of man. And her artificial set shakes and chatters until the front teeth fall out. Then I hold on tight and am glad in my heart."

Their eyes met and they burst out laughing. Whatever its intensity her ill-humour was short-lived and died in whimsicality. But it left her glowing with animation, and to Graham she had never looked more beautiful.

"What an emotional girl you are, Charity."

"Oh! I don't know what I am." she said quickly. "Aunt Helen would never tell me. When she took me I became hers, she said. Do you know, Graham?"

"No," he hesitated.

"But do you know?" she insisted with increasing eagerness.

He paused. "Truly I do not know, Charity," he told her.

"Sometimes I believe that I am a different animal to the rest of them. And that they resent it too. That's common in the animal kingdom, you know. Oh, you haven't the least idea what you have undertaken to marry, Graham."

"We have known each other long enough."

"You don't know me a bit," she cried with decision. "They all come and congratulate me now, of course—even Theodosia. But I know what they say to each other. They surmise what Aunt Helen has to leave you, and what you'll get from your father, and then they say 'Charity Chance has done well for herself.' They hate me for that. I don't care. Only it is all so mean. And it's not true. I could love you ten times as much if all of a sudden you hadn't a penny. And we had to begin in a house the size of a hutch—and struggle on—and fight it all out—and watch it all grow up. That would be living."

With growing enthusiasm her voice had risen and she stopped as if fearing to be overheard. But Mrs. Mortimer had been to a flower-show the day before, and her store of interesting information was inexhaustible.

"A blouse of a medium shade of green accordion-kilted chiffon, with sleeves of cream and pink *chiné* silk, green satin ribbon at the waist, carried three parts of the way up the figure——"

Then the boom came home and this excellent woman ducked her head.

"You ought to go and talk to them!" urged Charity. "There is Mr. Prentice receiving none of the attention he deserves and longs for."

"He's all right," replied Graham, with a glance at the empty sail. "Besides there's plenty of time. The wind has dropped and we shan't get home for hours unless it freshens. I'll break it to them and come back."

The wind did not freshen. The sun sank behind a sea as smooth as glass and the grey night crept along the cliffs and wrapt the rocks in gloom. The *Halcyon* drifted slowly homewards on the tide. The girl stood with her hand upon the stay and watched the stars peer clearer and clearer through the darkening sky. It was all so unspeakably beautiful and deep with mystery that she could scarcely keep from tears. The women were cackling about being so late, but she did not hear them. Graham had spoken more than once, but she did not reply.

"We shall have to tow her in," he said. "I'll get in the boat and take an oar."

The boat was brought alongside. He stepped into her and Charity was left alone.

To the creaking of the oars against the rowlocks they slowly glided into the harbour mouth.

It was quite late. The lights of Babblemouth were mostly in the upper windows, and long reflections fell in shimmering lines across the black water below the quay. Charity sighed. The gloom of the harbour was so much sadder than the pale starlight of the open sea.

"Every candle there is the beacon of a tragedy."

She started. Unobserved Alfred Prentice had stepped upon the deck and was standing where Graham had just now stood.

"You quite frightened me," she gasped. "I did not know any one was near. But surely that is not so. It would be terrible to think that people are not happy."

"Only the unimportant is happy."

Certainly no gaiety detracted from the importance of Mr. Alfred Prentice. He was oracular out of the profoundest depths of sad experience.

The words made a deep impression upon the girl's mind; but before she could firmly grasp them to reply, the moment had come to go ashore. Upon the quay the party quickly dispersed. It was too late to loiter and Graham walked home with her at once. But along the road she was silent. "Only the unimportant is happy." The phrase haunted her. Yet she could not get hold of it. It was shadowy and illusive—this ghost of a great truth. "Only the unimportant is happy." Of course! people who were satisfied with trivialities could get them—they were common as blackberries in all conscience. But "only the unimportant" —that was so sad.

A touch of sadness could always fire this girl's sympathy, which once aglow must needs shine on the nearest object.

"I have been quite horrid to you to-night, Graham. I know I have," she confessed as they stepped under the porch.

Then she put her hands upon his shoulders and raised her face to his.

"Not at all, Charity. You have been delightful as you always are," he cried in rapture.

It was the first time she had kissed him of her own free-will.

REGENERATION THROUGH AN ARMY

By ANNA M. STODDART

THE spectacle of a nation's being gradually awakened through the influence of its soldiers, to the desire for a spiritual religion, is one sufficiently remarkable to make apology for this paper unnecessary. Courage, heroism, discipline, make our brave regiments impressive, but we do not associate with them the missionary qualities which lay it on the conscience of their men to be gospellers wherever they may find themselves. And yet no organisation lends itself more fitly to missionary enterprise than that of the army, and its value has been recognised and deliberately adopted into General Booth's scheme.

But the regenerating process to which this paper refers is not one of marshalled bodies acting under authority for the purposes of rescue from sin and sorrow, but one of quiet internal growth amongst the regiments of the Italian army, spreading as with the sweet infection of health and cheerfulness from soldier to soldier, abiding when the term of service is expired, and becoming influential in the home to which each returns to resume the civil, industrial or agricultural life which has been interrupted by three years of patriotic duty. We cannot but remember how the company of Christians hunted, insulted and destroyed in the early centuries of our era, showed a marked contrast in mien and conduct to their persecutors. Into their lives there had come peace, into their conduct the purity of Christ, into their bearing His dignity. They had the strength which endures, because it is founded upon eternal hope; for them sorrow could last but a night, joy unspeakable was to dawn in the morning. Around them groaned and travailed a world weary of its own iniquity; they alone were glad, they alone were sane, they alone were safe. That note of gladness, which was not revelry, of serenity which was not stoicism, absolutely separated them from the fevered, tormented, pleasure-sated and unhappy world about them.

Something of the same separation is going on once more in Italy, not so marked indeed externally, but none the less as true. For the Italian world—either drifting from religious influences altogether, for very revolt at the deadening formalism of a Church which appeals no longer to the spirit, or dulled by submission to its weight of curious observance and pagan survival, so that the life of the spirit is asphyxiated—is given over to materialism, and reckons more of money and its value than of joy. And in this world, while a few pure souls within the Church still prolong the patience of God with its shortcomings, outside its influence there is increasing year by year a company of men, whose radiant faces, frank and friendly, without guile and without hypocrisy, proclaim them to be in simple living touch with Christ Himself. These men in all parts of Italy are the missionaries of the Gospel, and they either are or have all been soldiers. The heart of the work is at Rome, where too is the heart of the military organisation.

For nearly a quarter of a century, a proportion of every regiment that has passed through Rome has come into touch with this reviving and renovating influence, whose origin was in the very heart of the army itself. In the year 1861, a young Italian was sent with his regiment to the garrison of Perugia, most windy of hill towns. His name was Luigi Capellini, and he had just left the college, where his education had been in the hands of priests. He was bright, enthusiastic and clear-headed; the training which he had received had given him as yet no food for reflection, had given him little that could be called food at all. His patron saint, St. Louis of France, a rosary of prayers and the Virgin Mary, comprised his theology, and he took them for granted.

The hours of leave were in the evening; strolling down the steep street, he noticed some leaves of a book fluttering before him. He picked them up, and read them when he returned to the barracks. They were some chapters of the Gospel of St. John, full of Christ's own words. Capellini was strangely aroused as he read them. "Who is this," he thought, "speaking with authority, of whom I have heard nothing?" He meditated day after day, and at last understood that Christ was offering him a new life, and an assurance of strength to overcome sin. Constitutionally brave, he had also the supreme courage of a single mind, and his first impulse was to reject every foolish and fallacious dogma, which had bound him down to externalism as a sufficient religion. Then and there he got quit of them all, and took Christ at His own word with exceeding great joy. He found a colporteur sent to Perugia by Miss Isabel Burton, and got from him a complete Bible, some help in reading it and some direction in prayer. An introduction to Miss Burton led to correspondence, in which she encouraged him to work in his regiment, where his position as a non-commissioned officer gave him opportunities of influence. Sent to the Abruzzi in pursuit of brigands, he and his detachment read and prayed together, and did missionary work amongst the peasantry with whom they came in contact. Miss Burton supplied them with Gospels and Testaments for distribution. When his three years of service were over, he voluntarily renewed their term for the express purpose of continuing his work. He desired to become an apostle of the army, and to that end, he familiarised himself with everything that concerned the soldiers, arming himself with knowledge of their life at all points. From the first his presence amongst soldiers was magnetic. His genial nature full of gaiety and directness, his courage, his implicit obedience to military discipline, his indifference to all petty self-consideration, his earnestness, his life inspired from above, his devotion to themselves, won their hearts and impressed their imaginations. Ordered to the front in the war with Austria in 1866, his regiment was full of men who carried Bibles in their knapsacks. When they returned to Parma, Capellini had a serious attack of cholera, and his men took it in turns to nurse him day and night, praying without ceasing for his restoration to health.

But, in 1869, he was needed at home in Spezia, and left the army to obey his mother's call. For some months he was with her, ministering to her on her deathbed, and not till all was over did he return to his work for the evangelisation of the army.

Mr. Hawke of the Crystal Palace had heard of him, and sent for him to help at the Bible stand at Naples during the Exhibition there. Here his labours attracted crowds to the stand, and priestly suspicion and hostility were aroused. Some attempts were made upon his life, from the most serious of which he was saved by the intervention of English soldiers. While these men were at Naples, they formed a bodyguard about him, and to this day Capellini cannot see a British red-coat without a swelling heart.

From Naples he went to Padua, and placed himself under the instruction of the Rev. Henry Piggott, now at the head of the Wesleyan work in Italy. But when, in 1870, Rome became the Italian capital, Capellini decided to make his headquarters there, so as best to reach the soldiers to whom his life was consecrated. It was not possible until 1872, when he took lodgings in Rome, and began bravely, by all means in his power, and in spite of every obstacle, to gather a little circle of men about him. He was ejected from lodging after lodging, when the landlord heard the sound of praise and prayer in his rooms. His patrimony was nearly spent, for up to this time he had given all that he possessed to his work. Just when his money came to an end, and the soldiers began to crowd about him, American friends stepped in, and gave him enough to continue for a year. At Easter, 1873, the church met for the first time to celebrate the Lord's Supper, and out of one hundred soldiers present twenty-five were enrolled as members. By Christmas that year, out of a gathering of three hundred men, sixty-five had joined the church, and at the Communion Service the vessels used were the gift of English soldiers to their Italian brothers. Twenty-two years have passed since that Communion, and when the other evening it was commemorated, the hall was so packed with men of every regiment, that, as one of them recorded, "a crumb of plaster falling from the roof could not have reached the ground."

Soon after 1873 the Wesleyans made their headquarters in Rome, for liberty of worship had been proclaimed in the kingdom, and the makeshift meeting-houses outside the gates flitted into the streets and squares, and grew into comely Evangelical Churches. Capellini's work was attached to Mr. Piggott's church, always retaining its undenominational character, and for many years receiving free quarters both for preaching and residence. That is, however, no longer possible, and a rent is paid for the hall. Under these auspices the work has matured and spread. Over two thousand men in all parts of Italy are members of the military church, and these men are its missionaries. For the three years of service which bring them for at least a time to Rome, bring them within Capellini's reach, and if they will, they find instruction in his class-rooms; recreation, music, and social life in his home; Bible-reading, exposition, and prayer in the hall; and on Sundays a service during their time of leave. To visitors in Rome, who care for Italy and for her peace, perhaps the most attractive sight in the city is that congregation of young men, clad in every uniform, from the brilliant cuirass and helmet of the king's bodyguard to the green cloth and cock's feathers of the *Bersaglieri;* for there they see not the storied ruins of antiquity, not the gloomy grandeur of mediæval palaces, not the bustle and activity of Rome's daily life, but the promise of the future, the assurance that the most beloved of modern nations is beloved of the Father of all nations upon earth. When they leave the capital, either for foreign service, for the summer camps, or for their homes, these men carry with them a Bible in every knapsack. They read it to each other, to the father, mother, and brothers, and almost inevitably to the neighbours, who begin to long for a Bible of their own. Village after village has caught the habit of Bible-reading from the lads who have come back from soldiering, for the Italians are quick to sympathise.

The work has many branches. Diplomaed professors instruct large classes of the non-commissioned officers in history, geography, geometry; other friends teach languages, French, English and German. All that concerns England and America is deeply interesting to the men, for these two countries have sent the supplies year by year, which make the Evangelical Military Church a possibility.

Every year a new congregation gathers in the Via delle Coppelle, and every summer Capellini visits the camps, where the regiments destined for Rome are exercised. He is recognised by all as the Protestant chaplain; amongst the officers he has friends, amongst the men devoted fellow-workers. Here is a picture from the memorials of his presence at the camps of Terni and Spoleto in 1892: "From Narni we removed our headquarters to Terni, and thence again to Spoleto. As in the latter place there was to be a day of repose, I arranged beforehand with the leaders of all our groups of members to take advantage of it for holding a united meeting and celebrating together the Holy Communion. On the day previous the whole division of eight regiments was to march regiment by regiment into Spoleto; and, as I had heard that some of our members were complaining that they had not yet been able to see me, I determined to place myself somewhere along the march where I should be visible to all.

"About two chilometres from the town I found a large open square, on one side of which in front of a cottage was an elevation of some two metres above the level of the road, surrounded by a low parapet. On this parapet I took my seat. Fortunately as the regiments one by one came up, 'Halt!' was cried precisely in the square opposite. Our brethren all caught sight of me even before the square was reached, and there was a continuous cry of 'Addio Capellini!' 'Addio Don Luigi!' 'Addio Signor Cappellano!' to the great amazement of the civilians, for the most part ladies and gentlemen from Spoleto, around me, and of the officers of the troops. Captains, majors, and colonels leaned over from their horses to ask who this *borghese* was that all the soldiers knew, and were so keen upon saluting. To which the men would reply, laughing: 'That is our chaplain, Cavalier Capellini, our Evangelical minister, the director of the work of the Gospel in the Italian army!' The civilians around me, too, were equally curious, and thus furnished me with a splendid opportunity of explaining to them the principles of the Gospel of Christ."

The King has honoured him with his approval and personal interest, the Vatican with its imitation and hostility. The King has made him a knight of two great orders, one of them instituted centuries ago for the suppression of heretics! The Vatican hinders him wherever it can by a widely organised scheme of counter-attraction for the soldiers, meetings social and ceremonial, and it pays a troop of agents to decoy the members of the military church into its halls opened near all the barracks. But there is this difference between the gatherings of the Vatican and the meetings of the military church, that while the open Bible lies on the desk of the latter, and is given to its members, its light is made darkness at the former, and the Word is not heard.

It is, however, hardly worth while to dwell on the difficulties of the military church; they are the very seal of God's approbation, and keep its members on the lofty plane of faith and obedience. They are also its greatest help in one sense, and this sketch may fitly close with an illustration of this from Capellini's "Memorials."

"Corporal Favero, of the *Bersaglieri*, was in the courtyard of the hospital, carrying their rations to the men on guard, when what he took for a stone, thrown from one of the windows, struck him on the shoulder. But the missile was a New Testament which one of the nurses had filched from under the pillow of a sleeping soldier; and partly from despite, partly from fear of discovery, had thus made away with. The corporal carried off the book, and its perusal touched his heart. On the title-page was the address of the Preaching Hall, and the time-table of the services. Favero began to frequent them, was convinced, converted, and joined himself to the Church. Full of zeal and gifted with a good memory, he would frequently repeat what he had heard at the preaching to his comrades in the barracks; and this evangelisation at second-hand bore considerable fruit. The barrack was in a ferment, and Favero was called before the officers, and finally by the colonel himself; but in the presence of all he bore the same fearless testimony. Many said, 'The man is beside himself'; but not a few were induced to accompany him to the meetings, and a considerable contingent from the *Bersaglieri* joined the Church. Nor was this all. The zealous corporal wrote a full account of the experience he had passed through to his septuagenarian father, sending him at the same time a packet of tracts and Scripture portions. To the old man and his family the reading of these books was as light from heaven. They rejoiced with their rejoicing son in a saving acceptance of God's free love in Christ. I received a precious letter from the aged father himself, abounding in expressions of gratitude for the unspeakable benefits I had been the means of conferring on his boy, and through him on the family. Later on, there came to me gifts of dried fruits, and an oil-painting, for the old man is a rustic artist, which I have hung up in the entrance to our 'Martin Luther' reading-room as a perennial and visible memorial of this most interesting incident."

Ely Cathedral

By the Rev. Canon W. E. DICKSON, M.A.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEXANDER ANSTED

FIRST PAPER

"HIGH Art in Low Countries" was the title of a lecture delivered some years ago by a distinguished Dean of Ely in one of the principal towns of the East Anglian Fenland. He had no lack of architectural illustrations of his subject, familiar to his audience. Besides his own grand church, with its grand sister-churches of Lincoln and Peterborough, the Fen district supplied him with a surprising number of examples of high art as applied to ecclesiastical buildings; and many parish churches may have been cited by him, in the course of his address, as proofs of the existence, in the Middle Ages, of a very high degree of artistic excellence in the architects who devised them, and in the workmen who carried out the plans and executed the delicate and exquisite details which have happily been in many cases preserved to our own day.

The special wealth of the Fen country in churches of the highest class, some of them almost cathedral-like in dimension, far exceeding the needs of the sparse agricultural population now around them, must impress us with something like astonishment when we remember that building materials, whether stone or timber, were necessarily brought from less watery districts. In the course of some drainage operations in Lincolnshire many years ago an ancient barge was discovered laden with blocks of stone. Its timbers were black with age and long immersion, like the well-known "Fen oak," and there can be no doubt that it had been accidentally sunk in the "leam" or water-course, dug, perhaps, for the express purpose of conveying heavy materials by water-carriage to one of the churches or abbeys in course of construction five or six centuries ago. The Fabric-rolls of Ely Cathedral bear testimony to the determination and perseverance with which our forefathers encountered the difficulties presented by remote position and marshy subsoil; and it is on record that an illustrious Ely architect of the fourteenth century, after finding in a neighbouring county some oak timber trees of a scantling large enough for his needs, had to wait for their delivery at Ely until a road or causeway specially made across the marshes had become sufficiently consolidated to bear the weight of the trucks.

It is in the recollection of these difficulties, overcome with such marvellous energy, courage, and skill, that we would invite our friends to accompany us in a visit to Ely. Our appreciation of the great church will be enhanced if we associate with it, as we go on, the names of some of those who patiently raised the massive walls of hewn stones brought from distant quarries with infinite pains and labour. We shall try to connect the several epochs marked by architectural changes with the men and manners of the times; for it is only thus that we can read the history of past ages written in edifices founded by the first Norman abbots and bishops, and carried on through some four or more centuries by a long line of successors until the Reformation.

Distant views of the cathedral, looming in the hazy distance like some huge vessel at sea,* are gained from low eminences near Cambridge, from Newmarket Heath, and from various points on the roads from those places. But we shall doubtless arrive by railway, and on leaving the train, and emerging from the station, we cannot fail to be struck by the picture before us. Lincoln on its hill, Durham on its rocky cliff, may have positions more imposing, but Ely has a charm of its own, rising, as it does, above masses of foliage, with humble low-roofed dwellings in the foreground, nestling amid gardens and orchards, and sheltered by timber trees. The vast church presides and dominates over the houses of the citizens, and dwarfs into insignificance the parish church with its spire, hard by, though this is of fair dimension and altitude. Lord Macaulay was wont to say that a visit to Ely was a "step into the Middle Ages": probably he meant by this remark that the idea of the old ecclesiastical and monastic supremacy was irresistibly forced upon him by the contrast between the huge abbey-church and its secular surroundings. Ely has never expanded beyond the rank of a small market-town or large agricultural village, and this character is abundantly evident as we gaze at the view before us, and as we advance on foot towards the summit of the gentle eminence crowned by the cathedral.

We resist the temptation to turn in at the abbey gate-house, which we find on our right at the top of the hill, and follow the street or lane, flanked by ancient buildings, which brings us opposite to the West Front. Stepping across the open green on the left, we take in the imposing view from its extremity. From this spot, we have on the right the picturesque buildings of the episcopal palace, raised by Bishops Alcock (1486–1500) and Goodrich (1534–1554); and on the extreme left, in the background, we see the western gable of the Lady-Chapel, which occupies a peculiar and perhaps unique position at Ely, as we shall have occasion to note. But we should not see this gable at all if a lamentable mutilation of the west front had not taken place. The northern arm of the façade, which would have hidden it, has disappeared, we know not when or how: its absence cruelly mars the effect of an elevation which in its complete state must have possessed great dignity and grandeur. We note, too, as we take this first general survey of the scene before us, that a porch of large size and of a later style of architecture breaks the line of the façade. Above it rises the great tower, the production, evidently, of two distinct periods—the upper story, with its corner turrets, being manifestly an afterthought or subsequent addition to the massive structure below. These are first and

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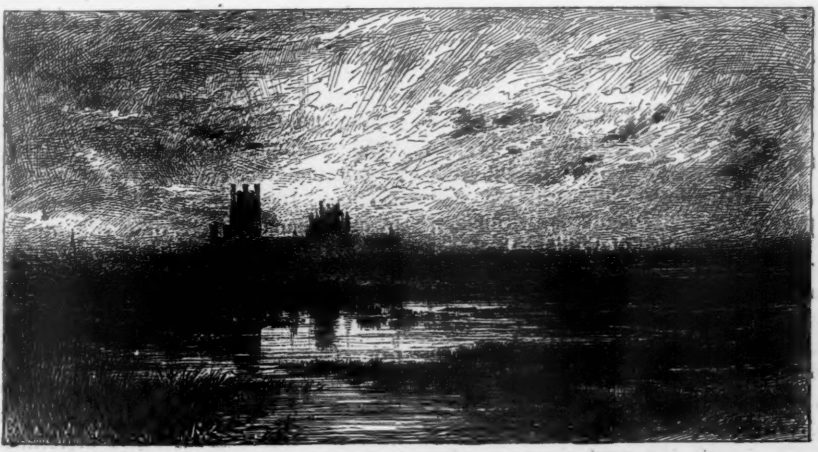
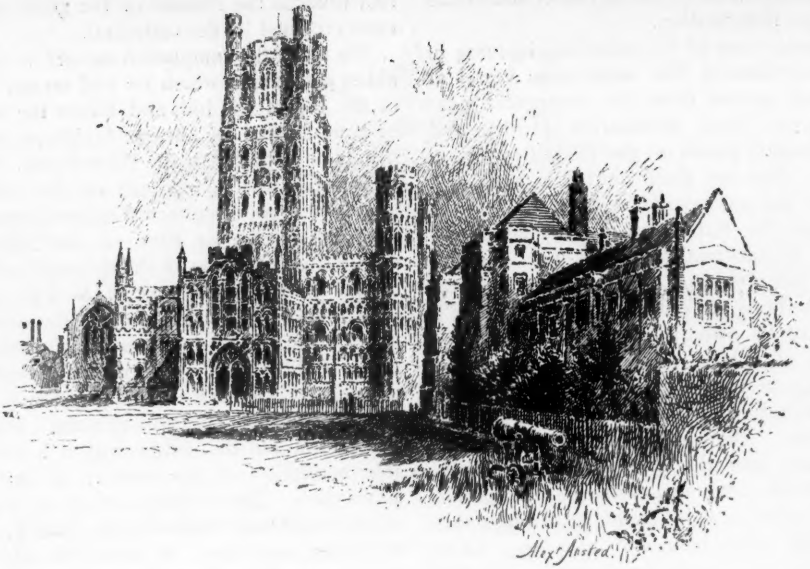
* Pl. I.



DISTANT VIEW OF ELY FROM THE SOUTH



THE WEST FRONT, FROM PALACE GREEN

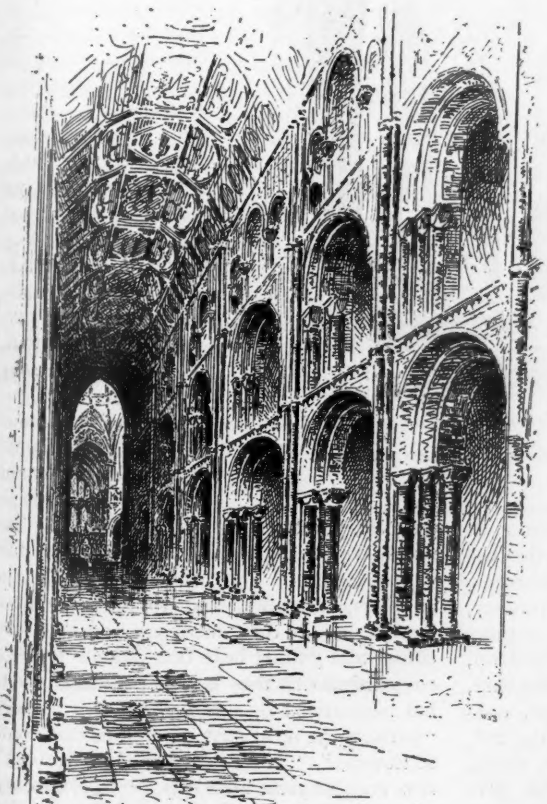
hasty impressions of the great church which we have come to see, and which we are about to examine in detail.

As we stroll back across the grass, we may receive a first and hasty impression also of its origin and history, if we mention here that not a stone remains of the buildings erected by the great Saxon princess, Etheldreda, who founded the abbey in the year 673, and that there is some reason to doubt if they stood upon the site of the present church. Her monastery had been destroyed by the Danes in 870, and had been reinstated, a century later, by Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester. Of Ethelwold's church no recognisable vestige remains, and our thoughts must range over another hundred years, until, in 1082, the first stone was laid of the stately structure before us by Simeon, Abbot of Ely, a relative of William the Conqueror. Simeon was ninety years of age, and we learn with pleasure that he lived ten more years to witness the gradual growth of the mighty edifice which he had founded.

And now we pass through the western porch, erected by Bishop Eustace (1208–1215), without lingering to note its beauty, and stand within the west door, on the threshold of the great church. We have been dealing, thus far, with first impressions, and we may fairly doubt whether any second impression, however well matured, can surpass or equal that which is made by this superb view of the interior, open as it is to us from our standpoint on the doorstep to the distant glass of the eastern lancets. Under favourable effects of light and shade, this interior, with its long nave of a somewhat light Norman, the lofty terminal arch opening to a central crossing of most unwonted spaciousness, the richly carved screen, with its glittering brass gates, and beyond it, again, the graceful vaulting of the choir, and the stained glass of the eastern windows, must be said to have few rivals among the great churches of England or of France. Its unquestionable charm is not by any means entirely, or chiefly, due to its immense length, unbroken by solid screens. We should be disposed to attribute it very largely to the sense of loftiness suggested by the graceful arches, about 85 feet in height from pavement to apex, carrying the eye upwards to the central lantern, from which light streams down through windows 150 feet above the floor. This sense of loftiness is promoted by the narrowness of the nave, about 32 feet from pier to pier, the height of the painted ceiling above our heads being 86 feet 2 inches. A somewhat light Norman characterises this nave, light, that is, compared with the Norman of Durham, and strangely different from the Norman of Gloucester and of Tewkesbury. The great naves of Norwich and of Peterborough may be instructively compared with it.*

We note, as we advance along the central alley, that the arches of the triforium are equal in height to those of the lower arcade; and we must call special attention to this, as it gives a peculiar character to the whole of the subsequent additions to the church. The triforium galleries extend over the aisles, and it is impossible to deny that their roofs of rough timber intrude themselves on the eye in an unwelcome manner. In many foreign examples (we may cite Tournai, Laon, and St. Rémi at Reims), these galleries are vaulted. Possibly, too, we may allow ourselves to wish that a stone vault had been placed upon the nave itself, as at Durham. Our English builders seem to have mistrusted their powers when confronted with the task of covering wide spans with stone roofs. Peterborough retains to this day its interesting but hardly pleasing flat ceiling of wood, with its original decoration. The nave of Ely, as first completed (about 1174, or somewhat earlier), was probably covered in with a similar ceiling. Subsequent events, however, led to the removal of this wooden covering, and it is very possible that a vaulting may have been contemplated by the architects of the fourteenth century, as at Norwich, where a beautiful example of "lierne" vaulting was most successfully executed. They allowed the roof of their nave to remain in a most unfinished condition, as if inviting improvements, and it is in the recollection of the present writer that the plain and rough rafters had no kind of adornment or even symmetry, and that the massiveness of the walls appeared to be out of all proportion to the weight which they had to carry.* This eyesore was removed between the years 1845 and 1865 by the introduction of a boarded ceiling of pentagonal section, painted as we now see it by two accomplished amateurs, Mr. Styleman L'Estrange and Mr. Gambier Parry, who had been schoolfellows at Eton, and had long shared the same artistic tastes, and the same gift of technical skill in draughtsmanship.

The great specialty of Ely Cathedral, its octagon, is opened before us as we reach the eastern end of the nave. We think it probable that some or many of our readers are aware that it owes its origin to the downfall of the central tower in the year 1321.



THE NAVE, FROM THE WEST

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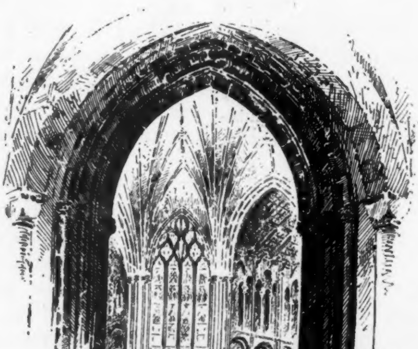
* See "Murray's Handbook to the Eastern Cathedrals," p. 65.

* See the engraving in "Winkle's Cathedrals."

The tower, erected by Abbot Simeon's masons, "had long been threatening ruin, and the monks had not ventured for some time to sing their offices in the choir, when, on the eve of St. Ermenild (Feb. 12, O.S.), as the brethren were returning to their dormitory after attending matins in St. Catherine's Chapel, it fell with a mighty crash."* A similar disaster had befallen Winchester in the year 1107. In our own day, the central tower and spire of Chichester suddenly became a heap of ruins. In both these cases, the re-builders limited themselves to an exact reproduction of the original fabric. The Abbey of Ely, however, possessed in its Sacrist, Alan of Walsingham, a true artist, who saw his opportunity in the ruin which had overtaken his church, and who availed himself of it to such purpose that we may search Europe without finding a grander example of original design, bold construction, and charming detail than is presented before our eyes in this octagon. Mr. Beresford Hope, indeed, in a very interesting passage of his "English Cathedral of the Nineteenth Century," p. 195, thinks that "the octagonal lantern at Ely, though unique in England, has parallels (inferior though they be) both at Antwerp and at Milan, two churches, generally speaking, of the fifteenth century, and, by the way, possessing common features of general resemblance." Mr. Fergusson, however,† holds that "Alan of Walsingham, alone of all the architects of Europe, conceived the idea of getting rid of the tall, narrow opening of the central tower, which, though possessing exaggerated height, gave neither space nor dignity to the principal feature. Accordingly, he took for his base the whole width of the church, north and south, including the aisles: then, cutting off the angles of this large square, he obtained an octagon more than three times as large as the square upon which the central tower would have stood." He covered this large area with a vaulting of wood, and on a massive structure which is a model of masterly carpentring, he raised a lantern of oak, covered with lead. The central boss of this lantern is 150 feet above the pavement.



LOOKING ACROSS THE OCTAGON FROM S.W. ANGLE

The immense strength of the walls and abutments has led some observers (among them Mr. Fergusson) to the conclusion that Alan intended ultimately to vault his octagon with stone. This may have been the case, but there is certainly nothing temporary or makeshift about the existing structure: and, as we have seen, we have it on record that infinite pains were taken to procure oak-trees of a size sufficient for the corner-posts of the lantern. However this may have been, there can be no two opinions about the combined grace and grandeur of Alan's work. Perhaps the best point from which to view it is the South-West Angle near the door of the verger's vestry. The many lines and levels of piers, windows, and roofs are almost bewildering in their intricacy, and now that colour and gilding have been added to their embellishments, they make up a whole which has been styled by a very competent judge,* "perhaps the most striking architectural view in Europe." "It is unsurpassed in Europe," says another great authority,† "in originality of conception as in dignity of design." We will add that it was finished in 1342. The great architect died, Prior of the Abbey, in 1364. The sculptured heads which support the hood-moulding of the north-west arch of the smaller side of the octagon are believed to represent those of Alan and of his master-mason.

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* Murray: "Eastern Cathedrals," p. 191.

† "Handbook of Archæology," pp. 869, 870.

* Mr. R. J. King. See "Murray."

† Rev. H. H. Bishop.

It is not to be supposed that the large floor-space gained by Alan's masterly device, was valued by him and by his compeers for purposes which we should now call "congregational." So far was this from being the case, that he did not scruple to carry across it the long lines of stalls and fittings of his ritual choir, completely cutting it up and sacrificing both its dignity and utility according to our modern notions.* Our survey of the interior would be imperfect and superficial if this were overlooked. Ely Cathedral was no exception to the rule observed in other great churches subject to the Benedictine monastic system, which placed the ritual choir in the centre of the church, under the lantern, and crossing the transept, as at Westminster Abbey, at Winchester and at Norwich, and as re-instated in our own day by Mr. Pearson at Peterborough. The vista from the west end would have been broken, in Alan's time, by a rood-screen, stretched across the nave at the third bay from its eastern extremity. Careful observers may discover, if they please, on the main pier of this bay, on the south side, a small oblique notch left in the masonry, indicating, no doubt, the place of the newel staircase leading up to this rood-loft; and the pier has evidently been repaired or made good after the removal of some structure abutting upon it. Profuse traces, moreover, of mural decoration in colour will be noticed on these arches, and on the vaulting of the adjacent aisles. It is believed that on the western side of this rood-screen stood a parish-altar, with side-altars, for the use of the inhabitants of the city as distinguished from the brethren of the abbey. Of this, however, we are unable to adduce any direct proof. The arch of the triforium in this bay, on the north side, has been much cut away and widened, as if to admit some bulky object. This was probably one of the "pairs of organs," of which the abbey possessed three.* After the Reformation, the organ probably took the place of the Rood, or crucifix, in the centre of the screen, as now at York, Lincoln, Exeter and elsewhere.

The cathedral of to-day, solid and stable as when it was built, is not the cathedral of the Middle Ages as regards its internal arrangements. The ritual choir was removed so recently as 1770, by James Essex of Cambridge, to the six bays of the Presbytery, the altar being placed against the east wall of the church; the organ, on a screen of his design, interrupting the view of the eastern windows. In this condition the present writer well remembers the church. The existing arrangement was made by Sir G. Scott in the course of the great alterations under Dean Peacock, but we reserve our remarks upon it for another paper.

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* See plan in "Browne Willis," vol. iii., published in 1742.

* Among the fabric rolls, there is a very curious account of the cost of one of these organs built in 1396.

REPENTANCE

Blackbird, blackbird, your notes are true—
Sweet the song that I used to know.
How your melody thrilled me through,
Loud and clear, or mellow and low!
I left my joy with the summer's dew,
My peace with the winter's snow.

O, blackbird, blackbird, sing again!
Do you forget we once were friends?
Now, after all my wilful pain,
I have come back to make amends,
Come and sing me the old, old strain,
Where the grey willow bends.

Emily Howson Taylor.

HIC JACET

By H. A. LINCOLN

MIXED and curious are the comments and histories writ by man on his fellow-man; some contain a whole life story, some record only the finale, some tell of the virtues, and some refer only to the profession of the person they commemorate. To take the last-mentioned kind of inscription, I wonder, could people return and read their own epitaphs, would they be altogether pleased with the view their relations have taken of them? Think, for instance, of the inscriptions which sacrifice, so to speak, the departed individual to his profession. His very virtues must be one with the virtues of his handiwork; no outside metaphors are allowed to intrude, everything must be technical, and of the shop, shoppy. Of this there is a very good example in Lyndford church, on the borders of Dartmoor:

Here lies in horizontal position
The outside case of
George Routledge . . . . Watchmaker,

Whose abilities in that line were an honour to his profession. Integrity was the mainspring and prudence the regulator of all the actions of his life. Humane, generous, and liberal, his hand never stopped till it relieved distress. So nicely regulated were all his motions that he never went wrong, except when set agoing by people who did not know his key; even then, he was easily set right again. He had the art of disposing his time so well that his hours glided away in one continual round of pleasure and delight till an unlucky minute put a period to its existence.

He departed this life,
November 14th, 1802. Aged 57,

Wound up in hopes of being taken in hand by his Maker, and being thoroughly cleaned, repaired, and set going in the world to come.

No doubt the author considered this a masterpiece, and probably the only drawback to his exultation came, when he realised that the person who would best have appreciated the delicate references to his trade, namely, the watchmaker himself, could not, for obvious reasons, express his admiration. Here is another in much the same style:

Thomas Jackson. Comedian.

Was engaged 21st December, 1741, to play a comic cast of character in this great theatre—the World—for many of which he was prompted by nature to excel. The season being ended, his benefit being over, the charges all paid, and his account closed, he made his exit in the tragedy of Death, on 17th March, 1798, in full assurance of being called once more to rehearsal, when he hopes to find his forfeits all cleared, his casts of parts bettered, and his situation made agreeable by Him who paid the great stock debt, the love He bore to performers in general.

Really the dates are so near that one might almost imagine that both the foregoing epitaphs were the work of the same brain. Everything is subservient to the carrying out of the comparison. Seemingly the poor men had no parents, no wives, no relations; no non-professional event happened to them. Watchmaker and comedian respectively were they born, watchmaker and comedian were they until the day of their death, and, as far as posterity is concerned, watchmaker and comedian they will continue to be for all time. Below are two more epitaphs of a similar kind. The first is to be found in Lincoln churchyard, the second at Purfleet:

Here lives John Hyde,
He first lived then died.
He dyed to live, and lived to die.
And hopes to live eternally.

Under these stones lies Samuel Jones,
Who all his life collected bones,
And death, that grim and bony spectre,
That most amazing bone collector,
Has boned poor Jones so neat and tidy,
That here he lies in *bonâ fide.*

I am afraid Samuel Jones would not have been gratified if he had realised what this meant, for, as the joy of a new acquisition is great to the soul of the collector, correspondingly great is the chagrin of knowing that unintentionally he has been the means of helping on a rival collection. Other inscriptions are more liberal, and whilst still keeping the calling of the deceased well before the reader's eye, yet let a few private particulars mingle with the account of public duties. The verses on Peter Isnell (for thirty years clerk of Crayford, Kent) furnish a good example:

The life of this clerk was just threescore and ten,
Nearly half of which time he had sung out Amen.
In his youth he was married like other young men,
And his wife died one day, so he chanted Amen.
A second he took, she departed. What then?

He married and buried a third with Amen,
Thus his joys and his sorrows were trebled, but then
His voice was deep bass as he sung out Amen.
On the horn he could blow as well as most men,
So his horn was exalted in blowing Amen;
But he lost all his wind after threescore and ten,
And here with three wives he waits till again
The trumpet shall rouse him to sing out Amen.

The next epitaph is still professional, but in a more serious vein. It comes from Laneham church, Nottinghamshire, and is to the memory of James Penant, blacksmith, who died in 1763:

My tongs and hammers I've declined,
My bellows they have lost their wind,
My fires extinct, my forge decayed
And in the dust my vice is laid;
My coals are spent, my iron gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done.

This is effective. There is a completeness about it that gives one a grateful sense of labour finished, of a great stillness where aforetime was a continuous noise, of a cool dark place instead of a fiery furnace, and of well earned rest after much toil. Truly, "they know who work, not they who play, if rest is sweet."

Many people seem to think that the manner of a person's death is the chief thing to hand down to those that come after. In a small country village, if a man died suddenly or was killed, no doubt it conferred a sort of distinction on his family which they were loth to relinquish, and therefore they perpetuated it on his tombstone.

AT HUNTINGDON.

On the twenty-ninth November
A confounded piece of timber
Came down, bang slam,
And killed I, John Lamb.

AT EAST WELL, KENT.

Fear God,
Keep the Commandments,
and
Do not attempt to climb a tree,
For that's what caused the death of me.

AT CHELTENHAM.

Here lies John Adam, who received a thump
Right on the forehead from the parish pump,
Which gave him the quietus in the end,
For many doctors did his case attend.

AT OCKHAM, SURREY.

The Lord saw good, I was topping of wood,
And down I fell from the tree.
I met with a check, and I broke my blessed neck,
And so death topped off me.

What would the New Woman say to the following inscription?

CARMARTHEN, 1646.

Here lyeth ye Body of Anne, ye Wife of John Phillips, of Carmarthen, Gent., born A.D. 1646, died February ye 18th, 1720. She possessed in a great Degree ye Virtue and Felicities of her sex, was ye Mother of many children, of whom six survived her. She had ye uncommon Happiness of seeing those six well settled and living all near her, in prosperous circumstances. The great Duties of Private Life she discharged with equal Prudence and Success, and was at once an Affectionate Wife and a Tender Mother. She had ye comfortable satisfaction of seeing her six children married in ye same order they were born.

Mistress Anne presumably had no cravings after women's rights. She was not one of the shrieking sisterhood; she wrote no advanced books; she did not hold forth in public; she did not wear the new costume. No! she did none of these things, and yet one cannot help thinking that she must have been a great comfort to John Phillips, of Carmarthen, Gent. Perhaps Mrs. Applewhaite's experience of married life is more up-to-date (you will notice that the husband is only casually mentioned).

BRAMFILL CHURCH, SUFFOLK, 1737.

Between the remains of her brother Edward
And her husband Arthur
Here lies the body of Bridget Applewhaite
Once Bridget Nelson.

After the fatigues of a married life,
Born by her with incredible patience
For four years and three quarters, bating three weeks,
And after the enjoyment of the glorious freedom
Of an easy and unblemished widowhood
For four years and upwards,
She resolved to run the risk of a second marriage,
But death forbad the banns, &c.

One wonders how her second matrimonial venture would have turned out. Perhaps even more fatiguing!

Here lies the body of Jane Carthew,
Born at St. Colomb, died at St. Ewe;
Children she had five,
Three are dead and two alive;
Those that are dead choosing rather
To die with their mother than live with their father.

This Cornish family seems to cry aloud to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. What a vista is opened out to the imagination! What befell these three children that they should choose death rather than life? and the lives of the remaining two, are they among the unwritten tragedies? or did they, with the help of the neighbours, assert themselves, then bury the hatchet, and live at peace with Mr. Carthew? Some people's relations in trying to rise to the occasion are carried away by such a poetic frenzy that even the name of their relative runs a chance of being left out altogether, or at the least it is much altered, and that not always with the most conspicuous success, as one can see by reading the following at Stepney:

This world is but a shadow,
And so, alas, found poor Tom Meadow
N.B. His name was Field not Meadow,
But changed to make it rhyme with shadow.

Other people delight to descant on a name, and turn and twist it in every conceivable way.

SHEFFIELD.

Here lies a man that was Knott born,
His father was Knott before him;
He lived Knott, and did Knott die,
Yet underneath this stone doth lie.
Knott christened,
Knott begot,
And here he lies
And yet was Knott.

It is not every one who has the forethought and business capacities of the young landlord of the "Lion" at Upton-on-Severn (by-the-by the said "Lion" must have been a house of note, as it was thought unnecessary to inscribe the owner's name):

Beneath this stone in hopes of Zion
Doth lie the landlord of the "Lion"
His son keeps on the business still,
Resignèd to the heavenly will.

As I mentioned at the commencement of this article, some monuments have an epitome of a life story engraven on them. This one is to be found at Land's End:

Belgium me birth, Britain me breeding gave,
Cornwall a wife, ten children, and a grave.

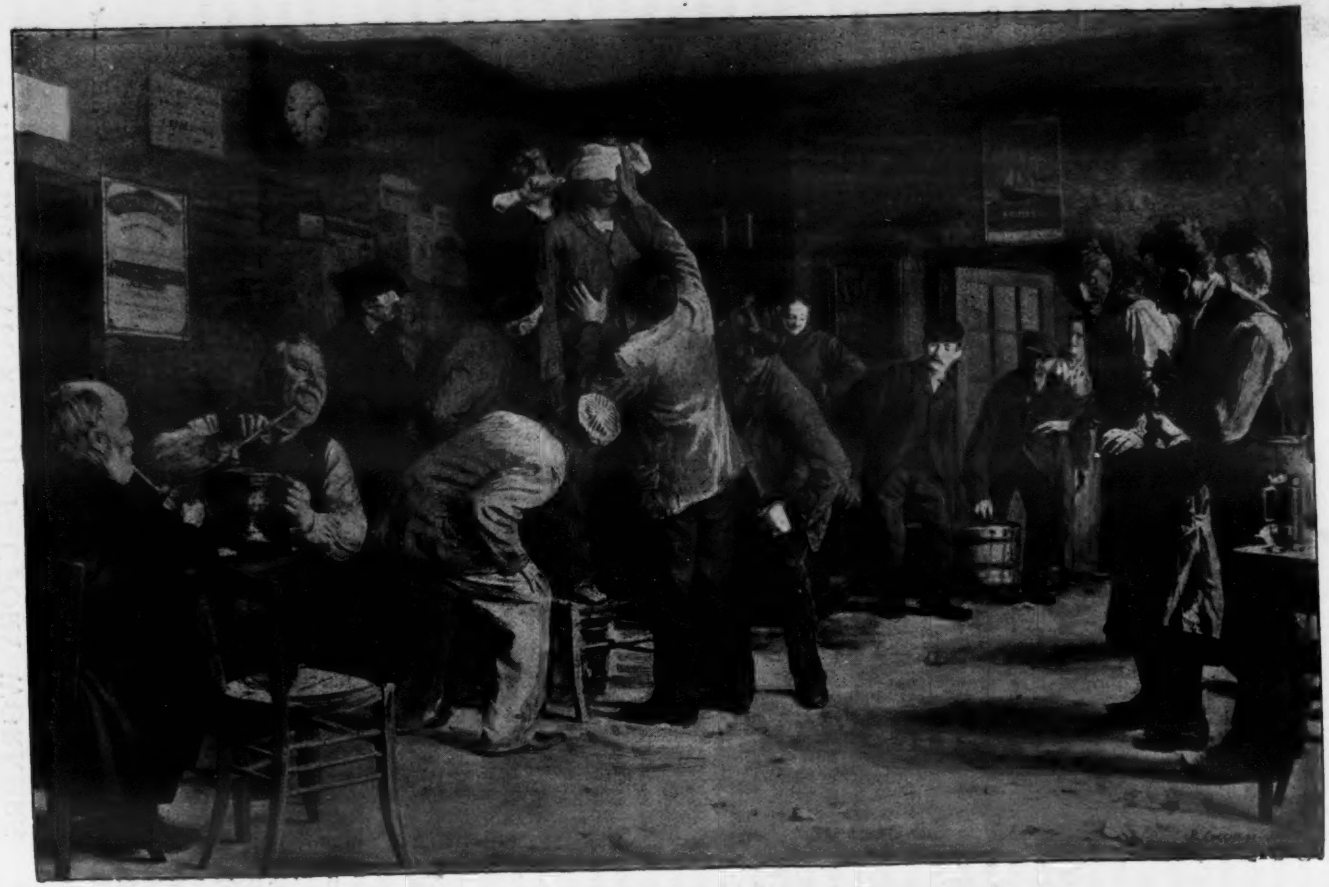
Quite one of the most comprehensive and involved family histories that I have ever come across is to be seen in the parish church at Wokingham. It is too long to quote here in its entirety, but I give a few extracts. After enumerating the family and their marriages for generations, the inscription states that "Sir Richard Harrison married Dorothy, the only Daughter and Heiress of William Dean, of Nethercot, in Oxfordshire, Esq. Niece to Sir James Dean, of this Town, Gent. The Two Middlefingers on her left Hand grew together. They served together in the Civil wars, suffered the Persecution of Sequestration, Composition, &c.

"He was heir to the said Alexander's widow, and to the Widow Bowlen, the other Daughter to the said Alexander. Her husband, Thomas Bowlen, was a Coal Merchant, and greatly reduced by serving the Court, for he lost his Debt of thousands by the unfortunate King being destroyed.

"And of the aforesaid Henry Dean in the 85th year of his age. He changed this Life for a better; he was greatly reduced by lending his substance to John Hawes of this Parish, Brewer, which he lost, so that he kept a Publick House for his living Four or Five years, and afterwards by King James' Civil wars more reduced. Having then nothing left but a Tenement of Three pounds a Year, he was obliged to earn his living from the Age of Fifty Years (not being used to work), for above Thirty years more till near his end by gardening. He was Patient, Healthy, of a Cheerful, Honest Heart . . . . was Buried in the Midle Isle of this Church . . . . Let this deter others lest they ruin themselves and their Family as Algernon Alexander, and the said Richard did Theirs. Here you see a pattern worthy of imitation."

After all is said and done, I am inclined to agree with another epitaph in the same churchyard at Wokingham:

Verses on tombs, are trifles vainly spent,
A man's good name, is his monument.



A STEP IN THE DARK

(From the picture by R. Cogghe)

THE LITERATURE OF FACTORY WORKERS

By One of Them

THE phrase "factory workers" is generally understood to include the members of both sexes; but in this particular case the masculine element predominates, because factory girls are not as a class given to literature. What they are fond of reading when they do read does not, I hear, come under the heading of what fastidious people call classical. Their favourite weeklies are the *Family Reader*, *Forget-me-Not*, *Home Notes*, *Something to Read*, *Young Ladies' Journal*, *Princess Novelette*, and other papers of a similar type, wherein dukes and duchesses and lords and ladies are common personages, and where merchant princes and millionaires are met with every day. When borrowing books from the free libraries, the authors chiefly patronised by factory girls are Annie S. Swan, Mrs. Henry Wood, Miss Braddon, Silas Hocking, Rosa N. Carey, and, to a less degree, Charlotte Brontë. It can be plainly seen from this list that factory girls at any rate do not overtax their mental powers by deep reading. But then neither do the boys; and if they claim greater intellectual capacity than the girls, they only show it by the quantity they read, not by the quality.

We have heard a great deal during these last few months about boys' literature. The "Penny Dreadfuls" have come in for plenty of abuse. I do not know whether the boys of our upper and middle classes read this class of literature (though I strongly suspect they do when they get the chance), but I do know that our factory boys are ravenous devourers of Penny Dreadfuls, and I must confess that so far as I am able to judge I cannot see that the majority are any the worse for doing so. I doubt whether this wholesale denunciation of Penny Dreadfuls can have any good effect on the lads themselves, for this reason, that it is part of a boy's nature to delight in tales of thrilling adventure, clever invention, and remarkable travel. At a certain age they devour this kind of literature in large quantities, and they seem to take the epidemic as inevitably as in their earlier years they took measles, mumps, or the whooping-cough. Boys of fourteen and fifteen will revel in the wonderful doings of "Deadwood Dick," "Handsome Harry of the Gallant Belvedere," and "Dick Turpin." At this age they scoff at love stories, they will not read sermons, nor can they be persuaded to like tales with a moral. It is simply ridiculous to say that working-class parents should overlook their sons' reading, because, never having seen anything of the kind in their own young days, they naturally look upon cheap books as the outcome of modern School Boards and free education, and whether their boys read a Penny Dreadful or a standard work of fiction it is all the same in the estimation of the parents.

How far bad books make bad boys and good books make good boys cannot be ascertained. The recent onslaught on the Penny Dreadful has brought forth a seasonable protest from a writer of this class of fiction. Combating the argument that the Penny Dreadfuls tend to inflame our youths with a desire for impossible adventures, leading to fame and riches, he says: "I have read every book that an example of boyish depravity has brought to notice, and so far I have been unable to find any incentive to matricide, to dishonesty, or vice of any description. The villain is invariably outwitted, the hero is all honour and bravery, the heroine chaste as the lady in 'Comus.'" I heartily agree with the P.D. writer. It would be hard for the most overdone Penny Dreadful to contain anything more impossible or blood-curdling than the feats of men and women described by well-known writers, whose books come under that charitable designation of "standard." Of course the fashionable novelist can make his books more attractive to refined readers by grace of style and skill in narration; but these are qualities which the average factory boy has not learned to appreciate, and, after all, the same elements are there—the elements of excitement, impossible coincidences, thrilling horror, and hair-breadth escapes. Some boy acquaintances in the factory have from time to time allowed me the honour of glancing through several of their favourite Dreadfuls. The adventures of that heroic character "Deadwood Dick" are most appalling, and "Frank Reade" invented such truly marvellous machines that the cleverest mechanic in the world might envy him. But, after all, the books contained nothing more remarkable than could be found in Rider Haggard's "She" or "King Solomon's Mines."

What may be called the lower kind of Dreadfuls assume that to be good is to be a milksop, and that the path of heroism is one that leads occasionally through the prison dock. There is generally a coarse and masterful chivalry towards women. A lad reading them habitually might indeed come to think it a fine and a natural thing to seize by force on the person of a girl for whom he had a fancy, but he would not be taught to beat his wife or murder his mother. The lowest kind of Dreadfuls are undoubtedly the Police Court horrors. Real Dreadfuls are a great deal worse than the imaginary Dreadfuls. It would be amusing, if it were not so sad, to see how very inconsistent some newspapers are in their views of good and bad literature. They do their best (by abusing them roundly) to preach down the writers of Penny Dreadfuls, and at the same time the same papers gloat over the records of the Divorce and Criminal Courts. Some editors will find space to print details of disgusting and filthy lives, while clean moral articles are crowded out. Realism is all very well in moderation, but the grim facts of life should not be retailed to young people in undue proportion. Surely the revelations of the Law Courts are not after all the most important facts of existence. If I were possessed of half a dozen boys I would rather they read Penny Dreadfuls than some of our daily and evening papers.

At the same time, many well-meaning people are inclined to be pessimistic in their views of juvenile depravity. They magnify isolated cases and persuade themselves that the rising generation of boyhood is altogether bad. Nothing can be farther from the truth, and if these good people would only look at the bright side as persistently as they look at the dark, things would appear under a different aspect. Reformers must use a little common sense in this matter. You cannot raise the reading taste of a factory boy to the platform of elevated literature all at once. It must come about by slow degrees. We need to remember that it is not our feelings that we have to consider if we wish to be successful in coping with bad literature. And when we look at the enormous circulation of good and cheap books we may well be full of hope for the future. The S.P.C.K. have sold already about a million and a half of their penny books, which include, besides Fenimore Cooper's tales, "Robinson Crusoe," Southey's "Life of Nelson," five stories by W. H. G. Kingston, four by Captain Marryat, three by Scott, and three by Mayne Reid. Seven tons of such literature were disposed of in three months! The *Boys' Own Paper*, and the *Girls' Own Paper*, issued by the Religious Tract Society, command circulations of from 150,000 to 200,000 a week each; and the same Society has disposed of between ten and eleven millions of its Penny Stories and Illustrated Penny Tales for the People. Can the publishers of Penny Dreadfuls match these figures? For my own part, I have too much faith in the sturdy common sense of our boys to think that they can. Then again, look at the splendid success of Mr. W. T. Stead's Penny Poets! He has disposed of 100,000 weekly, and 250,000 of his Penny Popular Novels. Although I do not for one moment imagine that the ordinary factory boy is of the type that reads poetry of any description, still it shows the tendency in various classes of boys and girls to be both able and willing to appreciate our masterpieces.

It seems to me that the best safeguards for boys against pernicious literature are plenty of good literature, equally cheap, and plenty of outdoor exercise. Until recent years factory boys living in our large manufacturing towns, have not had the facilities to enjoy "Nature's stores unrolled," but now that railway travelling is so cheap, and the places of interest to be visited so varied, they are better able to understand the meaning of Wordsworth's poem in which he speaks of "a beauty born of murmuring sound." Perhaps it may happen that future generations of factory boys may even come to appreciate thoroughly Longfellow's beautiful lines:

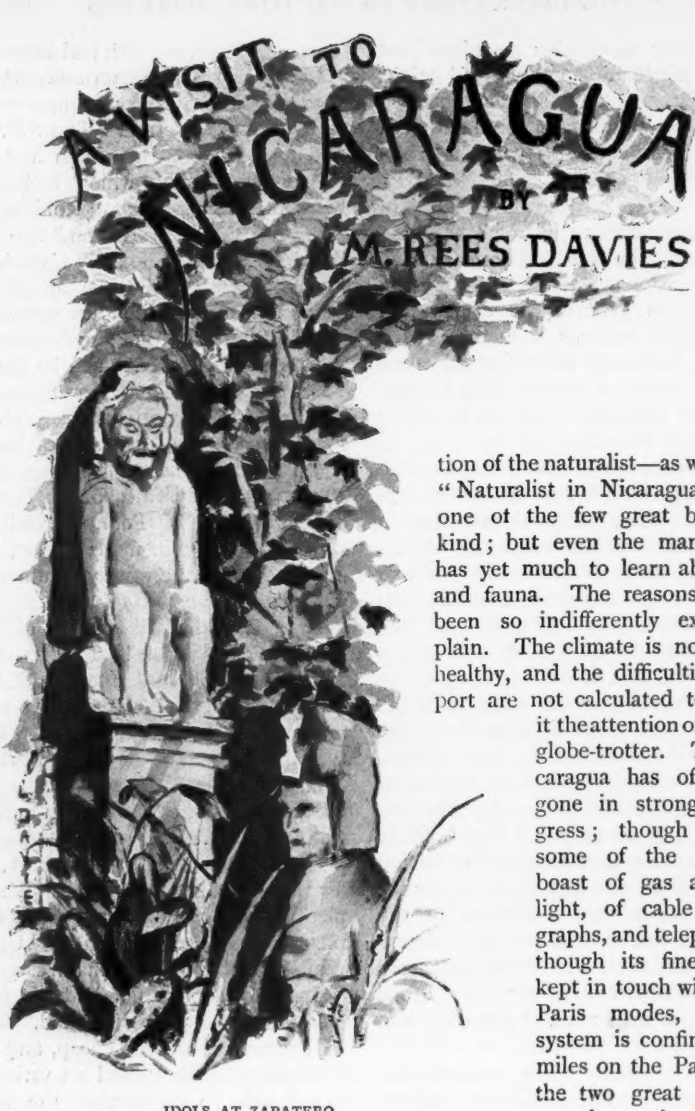
> And Nature, the old nurse, took
>   The child upon her knee,
> Saying: "Here is a story-book
> Thy father has written for thee."
>
> "Come, wander with me," she said,
>   "Into regions yet untrod;
> And read what is still unread
> In the manuscripts of God."

P. E. MOULDER

A VISIT TO NICARAGUA

BY

M. REES DAVIES



IDOLS AT ZAPATERO

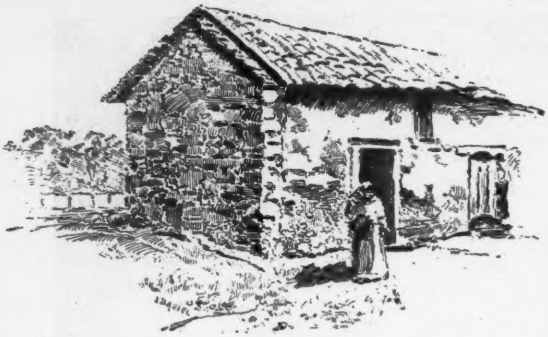
NICARAGUA, one of the most varied and interesting of all tropical or semi-tropical countries, happens also to be one of the least known. One seldom hears its name mentioned, save when there is a revolution in progress, or when there is trouble between it and the Mosquito Reservation, or between it and one of the pugnacious republics which are its neighbours, or when, again, it takes advantage of its insignificance to insult some big stranger. It has not escaped the attention of the naturalist—as witness Belt's "Naturalist in Nicaragua," which is one of the few great books of its kind; but even the man of science has yet much to learn about its flora and fauna. The reasons why it has been so indifferently exploited are plain. The climate is not altogether healthy, and the difficulties of transport are not calculated to attract to it the attention of the average globe-trotter. Though Nicaragua has of late years gone in strongly for progress; though it can, in some of the large cities, boast of gas and electric light, of cable cars, telegraphs, and telephones; and though its fine ladies are kept in touch with the latest Paris modes, its railway system is confined to a few miles on the Pacific side of the two great lakes which run almost the whole length of the country; and travelling with the aid of mules or (if you prefer it) decidedly primitive carts is a delight that does not appeal to all.

When the inter-oceanic canal is completed (and that will not be for a number of years yet) travelling from the Atlantic side will be a simple matter enough. That is to say, you will be able to embark on a fairly well-appointed steamboat at Greytown on the Caribbean Sea, and a few hours' sail will land you in Lake Nicaragua beyond San Carlos; while a few hours more will bring you to

A WEALTH OF LUXURIANT VEGETATION

Rivas or to Granada, and the rest will be plain-sailing, whether on sea or on land. The railway comes to within fifty miles of the latter place, and the journey over the intervening country is pleasant and not fraught with serious obstacles. But you will miss the many delights of the San Juan river. The rains were heavy, the mosquitoes were troublesome, and sleeping in a little square box with a water-jar for a pillow, was not exactly a joy unalloyed; but I cannot remember any four days of my life so crammed with such a succession of novelties and high delights as the four days I spent coming down from San Carlos to Greytown—in a cedar-wood boat hewn out of a solid piece of timber but with raised sides—with a native gentleman of Leon for company and three sturdy little Caribs for a crew.

My acquaintance with the dictionary will not enable me to paint the scene in words, and no illustration could give an adequate idea of the wealth of luxuriant vegetation and the plenitude of animal life that greet



A HOUSE NEAR THE SAN JUAN RIVER, GREYTOWN

one from end to end of this marvellous river. It winds along between banks clothed to the water's edge with feathery palms, tall cacao-trees, cedars, bread-fruits, ferns, and innumerable other varieties, from the branches of which drop the hanging nests of the crested oriole, or vines with their long tendrils trailing in the stream, and supporting in their turn orchids and other parasites of exquisite colour and indescribable forms. Overhead, the monkeys are jabbering at their loudest; the parrots and parroquets keep up an incessant screeching, and the macaws, looking like "floating fragments of a rainbow in the air," are vociferating for all they know. Then you may see the toucans cocking their little heads to watch you as you pass. Now and again a beautiful bird of a rich velvety-black hue, but with a fiery red patch on its tail, flies past, and humming-birds, woodpeckers, and song-birds uncounted, keep the air alive and musical from morning till night. By the banks congregate the cranes, herons and other water-fowl, immersed in philosophic thought, until disturbed and put to flight with a great whirr of wings by the sudden apparition of an alligator's open jaws above the surface of the water. Or the wild pigs come down to drink in droves of perhaps fifty or more, and the chances are that one of them—or the tenderest morsels of one of them—will constitute the principal dish at your next meal. Here and there, at wide intervals, native boats may be seen moored against the banks, betokening the proximity of an Indian settlement, which presently shows on the higher lands through a gap among the trees; and groups of stark-naked children come trooping down to the river at the heels of their fond parents, who bring fruits to barter, or even to give away as a token of goodwill. These are a few of the many features of a trip—diversified still more by the shooting of the less dangerous rapids—along the San Juan river between the sea and the great lake which takes its name from the country itself.

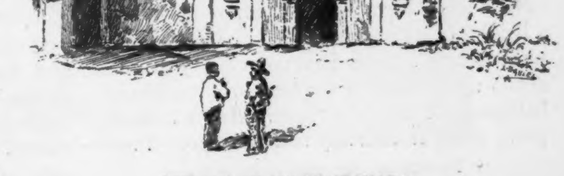
I came into Nicaragua from the Pacific side, and spent five weeks in the country. Save for that part traversed by the San Juan, however, I did not touch the country east of the lakes, with the exception of Bluefields, the capital of the Mosquito Reservation, whither I went by sea from Greytown. The Mosquito territory takes up a good slice of the eastern section of Nicaragua, and both parts have been poorly explored. There is a high range of mountains cutting through the whole length of the country in a south-easterly direction, like a big backbone, between the lakes and the Caribbean Sea. This mountain range is visible from Lake Nicaragua. In the intervening space, beyond earthquake-riven hills and rugged volcanic craters on the lake side, are the Chontales goldfields and a few towns peopled almost entirely by Indians. The fairly level, forest-covered land on the far side of the high mountains (looking from the Pacific) is peopled with Toacas, Cookra, Rama, Woolwa, Melchora, and other Indian tribes. Some parts in the region of the Mosquito boundary have never been explored, and there is a good field for the energies of an adventurous and climate-proof explorer to earn the gratitude of the nations.

All the cities and towns of any consequence lie on the Pacific side of Lakes Managua and Nicaragua. The Pacific Mail Company's steamer drops you at Corinto, the only available port on the coast, and you can take the train thence to Leon, the ancient capital. The present capital is Managua, to which the railway has not yet penetrated, so that to reach it it is necessary to utilise the train for part of the distance and the steamboat for the rest. Save for a few architectural features peculiar to one or two cities—for instance, the cathedral of Leon—there is a close resemblance between all the towns and cities of Nicaragua, and indeed of all the States which make up Central America. The streets are laid out roughly at right-angles. The purely Indian cities, such as Masaya, are an exception. Each house there is surrounded by a garden filled with cacao, bread-fruit, lime, and other trees; whereas with the Spaniards the house surrounds the garden, or *patio*, which is in reality a spacious courtyard, also with a wealth of trees useful for their fruits or the shade they afford.

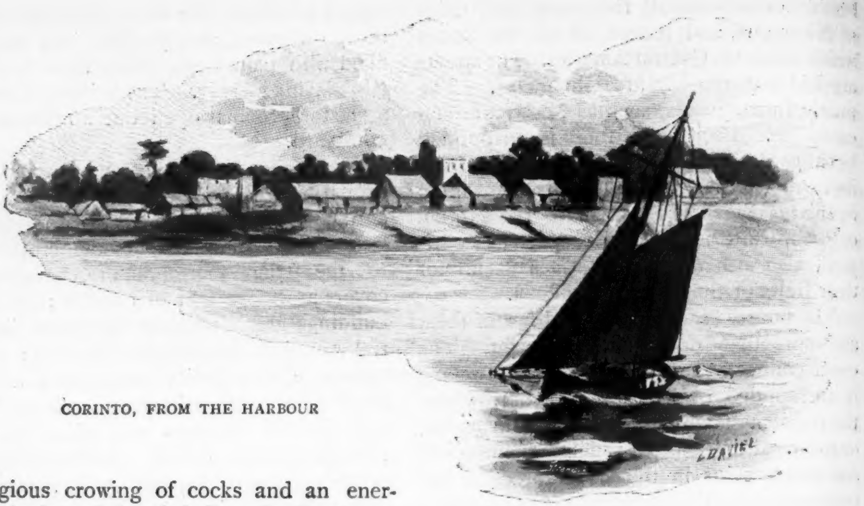
The houses are of adobe, and few of them are more than one storey in height. The court connecting directly with the dwelling is surrounded by a broad corridor, where the residents take their meals. The *puerta*, or principal entrance, is usually ornamented; and much pains in the same direction are bestowed upon the balconied windows, where senoras sit in the cool of evening and receive visitors. The principal rooms open on to the corridor. The grand *sala* corresponds to an English drawing-room, and is consecrated to the same purposes.

These houses convey an impression of massiveness and strength—qualities which are necessary in a country where the rains are heavy, where the sun is very powerful, and where earthquakes are not infrequent. It says something for the thoroughness put into the construction of the cathedral of Leon, a city built "upon the rivers of the sleepless hell," that it should have come through all the seismic disturbances of a century and a half with hardly a scar. A feature about the rooms is that they are seldom ceiled: they are open to the roof, and, with the unglazed windows, allow a liberal circulation of air through the tiles. These remarks apply to the houses of the so-called better classes in all the towns. Even the smaller houses of only two rooms make some pretence of a courtyard. On the outskirts the domiciles are simply cone structures thatched with *palmetto*, or plastered with mud and roofed with tiles. The President's palace at Managua is nothing more nor less than a large edition of the houses I have been describing. You pass, at the entrance, some soldiers in dirty blue and (it must be admitted) rather ragged uniforms, who are making pretence of being on guard, and proceed into the *patio* filled with palm-trees, where there is a fountain playing merrily. The living and working and store rooms open out all round this courtyard.

Managua seems to have been made the capital because the two principal cities, Leon and Granada, were always fighting for the honour. Leon approaches the most closely to the true metropolitan character. It covers a wide extent of country; its public buildings are admittedly the finest in Central America, and, besides showing a greater variety of race in its inhabitants, it is the abode of the old aristocracy. Then it has gone in for progress and education; and though it strikes one as a trifle incongruous to see even a railway station in a place like this, to say nothing of the other adjuncts of civilisation, there is no blinking the fact that these same adjuncts are there, and that they represent an advance. And the cathedral of cut stone is a magnificent structure, covering an entire square, and fronting the whole width of the grand plaza. From the roof I saw the wide Pacific shining like a thin rim of silver on the western horizon; while stretching away to the north-east, I followed, without shifting my eye, the line of Los Marabios, which are nine volcanoes, some of them as perfectly tapered as an Egyptian pyramid. Managua has a certain advantage in being situated on the lemon-coloured lake of the same name, and in being the seat of Government. The morning after my arrival there I was awakened early by a



CHURCH PORCH IN GRANADA



CORINTO, FROM THE HARBOUR

prodigious crowing of cocks and an energetic ringing of church bells. So I got up, and while waiting for Don Frederico's wife to make my breakfast of chocolate and milk, turtle's eggs, and tortillas,* I took a short walk around and met the women, who are not often seen unaccompanied at any other hour of the day, returning from early mass with black crosses on their foreheads.

Granada, the city of next consequence to Leon, lies almost at the head of Lake Nicaragua. I rode down thither on a mule, with an Indian as a guide and companion. We made the journey in two days. After traversing the great plain of Leon for perhaps eight miles, we plunged into a thin forest with a high-road running through. There was to be a bull-fight that day at Pueblo Nuevo, about twenty miles from Leon, and so we had the road to ourselves. Occasionally, too, an iguana or a lizard crossed the path. Halfway to the first halting-place, the country opened out and we passed a hacienda or two, a few plantain patches and some *petraros* with maize. At our backs were the Marabios, easily distinguishable from El Viejo on the north, to Momotombo on the south. Then we came in sight of Lake Managua, and there was Momotombo jutting its huge, untrodden sides into the lake, and rising to a height of nearly 7000 feet. This volcano wakens into activity about once a year, and sends up columns of smoke to frighten the inhabitants of the lake shore. But it is many years since it did any real damage. From Pueblo Nuevo, famous for its cactus hedges and its fleas, we pushed on through Nagarote to Mateares, another little town further down the lake, where we put up at a barn which called itself a hotel, but which did not seem to be possessed even of bed linen, for we had none.

In the morning we started even before the hour of mass, and were already climbing the high ridge on the other side of which lies Man-agua, when the sound of the church bells reached us from far away. The road from Managua to Masaya and Granada shows volcanic traces the whole way. We went for miles over scoriæ and disintegrating lava, which was only now and again varied by a beautiful undulating country with occasional grassy spaces dotted with little clumps of bushes and trees. This scene gives place, about a league from Masaya, to the *mal pais*—an immense field of lava, which at one time escaped from *El Infierno de Masaya* and spread for miles. I do not know what to liken it to, unless it be to a vast plain of cast-iron newly cooled, or to an ocean of ink frozen suddenly in a storm. The road crosses it on the summit of a ridge running transversely to the lava current, and brings you to Nindiri and the small Indian town near Masaya. An hour's ride represents the distance between these two places, and the precipitous path leads by the side of a small but beautifully situated lake.

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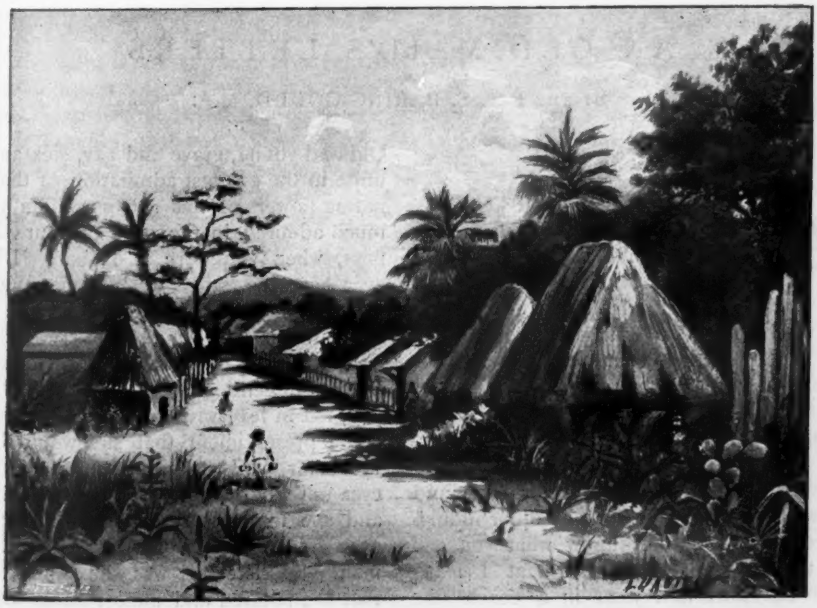
* Tortillas are flat cakes made of maize.

I have already given an idea of what Masaya is like. It only remains to state that the Indian women do all the work of the plantations, and nearly all the manufacturing of *petates*, or mats, pottery, &c., for which the town is famous throughout Nicaragua.

Granada is nine or ten miles from Masaya, and lying on the shore of Lake Nicaragua, it is touched by the steamboat service, which has been a feature of lake navigation for some years. It has a broad and sandy beach fringed with umbrageous trees of no very considerable growth, beneath which some paths and cart-roads lead up to the city, which is completely hidden from view from the water front by reason of the thickness of the verdure. Its houses are very scattered, and are so overshadowed by the trees which grow in the courtyards and hem in the city on every hand, that little can be seen except long lines of monotonous, red-tiled roofs and the towers of the churches. It is literally embowered in trees. For the rest, its churches are numerous, and its inhabitants much like the inhabitants of the other large cities—very mixed, from the pure white, through the half-breeds, to the Indians and the negroes. They are a lazy, slouching lot, with trousers, wide at the bottom and tight at the knee, and hats of palmetto straw, high in the crown and broad in the brim. Coats are at a discount—like work. They prefer to loll around, smoking *cigarros* and looking dignified; or, on Sunday afternoon, to watch a cock-fight, which has always been the leading institution of the country; on any and every day of the week to play billiards or *monte;* and when there is a bull-fight in the neighbourhood, everybody turns out to witness it. There are no other regular amusements, save during Holy Week and other festivals, when mysteries are organised by the clergy and are enacted, it may be, on the particular space of open ground where a bull-fight took place the week before.

One of the most striking features of Nicaraguan scenery is its mountainous nature and the universality of volcanoes. Central America, as every one knows, is the very head-centre of volcanic agency, and no equal space on the globe possesses so many, active and extinct, as the region between the Isthmus of Tehuantepec and Panama or Darien. They extend along the Pacific coast, running south-east, from the high volcano of Cartago, which is 11,480 feet high, in Costa Rica, to



A NICARAGUAN VILLAGE

Citlaltepetl in Mexico. They number several hundreds, large and small, named and unnamed. I have referred to the Marabios—the nine volcanoes in a straight line with Momotombo, forest-clad almost to its still smoking crater at the southern end, and El Viejo, which has pine-trees growing thickly inside its enormous crater, at the northern. Between are the cones of Axusco and Telica, the broad mass of Orota, the twin craters of Santa Clara and Las Pilas, and two others whose names I do not know. Away beyond El Viejo may be descried Coseguina and the double-peaked Conchagua, facing one another at the entrance to the Bay of Fonseca and looking dim in the mists of distance. Of the ravages of the volcano of Masaya, I have already given a striking instance in the vast extent of lava-fields stretching from its base. Quite close to it, and overshadowing Granada on the one hand and Lake Nicaragua on the other, is the rugged crater of Mombacho (4480 feet); while in the lake just out of the city are the Corales—hundreds of volcanic islands ranging from 20 to 100 feet in height out of the water, and clothed at their summits with rich verdure and with long vines dropping down along the black and blistered rocks at the water's edge, and sometimes—so thick is the vegetation—hiding the rocks from view altogether. A little down the lake is the island of Zapatero, which possesses its own volcano, and, what is more, has to show some remarkable statues—some of them twelve feet in height—as a relic of Aztec or some other dead civilisation. Still further down, and opposite Rivas, a small town of about 14,000 inhabitants, rather insignificant but agriculturally rich, are the twin volcanoes of Ometépec and Madeira, which rise 5000 feet out of a beautiful island peopled by Indians, who are solicitous to offer you fruit. Most of the volcanoes are silent; but a few are *vivo*, and on every anniversary thanks are returned in the churches for the great delivery from the eruption of Coseguina sixty years ago. That eruption was one of the most terrible on record.

AN OLD MAID'S LETTERS

By the Rev. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

II

"*March* 5, 1809.

"As no London post went out yesterday, I could not acknowledge your letter, with the enclosure, on the day it arrived, but I hope this will reach you soon enough to assure you that it came to me in proper time. I am stronger than when you left me, and I flatter myself when I next go out, which will not be till all frost in the air is over, that I shall feel myself able to go to church. I shall be thankful for that, and will wait with patience for any other indulgences. But I do not know what you will say to me when I tell you that I really made an effort and went in a coach one night to see Catalani act in one of the four operas which she lately performed here. Old and young, grave and gay, sick and well unite in the greatest admiration of the fascinating powers of this actress, whom you so much admired in the days of your wickedness, when you were at Lisbon. Did you ever hear the story of her marriage? It took place at Lisbon when you were there, and saw her so often. There was then in the town a certain youthful officer of hussars, a French gentleman of birth; and he, like you, fell in love with her, and vowed that he had a presentiment that she would be his. Moreover, whilst she was on the stage her eyes were by chance directed towards him, and she thought, at the same time, that if ever she chose a husband, this should be the man. So disturbed was she at the thought that she faltered and almost broke down in singing. The hussar officer called on her, and they were speedily married. His name is De Valebreque. So you were quite forestalled.*

"After the afflicting scenes we have been witnessing occasioned by the floods, it is singular how the generality of those who call on me seem to have forgotten about them, and to be wholly taken up by Catalani, and scenes of pleasure. But this is not so with all. Mr. Oliver called on me lately, and although he would not acknowledge that he had exerted himself too much, or indeed that he had done anything more than most other gentlemen in the town, yet his looks show that he has felt a great deal, and he has, moreover, been rather unwell. He told me the society with which he is working hopes to have raised £3500, which has been subscribed for the sufferers in the flood, and to reinstate all the very poor, and fully make up their losses. To those of the second class two-thirds are to be made up. He hopes to have something left for the higher tradespeople, if any of them will accept of a little assistance by way of loan or otherwise. But they have still a whole month of arduous business before them, and there is difficulty in detecting imposition,—a difficulty that is very great.

"Caroline Simcoe is with Lady Knowles in Lansdown Place during Miss Hunt's absence, and I suspect they will soon afterwards go together into Devonshire.

"F. Bowdler says that she perfectly agrees in your opinion of Mrs. Hannah More's writings. It amazes me that many people, especially in London, will not believe 'Cœlebs in Search of a Wife' to be hers. Mrs. Anne Hoare, who is just arrived from town, tells me it is given to a variety of authors, some of them as unlikely as I should be, to produce such a performance. I am now reading some dialogues by the late Mr. Gilpin,† on various subjects, chiefly religious. I imagine Mrs. John Sabine will find she will still have the direction of her son's education though he should become a ward in Chancery. In the cases I have known the Chancery takes care of the property and makes a handsome allowance for the child, and the widow has the care of the child's person and the direction of the education. The cases in point with which I am acquainted are those of the young Mrs. Mytton of Halstone, and Lady Elizabeth Talbot, now Lady E. Fielding, who, though married again to Captain Fielding of the navy, has the entire direction of her son, allowed her by the Lord Chancellor."

The lady of whom Jane Davies writes was the eldest daughter and co-heiress of Sir Thomas Pasley, Bart. She was married to John Sabine, an elder brother of Edward, a major in the guards. He died in 1805.

Edward Sabine had two elder brothers; the eldest, Joseph, was a notable man in his way, a naturalist and the originator of Kew Gardens, and he had also something to do with the founding of the Zoological Gardens, in Regent's Park. He died, unmarried, in 1837, at the age of sixty-seven. The young baronet was born in 1804. His grandfather, Sir Thomas Pasley, Admiral of the White, died in 1808. He had a command in the fleet of Admiral Earl Howe, and in the engagement of June 1, 1794, he lost a leg. The boy at the age of five assumed the name of Pasley in place of Sabine on succession to the baronetcy.

"BATH, *May* 4, 1809.

"I lose not a moment, my dear Edward, in replying to your inquiries respecting Sunday-schools, being very happy to throw in my mite—however small it may prove—towards forwarding so good a work as instructing poor children who are at present quite neglected."

It may as well be here said that formerly it had been the usage in English churches for the children to be catechised by the parish priest on the Sunday afternoon, at the conclusion of the Second Lesson, in the hearing of their parents and of the entire congregation. There was much to be said for the practice. It kept the minds of old as well as young awake to the fundamental truths of the Christian faith, and it was much more easy to inculcate sound teaching by means of catechising than by means of sermons. It was, moreover, a continuation of a very primitive practice of the early Christian Church.

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* Angelica Catalani was born in 1782. She came to London in 1806, and was engaged at the King's Theatre at a salary of 2000 guineas. Afterwards she received as much by two benefits, and was engaged for 5000 guineas.

† The Rev. William Gilpin wrote "Observations Relative to Picturesque Beauty," made in 1772; "Remarks on Forest Scenery," 1791; and many other "Observations on Tours in Scotland and England."

But owing to many livings being held together by pluralists, and to the neglect and coldness of the Church in the Georgian period, the custom had fallen into almost complete desuetude. And because the clergy neglected their first and most important duty, laid on them by the Great Bishop and Pastor of souls, to "feed His lambs," certain pious laymen and devout women founded Sunday-schools as makeshifts for the neglect of their duty prevalent among the clergy.

The illustrious antiquary, Joseph Strutt, well known for his "Sports and Pastimes of the English People," published in 1801, and his "Biographical Dictionary of Engravers," issued in 1785, had a little house at Tewin, in Hertfordshire, where had been the Sabine estate and mansion. Here Mr. Strutt instituted a Sunday-school for the instruction of poor children, at his own expense. For the purpose he hired a parlour in the cottage of a farmer's widow, and purchased easy reading books, adapted to the capacities of the pupils. Mr. Strutt died in London in 1802, but his school did not die with him; it was taken up and patronised by Lord Cowper, and continued eventually as a day-school.

Edward Sabine was interested in this school, as it was in the place which had been the family seat for several generations, and where all his family are laid—last of all himself—in a family vault. He consequently wrote to Miss Davies relative to the rules and management of Sunday-schools.

"I cannot hear of any account of Mrs. H. More's method that has been published, and her schools are by no means confined to Sundays, but are also schools of industry. Both Miss Maltby and Miss Maclaine happened to call on me yesterday after I had received your letter, and as they are both intimate with Mrs. More, and Miss Maltby has lately been on a visit to Barley Wood, I was in hopes they could have given me some information, but they neither ever heard of any publication of hers on the subject. As Cadell is her bookseller you may perhaps learn from him, when you are in London. Mrs. H. Bowdler says she is certain there is a particular account of Mrs. More's school in one of the reports of the Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor. I have carefully looked over the few she has, and cannot find any mention of the Mendip schools, but in the first number of the 'Ladies' Society for the Education and Employment of the Female Poor,' published in June 1805, you will find a most particular account of Mrs. Dixon's excellent schools of Piety and Industry at Staveley, which it will be worth your while to send for immediately. In the same report is also an account of Mr. Simon's Sunday-school at Paul's Cray, and of some other schools, but the rules and method are not so particularly mentioned as in that of Staveley, and I believe nothing can be more admirable or have succeeded better. Miss Congreve told me her school had improved extremely since she had adopted these rules. Mrs. Dixon is a woman of very superior abilities as well as goodness.

"I heard yesterday that poor Lady Hartwell's disorder is thought to be water on the chest, which commonly occasions a very sudden death at the last. We feel particularly anxious for her, as she is so agreeable a friend to you. Do not forget when you go to town to call on Lady Isabella Douglas at Sir James Hall's—I believe in Cavendish Square—and to leave your address on your card. Mrs. Rickets is lately returned from Lady Northesk, who was dangerously ill, after lying in, but is now recovered. Lady Mary Carnegy is gone home for change of air, having a bad cough whilst at Bath, which they took for the whooping-cough."

"THE NEW PASSAGE HOUSE, NEAR BRISTOL,
"*July* 6, 1809.

"I should have written before, but I waited to tell you the result of our little plans, as Frances was desirous of trying something different from the 'Horse and Jockey' this summer, and both Mrs. Bowdler and myself were recommended to pass a few weeks as near the sea as possible, which kind of air, as you know, never agreed with poor Ma'am (her sister Frances) or I should have felt much more comfortable to have had her under the same roof with us. As Frances's mind is much more enterprising than her bodily powers are equal to, and she had determined to try the neighbourhood of Bristol, she set out to seek a lodging for herself, hoping, with the assistance of some relations of Anne who live at Kingsdown, to get proper accommodation, but every place was so full that she could not even be taken in at an hotel, but was obliged to go to a lodging-house in Dowry Square at the Hot Wells, just the situation she particularly dislikes, and where she said she felt like a frog in a ditch. In a few days a little apartment was found for her at Redlands, but though the house is almost close to Durdham Down, it is so much surrounded by buildings that it is by no means sufficiently airy, and if nothing better can be met with, I conclude she will return to Bath, and so on to her old Kingsdown Villa. This wild-goose chase, without making proper inquiries, gives me so many sleepless nights, as the less qualified me for undertaking the expedition Mrs. Bowdler and I had settled, the sea coast being much too far off for either of us to venture so long a journey. We were recommended to a very comfortable house almost close to the inn which you have probably driven to at the New Passage. There we arrived on Tuesday. We have a delightful scene before our windows, and all active and busy, which I like to see, though I am incapable of being more than a spectator. We have plenty of provision for reading, and have just begun 'Burnet's History of his own Times,' which, though an old book, is new to both of us.

"I was most truly sorry to hear of the death of Lady Hartwell. What an heartfelt loss is such an admirable woman to all her family, and I had flattered myself she would have proved a very agreeable friend to you. But these trials and disappointments ought to prove useful and salutary lessons rather than subjects of lamentation."

"New Passage House, Bristol,
"*July* 31, 1809.

"I have made such a tedious affair in recovering the fatigue of my long journey, that I did not attempt to write to you again till I could assure you I was better, and had reason to suppose our very pleasant situation was likely to agree with me, which I rather suspected was not the case for more than the first fortnight after we came hither; but now that I am sufficiently rested I begin to gain strength, can walk further than at Bath, and sit out of doors by the water-side, watching the tide flow in, listen to the gulls quarrelling over some sprat on a mud flat, and see the reflection of their bright wings in the still water. The fresh air, and sights, and sounds, the very chatter of the gulls refresh me. Poor Ma'am writes in great spirits, now she is once more at her old quarters at the 'Horse and Jockey,' where she says the air is much purer than she found it at Redland, and I feel more satisfied on her account, as, however shaky the situation, I know it agrees with her, and that the people are attentive to her comforts.

"I think you must have observed the new white house we are in, as the back of it is very conspicuous, a little beyond the inn, as you drive down the lane to the New Passage. The front is to the water, and little more than a stone's-throw from the bowling green of the inn. It is pleasant in the evenings to hear the laughter of the young men playing bowls, and the clash of the balls, with the applause and exclamations that were produced by each stroke. Voices harsh when near, are often softened and musical when distant. Is it not so also with historic incidents and characters? And perhaps also the controversies of the past give us even a pleasurable impression; even the chattering of the gulls over their mud bed. I think so whilst reading Burnet."

"New Passage House,
"*September* 4, 1809.

"I was much concerned, my dearest Edward, to hear that you had been a sufferer, though in ever so slight a degree, from so impoverishing a complaint as the ague, for I do not think you are *enbonpoint* enough to afford it; I send you from Frances a recipe which, though not a charm, has frequently proved of the utmost use in recovering the disorder. Here it is:

"A teaspoonful of lavender drops, a teaspoonful of honey, with as much flour ot brimstone as will make it into an eluctuary; divide it into three parts, and take one of them whenever the cold fit comes on.

"The papers give me hopes that the expedition will soon return to England, which I am not only anxious for (as far as I am a judge of politics) for the public good, but I want to have your fate determined as to the Adjutancy. I rejoiced not to see your excellent friend Oliver's name among the sufferers at Flushing, and that there was so much less loss than there was reason to expect. To me the whole expedition has seemed very ill-judged. If it should return without attempting more, I suppose it is not the least probable that your troop should be sent to them. The whole expedition has been undertaken on a very large scale, but does not seem to promise much success."

This reference is to the ill-fated expedition under Lord Chatham, for the taking of Antwerp. The armament consisted of a hundred thousand men, with two battering trains. It sailed on the twenty-ninth of July, and twenty thousand men were disembarked next day in the isle of Walcheren, and Middelburg, its chief town, at the entrance of the Scheldt, was taken. Lord Chatham, utterly incompetent to manage the force, and regardless of his instructions, instead of at once pushing on and capturing Antwerp, which might well have been done, as it was ill-defended, squandered precious time in the reduction of Flushing, on August 10th. Whilst Lord Chatham delayed, troops were poured into Antwerp, and then, believing further operations impossible, he withdrew, content with the retention of Walcheren, where sickness broke out among the troops. Fifteen thousand men were left to perish there of malaria, and the rest were withdrawn, and returned ingloriously to England.

"PARK STREET, *September* 20, 1809.

"I shall be very impatient to learn what steps you have taken on Lord Chatham's return, respecting the Adjutancy. Your idea of visiting Walcheren rather gave me alarm, as I concluded you would not like to be absent even for so short a time. I do not, however, wonder at your wishing to visit so excellent a friend as Captain Oliver, but if half is true that the papers relate of the filth, fevers, and various kinds of illness now in the island, I certainly cannot wish any friend to volunteer into such kind of danger, as the protection of Providence is more to be hoped for where we are obeying the call of duty, than in rather exceeding it; but perhaps I am only twaddling like an old woman, and you must be in the way of hearing much more than mere newspaper intelligence. I only most sincerely wish we had done with these attempts that ever prove so very fruitless."

Actually Edward Sabine did go to Walcheren, which had become one great hospital. Our soldiers in the pestilential marshes were struck down with fever, and in September died at the rate of two to three hundred a week, and nearly half the garrison were in hospital. It was not till late in November that orders arrived for the abandonment of the island, and the place was not completely evacuated till Christmas. It appeared that seven thousand men had died in this wretched expedition, and the sick returning home with the seeds of ague and fever in their constitutions amounted to nearly thirteen thousand.

"I was extremely fortunate in having a most lovely day on the 12th for our journey back to Bath. We drove to Mrs. Quin's at Clifton, where I had a most friendly reception, and was permitted to repose on her bed for two hours, as it happened to be in the very apartment which we had occupied for two years before we removed to Winifred's Dale. It forcibly brought so many recollections, both pleasant and sorrowful, to the soul, as quite excluded my getting any sleep, but they ended in the strongest sensations of gratitude to the Almighty Giver of all good, who has so mercifully removed or softened anxieties and troubles, now when I am become so much less able to encounter them.

"Mrs. H. Bowdler is very glad you are reading Purley, as she is told it is one of the cleverest books ever written. A Miss Hamilton, who is with us, whose sister married Colonel Prevost,* now quartered in Jersey. The two sisters are very anxious to give proper instructions to the very young men, especially of the regiment, many of whom are quite uninformed, and she has met with a fragment of a pamphlet that has been dispersed by a clergyman in Alderney. It seemed very proper, but as it had neither title-page nor conclusion, she could not tell how to procure it. She is teaching some little drummer boys to read."

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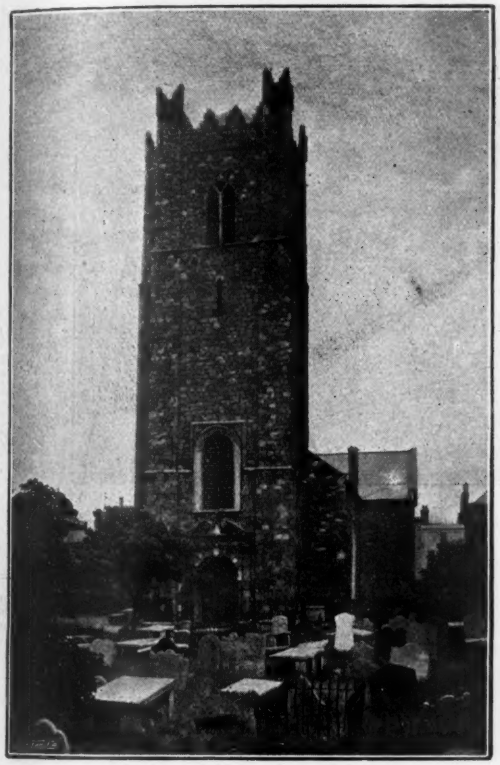
* William Augustus Prevost, Major-General, C.B. The two Miss Hamiltons, one of whom he married, were daughters of Charles Hamilton, Esq., of Hamwood, in Meath.

A FAMOUS ORGAN AND ITS ENVIRONMENT

By LINA ORMAN COOPER



(Photo by Lawrence & Son, Dublin)

ST. MICHAN'S CHURCH

MOST people, when in search of the picturesque, look for it a great way off. "Distant cows have long horns," to quote a vulgar saw. I must, myself, plead guilty to this offence. Many a far-away spot have I visited, to find, almost at my own door, as wonderful a shrine as can be seen anywhere.

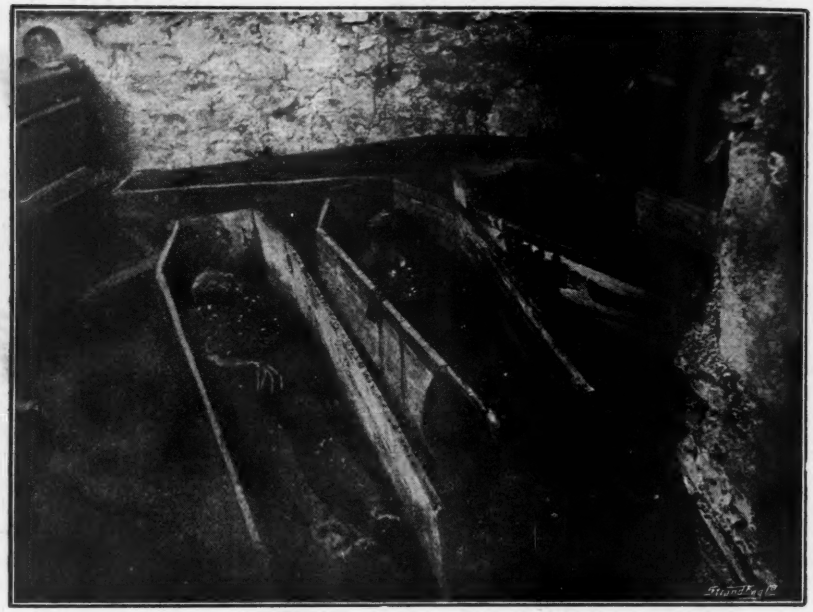
Just four miles from where I am writing, under the grey-blue northern sky, in the ancient city of Ath-Cliath, or Dublin, rises the hoary pile of St. Michan's Church. In it stands an old organ traditionally called "Handel's." Around it lie graves of men renowned in history for many hundreds of years. Under it are the far-famed antiseptic vaults that preserve their dead intact.

To get to St. Michan's, we pass the magnificent old Parliament House, now Bank of Ireland; the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, commonly called Christ Church, with its flying buttresses and curious covered way to the Synod Hall. Past Dublin Castle, redolent of dynamite and Fenians, across the evil-smelling Anna Liffey and by the Four Courts of historic fame. Then, just behind this vast pile of Justice, rises a queer old tower with graduated battlements, and a cruciform, solid-fronted building. It is a church erected to the glory of God, and in honour of St. Michanus, a Danish bishop, whose granite effigy in mitre, alb, and chasuble (whitewashed, oh! ye vandals!) lies on the southern side. Founded in 1095, restored in 1686, this old church stands in the midst of a poor, over-populated neighbourhood. The boy who holds our pony, and mounts guard over its little phaeton, is a specimen of the ragged, dirty, jovial, bright-faced inhabitant.

A gentlemanly old verger in a black skull-cap is delighted to act as guide, and presently the rector joins our exploring party, admitting us into the secrets of vestry books and records.

I think we much astonished that first cicerone by our awesome approach to the organ, on which (we had been told) one of the greatest musicians of time had been delivered of one of the greatest masterpieces of music. The sexton wanted us to admire the modern stained-glass windows with their prebendial crests and gaudy colouring. When I declined, he rather cruelly demolished the airy castle of fancy built up by imaginative Celts on but slender foundations.

Alas! no *historic* proof is forthcoming that Handel ever fingered those yellow-bossed keys of the three-manual organ called so long by his name. Still, there is



(Photo by Vipond Barry, Esq. By permission of A. Vicars, Esq.)

IN THE ANTISEPTIC VAULTS

plenty of legendary lore on the subject, and, as there is seldom smoke without a fire, it is highly probable that he *did* find his way to "the finest organ in Dublin." More especially as it stood close by the Fishamble Street Music Hall, wherein the "Messiah" was first produced.

Anyway, it is a wonderful old instrument!

Its keys are hollowed with the touch of many fingers. Some of its upper notes want new ivories altogether. It has twenty-four stops and a most exquisite oak case. Such work as was bestowed on its wonderful carvings might well be the ambition and despair of our modern carving schools. Cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of musical instruments are so finely carved that the fiddle-strings and bows can be taken between finger and thumb!

Five winged angels' heads, all gilded, look smilingly at garlands of roses, pomegranates, and other "cabbages" (as the verger irreverently called them) that encircle the base and front of the instrument. On one side a bit of rough, penknife work perpetuates the name of the skilful Bezaleel who thus adorned Handel's organ. It is "Will Wilson, 1747." This shows the case was not finished for twenty years after the instrument was in place.

By reference to the well-kept vestry books, we learn that the builder of the organ was a "Master Cuvillie." He completed it on the 15th of July, 1725, during the vicariate of John Clayton, Prebendary of Kildare.

Such a very fine instrument needed a talented organist, and a magnificent salary of £30 a year was given to "one John Woffington," being the most skilful musician in Ireland.

I wish some of our modern choirmasters, who rule their employers with rods of iron, could see the "covenant" subscribed to by this artist! Amongst other things he agreed to play "only solemn music." To chant the psalms "with modest graces and transitions from line to line." To give "a grave and solemn composition before the First Lesson, to hold four minutes week day, eight minutes on Sundays and holy days, rarely exceeding or falling short." I wish I could copy the whole agreement, but must be content with one more extract. "Item.—A dismiss after service at any time, no way savouring of or tending to excite levity, but very solemn." For the first infringement of this rule, John Woffington and his successors to be fined 2*s.* 6*d.*, the penalty to be progressive until it reached "the summ of 10*s.* sterling."

Fain would we linger over this ancient record, but the environment of Handel's organ embraces so many objects of interest that we must hasten on.

Some of the church plate is very interesting. An alms dish *(repoussé)* bears date 1724, and is bordered with the same device of pomegranates and angels' heads seen on the organ-case. A pewter dish and silver-gilt chalice hails from the year 1676; also a copper gilt, highly-chased cup, "the gifte of Capt. William Proby, sent from Spaine to St. Michan's Church" in the early part of the eighteenth century.

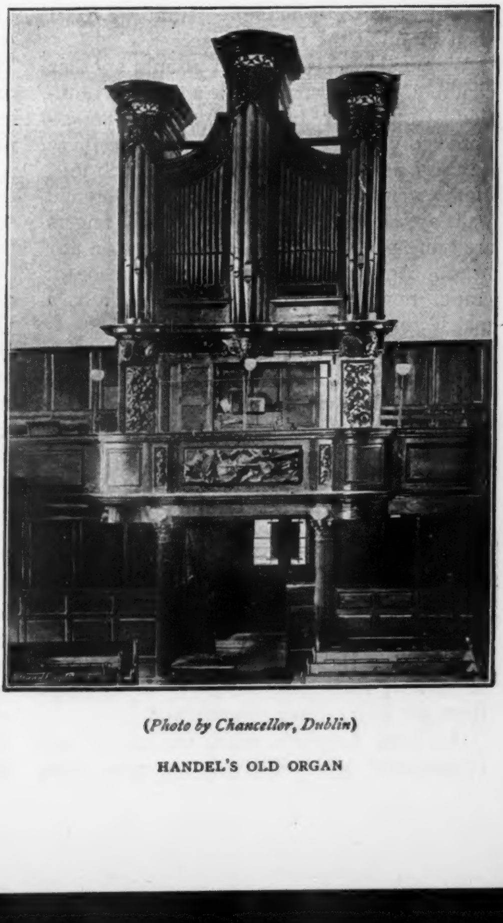
The rector tells us that on his last visit to Ireland Mr. Gladstone examined these antiquities minutely. "The only thing that grand old man would not look at was Emmett's grave in the churchyard. It was too sore a subject with him," concludes the genial cleric with a twinkle in his eye.

This reference to the churchyard reminds us that time is passing. We have that and the vaults still to visit. But before we make our way outside, an ancient font of green Kilkenny marble claims a moment's notice. It is large enough to immerse an infant, and stands on a fluted wooden pedestal. This font is over three hundred years old, and was discovered in use as a slack bucket in the coal-hole!

Beside this communion table stands a dilapidated wooden erection. In spite of *tempus fugitting*, we put the bits together and find it is an ancient penance stool. It was last used in 1560, when Christopher Pell, for defying his parish priest, was made to kneel on it robed in sackcloth. From it he recited his crime of insurbordination against ecclesiastical authority. Having thus made public confession, he received absolution from the bishop of the diocese. This penance stool is something like the "cuddy" thrown by Jane Geddes at the head of the only Dean of St. Giles' in Edinburgh.

When at last we reach the churchyard, the dull October day is quickly drawing to a close. Strange to say, a "pilgrimage" of working men is round the grave which Mr. Gladstone refused to notice. They look reverently at the flat stone without an inscription, according to Emmett's own direction, "until Ireland be free." The old stone is much defaced, chips being continually taken from the slab by ardent patriots. Now the Antiquarian Society has resolved to protect the grave with an iron railing!

A few feet from Emmett lie all that is mortal of Jackson and Oliver Bond. The former died by poison at the bar, whilst being tried for treason felony. A little further we see the grave of Dr. Lucas, the



(*Photo by Chancellor, Dublin*)

HANDEL'S OLD ORGAN

last member of our Irish Parliament; behind it a monument to Archbishop Carpenter, a tomb in which Mr. Gladstone took much interest.

It is a good thing our old friend the verger has provided candles, as we say good-bye to the upper air, and enter the sloping iron doors leading into St. Michan's vaults. There are five of them: two under the nave, two beneath the south transept, and one under the chancel.

It is a gruesome thing to descend the nine steps and find ourselves in a city of the dead. Yet those vaults are quite unlike any preconceived ideas we had on the subject.

The air is quite warm and dry, the smell something like *mustard*, the limestone walls showing no trace of damp.

The first vault we enter is that of the Osborne family. An iron gate, enclosing six coffins, bears the family arms. Quarterly ermine, and az., a cross, engrel or. These coffins are intact, but are set up on end. The Osbornes think they will thus rise the quicker when the trump of God shall sound at the resurrection.

We quickly leave this and go into another chamber. Here everything is a mass of confusion. Coffins have burst, and remains are exposed to view. Dry and brown and leathery lie those atoms of humanity. We touch four of the weird, wonderful things. Abdominal walls are elastic on pressure, joints of fingers are quite pliable, but no hair remains on any head. Across one face is tied a piece of crape, now red from age. Evidently a malefactor, this, executed in the old Newgate. The old prison stood in this parish of St. Michan's, and accounts for the burial of the Brothers Sheares (rebels of and hung in 1798) within this vault. A cast of their skulls adorns the vestry above.

No trace of fat is to be seen on the corpses in St. Michan's, at least to non-professional eyes. Thus they differ *in toto* to adipocere remains found in peaty soils. Like thick leather felt the femurs and toes and skulls of two nuns, whose bodies I touched in another vault. In one chamber all the coffins are velvet-covered. The velvet, some of it 200 years old, hangs in crisp strips from the wood, quite unmildewed.

In Lord Leitrim's vault, the caskets are ornamented with silver-gilt coronets, shining strangely in a place where rich and poor lie together and *alike*.

It is impossible to account for the phenomena which exists in this strange environment of Handel's organ.

We enlightened Englishmen discard a popular Celtic notion, that the sanctity of those deceased has been the cause of their preservation. Besides, here are jumbled together bishop and malefactor, "patriot" and traitor, Orangeman (in the chancel vault is the body of "a gintleman wid an orange sash," as the sexton told us. We did not see him) and Fenian. *All* could not be saints fit for canonisation. Yet *all*—modern corpses included—are preserved in a like manner. In order to arrest decomposition two requisites are absolutely called for: first, complete exclusion from atmospheric influences; second, a temperature sufficiently high rapidly to absorb all exhalation.

Now the walls of these vaults are built of calp, the foundations laid on a substratum of hard tenacious clay, covered with a layer of sand varying in depth from 6 to 12 feet. The entire interior surface is hermetically sealed as the foundations were laid solid. Thus a vast area of sand is preserved from contact with its surroundings, and gives an immense absorbing surface. Possibly to this we are indebted for the preservation of these remains.

Some say the *tannin* in the vaults preserves from damp. In support of this theory it is argued that St. Michan's is built over the remains of an old oak forest. Such a huge deposit of timber was in this Ostmontowne Wood, that William Rufus got from it rafters and beams for the roof of old Westminster Hall, pulled down in 1397. A fourth expert promulgates the opinion that moisture is absorbed by the yellow magnesium limestone, of which the walls are partially built.

It is certainly a curious freak of Nature—or art. There is nothing like it elsewhere. In Rome the Capuchin Church of Santa Maria Della Concezione is surrounded by four mortuary chapels filled with the ghastly remains of four thousand friars. In Palermo remains are to be seen in much the same condition as those of St. Michan's, and are visited by relations daily. Bremen Cathedral also has an overground cell with the like properties. So has the Grotto of Calypso in

Malta. But, in all these cases, the bodies undergo a "process" before being put in their last resting-place. Therefore they are not worthy of comparison with St Michan's.

As we re-emerge from these "towers of silence," we feel glad that not ours is the one empty chamber, appropriated by a former rector of this parish. Rather would we be put under the daisied sod, or consigned to the deep blue waves of the ocean. To be "preserved," as are the dead in these antiseptic vaults, does not seem to us an enviable condition, even though it may be in the environment of Handel's old organ.

SOME PECULIARITIES OF INVENTION

By G. R. FLEMING

GENIUS is the birthright of the few, and, although it seldom fails to discover itself, most men at some period of life seem to recognise evidences of their possessing this highest of Nature's gifts. An indulgent critic, a flattering tongue, oftentimes help on the delusion; in most cases the awakening ultimately comes with more or less of pain. The sketcher finds when he passes his more ambitious effort beyond the small circle of friends that the standard of merit is somehow or other enormously higher; and so with the poet, the musician; but with the man who claims the birthright of inventor, the delusion is in many instances perpetuated, for the Patent Office neither encourages nor discourages. A stray compliment as to ingenuity sends the embryo inventor into secluded silence, there to work out some great idea, and in the brilliance and originality the question as to whether that idea is of practicable use or of value to the world is completely lost or is buoyantly answered in the affirmative.

Electricity, for instance, has absorbed the attention of many embryo inventors in recent times. There is just that sufficiency of mystery about the unseen fluid current to keenly excite men's minds, and magnetism has been pursued with greater pertinacity than any other branch of mechanics. Successive generations have regarded it with surprising faith as a panacea for all bodily weakness, and men are encouraged to invent new applications. Some of these have been ingenious more by reason of the great skill displayed in beguiling the public than by their inherent qualities. Indeed, if the inventor's dream could be realised, perpetual youth, health and beauty would be ours. The first evidence of age creeping on is the silvery shimmer on the once golden hair, even if there be no forfeiture of some of the locks. That change need not be. A good genius has invented the magnetic comb and brush. They carry their own electric generating elements, the teeth being alternately of copper and zinc, and the galvanic action produced causes an electric current to pass through the hair, and thereby, as the patentee says, the skin is "stimulated and a healthy action produced which would have the effect of restoring colour to the hair and greatly improve its appearance." The idea distinctly suggested, however, is to have the hair all on end. The patentee also embodies some simple alternatives, so that the "less skilled" in hair combing may use this grand invention.

It may be objected that poets and the like cannot possibly comb or brush their flowing locks, but the inventor is universally thoughtful. He provides a magnetic hat, and even indicates that any form of hat can be adapted—from the Guardsman's irreproachable "tile" to the Keir Hardie "hooker down." The moist skin in conjunction with the appliance generates a voltaic action, so that the more a man perspires the greater the electric stimulation—an important consideration when one has to catch a train in the morning. The result is not only vigour but relief from worry and headaches. The patentee, appropriately enough named Whitehead, has not anticipated ladies' needs, especially in days when a single feather or plume serves as a bonnet.

But they may have the electric boot, patented by a Jew. "The wearing gives vigour to the nervous system of weakly persons." Even socks or soles can have the wherewithal to generate the life-perpetuating fluid. Thus head and feet are kept straight; but hold! what of the body? There is the electric bath. It recalls the bath of fire of the peerless "She" of Rider Haggard's invention, and the *tout ensemble* is made complete by the electric pen. Here also the voltaic current is generated by metals hidden away in the humble wooden holder, and the lifting of it by the feeblest of hands "at once destroys or diminishes the tremulousness of aged persons and invalids, and gives tone to the nervous system." And yet Haggard had to take his poor trembling victims over those terrible precipitous rocks, and across the creaking plank in the dark, wind-swept, bottomless cavern before he could confer upon them the perpetuity of youth and beauty: withal his powerful imagination miserably failed!

True, as in poor Ayesha's case, too much of the life-giving fluid may be disastrous, but here again truth is more than fiction. Haggard could but cover the sickening remnant of his two-thousand-year-old heroine with a snow-white shroud; the inventor can ensure permanent beauty even in death, for he may electro-plate the corpse by immersing it for a brief space of time in a chemical bath. The one part of it consists of caustic lime, grape or milk sugar, and racemic acid; and the other of nitrite of silver, liquid ammonia, and distilled water. The patentee lays it down as a condition that the body must be well cleansed, saturation with alcohol being the preferable means; but it should be understood that inward anticipatory imbibing is to no purpose. Then a Mr. Phillips patents a method of galvanising or bronzing coffins, and, to make everything proper, he proposes, in making these iron coffins, to cast on the lid "the name, age, &c., of the person." Beautifully modelled stucco statues or gravestones can be electroplated by the suitably named Mr. Potts, and *voila tout!* Thus, either in life or in death you may be what you are not.

The average inventor, as often as not, does not inquire as to his training or experience in working out an invention. The conception of the idea establishes all, and human nature with a great personal secret is distrustful. Years of labour therefore in some cases result only in a record carefully printed and preserved at the Office of Patents, perhaps never to be consulted. Thus, some one who had probably recognised the ease with which men hand a parcel or a bundle of bricks over a distance of three or four feet, conceived and patented the grand idea of mechanical arms or levers 200 or 300 yards long—100 yards or so is nothing; and these were to swing round in a railway station or engine works with a heavy weight just as the reader might hand the first rose of summer to his lady-love. And it is called an "Improvement in Locomotion!"

Again, in hansom cabs a grand idea seems to have failed. The horse was to be inside the cab. There were to be no shafts. The body of the cab was to rise in an arch in the centre, in which arch the horse was to be yoked, special arrangements being made for harnessing and for preventing the horse rearing or falling. The axle, to which the wheels of the ordinary size were to be attached, was to be bent round the hind legs of the horse. One self-evident advantage of the arrangement is that it protected the poor horse from the rain, and altogether the thing looks beautiful—on paper. I was almost forgetting about the driver and passengers. Room is provided in that part of the cab on either side of the horse for one passenger. It is like a sedan-chair astride a mule. When the two passengers converse each would whisper into that ear of the ass which is next him, and, telephonically, the word would pass through the other ear to the fellow-passenger. The driver is perched aloft as of old, although occupying a position almost above the back of the horse. What a sensation might be created in one of these cabs in Rotten Row! It would vary the monotony even of the cycle parade, and as encouragement I may say that no royalty need now be paid.

For stopping runaway horses many devices have been patented. One had an elaborate arrangement whereby the increasing velocity of the wheels so wound a spring as to tighten the bit, and bring the animal to a due sense of dignity; another, for guiding the wheels to prevent collision; a third, to disconnect the carriage from the shafts by an electric button, and also by a lever: but there is none for ensuring cool and decided action on the part of those in the carriage. The latest, however, is to tickle the horse's ears, and presumably its attention, by electric current. This might indeed excite female curiosity and prove effective, pretty much for the same reason of nature as was urged as objectionable in the case of the hunter mare which persisted in admiring herself in every puddle.

The transition of mind from the puddle to the sea is easy, and the sufferer from *mal de mer* is sympathetically recalled by recollections of the efforts to utilise for useful work that lazy rolling of the ship which is so annoying to the fear-stricken passenger. Below the ship the inventor arranged a false keel to which he fitted a series of levers, connected with a shaft within the ship, which shaft was to communicate motion to the propeller, or to produce a rotary power available for other purposes. The working of the apparatus, thus briefly described, may be likened to the operation not unknown to the occasional oarsman as "catching a crab," which also communicates to him sudden energy. But it is not always useful, and never pleasant. Again, a ship is not always rolling, and the projection of the levers might be a hindrance. But it may be said, if she is not rolling she is pitching, and here also another inventor triumphs over Nature. A series of flaps, as he calls them, is mounted in a frame in front of the bow of the boat, and these are connected by rods and slides and what not; and when the ship pitches, the flapping sends useful power through the vessel for all purposes. It is not quite clear from the elaborate patent; but the patentee says that would certainly be the result, and that's all right.

Of ship propulsion by jet there are many instances. Just as a rocket is sent into the air, so might a ship be propelled by an air, a steam, or a water jet; but fancy a jet with sufficient impelling force to drive even a 5000-ton ship through the water! Several patents have been taken out for apparatus by means of which a stern ram forced outwards against the body of water sends the ship forward, a method which seems all right, but it has not a tithe of the efficiency of the screw propeller now in use. Only the other day a patent was taken out for propelling boats by means of square floats operated by levers, the floats forcing against the body of water while the lever was pulled. In the back stroke the floats feathered a little, but not sufficiently to obviate a great resistance. It is a clumsy approximation of the propelling motion of the web-footed duck without the skill in gathering together the amphibious foot. But probably one of the most eccentric of recent patents is that for a paddle-wheel, which was provided with long spikes to drive into the bed of a river and help the boat on as with a series of crutches. Rivalling in originality, however, is the idea of building a ship on axles fitted to great drums, like wheels. The revolving of these drums by paddle floats was to send the ship merrily skipping along. This idea has come to us from France quite recently, with stories of magnificent speeds attainable; but it was patented here nearly thirty years ago. In the interval, however, it has gathered impetus, for instead of producing moderate speeds it has become a means of excitingly fast propulsion. Even the layman, however, will see that the great wheels only add to the weight and friction to be overcome, but to the inventor that is a detail. There is, too, the idea of a flat-bottomed boat with spoon-shaped bow and stern fitted with a screw to revolve in mid-air. The efficiency of a given screw is dependent on the density of the medium in which it works, and the fact that water is more dense than air seems a small matter to the inventor.

All these, however, pale before the train with sails. It was for an elevated railway; and not only was this train to be made lighter, but the tractive power necessary was to be decreased by the use of balloons attached to the car to help to support and propel it. Two inventors were needed—both Frenchmen—and they add to their patent that sails would be used. Lest the cars might float away into space, the wheels were to be provided with deep grooves around their peripheries, and made to travel between double rails—one below the wheels and one above them. The railway was thus to be specially suited for climbing hills and for crossing rivers. I presume that in the latter case the train would not be held down to the rails requiring a viaduct, but would fly over. I must, however, defer to some other time reference to the many eccentric inventions for improving the method of driving trains.

I have pointed to the fact that many eccentric inventions are due to the patentee working in a branch of study of which he has no direct knowledge. An idea strikes a draper or a candlestick-maker, say, as to the utilisation of electricity, and without any knowledge of mechanics he elaborates his scheme and patents it. This may seem an extreme case; but it represents procedure in many instances. One of our large manufacturing firms received lately a letter, from which the following is extracted: "I am not a madman, I am not an inventor, nor am I a mechanic, but I have been thrown amongst engines a great deal. A simple accident has revealed to me the *modus operandi* by which steam can be generated into any degree of power, and employed in the propulsion of vessels without the cumbrous details of boiler or steam chest, &c." It only needs a little thought or a glance at steam issuing from a tea-kettle to establish the need of some receptacle.

Another man conceived the idea of accomplishing actual mechanical flight wherein weight is assistance, not an obstacle. That might be simple if the starting-point were the top of Big Ben or the dome of St. Paul's, but the inventor adds, "I purpose to rise *from* the earth, navigate the air in any direction, wind being scarcely more an obstacle than upon a vessel in the water: it (the machine) can be used to carry weight, as a mode of transit, or passengers for pleasure or otherwise; in fact, the machine would be a mechanical bird." There is almost a trace of humour in the "otherwise" were it not that the whole subject is serious.

There is a belief, too, that the stamp of "patent" means everything, and therefore it has a world of fascination. People are led to purchase and pay handsomely for some commonplace article because it has the word attached to it. The granting of a patent does not guarantee anything. It proves neither originality nor ingenuity. Any one could find evidences of this by a study of the millions of patents carefully stored in the archives. Why, only the other day a patent was granted for using paddle and screw propellers on a steamship, and yet the idea was adopted in that "grand audacity," the *Great Eastern*, which after many years' service was broken up in the Mersey a year or two ago. Similarly the pier supported on long uprights with wheels at the bottom to run on rails laid under the water, while the platform is high above surface—a structure soon to form a great attraction between Brighton and Rottingdean—was really patented twenty-four years ago. Recently, too, an attraction at the Crystal Palace was the Gerard Hydraulic Railway, whereby high-pressure jets of water acting on projections from the bottom of carriages sent the whole train on its way. The idea is almost as old as railways. Again, a few months ago the practice was introduced on the London Underground Railway of having in each carriage a circular drum arrangement indicating the name of the next station where the train would stop. It was suggested in a patent as far back as 1871. Similar instances of the cycle of invention might easily be multiplied.

As to ingenuity, or rather the want of it, there was a patent granted only the other day to a Scotch firm for covering the steel, horn, or cane used in corsets, before putting them in, so that they might not cut the beautiful fabric of which these articles of attire are now made. Such a precaution has long since been taken, and if one of those ribs of artifice happened to protrude itself, almost any thrifty, sensible woman would instinctively so cover the steel or whalebone before replacing it. She would thus infringe the patent: there is almost a suspicion that the patentee wished to establish the necessity of women jurors and judges in settling the nice point in the manufacture of corsets. Again, there is a little catch—it is as common as pins in a lady's attire—used for boxes, doors and such-like. It resembles a point of interrogation on end (~), the round part fitting into an eye. Some one has patented the application of it to the securing of corsets. A lady has patented quite recently the use of Venetian blinds fitted into draught screen frames, so as to partition off a part of a room, giving at the same time the option of allowing air and light. The ends of each lath of the blind are pivoted to the side of the frame, so that all the laths of the blind can move as usual, although the blind cannot move without the frame.

There are many applications of the principle of the roof gutter to the edges of an umbrella, but none have been adopted, probably because of advancing Socialism, which requires that each shall have an equal share, even of umbrella raindrops. With an overflowing gutter these might be concentrated on one individual. There is, too, a patent for a collapsible doll-house made of millboard, with a series of "hooks and eyes" and hinges. And this naturally suggests an elaborate portable carriage of rods and levers and wheels, forming a square into which a toddling bairn is put to guide it in its first steps. The old-world system was a chair without a bottom; but that did not happen to be patented, so has not the charm for the modern baby. Again, there is actually a patent for cementing india-rubber to a wooden frame for use by a boy on his slate; and before I leave the nursery and schoolroom, I may say the inventor has been kind enough to attempt to make pill-taking as pleasant as the swallowing of the sweet things which so often make them necessary. He forms a perforated diaphragm to fit into a wine-glass, allowing water below, and when the victim drinks the water, the pill is carried with the water from the diaphragm into the mouth. Obviously there is a defect. Some electric or galvanic action is required to destroy the inevitable suspicion or consciousness that there is deception. A pill when it gets into the mouth has the habit of growing into something nearly as large as a cannonball.

And this last reflection recalls the fact that although he has not sought to direct thoughts, the ubiquitous inventor has provided, to his own satisfaction at least, methods of interpreting thought even against the will of the thinker. The aim is grand, and so mysterious are some of the results of electrical science that it may be possible of attainment. It might be thought that the apparatus would be placed on the head; but this is a mistake. The skull is too thick, and thus the inventor draws the thought from the hand. There is a disc on which "a person possessing nervous electricity places his hand," and an assortment of electric appliances and wooden rods and tracers and numerals and letters, say as in a typewriter, begin to move and contort themselves until the tracers spell out legibly "what is passing in the mind of the operator." The apparatus itself is a source of weakness; but since electricity can be induced to leap over space without wires, I anticipate that even this reference to the matter will bring forth a great improvement. The first idea of the kind patented was "made in Germany." As a nation we ought to reciprocate, and use our improved appliance in finding out the thoughts of the German Emperor in reference to British estrangement. How beautiful, too, it would be for an evening paper to switch on stealthily its thought-reading telephone, say, to Lord Salisbury's study on the morning after a speech by Mr. Chamberlain on radical reforms, and publish the psychologic interview! How valuable it would have been to the historian to have had Mr. Gladstone's thoughts of the Rosebery-Harcourt-Morley collapse or the mental reflections of each of these three statesmen on the other two! The possibilities, indeed, are immense; and of course the electric current would require to be powerful enough to withstand some shock as well as forcible language.

UNDER THE TRICOLOUR

By P. de NANTEUIL

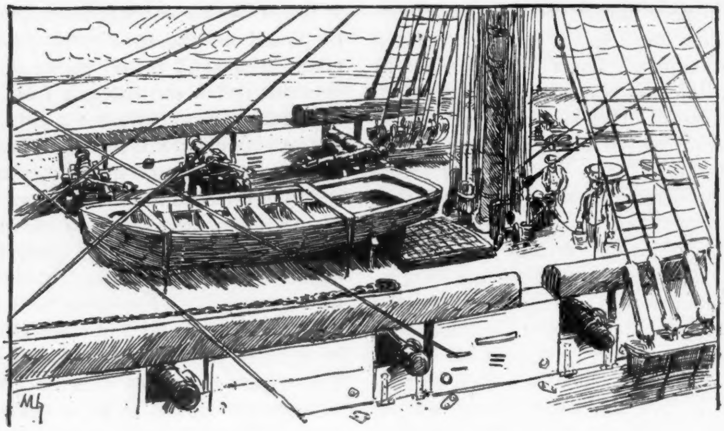
ILLUSTRATED BY MYRBACH

CHAPTER XX

IN PORT

SAILING from Saint Malo on March 7, the *Revenant* did not make land until it cast anchor in the roadstead of the Isle of France, at the end of May, 1860. On the way, however, several English ships had been captured and remanned. The original crews were set down at Fort Napoleon, and the cargoes were landed in bond until the prize-money should be allotted.

As in his first cruises, when he commanded



THE "REVENANT"

the *Emilie*, the *Adèle*, and the *Confiance*, Surcouf had already done immense damage to the enemies of his country.

In the Isle of France, the *Revenant* was expected impatiently, and its arrival was hailed with expressions of great delight. They all applauded Surcouf, and feasted the crew. The boat brought news from the mother country—letters, papers, telling of the folk at home, of battles, of victories, and of the splendours of the Imperial Court. It seemed almost magical to those who, little more than a year before, were cut off from all communication with Europe. Some neutral ships which sometimes called, carefully inspected on their departure from English possessions, spread abroad in the Island nothing but lying or perverted reports concerning Bonaparte and the state of Europe.

The expectation of this their first stay in port had set the officers and sailors building castles in the air, where for most of them the castles remained.

Knowing of old the temptations which beset sailors, who are almost all big children, Lieutenant Drieux commenced by forbidding the crew to leave the ship, except in the afternoon, and in order to set an example, the officers had not much more liberty than the men. Then the money due to each man as arrears of wages, or as his share of the prizes, was not paid until the eve of departure with a prohibition to land on that day. But, observing the consternation painted on every face, Drieux remarked, "To-morrow, general permission to land will be granted, always understanding that the work goes on all right, and if the Captain, who will come on board immediately, thinks it convenient."

At these words hope sprang up in the breasts of the men, and they had said to each other in the orlop during supper, that "the lieutenant was a dull dog, with no pleasure in life except to tease and torment people!" But the moment he spoke of going ashore, then it was "the Captain, a fine fellow indeed, a Breton, who would prevent a jolly tar from amusing himself now that he had his pockets full of money. Ah! boys, what a time we'll have! We shall go into all the bazaars where the merchants sell everything under the sun."

One said, "For me, I shall buy a beautiful Indian shawl for my mother. Won't she be proud, the good old woman, when she goes to church of an evening at Plougastel!"

"And I," said another, "will take my wife a silver bracelet as big as a cable. To be sure, the wife has a big arm, too."

"And then," said a third, "there is the inn of the 'Three Guava Trees,' where you get such fine stews and such good wine. I tell you, it makes your mouth water."

"Oh!" cried a fourth, "we shall drink and eat and enjoy ourselves, till we haven't a sou left. We shall fill our purses again from English pockets on our next cruise. Well, what are you laughing at, Master Alain?"

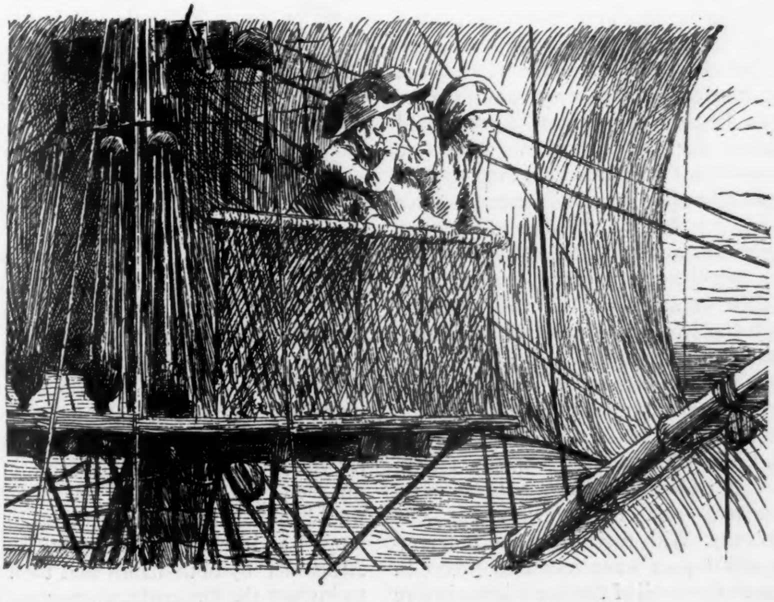
Alain had listened smiling, without taking any part in the conversation of his comrades. He was a man of great sobriety, although it was well known that he loved to stretch his legs on *terra firma*, and his mysterious look began to disturb the men. He replied, "Why, as the Captain left the ship he said to me, 'If you have any purchases to make for your folk, I shall undertake them. Don't be afraid to tell me.' And I said to him, 'Captain, if you would have the great goodness to buy me something to your own taste, for each of my seven children and for their mother, I shall be much obliged.' And he said to me again, 'How much will you spend?' Says I, 'Forty half-crowns.' Says he, 'All right, keep your mind easy.' And I do keep my mind easy; only, I say, that the Captain has his idea, and that his idea isn't the idea of anybody here, not even of the lieutenant, and that that idea will perhaps be the idea of up anchor and away without drum or trumpet, the moment he comes on deck."

"Get away, old fellow! The ship has not yet got all its stores, and your idea is as foolish as it can be."

"Possibly," replied Alain, as he turned away to look after his own affairs. When supper was done, the men, after scouring the orlop, dispersed themselves all over the ship.

Only Le Bœuf remained alone. He was furious at Alain, furious at fate. He dreaded that he would not be able to leave the ship, for he wished to desert, having engaged with an unscrupulous Spanish captain to replace, at a high wage, an officer who had just died. The Spaniard expected to sail the next day, and in order to join him Le Bœuf had intended to swim to a boat which would be sent for him at five o'clock in the morning, a little before weighing anchor. With this all arranged would he need after all to remain on the *Revenant*, running a thousand risks? There was plenty of prize-money, but that was no compensation for risking his life. And then there was always the old warrant against him!

Alexander and the gipsy had kept silence, for they still feared him; but the former, now the favourite of an officer, at last made



"It is a ship of war"

up his mind to speak. Ah! if he was forced to stay on the *Revenant*, he would have vengeance. Yes, surely he would find means for that. So much the worse for the Captain, and so much the worse for that wretched boy who was always coming between him and his luck.

While the men were enjoying in anticipation the coming pleasures, pleasures of which they had been dreaming ever since they left France, and while Le Bœuf was brooding over his treacherous schemes, Surcouf, springing on deck, whispered with his second and with the officer on duty.

Then ascending to the bridge, he cried through his speaking trumpet, "All hands on deck in fighting trim!"

The officer on duty repeated, "All hands on deck in fighting trim!"

Ten minutes after, the various companies stood ready for boarding. The weather was splendid, the reflection of the setting sun upon the water making it like molten gold. A fresh breeze rippled the sea, and made the cordage sing.

As soon as he saw the crew motionless and all attention, Surcouf stepped forward, and said in his rich and powerful voice, "My children, my friends, my comrades, officers, mates and sailors, in five minutes we shall weigh anchor; in an hour we shall be on the high seas, and to-morrow, flying before the south-west monsoon, we shall search the Indian Ocean for what, from private knowledge I know we are bound to meet—an English ship, armed for war, and a fit match for the *Revenant*. When we have found it we shall attack it, even though it be stronger than us; and when we have attacked it, we shall not be slow to fling our grappling irons aboard. Then, my Bretons, my dear comrades, my brave officers, shall follow their captain, and all will soon be over with the English, ship, cargo, and crew. Is it not so, my friends?"

"Yes, yes! Down with the English! *Vive le Capitaine!*"

Surcouf smiled, and lifting his large hat replied, "You are true Frenchmen of Brittany. *Vive l'Empereur, vive les Bretons, vive le Revenant*," and the crew echoed the Captain's cry. With their mercurial temperaments, which pass from mood to mood in quick transition—all of them, a minute before bent on going ashore to amuse themselves, now thought only of getting under weigh without delay.

With the utmost alacrity each hastened to obey orders. The sails were soon set, the anchor up, and the ship flying before the wind.

During the night Le Bœuf, seeing all his plans destroyed, nearly died of rage; yet afraid of betraying himself, he managed to dissemble, feigning the same eagerness as the others. He was not tempted to swim away, as he would have been infallibly drowned while waiting for the hour arranged between himself and the Spaniard.

When dawn came, the boat which should have picked him up returned without him, and soon the Spanish captain understood the reason of Le Bœuf's failure to keep his appointment. The *Revenant* no longer rode at anchor, but was visible standing out to sea and just about to pass the Straits of Mascareignes. Sweeping along at a great pace before the south-west monsoon, she hastened forward to give battle to the ship of which her captain had been informed.

CHAPTER XXI

THE SEA-FIGHT

WE next meet the *Revenant* in the Bay of Bengal. Alexander has been appointed boatswain's mate, and in connection with his appointment, one evening, Alain the boatswain said to him without the least spark of jealousy, "You will soon pass over my head, for you are of the stuff of which officers are made, and already you know a lot of things. I never learned to read more than my prayers, and I know them by heart; and I once could sign my name. Go on, my little fellow, and when I say little, it is only a manner of speaking, for you are as tall as the Captain. Cheerily, my lad; you are much too serious; one would think you had the toothache all day long," and laughing heartily, he shook Alexander by both hands and then went off to inspect the forecastle, where some disorder reigned.

It was night, a broiling night; the moon in her last quarter, and the stars shed only a feeble light through the moist and overheated air. All the sails were set, even the stay-sails, but the ship made barely two knots an hour in the pure white water. This rare phenomenon is called by the sailors the "Sea of Milk," and appears only in inter-tropical regions; indeed, it is exactly like a sea of water suddenly changed into one of milk. The water retains its milky appearance even when lifted out of the sea. During the day the sea resumes its ordinary hue.

When Alain had left him, instead of joining the other under-officers, Alexander remained motionless, his eyes fixed upon the milky water. At first he tried to think of a reason for this chalky colour, then his mind dwelt on what Alain had said to him. Yes, he was sad, and his sadness increased daily, for his secret had been gnawing his conscience for five years, and he had never slept without dreaming of the two unfortunate Englishmen whom he had beguiled, and who were tortured before his eyes in the vault of Grainval.

He was not on duty that night; but several hours elapsed before he left the place where he stood leaning upon the netting near the larboard bow.

The moon was down, the stars had disappeared, and the sea had again become transparent. A shrill whistle roused the crew; and the men tumbled up the hatchways half-dressed. It was the cleaning hour, and another officer took Alexander's duty.

Tzerko appeared in his turn, supporting a little cabin-boy, who had fallen from the mizen-top, and was still suffering, his arm in a sling and his head bandaged. As he passed, Alexander said to the gipsy, speaking so as to be heard by him alone: "Tzerko, to-night I shall tell all to M. Jean, and he must do what he thinks right. I have made up my mind, with God's help."

"God who inspired you, will help you," replied Tzerko. And he watched with brimming eyes his friend as he went to superintend a fatigue-company.

The crew had now become accustomed to Tzerko; they no longer knocked him about, and often showed him kindness. By the exercise of patience and self-denial, the little hunchback had conquered almost all hearts. He was happy at last, although he suffered terribly from the heat. But he never complained, and nobody suspected how worn out he was as he served in the hospital, always crowded in those times, when the hygienic conditions were most deplorable during long voyages.

The doctors said: "Indeed, without Tzerko, we would lose our heads in the midst of the sick, sometimes so intractable."

The officers, and the Captain even, when they met Tzerko, would smile upon him pleasantly.

The happiness of Tzerko would have been without alloy, but for two things: his friend Alexander was devoured by a secret sorrow; and he had become aware of the fact that Le Bœuf was stirring up some of the sailors against the officers and the discipline of the ship. On Alexander's account he dared not denounce this miserable wretch, who, an accomplished hypocrite, had won the goodwill of the lieutenant.

Therefore he was much comforted that morning by what Alexander had said to him. He awaited the result of the confession with great confidence, mingled with his concern about Le Bœuf, when the watchman of the *Revenant* signalled, "A large ship on the starboard."

They all ran to the nettings, and taking their spy-glasses with them, some of the officers climbed to the masthead. The first to reach it cried: "A ship to windward, coming out of the fog. It sails on us."

Another said: "It is a ship of war; I see its portholes, and the flag of the East India Company on the foremast."

Having made certain of the truth of these assertions, Surcouf leapt on to the bridge, and cried through his speaking-trumpet: "Clear the decks for action."

Hardly was the order given, when the English vessel fired a shot summoning the *Revenant* to "lie to;" the ball passed over the forecastle without touching.

"Badly aimed!" said Surcouf. Then he caused the boatswain to pipe the order, "All hands aft"; and when he saw his crew mustered at the foot of the poop, he addressed them as follows: "My friends, since we left France, we have captured several ships; and two months ago, upon these very seas, we took five vessels armed for war, and almost of our own size. To-day our glory will be greater, and in face of this enemy, superior in strength and in numbers, we shall show the whole world what can be done by the courage and skill of men, some of whom were with me in the *Confiance* when we conquered the *Kent*. The ship we are going to fight is not better armed than the *Kent* was, nor is its crew larger, and we are the same men we were. Show the English, then, the same front which we showed them then. This vessel should contain a fortune. Besides prize money, my children, I give you one hour of pillage. Now for the fight; prepare to board. Under our feet the *Revenant* bears us on. It is ours to conquer or to die, while the English tremble at our emblem, saying: 'Lo, he comes again!' (*'Le voilà, il est revenu?'*)"

With one voice officers and sailors replied: "Yes, Captain, to the fight, to conquer, or to die!" And Tzerko, perched in the rigging of the foremast, made his shrill voice heard above all the others.

One man alone said nothing. Hate burned in his face, and rage in his heart. Le Bœuf trembled, for he was a coward, and sought some means of hiding himself till he could give himself up when the English should take the *Revenant* by assault. He felt quite certain that this huge ship now manœuvring to come within range would make but a single mouthful of the privateer.

On board the English ship, the *Sussex*, there was no fear; they were sure they could conquer so ridiculous an adversary without striking a blow. The captain, calling the passengers about him, said to them: "Ladies and gentlemen, you shall now see how an English ship of forty guns, with four hundred and forty hands, takes a French ship or cuts it in two if it dares to resist."

Then, when the passengers had withdrawn, Captain Revington opened fire.

The broadside of the *Sussex* took the *Revenant* obliquely, tearing up the planking of the poop, and shooting away a yard of the mizen-mast, with some men on it.

But Captain Surcouf did not respond. On the contrary, he ordered them sheer off, as if he had been afraid, and meant to fly. But while the crew executed the order, he said quietly: "Those laugh best who laugh last;" and the crew repeated after Alain: "It is only a trick to blind the enemy."

As the *Revenant* sailed faster than the English ship, a second broadside from the *Sussex* fell short several fathoms.

With the breeze freshening more and more, the French ship making about ten knots an hour, was a splendid sight, as her swelling sails gleamed in the light of the stormy sun, and she herself answered every touch of the helm in the hands of one of those Malouin pilots formerly so famous.

The *Sussex* had become almost invisible, and on board the *Revenant* they began to wonder, when, pointing out on the horizon a flaky cloud like a formless ball of cotton, Surcouf issued new orders, which were repeated by the officer of the watch.

Everybody admired the quick sight of their Captain. Only he had perceived this ball of cotton, which, untwisting itself, soon covered a large part of the sky. It was a white squall, certain to cause immense damage to unprepared ships.

Quickly the men climbed the masts and took in the topsails and the royals; and when the white squall broke fierce and swift the privateer sustained no damage.

The *Sussex*, ignorant of what was coming, had all sail set, and besides losing a topmast, the disorder caused to its rigging placed it for the time being in a condition actually inferior to that of the *Revenant*, which hastened to profit by the advantage.

Driven along from the south-west, the white squall passed as quickly as it had come, and the wind changed a point or two. While endeavouring to tack, the *Sussex* drifted to windward of the privateer, which immediately prepared to give battle: the buckets were filled with water in case of fire, the powder was placed in readiness, and the guns were run out ready for action.

Surcouf was satisfied, and with flashing eyes he cried: "They shall now smell our powder." Then he said to Jean, "Make the signal for boarding."

The bell rang out, sounding in every part of the ship; the pace was slackened, the smaller yards having been brought down to the deck, in order to diminish as much as possible any damage to the masts; and in the shrouds stood men with hand-grenades ready to fling them on to the deck of the enemy.

The first boarding party consisted of sixty men, commanded by Drieux, the first lieutenant; the second consisted of forty men under Jean de Grainval; and the third, of the remaining able-bodied men, except those in charge of the powder-magazine, the sailors in the shrouds who would not come down until the battle was hand-to-hand, and lastly, those who stood armed with pikes to guard the guns against boarders.

The last boarding party was under the immediate command of Surcouf. All were armed with pistols, swords, and axes. The officers were equally dispersed among the three parties.

At the moment of attack, the *Revenant* was on the larboard quarter of the great English ship, which was firing from all its guns on that side; but, too near or badly directed, the discharge did no great damage either to the ship or the crew.

The instant the Imperial flag was unfurled on the mainmast of the privateer, she saluted the *Sussex* with a volley of balls and grape. On the deck of the enemy, the grenades burst everywhere, skilfully thrown from the shrouds of the *Revenant;* fires broke out here and there; and yards fell bearing with them clusters of men.

The two ships touched each other, and as the great anchor of the *Sussex* caught in one of the portholes of the *Revenant,* grappling irons were thrown from the latter, and the adversaries became rivetted together. The pitching of the sea smote the *Revenant* against her foe, all her timbers strained, and she was in great danger for a brief space. "The first party, forward!" cried Surcouf, calm as a statue on the quarter-deck, while the English shot whistled round him.

Drieux leapt to the attack with his sixty men, whom he preceded in a bold escalade. Some fell, but others took their places at once; then, sowing their passage with the dead, they cleft a way to the centre of the *Sussex.*

"Second party forward!" cried Surcouf, adding, lest his own cannon should harm his own men, "cease firing! Come down from the shrouds, leave the guns!"

Not without losses the second boarding party followed the first; and Jean de Grainval led his company into the orlop of the *Sussex,* where the English and the French fought hand-to-hand. Lastly, came Surcouf with the third party.

CHAPTER XXII

THE PASSENGERS OF THE *SUSSEX*

THE enemy endeavoured in vain to withstand the onslaught of the Breton veterans. Resolute, with clenched teeth, and lowered heads, holding their hand-genades, they kept their ranks unbroken at every rally of the crew of the *Sussex.* Surcouf, having reached the deck, seized, in face of a constant fire, a projectile which an English soldier was about to throw, and flung it himself on the quarter-deck where Captain Revington with a chosen band had fortified himself.

The grenade burst, and Captain Revington fell. Some fifty of the survivors, taking their captain with them, shut themselves up in the poop, the doors of which were immediately broken open by the boarders. The combat recommenced; but not until the poop was filled with dead and wounded men did the *Sussex* strike its flag, yielding after a fight which had lasted for two hours.

While those still able to fight were being disarmed, Lieutenant Drieux began to disengage the *Revenant,* which was threatened with submersion at every movement of its enemy. But once more the discharge of heavy guns shook the vessels: it was the lieutenant of the *Sussex,* who having barricaded himself between decks hoped to sink the ship and perish with his conqueror.

Exasperated at the thought of treason the Frenchmen forced their way down, sabring and shooting all who resisted. The English begged for quarter, which was granted at once by two of the officers of the privateer, who were, however, unable at first to stay the slaughter. Drunk with blood the Bretons cut and thrust without mercy, until Surcouf arrived and pointed his pistols at the mutineers. Then they returned to their obedience and set about executing their Captain's orders regarding the unwounded prisoners. The men were imprisoned in companies in various parts of the *Sussex,* while the wounded English officers were sent on board the *Revenant.*

Meanwhile not a single passenger had been seen, and nobody among the French imagined that there were any on board the *Sussex*.

As Surcouf was about to leave the lower deck, he found himself surrounded by a number of his men crying out, "Your promise, captain, your promise! We demand the hour of pillage." Le Bœuf's voice was heard above all the others.

Surcouf blushed: he bitterly regretted his promise. Without replying immediately, he went to the upper deck, where a terrible spectacle met his eyes. Everywhere lay the dead with the black blood trickling from gaping wounds. Convulsed faces and glaring eyes told of the death-agony. Some of the corpses threatened still with extended arms; the folded hands of others indicated a prayerful death; while the hideous grin on the faces of many showed that they had died grinding their teeth. Beneath the corpses, above, below, in the shrouds, everywhere, the wounded implored help.

Surcouf had never been so moved after a victory; nor had he ever before done such execution on the English.

In the meantime the two vessels had been disengaged, and Drieux had returned with a party to the privateer: on her decks also lay the dead and dying.

Surcouf, melting with compassion for the sufferers, had ordered that friend and enemy should be cared for alike, when his men, growing turbulent, again surrounded him with the cry, "Your promise, Captain! Redeem your promise!"

"Children, my word is pledged," said Surcouf; "but I shall give a double share of prize-money to all officers and men who will free me from my promise. Fournier, go to your deck, and say that to my brave Bretons. For you, choose, and if you grant my wish, go aft."

There were about fifty men present, and they stared at each other questioningly for an instant. Then twenty of them, headed by the boatswain, moved to the stern in silence. The others remained motionless, hanging their heads. Shamefaced, but resolved, they nodded approvingly when an old quarter-master replied, "A promise is a promise, Captain. We demand the hour of pillage, for you owe it."

Very pale, Surcouf rejoined in a stern voice: "Very well; I grant an hour, but not a second more, and let no one dare to rifle any of the wounded or to molest a prisoner. I shall return after dinner. Grainval, I appoint you temporarily captain of the *Sussex*, with power of life and death over those who disobey. Lieutenant Vieillard will be your second. I leave you, Millieu, to look after the wounded." M. Millieu was assistant-surgeon on board the *Revenant*. "Alain," continued the Captain with softening voice, "my good old Alain, go with these brave fellows and help Doctor Millieu to attend to the wounded."

"Yes, Captain," replied Alain, withdrawing at once with his men, while Surcouf hurried off to his own ship.

On board the *Revenant*, the men, no longer heated by the battle, had already agreed to the desire of their Captain, regarding his promise, and as soon as they saw him they gave way to frantic hurrahs; they laughed, and cried, they embraced him, and kissed his hands.

Having congratulated the victors, Surcouf mounted to the poop, from which he surveyed his vessel, proudly comparing it with the colossus he had just captured. Overjoyed at his success he forgot his discontent, and said to himself, "This is a victory of which history will speak for years to come."

Then, returning to the duty of the moment, he called the officer of the watch.

"How many dead have we?" he asked.

"Not one, Captain. Thirteen wounded, three of whom are not likely to recover," replied Lenouvel.

"I shall visit them at once Ah! on board the enemy there are very many dead and wounded. We shall learn all details. Then we shall look after the prize and the rewards. The hour rings. Thank God, it sounds the end of the pillage which I unfortunately promised to these madmen."

After dinner Surcouf visited the hospital, where he was much affected at the sight of his sailors who had fought so well stretched on bad beds in a stifling room. In spite of the open portholes a stale odour of warm blood and of medicines seized one by the throat; an amputated leg lay here, an arm there; and the death-rattle sounded from one mattress.

As he tried to comfort these poor fellows, Surcouf thought of the other side of victory; it is only after that one realises its terrible cost.

When he came to the last bed, "Ah!" he cried, as surprised as grief-stricken, "it is you, my poor little fellow! I thought I had ordered you to be shut up with the cabin-boys."

Tzerko, whose whole body was one wound, made vain efforts to reply. An officer, entering at that moment, replied for him, "Captain, this is a little hero. He was shut up, according to your order, but he escaped and reached the deck, where he was first to notice a projectile from the *Sussex* which was about to explode a case of grenades. Seizing the case he wished to throw it overboard, but he was not strong enough. All this passed more quickly than I can tell it. From my post on the forecastle I saw and ran to Tzerko's help. Only one of the grenades had exploded when we succeeded in throwing the case over. Then I returned to my post, never thinking that Tzerko was badly wounded."

"And your own arm is in a sling?"

"Oh! a scratch which I hardly feel."

"You say very well. Tzerko is a hero. Get well as quickly as you can, my little fellow, and I will reward your bravery."

"Thanks, Captain, thanks! But M. Roux did more than me, because he is stronger; and it was he who flung the case overboard."

"What a fine little fellow!" muttered M. Roux.

"Roux will not be forgotten," said the Captain. "Doctor Lenouvel, I recommend Tzerko to your care."

"It is needless, Captain. I have appreciated him for a long time, and to-day I miss him terribly."

"Well, *au revoir*, my children. Keep up your courage. You will receive the best possible care, and be assured that you will have good measure in the distribution of the booty."

Surcouf then retired, leaving those of the wounded who had been able to attend, much comforted by his kindly words. As he walked across the orlop, he was joined by Doctor Lenouvel, who said, "Captain, five of the wounded will not live through the night, Tzerko among them. He knows it, and he begs me to send for his friend Alexander, that he may bid him farewell. Now it seems that Alexander is serving on the *Sussex*."

"I will take care of this," replied Surcouf; "and unless it is absolutely impossible, will send Alexander to you shortly. Several times I admired the bravery and coolness which he displayed during our escalade, and when our men attacked the poop of the *Sussex*."

Half an hour afterwards, Surcouf in his jolly-boat hailed the prize. The *Sussex* had been brought to, like the privateer, and the two ships lay motionless on the blue transparent waves. The weather was calm and beautiful, and the sun was sinking towards the horizon.

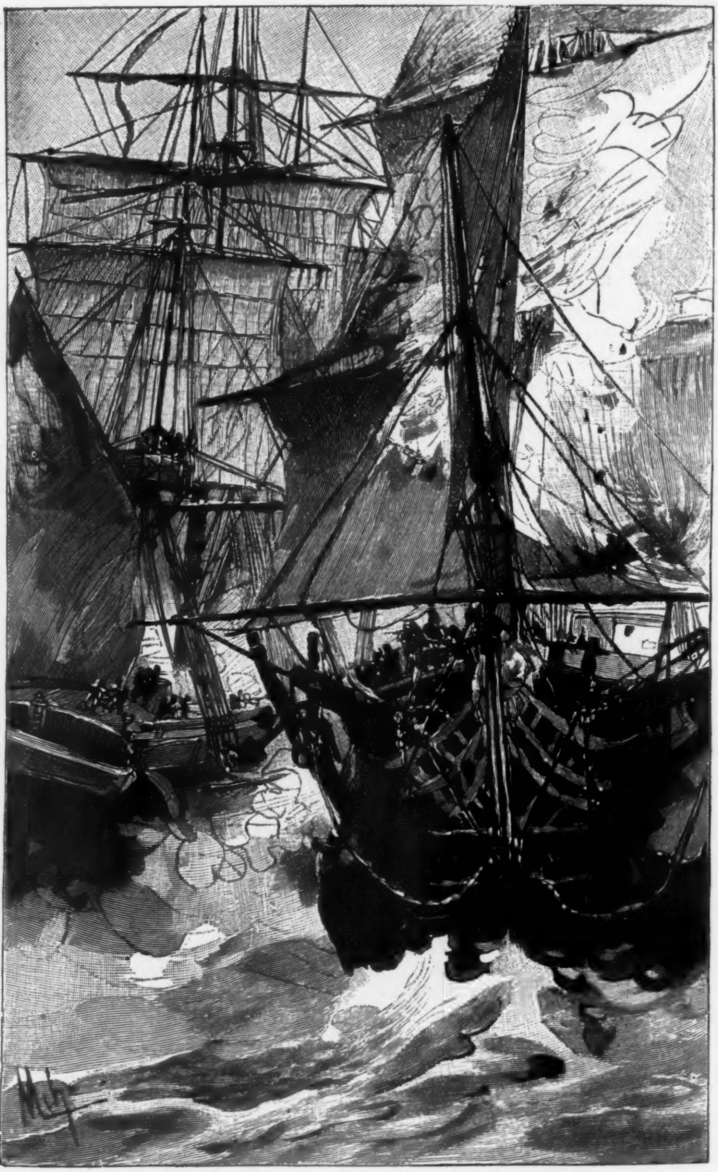
As he climbed the ladder, Surcouf said to himself, notwithout apprehension, "I wonder how the hour of pillage has passed." When he had gained the deck, he was filled with remorse by what he saw—with anger and surprise. With remorse for having caused what had undoubtedly happened, with anger against the savage creatures whom he saw pinioned and huddled about the mainmast; with surprise at the sight of six men elegantly dressed in the English fashion, and four ladies, one of whom was young and pretty.

"How is this?" he said to Jean, who had come forward to receive him. "Revolt? Mutiny? Explain briefly, Grainval."

"Captain," replied Jean, "I have to inform you that several abused their liberty, first in drinking too much wine and beer, and then, grown savage, and stirred on by Le Bœuf and Degoff, they overran the whole ship, swearing and shouting like mad things. I therefore called to my side Alain, the master-steersman, Alexander, and those men who were in their senses, because, with Fournier and Millieu, we expected something disagreeable. And so it happened. At first the drunkards wished to set fire to the powder-magazine. There were a dozen of them, whom Alain and a party overcame, and shut up in the hold. Then piercing cries arose, in the midst of which, to our great astonishment, we distinguished the voices of women. Guided by the sound, some sailors, Alexander and I with them, arrived at the door of the general store-room. By the light of torches we discovered twelve brutes about to assassinate three ladies."

"Where did these ladies come from?"

"They, and these gentlemen, came from a hiding-place cleverly arranged in the side of the store-room. I leapt in and ordered the



"The broadside of the *Sussex* took the *Revenant* obliquely"

brigands away. Without heeding me, one of them, Degoff, continued to throttle the eldest of the ladies, while Le Bœuf half-strangled the youngest in tearing off a pearl necklace. I succeeded in releasing the latter, and then Le Bœuf turned his rage on me and knocked me down. I had already recovered myself when Alexander, coming to the rescue, seized my enemy, and after a short struggle overthrew him and with the help of a comrade held him on the deck. I can assure you that Alexander possesses remarkable strength. In all likelihood he saved my life. In the meantime, Fournier and some brave sailors had come up, and at last the rascals, pinioned as you see them, were dragged to the foot of the mainmast. I was about to go to you to inform you of this annoying matter, when your return was signalled. May I add, Captain, that if we have done our duty reward is also due to those who so bravely seconded their officers?"

"Certainly; and I shall forget no one in rendering to each the justice which I owe to all. I will at once give orders concerning the manning of the *Sussex*, but I wish first to speak with my unexpected guests."

Approaching the group which stood apart, Surcouf bowed profoundly to the ladies, and saluted the gentlemen with a simple gesture. One of the ladies only, the youngest, returned his salute, with a perfect grace. Then, taking a step forward, she said in good French, "Captain Surcouf, I offer you my hand in all confidence. M. de Grainval has told us of your generosity, equal, he affirms, to your bravery, and I accord full confidence to the words of a gentleman who has not hesitated to risk his life for mine."

During this little speech, Surcouf's irritation gradually passed away, and he replied, smiling, "Your confidence will not be deceived, mademoiselle, or madam, for I do not know how to address you."

The young lady rejoined, "Call me Miss Howell, Harriet Howell. This is my uncle, Sir James Howell, formerly a banker at Madras, and my aunt, Lady Mary Howell; these four gentlemen are my cousins, Archibald, Richard, Jack, and Arthur Howell; the other gentleman is Professor Charles Hobson, a friend of my uncle's, and the other lady is Miss Julia Smith, my governess; and then, still below, ready to die with fear, is our maid. Uncle James, Aunt Mary, my dear cousins, Mr. Hobson, Captain Surcouf desires to shake hands with you. Is it not true, Captain Surcouf, that you will be glad to do so?"

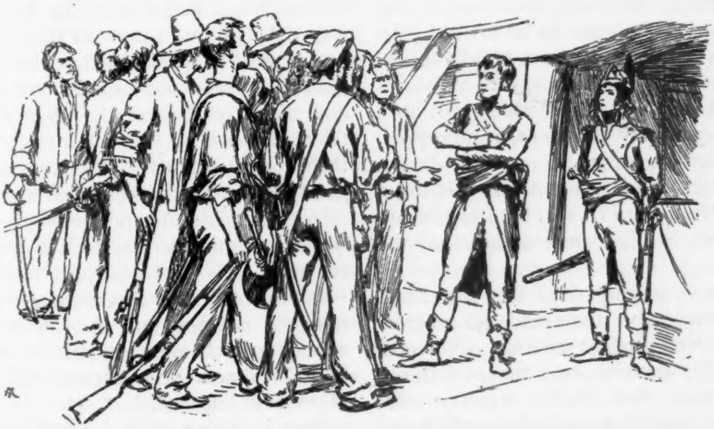
"Certainly, Miss Howell, I wish it, and would have done so, even although I had not been asked by such a lovely mouth. You are, then, passengers on board the *Sussex?*"

"Yes, Captain Surcouf, passengers upon this ship armed for war by the East India Company, the captain of which bragged that he would make but two mouthfuls of you in no time at all. He died bravely. God rest his soul!"

"Where are you bound for?"

"For England, where my uncle has inherited a baronetcy. I have been an orphan since my birth. Sir James, my father's brother, is my guardian, and an excellent guardian."

"Well, Miss Howell, I assure you that in quality of passengers, you and yours will not be put to ransom, and that we will land you at the first place we come to, from which you may be able to continue your journey, taking with you all your belongings. If you should be robbed of anything, I pledge myself to repay the equivalent in English gold."



"Your promise, Captain, redeem your promise"

THE CHRISTIAN RACE:

ITS ENCOURAGEMENTS AND CONDITIONS

By Professor MARCUS DODS, D.D.

WHENEVER any life presents the aspect of urgent and persistent pursuit of a single object, it naturally suggests the idea of a race. The career of the ideal Christian is compared to a race, because with mind made up regarding the worth of his object, he spends his whole strength on reaching it by as straight and rapid a route as possible. Of the various attractions which this life presents the Christian chooses that one which can alone be approved by reason, and which alone can be persistently held to, the aim which Christ chose for Himself, the fulfilment of God's purpose in the world.

No sooner, however, does he choose his object, than he finds that he cannot choose his own way to it. He finds a race-course set before him, marked out for him, and staked in by a power not his own. His birth, his natural temperament, and condition, and faculties, the vicissitudes of fortune he encounters, are all arranged for him. He cannot leap the ropes and try a short cut; he may not demand some softer course, some more elastic turf; he may not require that the ascents be levelled, or the rough places made smooth. He may not wait till things are made easier for him, but must recognise that the difficulties of his position are constituent parts of the race, and present the actual obstacles which are to be his test. In the callings we have chosen, amid the annoyances we daily experience, with the weaknesses and disabilities of which we have become so painfully conscious, handicapped as we are, we are called to run and win the crown of life. Contentment with his lot, a manly resolve to turn its very hindrances into opportunities, is a fundamental grace of the Christian.

Yet how constantly does the depressing thought recur that we have made no progress and may as well give up striving! The goal seems a will-o'-the-wisp, that moves with our advance. Like that Arctic explorer who, after days of hard sledging to the north, found that the whole field of ice over which he was making his way was floating faster to the south than he was making for the north, so we seem to have been striving on a false foundation, and all our careful thought and labour have gone for nothing. We seem only to have nipped off the flowers or topmost twigs of sin, and so to have actually strengthened the root. Our confidence is gone, and we are fast becoming hopeless, heartless, unbelieving.

Out of such a condition, nothing more effectually lifts us than for some one who we know has had his vices, and strong bias to evil, to look us in the face and say, "I know that there is such a thing as victory over sin. I am not more sure that I live than that now I find my life and joy in things that once seemed entirely beyond my reach." Now, as the writer to the Hebrews reminds us, there is a whole cloud of persons who are in a position to bear precisely this testimony to the reality of the grace Christ gives, and of the victory it brings. Ask those witnesses whether there was nothing which made it more likely they would succeed; whether they had no vexations in their households, and disappointments in their careers; no crushing sorrow, no persistent and powerful appetites and passions; ask them if they found it easy to keep the world at arm's length, and live a self-restrained and Christ-like life; and will they not with one voice tell you that no day passed without painful effort, that again and again they could not look forward with hope, and that it cost them the whole strength of their manhood to keep their conscience and their faith. But there they are now: their good fight fought, their race run, and the prize obtained. In presence of these witnesses, no one can say that it is impossible to make this life anything but a failure. "Impossible," says this writer; "why, it is not even uncommon." And it will be disastrous and shameful indeed if we, through mere weakness and softness, fail where so many have succeeded.

But inspiring as such examples are, our unfailing encouragement is not to be found in them. Few inspirations, indeed, are so truly elevating as those which spring from an unostentatious, self-sacrificing, consistent Christian life led under our own observation. And there are many who can tell what it is to drink in spiritual life with the remembrance of some who, through many trials, kept a straight course, and are now through faith and patience inheriting the promises. Yet, without Jesus these are all cyphers without the unit that gives them value; they are pupils without their teacher, soldiers without their leader. In the best of Christian followers there is something that gives us pause, something to stagger us and suggest doubt. In the bulk of his adherents there is much talk but little performance. We see a ring formed and go up expecting to see a serious combat going forward, but it is only a knot of betting men, talking with great swelling words of races and fights to be undertaken by others. But when we "look to Jesus" we are at once convinced of the reality of goodness. Here is real sacrifice for righteousness; here is holiness without a stain, devotedness to God and nothing inconsistent. Here is pure, unalloyed, habitual goodness; a life of faith carried through amidst all obstacles to the end.

Jesus is our "leader in faith" or the captain of faith, because He and He alone has shown us once for all what a life governed by faith in things unseen becomes; and He is the "perfecter of faith" because in Him alone has faith been allowed its full and perfect influence in human conduct. By being the perfecter of faith, He becomes the leader of all men in the life of faith. In Him, who might seem to need it least, do we see the simplest dependence on God; and in Him we see what absolute trust in God means, not only the prayers it evokes and the confidence it inspires, but the perfect devotedness to the fulfilment of the divine purposes which faith implies. In Him, too, we see the end and outcome of a life of faith. We see that it ends in the approval of God, in acknowledged victory; in the one satisfactory termination, the consciousness of a life well spent, and the confirmed character and influence that accompany it.

To succeed as Jesus succeeded, there is at least one essential condition that we "lay aside every weight," and so run. In a race every ounce tells, and no one who is bent on winning would even enter were he not prepared to rid himself of every particle of flesh that is mere weight. For everything which does not help, hinders. Our sincerity is similarly tested. He that takes the Christian life seriously gets rid even of those personal tempers, tastes, and habits which do not positively help him. And as the mere and useless weight a runner carries in his own body is more hampering and incapacitating than what he carries on his back or in his hand, so the Christian learns that he is chiefly retarded by those very tastes which seem to be a part of his substance and to be indispensable.

These "weights" are difficult to deal with; and the mode in which they are dealt with is often decisive for character. Public opinion compels the Christian to abandon certain forms of sin: profanity, licentiousness, exceptional fraud, drunkenness, are universally judged to be inconsistent with Christianity. But "weights" may be in themselves legitimate, nay, may be helpful to some men, but to others a fatal hindrance. The accomplishment which in one man is his chief instrument for influencing and aiding others, may in another man be his snare. The amusement which a stolid and passionless person may innocently enjoy may unduly excite and intoxicate the more sensitive. Entertainments, books, pictures which to a pure mind may only afford beneficial relaxation, may to a mind more open to temptation bring such risks and pollution that they must be abandoned. Pursuits which in themselves are perfectly innocent and praiseworthy may by the very ardour they kindle in us, and the time they consume, compel us to forego them.

If this is so, then it is obvious that we must be most careful in judging others who allow themselves indulgences which to us would be demoralising, and which would seriously interfere with our Christian service and progress. The antlers which are the beauty and strength of the stag would be burdensome to a weaker animal or to a stronger animal which was not proportionally stronger in the part that bears the strain. Before we say what is a weight we must know what strength there is to bear it—whether the person we judge has not a greater natural strength than ourselves, or whether by familiarity with the particular weight in question he has not acquired such ease in bearing it that he can run light even with its burden.

Still more serious is the question: "How am I to learn what are 'weights' to myself?" If in this matter public opinion helps me little; if I cannot follow the example or the counsel even of the best and wisest of men, how am I to discover what are "weights" to me? Among the many customs, practices, pursuits, amusements, occupations, tastes, which life presents, how am I to discriminate and for myself determine what helps and what hinders the Christian? The answer is obvious and simple. The way to discover what is a weight is to run. While standing you cannot believe that this and that minute article will prove a weight; but when you have run even a short distance, off goes everything you can afford to lose, topcoat, coat, hat, necktie; everything now seems oppressive and a burden. So long as you run you do not need these things; and it is the running that makes them burdensome. So in the Christian life, the only rule is, Begin to run. The question is not a question of detail to be settled point by point; is it right to go to balls; is it right to go to theatres or races; is it allowable to bet; in what forms, if any, is gambling permissible; what forms of amusement are legitimate? This rabbinical mode of laying down a rule for every person in every circumstance is impossible and unnecessary. The question is one and simple. Is the Christian running a race? In other words, Is he satisfied with the object he has chosen and eager in the pursuit of it? Has he energy to spare for other things? While standing, contemplating life and criticising it, you cannot be persuaded that this or that will retard you; but no sooner have you seriously committed yourself to the Christian career than you find yourself quietly dropping habits you considered indispensable, unconsciously abandoning amusements you formerly thought the very wine of life, even becoming indifferent to pursuits that once commanded all your energy. But this you will find, that the most valuable things are the most easily carried; nay, that all really valuable things help in the race. The racer's jewelled belt makes him run no heavier; it is some base lump of lead or some clod of clay sticking to his foot that keeps him back. That which most seriously retards the Christian is generally some lumber of his own picking up, which he would gladly be rid of, had he courage and energy to throw it away. It is some base association, some despicable habit, some worldly hope or purpose.

Already many enjoy the result of wise choice and of sincere self-mastery. We in our turn have the same alternatives laid before us that were laid before them, and we are called to make the same choice. They chose the life of faith. They endured the temptations we endure; they had the same strain put upon them. The same pleasures were open to them, but they renounced them. The same opportunities of selfish gain, but they denied themselves. They believed when God said: "Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with them, for they shall eat the fruit of their doings." Now they eat the fruit of their doings, and it is well with them.

THE JANISSARIES

By the Rev. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D.

ONE of the sights of Constantinople, which every visitor makes a point of seeing, is the Museum of the Janissaries, at the end of the At-Meidan, or Great Square. This is a rude and somewhat dilapidated building, containing a gallery of figures as large as life, made of wax or stucco, and coloured according to Nature, in the manner of Madame Tussaud's Exhibition. They represent the famous old Foot-guards of the Empire, variously dressed in typical clothing, and engaged in different occupations or brandishing their formidable weapons. The collection is a most extraordinary one, and the impression which the fierce, sinister faces and suggestive attitudes produce will not soon be forgotten. It is like the effect of a bad dream after reading "Blue Beard" or the most blood-curdling tale of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. In these figures appears before your eye, as a series of vivid realistic personalities, the redoubtable Force that won and maintained its empire for Turkey, and formed the most powerful element in its civil and religious history for several hundred years. They come out from the vague, misty background of your historical imagination, and stand up before you in all their grim and terrible reality. Your interest in the subject is excited, and you wish to know something more about them than their mere name and office.

After you leave the weird museum, you visit the vast enclosure of the Seraglio, which has been thrown open to the public since the time of the Crimean war; and there, on the upper terrace, you see the Court of the Janissaries, where the troops used to dwell, opening from a splendid gate of white and black marble, ornamented with small pillars of Verde-antique, called the Babi-Hoomayoon, or the Sublime Porte. And beyond the Mint, in a great open space, you see an enormous tree, probably the biggest you ever saw, with the exception of the famous old plane-tree in one of the streets of Damascus. This specimen is called the Plane-tree of the Janissaries, and is still fresh and vigorous. Its trunk is burnt and blackened by fire, for it used to be employed as a kitchen for cooking the food of the soldiers. All these objects still further increase your interest in the great military Corporation, and surround it with a halo of picturesqueness, under which you strive to recover from the mouldy past some particulars regarding its eventful career.

The Janissaries are unique in the history of the world. Nothing like them has ever been known in the constitution of any State. We think of them somehow in association with the Mamelukes of Egypt; but though there were some points in common between them, they differed widely in their character and aim. The Mamelukes, though originally a race of slaves, founded a sovereign dynasty in Egypt; but the Janissaries, even at the height of their power, never ceased to be soldiers, and they maintained throughout all their history the proofs and symbols of their lowly origin. They made and unmade sovereigns, but they never aspired to the high positions of the State, and were content to fill their original posts. Not one of their number ever occupied the throne of Turkey, and the whole corps acted ostensibly only as its guardians. They formed the first standing army of which we have any record; but they were appointed not as the defenders of the national interests, but simply as the executors of the personal designs of the Sultan. The name by which they were best known and which inspired most awe was *Yeni-tzer*, signifying in Turkish the *New Army*, because it superseded, as a perpetual and consolidated force, the old troops which were raised only in emergencies and scattered when war was over.

It was Amurath I. who, in 1389, formed this military body in order to strengthen himself not only against the foes outside his dominions, but also against the internal dissensions of his own chiefs. Taking advantage of the Mahometan law, according to which he was entitled to a fifth part of the captives taken in war, he selected for his own use the strongest, handsomest, and most intelligent of the prisoners captured at the close of his campaign against the Sclavonian races in the east of Europe. These young men were all of Christian parentage; but when they became the slaves of Amurath they were converted to the religion of the Prophet, isolated from all connection not only with Christians but even with other Moslems, and shut up with their monarch alone, so that knowing no other chief or master they might devote themselves to his interests exclusively. In order to work upon the superstitious imaginations of the people, and to impart to the new corps the highest sanctions of religion, he consecrated it by the blessing not of the ordinary clergy, but of a celebrated Dervish of exceptional holiness called Hadzy-Bektache. Standing in front of the youthful soldiers as they were drawn up before him, he stretched the long sleeve of his gown over the head of the foremost, and said: "May your countenances be ever bright, your hands victorious, your swords keen. May your spears always hang over the heads of your enemies; and wherever you go may you return with a white, that is an honourable, face." Thus adopted into the Mussulman faith, they assumed the name of the saint who had blessed them, and became afterwards known as the *Hadzy-*

Bektache Odzaghi, the hearth or family of Hadzy-Bektache. And in remembrance of this solemn ceremony they wore on their heads during parade a kind of white felt cap called a *kulah*, to which was attached a large and broad strip of coarse cloth hanging down behind over their shoulders. This cloth represented the sleeve of the cloak which the great Islam saint wore when he consecrated them.

The Janissaries always kept up the memory of their lowly origin and servile functions as a body of slaves belonging to the household of the Sultan; and it is strange to think of this fierce soldiery deriving their military titles and dignities from their domestic duties and the homely names of common family life. They were divided into companies of one hundred men, called *ortas* or *chambers*, all living entirely in common. The chief officer was called the head soup-maker; and under him was another officer called the head cook; and under him in turn was a third called the head water-carrier; and the lowest officer bore the name of general caterer, who provided the food of the company. The ensigns of each orta or troop were the iron pots in which the soup was carried daily from the barracks to the different guard-houses. They were usually three in number, and were placed under the care of the subaltern officers. Around these pots the members of the corps gathered together, not only for their food at meal-times, but also in solemn conclave in times of difficulty and trouble in order to shape out their course of conduct. To lose one of these pots was the greatest misfortune that could befall the troop; while if they were captured in war all the officers were deprived of their rank and the regiment itself publicly disgraced. And to carry out still further the menial associations of a slave's domestic life, the military badge which every soldier wore in his cap was the wooden spoon with which he ate his soup.

The full force of the Janissaries was maintained not only by the Sultan's share of the captives taken in every war, but also by a fixed tribute of boys selected every five years from the Christian population of the frontier provinces from the Euxine to the Adriatic. The recruiting party had the right to appropriate all the Christian youths in such places, above the age of seven, who were distinguished for their beauty, their strength, or their promise of ability. Thus the flower of Christendom formed from time to time this new Turkish militia; and the secret of its success was that it depended for its continuity, not upon native Turkish blood, but upon the best foreign blood of the conquered races, whose strength and proficiency were in this way by the perfection of craftiness turned against themselves. The head of the army which besieged Rhodes in the time of Mohammed II. was a descendant of the Christian sovereigns of Byzantium. Ibrahim, the favourite general of the great Solyman, was of Christian parentage; and more than a dozen of the best Turkish commanders whose names are conspicuous in history, were of Sclavonic origin. The Christians were thus crushed by the forces drawn from their own bosom, and the vampire of tyranny was fed from their own veins.

The young recruits were initiated into the Moslem faith by the usual ceremony of circumcision, and then were transferred for careful special education to the seclusion of the Seraglio. They had to perform hard labour, and were subjected to the severest discipline. They were trained to undergo all kinds of hardships, and to submit to privations of food and clothing and rest. They had often to spend whole nights in watching or practising their arms, and were not permitted to give way to sleep. In this Spartan fashion their spirits were made courageous, and their bodies active and hardy for the purposes of war—which was the only end of their existence set before them. When they were raised into the corps of the Janissaries, they were placed in cloister-like barracks, where the younger served the older, and the rule of silence and subjection was strictly enforced. Their frugal fare, their coarse, simple dress, their rigid discipline and habit of mute obedience, reminded one of the austerities of convent life, and they might well have been described as "soldier-monks."

They had a further resemblance to the monastic fraternity in their celibacy. They had no home but the common ortas or chambers of the barracks like the cells of monks; they had no kindred but their fellow-soldiers. They had to forego and forget whatever old family ties might have bound them, and they were not allowed to contract any new ones. They were to live entirely for their corps. They were bound to each other and to the Sultan by the most tremendous oaths of fealty. They were affiliated with the order of the Dervishes founded by the great Saint of Islam who had originally consecrated their order; and with these Moslem fanatics they maintained throughout the whole period of their history the closest fellowship. The Sheik of these Dervishes was officially the head of the principal orta or chamber of Janissaries; and they were known indiscriminately as "the brethren of the sword," and "the brethren of prayer." Thus the animating principle of the Janissaries was a religious enthusiasm, similar to that which inspired the first followers of Mahomet, and made the crescent and the scimitar everywhere victorious. They carried out the doctrine of the great military Prophet of Mecca, that the sword is the key both of heaven and hell—the chief instrument of religion, and that the merit of fighting for the faith with physical weapons surpassed all other merit whatsoever. Their religion was the religion of the sword; and no native Mahometans were so fierce or so remorseless as these Christian renegades, who were the bitterest enemies of those countrymen of theirs who remained true to their former religion.

This consecration of religion gave a great importance to the order of the Janissaries, and raised it to the most privileged position in the State. Not only did the chief Moslem saints belong to it, as we have seen, but the Sultan himself, as the revered head of Islam, was enrolled as a member. He was the first common-soldier on their muster-roll. He devoted his own sons to the service, and made them Janissaries from their birth. When a son was born to the reigning Sultan, he took the child and placed him in the arms of the lieutenant of the corps, who after kissing the hem of the mantle of the child, gave him to the chief of the eunuchs, who carried him back to the harem. By this ceremony the child was adopted into the great order. This military brotherhood had some features of resemblance in the Mahometan world to the orders of the Knights Templars and of the Knights of St. John in the Christian world, with whom they often contended in arms. But they differed, not only in many particulars of organisation and character, but also in this most important one, that the Janissaries were incorporated with the Mahometan Church, whereas the Christian knights, although they fought under the banner of the Cross, had no place in the monastic or ecclesiastical system. The Janissaries also existed as an order for a very much longer period than any order of Christian knighthood, and did more varied and important services to the State.

The history of the Janissaries, as might have been expected from their origin, training and character, is full of exciting adventures. Like the famous band of soldiers formed about the same time of the free mountaineers of Switzerland, this infantry of the East composed of Christian slaves, proved invincible wherever their arms were directed. They boasted, and not without a very large measure of truth, that they never turned their backs upon the foe; and they passed from victory to victory with a fiery valour which never seemed to be extinguished. They were called "the nerve and sinew" of the Ottoman army; and they had more to do than all other forces put together in the extension of the Turkish sway, and in times of peril in the salvation of the empire. In their engagements they opposed a formidable phalanx of men severely disciplined, expert in all the artifices of war, blindly devoted to their religion and to the person of their master and comrade, often to the undisciplined troops of Christian princes, under the command of feudal chiefs, and a crowd of knights who had no religious inspiration and no union among themselves; and it need not be wondered at that the victory should have remained in almost every case with the Moslem soldiers. The Janissaries were reserved for the most desperate actions, for the last attack in the field, after the ordinary cavalry and infantry had done their utmost, and for the charge of the forlorn hope when the entrenchments were carried, and the walls of the besieged were scaled. There was one corps among them retained for any work that was more perilous than usual. They were known by the name of Dal Kilitz—or "warriors of the naked sword"—because they threw away their scabbards in token of their resolution to conquer or die. They had no captain of their own, but were at the orders of the chief commander of the Ottoman army—to send them in desperate cases wherever their services were required. In times of peace the Janissaries acted as the police of Constantinople, and as the body-guard of the Sultan. They also occupied the garrisons of the fortified places, and were employed as a guard of honour for the ambassadors of the Christian Powers; and they were also attached to the consulates in the commercial towns and ports of the Levant. On the bloody field of Varna, in "the burning core of battle," they stood firm against the chivalry of Hunyadi, called from his daring deeds "the devil," and helped to gain the great victory which laid the foundations of the Ottoman State. On the plains of Angora, faint with thirst and with the blazing heat of a July sun, they formed all day an unflinching and impenetrable wall, under the blood-red banner of their master the notorious Bajazet, which sustained the whole shock of the vast Asiatic hordes of Timour the Tartar, until they were obliged to give way at last before overwhelming numbers. In this fatal fight their Sultan was carried captive to the Mongolian tent; and this fresh irresistible wind from the desert swept away the foul corruption of his rule.

And so this religious soldiery prospered, receiving the highest commendation from the State, and exempted from the extortionate taxation to which all the other members of the community were subjected. Their revenues were derived from fiefs which were often bestowed as the reward of bravery. Their pay was high and their rations abundant and good, while the soldiers of Christendom were irregularly paid, and had in general but a very poor commissariat. But it is obvious that an exclusive body of soldiers, having no interest save war, no home save the barracks, and instead of the ordinary ties of country and kindred knew only devotion to the Prophet and the Sultan, must sooner or later have become a source of great danger to the State. So long as their royal masters were men of iron nerve and dauntless energy, they were firmly held in leash, and did eminent service, not only to them personally, but also to their country. But in later times, when a succession of pusillanimous and voluptuous Sultans occupied the throne, and all kinds of abuses crept in, they became demoralised, and were employed in the intrigues of the Seraglio, and as the tools of ambitious conspirators. Their association with the Church brought them under the evil influence of the Ulemas, who aspired to govern the State, and, when opposed by the secular forces, plotted to overthrow the established order of things.

Under the sacerdotal cloak and the banner of religion, the fanatical exponents of Mahometan orthodoxy fomented rebellion, and stirred up the Janissaries to dissatisfaction with their condition. As the sole actors, or as the partisans of the Grand Viziers, it was always the high clergy who, by their intrigues, created the revolts, or *jorbaliks*, as they were called, which from time to time raged in the camp of the Military Brotherhood. Lampoons and seditious papers were affixed to the doors of the mosques, and by means of conflagrations in different parts of the city the formidable corps made known their grievances. The old ties between them and the Sultan were severed. Instead of regarding him as their captain and comrade, they regarded him as a tyrannical foe; while he in turn looked upon them as the possible instruments for dethroning or assassinating him. This mutual distrust led to the overturning of all order, and the complete disorganisation of the State. Constantinople was given over to a reign of terror. Whatever wars were carried on during this period were not inspired as formerly by the spirit of proselytism, or by patriotic zeal, but simply as a means of employment for the turbulent Janissaries, and of distraction from the intrigues of the Seraglio, and the machinations of the clergy. The formidable corps at length left the Seraglio, withdrew from the personal service of the Sultan, and planted their standard of insurrection in the ancient Hippodrome, where the mosque of Sultan Mahmoud is now situated; and from this centre the spirit of Janissarism spread throughout European Turkey, Asia Minor, and Syria; and thousands of the noblest and wealthiest youths espoused the cause of the revolted troops, and the Sultan was left alone to calm or brave the storm as best he could. The success of this first revolt made the Janissaries arrogant and overbearing towards all the authorities; and Sultan after Sultan was deposed, insulted, or murdered by the insurgents.

At last the shadowy line of weak and incapable Sultans was interrupted by the ap-

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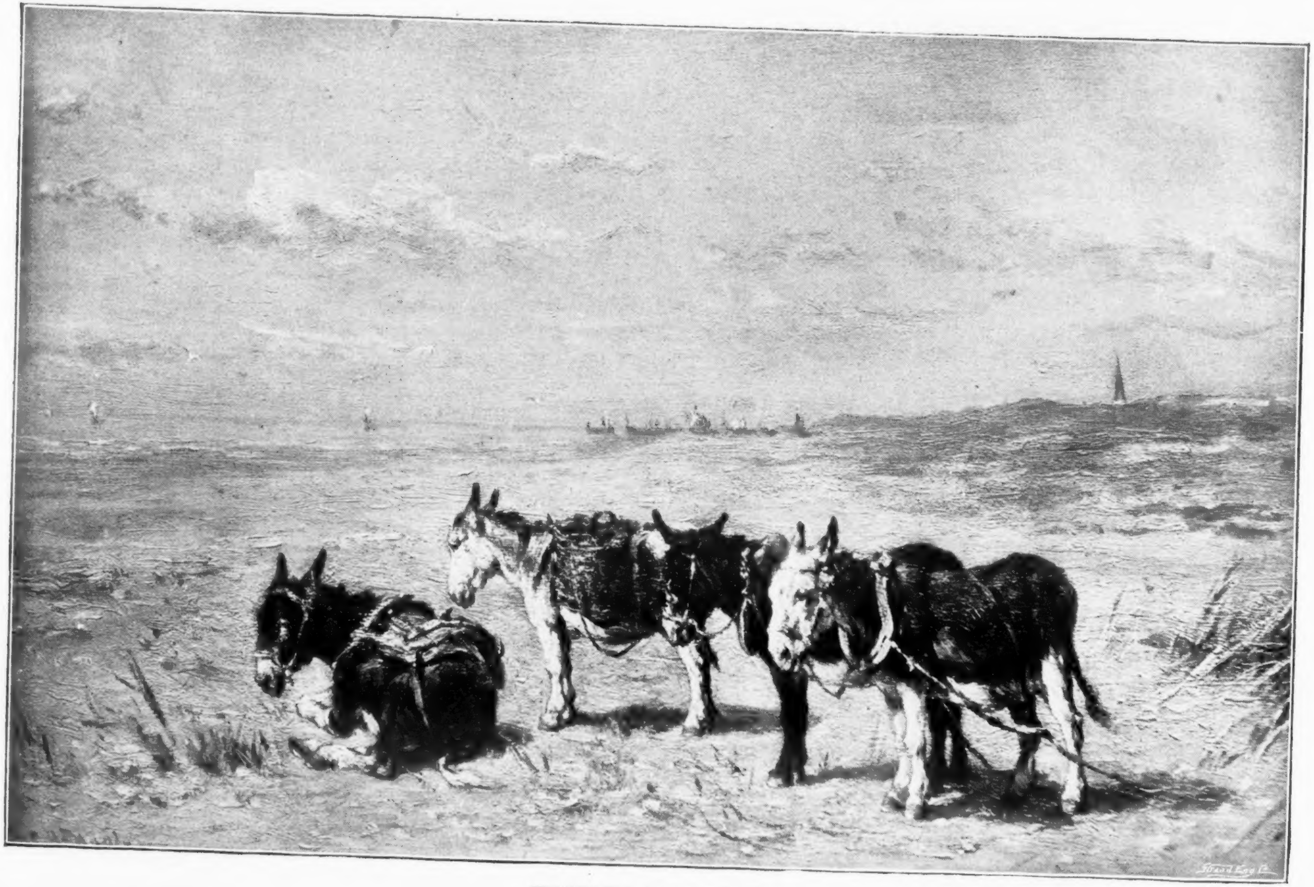

WAITING FOR HIRE

From the Picture by J. H. L. HAAS

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pearance of Amurath IV., a young aspirant to the throne of stern resolution and fierce energy. When his predecessor was deposed, one of the Janissaries dared to raise his hand against the fallen monarch, and smite him with his sword in the streets of the city. The young Amurath saw this indignity, and swore to be revenged upon the body which sanctioned it. After his return from a successful campaign against the Persians, during which he obtained possession of Bagdad, and when he was securely seated upon the throne, he proceeded at once to cut off the officers and soldiers of the Janissaries who rebelled against him, and also to exterminate those who aided them in their sedition in Asia Minor. The Pasha who executed the terrible order dug deep wells, and filled them with the bodies of the slaughtered victims, and was known ever after from this circumstance as the "well-digging Pasha." A public ban was laid upon the survivors of the famous corps; and the memory of their crime and fearful punishment was kept up long afterwards by a quaint ceremony. When the lights were distributed to the different barracks, on the Wednesday nights, one of the companies was called to receive its share, but an officer replied: "Let their voice be silent; let them be wholly extinguished!"

So long as Amurath reigned, the Janissaries were kept in their proper place; the wrongs they had complained of were redressed; and from the root-stock so dreadfully pruned down to the ground, the Military Brotherhood sprung up again in a few years with something of the old vigour. To make up their number, as well as in order to bind them more closely to the general community, they were allowed to marry, and their sons were enrolled along with them in the same corps. Native Turks also were admitted to the order who had not undergone their special training. All this worked fairly well for awhile. But when Amurath died, and the pressure of the strong hand was withdrawn, the reforms that were attempted by his successors were resisted, and led to terrible revolutions which deluged the Ottoman throne with blood. The Janissaries became to Turkey what the Prætorian Guards had been to old Rome.

When Mahmoud I. came to the throne by the help of the Janissaries, he wished to propitiate them, and adopted a crafty policy for the subjugation of their turbulent spirit. He removed the severe restrictions which his predecessors had imposed upon them, and during times of peace they were permitted to abandon their strictly military duties, and engage in trade and commerce, with certain exclusive privileges. Many of them in consequence removed from the central barracks of the capital to the bazaars of provincial towns, and formed a great social guild of shoemakers, carpenters, pipe-makers, and pastry-cooks. The trade of Wallachia and Moldavia was carried on by two companies of Janissary merchants under the name of Capanlys; and the prosperity of Trebizond was largely owing to the commercial enterprises of members of the corps. In this way a change came over the spirit of their dream. They lost their old warlike spirit; they were shorn of the locks of their strength on the Delilah lap of commerce and trade; they became enamoured of the arts of peace and the profits of the merchant, and gave themselves up to luxury and effeminate amusement. They lost the use of arms, and cared no longer for their former heroic traditions. They became a rich and idle military aristocracy rather than an army.

So enervated and degraded had the once redoubtable corps become, that in the wars of the Empress Catherine they dared not face the bayonets of the Russians, who in consequence obtained an easy victory over immense armies of Moslem troops. They knew nothing of the science of artillery; and when beaten and dispersed at Matzia, a band of Janissaries, seeing a large battering cannon lying on the right bank of the Danube, loaded it, and turning it against the opposite bank, fired it, exclaiming: "Let God direct thee; go straight to St. Petersburg!" But though cowardly in the presence of their country's enemies, they proved themselves still formidable against their rulers. They revolted against the tyrannical oligarchy of the Ministry, destroyed the barracks of the ordinary soldiers, whom they massacred, and put to the sword the Grand Vizier Mustapha and his Bulgarian troops. So intolerable became their excesses that on June 17, 1826, Mahmoud II. planted in the interior of the Seraglio the sacred standard of Mahomet, rallied round it his regular army, and burned the barracks of the Janissaries; executed the ringleaders of the rebellion, slaughtered during three terrible days a large number of the soldiers, and abolished the corps for ever. Many of the heads of the Janissaries were cast into the Bloody Well in one of the old towers of the great wall of Constantinople; and beside the Silivria Gate, in the large Turkish cemetery outside, are the tombs of Ali of Tebelin, Governor of Janina, his three sons and one of his nephews, beheaded on this occasion. Their heads were bought from the executioner by a friend of Ali, and buried there.

Surveying the remarkable history of this renowned Military Brotherhood, we are forced to the conclusion that while it was one of the most efficient forces in the establishment of the Ottoman Empire, it was also one of the principal causes of its decay. Dean Church observes that "when they were rooted up to save the State, it is doubtful whether the crown and life of the State were not rooted up with them." Had the Ottoman Empire been placed on other foundations than those which this turbulent and fanatical fraternity had laid down, it might have been more prosperous all the time, and it might have contained within it elements of greater endurance. Its history continually reminds us of Napoleon's wise aphorism, "The Turks are but encamped in Europe." As a camp only have they succeeded; and when the discipline of their redoubtable standing army began to decay, their political prosperity began to decline with it. But although the Janissaries themselves have disappeared, and we see only their hideous effigies in the Museum at Constantinople, the memory of their history and the spirit of their order still survive in the Moslem youth, the political clergy, and the feudal lords throughout the Empire; and if the Turkish dominion is not terminated by the pressure brought to bear upon it by the Christian Powers from without, it will inevitably perish by the terrible rending asunder of its own internal forces. The Bektachi, which formed part of the order of the Janissaries, now form the Liberal, or Young Turkey Party, and are regarded with suspicion by the Sultan, who wishes to suppress them, but dare not. Their advanced religious views, and their high culture and character, have given them enormous influence with the people; while they are incessantly watched by the police and by the spies of the Yildiz Palace. The new wine of this and other similar political forces, put into the old leathern bottle of the Ottoman Empire, can only result in the ultimate disastrous explosion of the bottle.

THE USE OF SCIENCE TO CHRISTIANS

SCIENCE AND IMMORTALITY

By EMMA MARIE CAILLARD

If there is a hope more dear than any other to the hearts of those who have loved and lost, who have closed the eyes of their dear ones and laid them away from sight, it is that the parting is not for ever, that death is but a transition from one living state to another living state, and that the words of the poet are true:

> "I know transplanted human worth
> Will bloom to profit otherwhere."

It has been supposed that the facts of physical science are all against such a hope, and that if Christians retain it, they must do so almost despite their reason. The cause of this feeling lies no doubt in the undeniable truth that science continually shows us with greater emphasis the exceedingly close connection between mind and body. That mental phenomena are not *caused* by physical phenomena in any true sense of the word "cause," science also shows us very clearly; but that so far as human experience goes, there are no states of consciousness which have not their physical correlatives is equally clear, and consequently the inference seems justified that a human brain is an indispensable accompaniment of a human mind, so that the latter cannot exist without the former.

It seems strange that this conclusion should be thought to contradict the Christian doctrine of immortality; but the explanation lies in the fact that we so little realise what that doctrine really is. It is not uncommonly stated as the immortality of the *soul;* yet Christianity knows nothing of this apart from the immortality of the body. Writing on this subject St. Paul says: "For we know that if the earthly house of our bodily frame be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. . . . . For indeed we that are in this bodily frame do groan being burdened, in that we would not be unclothed, but would be clothed upon, that what is mortal may be swallowed up of life."* There is no allusion made here to a spiritual life without bodily expression, but to a far more perfect bodily expression than we experience under present conditions. Again, in our Lord's great words: "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth on Me, though he die, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth on Me shall never die;" † no distinction is made between soul and body. The whole man is to live or is to die, not one part of him or another part of him. The fact is, that in recalling the minds of Christians to what is their true faith on this most important subject, science is rendering them an incalculable service. They are too apt to make their belief in immortality depend on the possible existence of "bloodless, bodiless ghosts," and to forget that since it is the whole man who is stamped with the divine impress, it is the whole man who is imbued with the divine, indissoluble life.

We have already seen (Art. I.) how the kinship of the divine and human implied in the very possibility of the Incarnation, raises the whole "material" universe to a level which quite precludes the idea that it is a mere accidental manifestation of the life of spirit, one selected as it were out of many other possible manifestations. Matter, in whatever way we define this term, enters into the essence of the natural, *i.e.*, of the divine order. Science and the Christian revelation both show us this, and the "resurrection of the body" is therefore, according to both, a necessary condition of immortality. Not that physical science gives us proof that we are immortal. At present such is not the case, and many persons who claim to speak in the name of science rashly assert that it never can be the case. That is quite impossible to say. A century ago, it would have seemed madness to prophesy that without any violation of known laws of Nature, we should be able to converse with one another when hundreds of miles apart, and reproduce at will the voice of an absent or a dead friend. The telephone and the phonograph have enabled us to do both these things, and it would be equally unwarrantable and presumptuous to assert that no amount of that progress in knowledge, which consists first and foremost in extension of experience, will enable us to verify the fact of immortality by physical tests, as it would be to assert that such verification will certainly take place.

It will be said, however: the body does really die; of this there can be no doubt, and if our immortality depended upon continuity of bodily life, scientifically we must regard it as disproved. Before we can assert so much, we must understand distinctly what we mean by immortality, and by the body dying.

By immortality we mean *the persistence of our individual personality.* We mean either that death shall occasion no break in our consciousness, or that if it does occasion such a break, we shall recover our consciousness again in the same kind of way that we do when we have slept or fainted, so that just as we are then able to say: I am the same I that I was before I went to sleep, or before I fainted, so after death we shall be able to say: I am the same I that I was before I died. Now this is not at all an extraordinary hypothesis. We already experience the persistence of the I, or self, through very great changes. Let any man of mature age think of himself as he was thirty or forty years ago, and as he is now. Few outsiders would recognise in the grave, grey-haired individual, whose manner and aspect alike bear the marks of years of varied experience, who is conscious of growing physical infirmities, and of an increasing indifference to the mere pleasures of life, the merry, romping schoolboy eager only for enjoyment, and without a care or trouble in the world, or even the high-spirited, impetuous youth to whom the present either of pleasure or pain is all-absorbing. Yet the man himself does not feel an instant's doubt that he is the same. He can throw himself back to those old times and to a great extent re-live them again, feeling as he then felt, and joying or sorrowing as he then joyed or sorrowed. It is himself and not another who went through those experiences.

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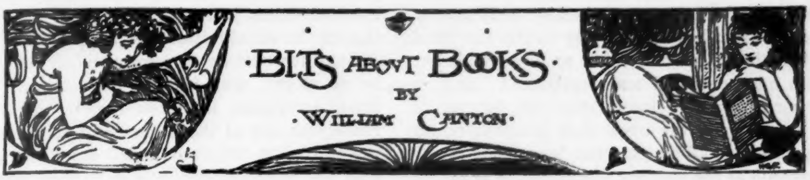
* 2 Cor. v. 1, 4. R.V. (marg. read.) Comp. 1 Cor. xv. 40-45.

† John xi. 25.

It may be said, however, the changes between childhood and old age are very gradual, imperceptible from day to day, even from month to month. The change that we call death is sudden and complete; it is a disruption. Certainly it seems so; but it is not safe to accept what *seems* without very careful investigation. A great landslip brings about a violent and as it appears sudden change in a whole countryside; but in reality that change is the result of long-continued small changes whose cumulative action results in an apparently sudden catastrophe. It is so with many natural occurrences. They often appear sudden because, without close scrutiny, it is not possible to perceive the train of events which has led up to them; and for this reason the strictest uniformity in Nature is quite compatible with the most unforeseen, and to uninstructed eyes, catastrophic changes. To say that death is so sudden and violent a change that it annihilates personality, is therefore quite without warrant. It is a change that has been gradually led up to ever since birth, and its occurrence is simply one in a long chain of links which we have no ground for asserting to be the last.

This becomes more evident when we reflect on what the "death" of the body really consists in; not the destruction of any one of the elements of which it is composed, but the breaking-up of the highly complex chemical compounds which go to make up "living" matter, and the formation instead of much simpler compounds out of the same substances. This, however, is a process which goes on all through the life of the body as well as at its death Our bodies are always building-up and unbuilding themselves, casting out apparently waste products, and taking in fresh material to be transmuted into their substance, and after a time rejected again. What happens at death is that the building-up process ceases, no repairs are made, and the whole structure is consequently disintegrated. All that we can justifiably infer from this is, that the particular portion of the series of physical phenomena which is part of what we mean when we speak of our "self," and which is inseparable from our life under known earthly conditions, comes to an end. It does not follow that the series itself comes to an end. As a matter of fact we know that it does not; the history of all those elements which once made up our body continues indefinitely, only dissociated from the life with which it was for a brief period connected. But we cannot identify the formative power,—whatever it be,—which builds up the body with the history of any special portions of the elements composing that body. This we know, because all through life what is built up into the body is continually being unbuilt again and dissociated from the body, and yet the latter remains. Science is at present quite unable to tell us in what that formative power consists,—in other words, what *life* is; and is equally unable to assert that because it ceases to be associated with certain particular portions of matter, therefore it ceases to exist. She cannot indeed affirm that it continues to exist, that also is beyond her now; yet the considerations just adduced are undeniably in favour of its doing so.

In conclusion: what all thoughtful people must agree in believing on this subject (whether or not they be Christians), is "that every created thing will continue whose continuance *belongs to the meaning of the world*, and so long as it does so belong; whilst every one will pass away whose reality is justified only in a transitory phase of the world's course." There is nothing which we feel so thoroughly belongs to the "meaning of the world" as that connection between what for want of better names we must call "spirit," and "matter," through which our personality finds scope and expression. The Christian revelation gives to those who accept it irrefragable proof that this feeling of ours is right, that the connection is not a mere accident, but does indeed belong to the true, the divine meaning of the universe. And if we can disabuse ourselves of the fancy that the importance of the connection lies in its being with any particular portions of matter, (for this may well be "justified only in a transitory phase of the world's course,") a fancy disproved by daily experience, we shall be able to perceive that immortality is not only a belief warranted by the Christian revelation, but one which from the ordinary scientific standpoint is perfectly rational, though not yet verifiable.



·BITS ABOUT BOOKS·

BY

·WILLIAM CANTON·

THE Life of Bishop Thorold* seems to me to furnish a memorable illustration of how much great work may be accomplished in the world on what, humanly speaking, may be regarded as very slight means. In equipping him for the important and, at a later period, the eminent positions he was to occupy, Nature had been economical almost to frugality. He was not a man of marked intellectual power; he himself regretted the limitations to his learning; he possessed the gift of clear and even distinguished speech, but he could hardly be described as a master of eloquence; his physical presence was not impressive or magnetic; his manner was frequently chilling; he was never robust, and through the greater part of his life his ill-health was a burthen and a sorrow to him. Notwithstanding his sympathetic regard for his subject, the biographer does not leave the reader in doubt on any of these points, but I am not quite certain that he emphasises what appears to me to be the one peculiar characteristic which more than supplemented all the Bishop's natural gifts, which more than compensated for all his defects and limitations, which strengthened him against ill-health and physical weakness, which carried him through grief and bereavement, which drew hearts to him in spite of his peculiarities of manner, which, in fine, enabled him to rule Rochester and Farnham, if not as a great historical prelate, at least as a worthy successor to the best of the great men who had occupied those sees.

The secret of Dr. Thorold's success, if for convenience one may use the word, seems to me to be contained in a single small phrase. "I am seldom or never without the conscious presence of Jesus Christ," he said sometimes; and his biographer adds, "The loss of his nearest and dearest and the death of his familiar friends left him more and more solitary in this life, in order that (may we not say it with confidence?) he might learn and teach the full friendship of his Saviour." Without this fact as a key the reader will find it practically impossible to account for the most notable achievements in his career, or to understand the intricacies and apparent contradictions of a character of unusual complexity. At the risk of being charged with extravagance, I will venture to say that Dr. Thorold seems to have come as near being a saint as it is perhaps possible in the public life of these days. He was a very human saint, no doubt; and, as his biographer remarks, "his love of devotion and heroic passion for the salvation of his people did not exclude a decided strain of personal ambition, while a shrewd worldly wisdom was a very important ingredient in his nature." Well, that might be, and probably has been, written of many of the old saints, who for all their other-worldliness were nothing if not worldly wise. There never was a time when it was essential that a saint should be an imbecile; and might not something be said even in defence of the strain of personal ambition if one looked at it from the saint's side of the question? That the Bishop was simply sincere when he spoke of his being seldom or never without "the conscious presence of Christ" the volume bears ample evidence, and that evidence, one may take it, will be its chief spiritual value for most thoughtful readers. For what is more difficult in life than to obtain even momentary impressions of that "*conscious* presence"; and what can be more consolatory and reassuring than to know that a prolonged, indeed a rarely intermittent perception of that "*conscious* presence" is still, in a life thronged with affairs, within the reach of human experience?

Apart from this grave subject, Bishop Thorold's Life is a fair, conscientious record of a career of immense though somewhat commonplace activity. It is subdued in colour and is lacking in incident, as presumably the lives of most ecclesiastics must be. One is somewhat surprised, however, that there should be so few of the sidelights which are frequently found in biographies, though possibly their absence is due to the necessities of space. For example, the only noticeable passage I find relating to a distinguished contemporary is the following:

"April 17th, 1883.—I saw Matthew Arnold at the club. He asked me to read his papers on Isaiah. I asked him, if he had a chance, to leave out in his 'St. Paul and Protestantism' that illustration of God by Lord Shaftesbury. He took it so nicely, almost thanked me, and said Lord Derby had once advised him 'never answer, never apologise.' On May 29, 'he told me that he is leaving out that objectionable passage in a new edition.'"

It is interesting to know that the disappearance of the well-known phrase, "a magnified Lord Shaftesbury," was due in a measure, if not wholly, to the persuasion of Dr. Thorold. On pp. 156–9 the graphic account given by "the Vicar of a great South London parish" of a sermon preached by the Bishop at Cambridge describes most vividly on the one hand the infelicities of manner which so often made Dr. Thorold misunderstood and depreciated; and, on the other, the impassioned zeal, the fervour of faith and charity, the irresistible spiritual power which dissipated all his personal defects and issued in a triumph at the moment when disaster appeared to be inevitable. But if the picture is typical, it is typical of what was seen and felt by outsiders. Those who knew the Bishop best loved and valued him most, and there can be no severer test of genuine worth and lovableness. Sympathetic and sedulous as Mr. Simpkinson has been, I do not feel that he has given a complete portrait of Dr. Thorold. The keen, humorous side of his nature is left in shadow, and he is presented rather as an active, busy, indefatigable prelate than as a man of large and varied human experience who could be both gay and tender, wise, witty, and helpful. Happily the Bishop has unconsciously left a very true and attractive portraiture of himself in his books, and especially in his smaller volumes, which could only have been written by a man of large sensibilities, deep spiritual experience, sharp common-sense, and a playfulness which would have endeared him more widely had he given it freer play.

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* "The Life and Work of Bishop Thorold: Rochester, 1877–91; Winchester, 1891–95." By C. H. Simpkinson, M.A., Author of "Life and Times of Archbishop Laud," Rector of Farnham, &c. Isbister & Co. Limited. 21*s.* net.

Most people would have felt disposed to agree with the American gentlemen who considered Oliver Wendell Holmes "a great epistolarian," and "an affluent epistolater." His own family were of a different opinion. "His wife used to say in her lively way: 'Oh, Wendell can't write a letter; he seldom knows what to tell, and never knows how to say it.'" This, of course, ought to be conclusive, yet somehow "The Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes" * is a delightful couple of volumes, the perusal of which does after all leave the impression that, when he liked—and he very often did like—the Autocrat could pen as charming an epistle as any of the affluent epistolaters the world has yet known, and that very few of the latter could equal him in gaiety, grace, and geniality when he was in his happiest mood.

It is with a little sigh that one remembers how young one was when "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" found its way to English readers; it is with a bigger sigh that one recollects how that most witty and sympathetic of talkers took one by the heart; how he said the very words one was waiting to hear some one speak; how he seemed to have felt and suffered and dreamed all that one dreams and suffers and feels in those early susceptible years; how he became one's elder brother and father-confessor and sworn friend; how one longed to write to him just to say how dear a fellow he was; how one felt it would be a joy to tramp a hundred miles just to see his face—and if, perchance, he should speak as he passed, what an incident it would be to remember till time should be no more! One felt like that towards two or three Americans in those remote times. Bret Harte was one of the others, and Longfellow was the third, but Oliver Wendell stood highest and first, and one thought of him as "Oliver Wendell"; but the letter was never written—modesty forbade it (rather a mistaken modesty, after all, for what more welcome gift can be bestowed on an author than the knowledge that his readers love him?); the hundred miles was never tramped; the kindly words were never spoken; but the little book remained and still remains a treasure, always within reach on the favourite shelf; and for the beloved name the interest continued youthful and eager till the end.

How delighted one would have then been to know something about that magical name, and even now the name has its peculiar interest. First the Oliver. That takes us back a couple of centuries in genealogy, for Thomas Dudley, governor of Massachusetts Bay, had a daughter Anne—"the tenth muse" she was called from a volume she published in London in 1650, "The Tenth Muse, lately Sprung up in America"—and Anne's granddaughter, Mercy Bradstreet, married Dr. James Oliver, and their daughter married Jacob Wendell. Now the first of the Wendells—Evert Jansen—came from Emden in Hanover to Albany about 1640, among the early settlers. "I suppose if I were there," the Doctor writes, "and found Mynheers of the name grand people, I should claim their acquaintance; but if the descendants of the Regicenden Diaconen whose arms were emblazoned on the old Dutch church window were come to be poor devils, I don't know just what I should do." "I heard a great deal of my Dutch ancestors in early years. There was a Dutch family Bible in the family, which was to be the property of the first of us children who could read a chapter in it. My sister Mary had the start of me by half a dozen years or more, and so I lost my chance of trying for the Bible." The granddaughter of Jacob Wendell aforesaid, Sarah Jackson, married Abdiel Holmes, and was the mother of the Autocrat. Abdiel Holmes was the great-grandson of John Holmes, "one of the first settlers of the town of Woodstock, Conn." The first of the English ancestors of whom there is any record was Thomas Holmes, a lawyer of Gray's Inn, in the sixteenth century, but as for John the first emigrant, "he probably carried an axe on his shoulder, and thought himself lucky if he could keep his scalp on his crown." It is, in a sense, all a small matter, but one likes a glimpse along the ancestral vistas into the bygone centuries.

In Dr. Holmes the fame of the literary has so completely eclipsed that of the medical man, that

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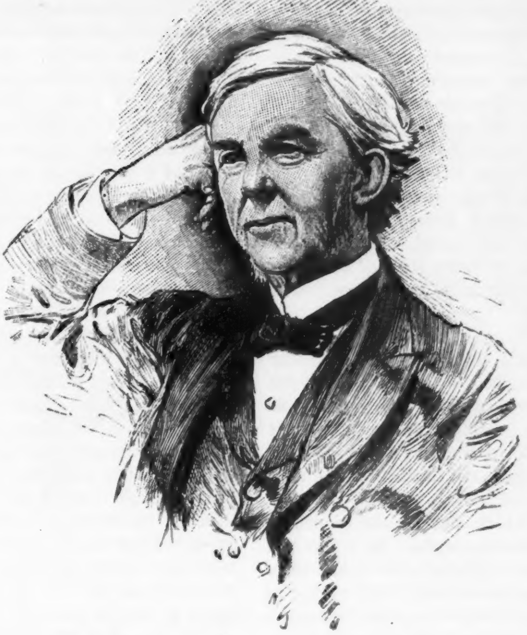
* "Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes." By John T. Morse, jun. 2 vols. Sampson Low, Marston & Company (Limited). 18s.

few are aware of the debt of gratitude due to him for his revolutionary essay on the "Contagiousness of Puerperal Fever." When asked whether he derived more satisfaction from having written an essay which had saved so many lives, or from having written a lyric which had given pleasure to so many thousands, Holmes replied: "I think oftenest of 'The Chambered Nautilus,' which is a favourite poem of mine, though I wrote it myself. The essay only comes up at long intervals. . . . . There is more selfish pleasure to be had out of the poem—perhaps a nobler satisfaction from the life-saving labour." In regard to his poetry, however, he held the view which is common to all who have penned inspired work: "If it was a good poem, I did not write it, but it was written through me. I can only refer it to that 'inspiration of the Almighty which giveth understanding' to all His thinking creatures, and sends His spiritual messengers to them with thoughts, as He sent the ravens with food to Elijah in the wilderness."



Oliver Wendell Holmes.

I must leave to my readers the pleasure of following Dr. Holmes's career for themselves; before passing on to a few extracts which I have marked I will merely mention that when one of the brightest of the American magazines was started, it was owing to his suggestion that it was named *The Atlantic.* He not only named it, but "made" it, as Mr. Howells says; and "The Autocrat" was the making of it. Every one remembers how that uncompanioned book begins: "I was just going to say when I was interrupted"; but who is aware that the interruption had lasted a quarter of a century, and that when "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" was interrupted he was speaking under that very title in the *New England Magazine* in the early thirties?

Here is a little anecdote which illustrates the quick, tricksy sprite of fancy that flitted about the Doctor's brain: "Walking down Beacon Street one day, a physician told Holmes of an amusing marriage, a 'love-match,' which had occurred in his family, wherein the bride was eighty-eight years old, and the groom a trifle younger. The Doctor was greatly amused. Coming to his house, he walked slowly up the steps, then suddenly turning, running down and calling after his companion he said: 'Of course they didn't have any children; but, tell me, did they have any grandchildren?'"

Could anything be nimbler or more delicate than the following? "In 1870"—Holmes was then sixty-one—"Miss Harriet Putnam (now Mrs. H. J. Hayden, of New York) sent him an apple '*stolen*' from a tree which overhung the road in front of his old house (at Pittsfield), and he replied thus:

'We owe, alas! to woman's sin
  The woes with which we grapple—
To think that all our plagues came in
  For one poor stolen apple!
And still we love the darling thief
  Whose rosy fingers stole it—
Her weakness brought the world to grief
  Her smiles alone console it!
I take the 'stolen' fruit you leave—
  (Forgive me, Maid and Madam),
It makes me dream that you are Eve,
  And wish that I were Adam!'"

When he was eighty-four he still wrote with that old frolic spirit: "My birthday found me very well in body and I think in mind. If I am in the twilight of dementia I have not found it out. I am only reasonably deaf; my two promising cataracts are so slow about their work that I begin to laugh at them. I discovered one and studied it, as it was reflected in my microscope, more than a dozen years ago, and I can see with both eyes and read with one; and my writer's cramp is very considerate, as it is letting me write without any interference, as you can see. I wrote a hymn a few months ago, which I will send you if I can find a copy—I don't believe you will say it 'smacks of apoplexy,' like the Archbishop's sermon. If it does, no matter—I have had some fair work out of these old shrivelled cerebral convolutions." A year later, October 7, 1894, he died in his chair, "painlessly, as so humane a man well deserved to make his escape out of life." His death elicited an expression of feeling singularly tender and personal, and memory of him is still coloured with the same emotion. The reason is best expressed in his own words: "I have told my story. I do not know what special gifts have been granted or denied me; but this I know, that I am like so many others of my fellow-creatures, that when I smile, I feel as if they must; when I cry I think their eyes fill; and it always seems to me that when I am most truly myself I come nearest to them, and am surest of being listened to by the brothers and sisters of the large family into which I was born so long ago."

The principal interest, it appears to me, of the little volume in which Mr. Adam Scott tells the story of Sir Walter's "first love,"* is not that it contains the story in its fullest and most perfect form, nor that it reveals particulars that have been hitherto unknown, but that it illustrates by quotations from the poems and novels the deep and permanent impression which the episode imprinted on Scott's consciousness throughout his whole life. This Mr. Scott has accomplished with zealous care, though it happens unfortunately, if my edition of the poetical works be trustworthy, that the copyist or printer has made mischief with some of his quotations. On page 73 there are four misprints that should be corrected in a new edition; and if my memory does not play me false, there are one or two other slips to be amended. For the younger generation, to whom possibly the story of Sir Walter's seven years' love-dream is unknown, the present attractive and sympathetic, though somewhat discursive narrative, will possess a special charm. I cannot help thinking, however, that the author somewhat over-estimates the poignancy of "disprized love." "The very intensity of that sorrow," he writes, "even when its freshness has passed away, will mitigate the smaller griefs and annoyances of life. Like Aaron's rod, it swallows up the rest. No other misfortune can ever seem to equal or come within a comparable degree of this the greatest and most endurable (*qy.* enduring) of passion's sorrow, so that all the rest appear so insignificant that the mind almost refuses to dwell upon them." This, surely, is the language of "the radiant prime," not the utterance of the world's experience. In youth, at the moment of loss, this grief *seems* the biggest grief life can contain; but it is a "divine despair," an anguish in which delight has its part, a misery which no one would surrender at the price of oblivion; and long afterwards—for years it may be—there is a rapturous sorrow, with its passion of glad tears, brightening, not darkening the past, and one of the compensations of such a loss is the enthronement of an ideal, an ideal of celestial loveliness embodied in human shape, which "keeps a man straight," which inspires and thrills him with high aspirations and noble aims. Another marriage may bring happiness, ambition, love, sorrow, but still the ideal may exist, untroubled and unclouded, within its fence of dreams and illusion. And that is the poetry of the heart; the lost love has become a spiritual thing, a vision which has no objective existence. The man may fancy he regrets what he has lost; but let his commonplace, undervalued wife die, let his little child be snatched away, and then he will discover that his first loss—the loss of his first love—was but a trivial bereavement, to be watered (in contrast) with the tears in an onion. Few men marry the woman they first loved; most men think of her with a certain unselfish kindness; but I do not believe the man exists, or has existed, who has endured the anxiety of illness and the misery of death in his home without smiling a little grimly at the "extremity" which young people "suffer for love." Then consider this. If we be really renovated physically every seven years or so, does that material fact count for nothing in our personality? It seems improbable. Who is there that can say he is the same man precisely as he was fourteen or one-and-twenty years ago? The ideal Miss Stuart, who became Lady Forbes, may have been a more permanent dream to Sir Walter than her analogue has been to most men, but she must have always been more a spirit of solace than one of regret.

As I write I think of Sir Samuel Ferguson, the poet, man of letters, jurist, antiquary, and patriot, whose life and letters are brimful of interest.* He, too, had had his "first love" who married "another." When he was seventy-four she wrote to him: "When you and I used to amuse ourselves throwing pebbles into the brook below Tildarg, we little thought that we should be so far separated;" she was then in Australia. And he replied: "I have kept a corner, dear Hessy, to say I remember as well as if it were yesterday how you, Alicia, and I threw the bluebells from the little bridge below Tildarg into the Drumadarragh river, to watch their course down the stream, and augur our future from their progress. Dear Alicia lived a tranquil and, I believe, a happy life. You have the happiness of being surrounded by your grandchildren; I have told you how my bluebell has floated so far in its progress to the sea. It is sweet to recall the days of our youth. I know you will remember the same with pleasure." Which is the prettier, the dreams of young love by the river, or the memories of old age dreaming of young love by the river?

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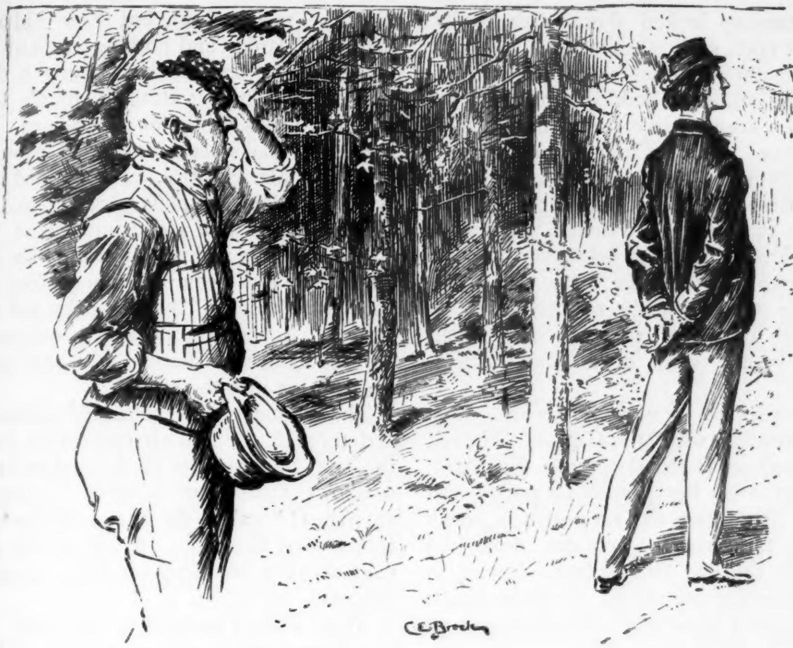
* "The Story of Sir Walter Scott's First Love." With illustrative passages from his life and works, and portraits of Sir Walter and Lady Scott and of Sir William and Lady Forbes. By Adam Scott. Macniven & Wallace. 3*s.* 6*d.*

* "Sir Samuel Ferguson in the Ireland of his Day." By Lady Ferguson. With portraits. 2 vols. William Blackwood and Sons. 21*s.*



"In vain he dramatically mopped his head"

CHARITY CHANCE

BY WALTER RAYMOND, AUTHOR OF "GENTLEMAN UPCOTT'S DAUGHTER," "LOVE AND QUIET LIFE," "TRYPHENA IN LOVE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES E. BROCK

CHAPTER VII

THE PLEACHÈD BOWER

THE wicket-gate at the end of the shrubbery path opened into a ride through a small larch plantation, whence a broken footpath meandered up the coombe-side to the top of the wood. The way was steep and rugged. In places huge boulders of smooth blue rock, hidden from below by overspreading branches, stood boldly out from the hill.

Upon the crest of one of these promontories a leaning ash formed a natural and unsuspected bower. But for years the place had been known to Charity.

In early childhood, no sooner was she free of the wood than this wild crag captivated her imagination. It was the background of all her dreams: the scene in which was re-enacted every story she knew. And Charity's childhood had been brought up on stories of the best; for the little cripple, to whom fable was more real than fact, fascinated by the open-eyed wonder of the child, would go on and on for hours. Thus the place became by turns a bandit's castle, the Tarpeian rock, and the cave of Polypheme. And it was all her own, for either Graham had not heard the stories, or from a tree-top looked down with lordly contempt upon such make-believes.

This haunt had never lost its charm. The fading visions of childish fancy were replaced by a keen sense of the natural beauty of the nook. There Charity spent many a summer hour and no one ever came The casual trespasser wandered heedless by. Unaware that he was watched, the village boy ran through the wood below, and stopped to peer into the trees for nests. And this inviolable secrecy made of this bower a sanctuary to which the girl fled when pursued by the spirit of her own restlessness.

There also she often went to work. The evening readings with Miss Graham, although they sometimes lasted deep into the night, could not satisfy her passion for poetry and fiction. And there was no dearth of books besides, for strange volumes from the library of the late Dr. Graham, sleeping in one of the disused rooms of Babblemouth House, found their way into the hands of Charity Chance.

Moreover, she was writing a tale, and had been for a long time: a story of village life, which made little progress because she never could satisfy herself with what was done. In the room above the porch, at night when all was still, in an ecstasy of excitement and delight she would write pages. It was beautiful. She could see it—feel it all—and read by the pale lamplight, it filled her eyes with tears. She lay awake with gladness to dream it over again. But in the morning, in the calm solitude of her retreat, everything was changed. The freshness had faded: the sweetness was gone. It was no better than the flower plucked yesterday, and withered in an hour. Sometimes it seemed impossible that a thing wrought with such emotion could be so poor. Then in despair she cast it aside and did no more for weeks.

Yet the hope never forsook her heart. To the child of her imagination she must at last return. And meanwhile she watched eagerly to catch the soul of humble country life, and the quaint ways of it, which looked so much like humours and were not.

Amongst other things, she collected the sayings of John Sprake.

Already they covered reams, those similes bequeathed from an old world where no man might be merely bald, but "so bald as a bladder o' lard," and nothing crooked was allowed to be less crooked than "a dog's hind leg." The furniture of John's brain had been in his family for generations.

After the sail some days elapsed before she again met Mr. Prentice. He mooned away by himself along the cliffs, Graham told her with a laugh. She could understand that. He had need of solitude to mature his great thoughts. But even to have spoken to a poet reawakened all her longings and aspirations. Again the neglected manuscript saw the light, and she carried it that morning with her into the wood.

The summer weather remained unchanged, and through the still air came quite clearly the talk and laughter of haymakers in the meadows across the coombe. "Captain-ah, Whoa!" called the boy to his horses as they moved the load. In one of the great oaks above a wood-pigeon kept cooing all the time.

There came a footstep in the wood. She raised her head to listen, but she did not look. What could it matter to her who passed that way? She was secure from interruption in her retreat, and with impatience she turned again to the closely written sheet.

Suddenly from below came the voice of Jan Sprake raised in high expostulation.

"There idden no vootpath thik way, zir. You can't go 'long there no ways 't all. I've agot my orders zo clear as the day, to turn everybeddy back out o' theäs wood. Gentle or simple, back they've agot to go, sure as a gun. There idden no two ways 'bout it. 'Tis so much as my life's wo'th if Squire Poltimore-Briggs were to zee. He'd rear the place. 'T have agot to be kep' zo quiet as the grave—'bout the pheasants, you see, zir."

From the height of argument Jan's voice gradually sank into the confidential whisper of regret. He was such a stickler for duty, however painful it might be. Charity crept forward and peered over the brink of the rock. Jan had taken off his hat, and was ostentatiously wiping his heated brow with a red handkerchief. Mr. Prentice stood looking at him with an evident lack of interest as to whether he went forward or back, which nothing could disconcert.

"I only came here out of the sun," he said.

"You zee," Jan went on instructively, "there's a hen-pheasant—or may be two—do nest here so reg'lar as the year. An' if he don't vind 'em, why Squire Briggs he do fuss about like a vly in a glue-pot. An' he don't forget to talk loud nother. But there to be sure, a gen'leman like you don' want to go a-tearen about the wood like a mad feller—No, no. You thought just to stalkety roun' like, under the shade o' the leaf like."

"It is of no consequence. I'll get back the way I came," interrupted the great man in his impressive bass, and turned upon his heel.

"There, you've agot no call to do that," said Jan in a manner suddenly become coaxing. "There idden a soul 'pon earth to say a word to ee 'ithout 'tis I myzelf, an' I mus' run back zo shuttle as a rabbit, an' exercise my ho'ses. Why you mid walk here till doomsday an' no man never the wiser. An' you had no need to zay I've a-zeed ee. I shan't come up to ee no more. Fags! I be pretty well a-sweltered, sure 'nough. There, 'tis my duty to come up, fear 'tis some poachen feller, look-y-zee. There, vor my part, I do often wish to God there were no pheasants, e'ens 's mid zay. For 'tis wo'th a shillen to come up here. Zo 'tis. Pon my life 't is."

In vain he dramatically mopped his head, for the retiring trespasser did not turn round.

"All a shillen," reflected Jan Sprake with deep conviction.

But there was no response.

"An' more too," he growled with growing discontent.

"This gentleman is a friend of Mr. Poltimore, John."

Jan was startled. The voice, familiar but indignant, came out of the clouds. As he explained later on, when subsequent proceedings had rendered even this small incident of public interest, he was that "tookt aback" that he turned "so white as a hound's tooth." He looked all ways to once. An' there, sure enough, were Miss Charity a-stood 'pon top o' the rock so bold as a statute.

But Jan thought nothing of this at the time. He only muttered an apology, that he saw the gen'leman wur a gen'leman so soon as ever he clapped eyes 'pon un, and if it hadn' a-bin for his duty he wouldn' a-wored out shoe-leather to a-comed up. Then he turned away and went thoughtfully home to the house.

Alfred Prentice caught a glimpse of a pale summer frock disappearing amongst the leaves. Then Charity came hurrying down the wood to him.

She felt ashamed, and in anxiety to prove him welcome, spoke with warmth—almost with emotion. "Please do not go away, Mr. Prentice. I am quite sure Miss Graham would be vexed beyond measure. The foolish man has been here so long that he believes the place his, and acts entirely without authority. And as to pheasants—there are no pheasants. There was one once, but, rest his soul! he's dead. You are more likely, it appears, to meet with a beast of prey."

"Or a Dryad, perhaps," he suggested solemnly. Then noticing the roll of papers in her hand, he added: "But you were at work, and I have interrupted you." He appeared pained. His brow contracted with sympathetic grief and his voice quite quavered with regret. It seemed to say: "Too well I know myself these terrible encroachments upon the solitude of the soul."

She hastened to reassure him. "Oh! I only amuse myself. I like to go up under the trees out of sight and sit alone. I have found a place where no one ever comes."

"Show me such a place," he said quite softly, and sighed.

Was this affectation? Or merely the manner natural to a spirit very delicately strung? As she led the way between the gnarled trunks, and under the twisted branches of the oaks, she kept asking herself this question. For what was affectation in another might be quite natural to a poet.

They reached the top of the rock. Half-hidden by brake and undergrowth lay a slanting slab of stone, and without ceremony he sat down upon it. He took off his hat and passed his hand over his long black hair, but for awhile he did not speak. The house, the mill, and the cottages below looked like toys, and from this height the distant line of the blue sea came almost level with the brim of the cliffs.

"Those are the happy people," he said, pointing down at the haymakers. "They understand each other and are understood.

Their life is full of light and laughter. They are never alone. They never seek a place where no one comes."

He spoke with deep melancholy, in pity mostly for himself, but partly for a people so supremely happy.

"I am glad to have met you again, Mr, Prentice," said the girl warmly. "Something you said the other night impressed me deeply. I was afraid you might be going. Do you remember saying that in every house is some great tragedy. That may be, perhaps, and people keep their deeper troubles hidden. But it seems to me that into every life comes a great sorrow. Now these people that you speak of—I know them all—every one. They are too simple to hide a trouble. They seem to want to tell it to get relief. That tall woman, for instance, raking apart by herself is a widow. Only last week she lost her son, killed in a colliery in Wales. And he was so good to her, too."

The girl spoke in deep earnest; and the last phrase as she uttered it was rich with sympathy and regret. He scarcely glanced at the lonely figure in the field, for already, whilst Charity was speaking, he had drifted into reverie. The cadence of that sentence recalled his attention. Not the real sorrow of the woman, so much as the sound of Charity's voice touched his sensibilities. The emotion of the girl was more powerful to move him than the story itself, which indeed he could not have correctly told. "And he was so good to her, too." She was standing on the edge of the rock, and when he looked up, there was at least a moisture in his eyes. Had she spoken ten words more he would have been in tears.

What a heart this man has! thought Charity. She felt humiliated to remember that at first she had accused him of affectation.

He began to talk, quickly and with growing excitement.

"Yes," he sighed, "there is always a deep sorrow. But the griefs that are common to humanity are understood of all mankind. Death comes, and people flock with flowers to hide the barren blackness of the bier. Even strangers lay a cool sweet leaf upon the wound, and soon there remains nothing but a scar, at last forgotten if it be not rudely touched. But who can minister to the unknown sorrows of the mind? The lost illusion, who shall replace it? Or who lay the haunting memory of a dead hope?"

He paused, and looked away across the sea.

"But surely——" she hesitated. His words moved her to compassion, they sounded so real, and she felt shy of seeming not to understand. "Surely it is better to outlive an illusion. That is—well—one step towards truth. And to bury a hope is not despair. Other hopes spring up."

She stopped abruptly. He had fixed his eyes upon her, and she was disconcerted. Her halting sentences could go no further.

"I am glad I wandered this way. From the first moment I saw you at Poltimore's I wanted to talk to you," he went on, speaking quite intimately, as if he had known her for years. "The other people had been bothering me—making me read and that sort of thing. But I knew that you were sympathetic. I felt it would be a precious privilege to know you. And they had been saying you were so fond of poetry. Ah—Have you read me?"

Very little, she was forced to confess.

"Do you come here every day?"

"Oh no. Only occasionally."

"To-morrow?"

"I never know beforehand. I must go. I see Miss Graham in the garden. She will want me."

"Come to-morrow," he whispered; "and if you will permit me I should like to bring you my poor book. What there is of me is in it."

She thanked him heartily in her frank girlish way. "I am quite sure it is beautiful," she said, and having hastily shaken hands, she hurried down the hill.

She came into the garden glowing with excitement and delight. Her imagination was on fire. She had talked of something deeper than the babble and trivialities of Babblemouth. And from what a depth of sympathy and understanding he had spoken. He indeed must have suffered some great sorrow—she could feel that in every word he uttered.

Miss Graham was sitting in the bath-chair on the lawn.

"Why, Charity, what a colour you have, child! I feel the wind here. Push me down to the dropping ash. Where have you been?"

"In the wood; I met Mr. Prentice, and had quite a talk with him. Graham's friend, you know—the poet."

"Poet!" flashed out the shrewd little lady with an impatient wave of the hand. "That's not a poet. I have seen him on the road several times, but to look at him once is quite enough. No, dear, I have met men of genius, in years gone by. Some of them had odd ways, but underneath all was real—soul, or passion, or a great heart, with only a thin shell of folly. But there is nothing real about that person—except the affectation. A little farther, dear. There. Stop."

The girl's face was out of sight behind the creases of the leather hood, and her impulse to make quick reply passed unobserved of those keen grey eyes. She too had harboured a like prejudice, and she longed to contradict—to set this false impression right. But there were moments of rapid nervous perception, when Miss Graham could not brook even a difference of opinion. And she had spoken with such emphatic, clear decision. The moment passed, and Charity remained silent. She had been on the verge of speaking of to-morrow and the expected book. But that was not possible now, and the words died on her lips. Yet she felt mean, to find she had not courage to defend this man who had already interested her so much. And for the first time in her life she was not altogether frank with the woman whose tenderness had befriended her for more years than memory could look back.

CHAPTER VIII

EVERMORE TATTLING

FROM that moment of reticence a new and growing unrest began to trouble the soul of Charity Chance. The finer instinct, which stirred her indignation against the Babblemouth folk, and made her writhe under their littleness, turned upon itself. Hitherto no stain of conscious meanness had ever sullied her self-respect. Slights, like pruning, only forced her pride into stronger growth. She had never known anything to hide, nor to fear, nor to reproach herself with.

But on the following day she waited until Miss Graham was busy with her letters, and watched Jan Sprake into the stable, before going into the wood. To avoid the open path she climbed the hill under cover of the trees. The book, which was quite small, she brought home in her pocket, and read throughout the night in the little chamber above the porch.

Some of the verses were love-songs, and they had a deeper reality because she knew the man who wrote them. Line after line she read and re-read aloud, and in the stillness every word spoke to her. They filled her brain with excitement, they set her heart on fire. In the glow of it her imagination shaped fantastic stories of the hopeless love of Alfred Prentice. He was so sad and melancholy—and again to-day he had talked of loneliness and sympathy. He had loved—and lost. Not dead, but faithless, the maiden who had wrecked his life. Fallen away, because she could not understand. This dream was so vivid that it imprinted itself upon Charity's mind like fact. She pitied him from the bottom of her heart.

One poem she could not comprehend. The words were magnificent, and the sound almost sublime, but the sense was illusive and escaped her again and again. If she might only hear it read, she thought, she could catch the meaning. And he had begged her to meet him again. To give him frankly her opinion upon his poor trifles, he said.

She had not promised, but the desire to go became irresistible. After all she was but following the habit of her leisure in going into the wood. There was no harm in talking to a friend of the man to whom she was engaged. Yet she felt with disgust that these unsuspected interviews more and more engrossed her thoughts. And to Graham she had not mentioned Alfred Prentice's name. "You have chosen the one to me the most precious," sighed the poet, and read, as he assured her, with the greatest pleasure. She was too shy to ask him what it meant.

So the days passed on. Prentice still remained in Babblemouth, lodging in one of the little houses looking down upon the quay. But when the first glory of the rising celebrity faded in the commonplace light of familiar day, there was no end to the criticisms of the Babblemouth folk. They sneered at his loitering ways and laughed at the length of his hair. "But then, there is always something odd," said Theodosia, "about people who are supposed to be clever."

Such little disparagements stung Charity to the quick. Retorts came upon the tip of her tongue, but she could not trust herself to utter them. Within her heart smouldered an anger she dared not disclose. A breath must blow it into flame. Yet how ungenerous to remain silent and hear a higher intelligence attacked by fools! It was hard to contain herself, yet harder still to contemplate her own cowardice.

There comes at last a moment when the bow snaps.

They had come over to Babblecombe one afternoon these Babblemouth people. There was tea by the corner of the lawn, and Graham was handing round the bread-and-butter. The unwillingness of Mr. Poltimore-Briggs to stand for Parliament had been fully discussed. His reluctant yielding to overwhelming persuasion in spite of her entreaties, Mrs. Poltimore-Briggs had dramatically described.

"It was no good for me to say anything, my dear," she assured Mrs. Graham; "none whatever. His Lordship met him, and said, 'You'd better stand, Poltimore.' His Lordship always forgets and calls him Poltimore, you know. 'You'd better stand, and do your best to push out the Radical.' So he consented." Then she threw up her hands in despair.

"Talking of Radicals," cried Mrs. Mortimer, stopping at every few words to dip her beak into the tea-cup. "The Rector says—though of course he would not have it repeated for the world as coming from him—that Mr. Prentice is an awful Radical. Doesn't believe in God—nor in Queen Victoria—nor tithes. Well! I think any man who would rob a church doesn't deserve to live. But I never thought he looked quite a gentleman."

"What is he doing here?" asked Miss Graham carelessly. "Charity fell across him the other day in the wood. Didn't you say so, Charity?"

But before the girl could answer Mrs. Poltimore-Briggs had started again.

"My dear, that is just the way he wanders about. No doubt he thinks the wood is his. The poetic imagination knows no bounds, you know. Oh, I don't know what he is doing here. We asked him to come to us, but he told Graham he would rather be free. We didn't want him, of course. We thought it would be only civil, as he used to be a friend of Graham. But since he prefers the freedom of old mother Dibbin's two stuffy little rooms—well, so much the better. What was that she said to you, Theodosia? You told me the other day."

Theodosia shone with the pride of proprietary information.

"Oh, that was nothing! I believe she was in doubt about her rent. She only said she supposed it was all right as he was a friend of Mr. Poltimore-Briggs, but she never took in anybody before with such a few things. No more cloth clothes than what he stood upright in, and only three shirts to his back."

"Then no doubt you pointed out to her the impertinence of talking about the private affairs of other people."

The shaft was sudden and unexpected. The hot blood rushed to the cheek of the wounded Theodosia, and Mrs. Poltimore-Briggs was reduced to silence and astonishment. Beside the small round table, brought from the drawing-room for the occasion, stood Charity, contemptuous and defiant, clutching a china tea-pot in her hand.

"Charity! Charity dear!" murmured in remonstrance little Miss Graham, but her lips were twitching with suppressed amusement.

"I think three sufficient for Prentice," cried Graham, with an air of grave deliberation. He had thrown himself upon the grass, and was enjoying well-merited rest after overwhelming exertions. "You see he doesn't ride 'em so very hard. He lies in bed by day and sits up at night in a red damask dressing-gown awaiting the rosy-footed dawn. The early morning chills the imagination. The best inspiration comes with a smell of paraffin. It is all tommy-rot about Nature. These chaps only know the names of things. Prentice can't tell an ash from an Arbele poplar. I'd bet two to one whenever the leaves turn up white in the wind he thinks it's a willow. He makes up a Nature of his own in bed with the blind drawn down. I went to look him up the other afternoon. They said he wasn't down yet, and I ran up and rapped at his bedroom door. 'Who's there, what do you want?' responded a voice muffled with counterpane.

'Are you ill, Prentice?' I said. 'Shall I come in?' There was a brief pause whilst he struggled free of the counterpane. 'Go 'way. Go 'way,' he yelled; 'I'm busy.'"

Charity did not join in the laughter which followed. She did not take the tale for truth, but only as one of Graham's irresponsible stories, and she was vexed that he had not sided with her.

"But I thought you liked him," she cried with eagerness.

"So I did," he admitted. "But I can't stand him now."

"Or understand," she retorted, quick as thought.

No wonder that Charity Chance was not universally beloved. But Graham loved her with all his heart, and it was in admiration that he whispered as he rose to his feet: "I believe you see the frivolities of everybody you know, and believe in the virtues of everybody you don't know." His tenderness touched her.

"But you are not going yet, Graham?"

"The Governor has an open-air meeting on the down, and I must walk over to it. Come to the top of the hill, Charity," he begged.

So they presently went together, side by side, up the white dusty road. "She is so high-minded, and he has such a good heart," thought the little cripple as her eyes followed them every step of the way. "They were made for each other," she said to herself. And indeed it looked so as they slowly passed out of sight on the hill-top.

CHAPTER IX

IN THE WOOD

No matter if she were late. Aunt Helen would not mind in the least. And the Babblemouth people would stay. Oh yes! The Babblemouth people would be pleased to stay. So Charity walked some distance with Graham, being willing to make amends. When at last she got back to the hill-top the sun was glowing red through a belt of grey mist over the sea; a hawk was hovering high above the cliff.

She stood upon the ridge awhile to rest, a solitary figure in bold relief against the sky. The people on the lawn saw and discussed as to whether it were she. Theodosia thought the person far too tall.

The embers of resentment were still burning within her heart. What a little world where people were so ready to belittle everybody! And she had promised to spend her life in this coombe—this tea-cup. Ever the same dreary little round, with no true sympathy—no understanding. She thought a great deal about true sympathy since Alfred Prentice once used the words.

Of late, also, a question kept arising in her mind to which no answer could possibly be found. It lived with her by day, it haunted her by night. It tormented her like a lost word. Whence had she been brought here? To whom had she belonged in nature and in love? who nevertheless parted with her without a pang. For surely they might at least have longed to watch over her welfare. It flashed across her mind that out of jealousy of possession Miss Graham had prevented all communication. "You were mine," she had told her, "after I took you." In a moment of passionate yearning the girl cried out that she had been robbed—that nothing could recompense for the love implanted by Nature which must have filled her life. Then she burst into tears of contrition at her own ingratitude.

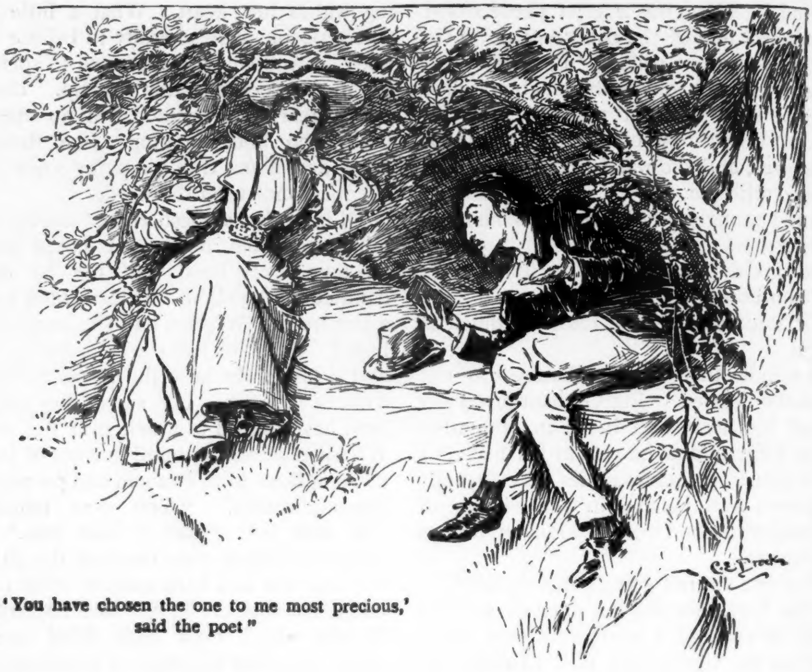
These moods of vague restlessness had become very common with her of late.

In the courtyard below still remained the carriage of Mrs. Poltimore-Briggs. The presence of that exemplary woman relieved Charity from haste. A footpath, little used, ran along the hill around the brim of the coombe. After the dry road the grass was soft and cool, and the girl walked on towards the wood.

She came upon two rustic lovers loitering by a stile, too absorbed in themselves and each other to hear her coming footsteps on the turf. In uncouth fashion the youth's arm encircled the girl's waist. To let Charity pass they started back, happy, blushing, conscious, but complete. "Yes, these are the happy people," she said to herself; "they understand each other and are understood."

But Graham would never understand *her*.

Already the engagement began to oppress her soul. Why should she marry? She did not want to marry. She would rather go into the world and fight, and earn her living, and be free. Those people who gave her up must have been poor and afraid. Fools! She would have worked for them.



"'You have chosen the one to me most precious,' said the poet"

No, no! They were good, and out of tenderness desired for her more than they had to give.

No sunshine fell upon the trees to-night. The distant haze drank up the glory of the light, and the leaden sea melted and was lost in violet cloud. By the time Charity reached the wood, beneath the heavy branches it was growing dusk. It must be later than she had thought. Something moved, and a pigeon flew from the ivy close beside her. She quickened her pace for fear of being overtaken by the darkness.

"Miss Chance!"

The voice startled her. She knew it well and it made her heart beat fast. She had not thought of meeting him to-night, and a strange fear fell upon her—of what she knew not. She must not stay. Yet at the sound of her name she stopped.

She heard him hurrying down the hillside. A loose stone came rolling amongst the briars by her feet, and in his haste he stumbled over an uncovered twisted root.

"I was sure I should meet you," he stammered, still breathless from his effort to recover himself. "The idea got hold of me so that I was compelled to come. It was an inspiration."

"I am just going in," she replied quickly, for his eager manner heightened her agitation; then she turned to continue on her way.

"Not for a few minutes, pray. And I will walk down with you to the fir copse. Let me help you, Charity. I may say Charity, here in the twilight, may I not? Give me your hand, the gloom of the trees makes it so dark."

She could not refuse, and he helped her over the broken stones and out-cropping rock.

"We have had so many talks here in the wood, and my mind was full of you. I could think of nothing else. You became a necessity to me. Then I came out here where the very leaves whisper of you. Besides, I knew you would come. It was inevitable."

She was not superstitious; but his words were full of passion and so deep with conviction, that they overawed her, like the utterances of an oracle unfolding unalterable destiny. They had reached an open space where sticks of felled timber were lying on the ground. She tried to withdraw her hand, but he held it fast.

"I must go. I must go at once. I cannot stay," she implored.

"For one moment you must listen to me, Charity——"

"I cannot listen. I am not free to listen."

In her anxiety and helplessness the words sounded like a lament.

"I cannot help it," he whispered. "No power on earth shall prevent my saying I love you. From the first moment I was certain of your sympathy. I could see in every movement the quickness of your sensibilities. And the world is so dead and dull. They had been making me read, but what did they care for my verses? What does anybody care? I had ceased to care myself. But you quickened me into new hope—new aspiration. Every syllable you spoke was like the touch of a human hand."

He was so moved, at this his own picture of sympathy, that his voice faltered, and he stopped.

Each word went red-hot to the girl's heart. It had come, the thing she thought impossible—the love they spoke of as irresistible, which she had never felt. Every element that in imagination went to the making of an ideal passion was present. He was exceptional. He had heart, intellect, soul. And he had need of her—deep spiritual need.

A flame of sudden joy leapt up within her bosom. Then again she was afraid, and her reply was angry in self-defence:

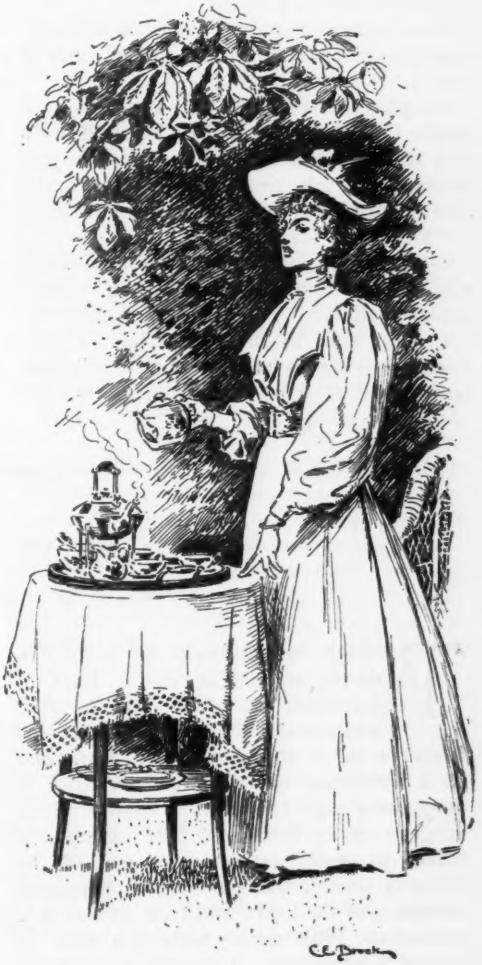
"I—I am sorry to hear you speak like this, Mr. Prentice. You—you hurt me. I have liked, yes, really liked talking to you—and in future, I—you have made it impossible——"

"I know. That is the tale they always teach," he cried bitterly. "If your heart has an impulse, hide it. If it cherish an emotion, crush it. They are afraid of their lives to live, and that is the gospel in which they bring you up. Because I love you, you must refuse even to speak to me—even though you be necessary to me. And that is the wisdom of the world."

As he finished, his voice sank into its habitual melancholy, and he released her hand. Her brain was whirling in its effort to seize his deepest meaning. For he seemed to say so much whilst she could grasp so little. And all that stood clear out of the chaos was himself, a lonely figure with the world arrayed against him, craving for sympathy and help.

"I should have to think whether it was right," she said very softly, as if speaking to herself.

His manner changed. He spoke with a



"Contemptuous and defiant, clutching a china teapot in her hand" subdued tenderness, a really touching self-restraint:

"Yes. I recognise that as an inevitable necessity of your nature. To me, everything that is real is right."

"I meant really right. Not what people think," she hastily explained.

Something rustled past them amongst the ferns and undergrowth, and she involuntarily started aside.

"It was nothing," he assured her. "I fancy a rabbit flitted across by the felled tree."

"I must go."

"One moment, Charity."

But the movement had disturbed her, and regardless of his entreaty she walked quickly on.

In places the rough pathway was too narrow for two to pass. and he followed until they came to the open ride between the larches. By this time it was nearly dark. She stopped abruptly and held out her hand.

"Good-bye, Mr. Prentice."

"I have only one thing to ask," he pleaded wildly, "my love has startled you. How could I help it? You have come into my life. You have become part of me. Could I stifle a generous passion at its birth, and bury it out of sight like a crime? Believe me, life knows too little love to lightly cast it aside. I cannot do so. You cannot. And you tell me the hours when we have met were precious to you. Come once more to-morrow. Come with this knowledge in your heart and talk to me again. That is all I ask. Just once."

She did not promise him. Before she could make up her mind a tall figure came into the ride, striding rapidly towards them. It was already quite dark.

"Some one is here," she whispered in alarm. "Good-night."

"Morning, noon, or evening, I shall wait until you come."

And so they parted. He disappeared amongst the larches and she turned quietly towards the house.

By the wicket-gate she was overtaken by Theodosia.

"Why, Charity, is that you?" cried she in great surprise. "I went up to look for foxgloves, and found a few. Come along, you shall shield me from a row. Look!" and she held out the bunch of flowers in the dusk.

They hurried to the house in silence. For Charity's tongue clove to the roof of her mouth and her brain kept throbbing with the thought—it has come—it has come!

THE WAYFARING GOD

By the Rev. W. J. DAWSON

THERE is a phrase of inimitable daring and pathos in the Book of Jeremiah, in which the Prophet addresses God thus: "*Why shouldest Thou be as a stranger in the land, and as a wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night?*" It is a passage which suggests many thoughts. For example, it makes us realise how large a part of the Bible is poetry, the lyric and impassioned utterance of the heart, and how difficult it is to read the Bible rightly without a sense of poetry in ourselves. I cannot imagine the man of merely logical mind and dry scholarship ever understanding the Bible, or interpreting it aright. What can such a man make of this passage, or of the entire chapter of which it is a part? Where would he fit it in with the neat mosaic of his dogmas and formulæ? How would he explain what must appear its astonishing irreverence? For here is Jeremiah not only picturing God under the homely image of a wayfaring man, but upbraiding and reproaching Him, and finally imploring Him, as one might a forgetful friend, not to "disgrace the throne of His glory." Assuredly it needed a poet, an impassioned man, a man who had stood in the whirl of darkness and revolt, and had wept and sorrowed, and had seen through the blackness glimpses "as of the very heaven," to write this verse, and it needs a man of the same spirit to enter fully into its meanings. It is no deliberate statement of theology—this; it is a wail, a protest, a lyric outburst, the cry of a man who has the daring to feel himself more jealous for the glory of God than God Himself appears to be. Jeremiah does not stand upon the proprieties even with God. He says all that is in his heart passionately and without scruple, and of this we may be sure, that the anger of a heart that loves is more acceptable to God than the sacerdotal proprieties of hearts that are too shallow to feel, and too insincere to love.

But true poetry is never mere rhapsody: at the bottom of it there always lies an idea, and a noble one. What is the idea that works in Jeremiah's mind as he writes these words? What is it that he is trying through the stress of his feelings to protest against and express. It is the futility of an occasional God. God, he feels, must be all in all or not at all. Israel must have a God who is all in all, or not at all. An elusive, occasional God, a God seen and felt only at intervals, like a wayfaring man who turns aside for a night—will not do. And the people who believe only in an intermittent deity, in a God of occasions, but do not realise the God who is with them through every hour of the common day, are really without a God, and have no true sense of religion at all. That is the thought which Jeremiah is striving to express, and it is a thought which is worthy of a little patient analysis and consideration.

Now, the first thing which Jeremiah perceives with entire clearness is, that you cannot build up a great nation without reverence for God and sincerity in religion; and that is a truth which every nation is apt to despise and forget. How suggestive is the phrase, a God who is "a stranger in the land"; known perhaps to a man here and there, but unfamiliar, unthought of, and, still more, unloved by the great mass of the people. I need scarcely point out that such a condition as this represents is at the utmost variance with the prime conception on which Israelitish nationality was based. For, what was that conception? It was of God as the intimate, vigilant, and jealous judge of the whole round of personal and national life. "What is Thy name?" asked Moses. The reply was: "*I Am That I Am.*" Past, present, future merge and disappear: "I Am That I Am," says God. He is all-pervasive, immanent, immutable, eternal. He surrounds each man like an atmosphere, and enters into the life of each man as the air and light enter. Man can as little elude God as he can the round of the firmament: neither in the wings of the morning, nor the uttermost parts of the earth, nor the dreadful secrecies of Hades, are there to be found the means or havens of escape. Working from that great conception of God, Moses built up the whole scheme of national life as in the very eye of God. No man rose or slept, or ate or drank, or bought or sold, without God seeing him. The darkness of the night could not cover him. The solitude of the desert could not hide him. The laws for his daily conduct were prescribed by the Almighty. The invisible but real sovereignty of God was the central pivot of both personal and national life. God was not a stranger in the land, nor a wayfaring man who tarried for a night, but was the God of the hearth and the household, of the flocks and the fields, of the privacies and publicities of human conduct; and out of the leaven of this thought there issued all the greatness, moral strength, and national coherence of the Israelitish people.

In Jeremiah's day there was a weakened sense of God, and God had become a stranger in the land. The result was social dislocation, and national decadence. Nor can we fail to see, if we regard the affairs of the world with any keenness of scrutiny, that from the same cause the same effect has ever sprung, and is still springing. There have been many attempts to organise society without God. Modern Italy, in the vehemence of her repugnance to clericalism has gone far along that path, and has done much to make God a stranger in the land. I do not say that clericalism in Italy has not deserved all that has befallen it, for in suppressing the monasteries, and breaking up the great religious orders, whose mandate was visibly exhausted, and whose power was consistently used against national progress, the statesmen of Italy have performed an inevitable duty. But when a man of Signor Crispi's eminence is virulently attacked because he ventures to state that he must believe in God if he is to believe in man, or have any abiding impulse to toil for human progress, it looks as if his assailants aimed at the suppression of religion itself, and supposed that Italy could exist equally well without a religion as with one. And we see the same tendency in literature. We are witnesses of the attempt to organise literature without God. We are told that in literature and art, beauty of phrase or colour is everything; morality or immorality are nothing. God does not count in the equation. He is a stranger indeed in this land of poisonous bloom and tainted pleasure that the Décadent would make of life. It is an experiment tried long since by Greece in her decline, and Rome when she had lost her sense of religion to the gods, and Florence in the high-tide of the Renaissance, and always with one sure result, that when the solemn thought of God is weakened, and responsibility to God is forgotten or ignored, the central pivot is plucked out of the great mechanism of human life, and it falls apart in hideous and far-resounding ruin. Without God life cannot exist in any high or noble form, and when God is a stranger in the land, purity and heroism, love and justice, peace and happiness are strangers too.

But the thought of Jeremiah has another bearing, which touches us more nearly. He states with strenuous emphasis that an occasional God cannot satisfy us. It is bad enough for God to be a stranger in the land, but it is only less bad for Him to be as a wayfaring man, not intimately known, or known but to few. And who does not feel the truth of this protest? Who of us does not perceive in how many ways it is true that we are all apt to be content with an occasional God, who is as a wayfaring man, who turneth aside to tarry for a night?

For example, how many people appear to believe that the world is governed by an occasional God, and after an intermittent fashion? When an Armada is scattered, men can strike their medals, and put upon them "He blew with His winds and scattered them"; for that appears to them an occasion eminently worthy of divine interference. When a Waterloo is won, and peace given back to Europe after years of bloody struggle, men can hold their solemn services of thanksgiving; for that seems a moment when God might well display His power as the arbiter of nations. When, in our own life, some crisis is safely overpast, some prize is won, some peril averted, some deliverance vouchsafed, we feel in an inarticulate way that God has verily befriended us, and we are grateful. But what is God doing when Armadas are not scattered, nor Waterloos won, and coils of circumstance and perilous vicissitude are not unwound in the individual life? Is He then indeed, as the Baal whom Elijah mocked, sleeping, or pursuing, or on a journey? Is He inattentive to the commonplace world, careless of His duties, negligent and deaf except at intervals, when the cry of men reaches Him, and it is necessary to do something to prove that the throne of the universe is not abdicated? Yet that is, in truth, the sort of God great numbers of people appear to believe in, and the only notion they have of what is meant by the divine sovereignty of the world. God is to them an intermittent deity. He is like the spectral knights of chivalrous fable, who are only seen now and again in the thick of the struggle, when the battle wavers. It has been said, with a touch of satiric truth, that Carlyle appeared to believe in a God who disappeared about the date of the death of Cromwell; and it is quite certain that great numbers of people who can readily believe in a divine sovereignty of the world, as illustrated by the story of the Reformation, or the Armada, never think of God as really working in the modern world at this hour. And it is against this spirit that Jeremiah protests. An intermittent governorship of the world is a mockery of man and a blasphemy against God; it is to make of the immutable I Am a wayfaring man, who turns aside to tarry for a night.

In the same way, many of us are content with an occasional religion. There are hours of life—blessed and holy hours—when a great passion of love, and pity, and faith in God shakes our souls. We do feel God near, we do really pray, and our hearts are softened and subdued in His presence. We are happy for a day or for a week with this new spiritual glow, this soft flame from the heavenly altar which runs through us. But the glow does not last: we really never supposed that it would. We do not try to keep it; we anticipate its disappearance. We grow flaccid and cold again, and take it for granted that these alternations of spiritual temperature are only what we should expect. Or, with some of us, the idea takes a yet stranger form; we are actually content to be very religious once in seven days, and to open to God on Sunday a heart which is filled with quite other guests during the week. It is as though we made our hearts common hostelries during the week for all comers, but on Sundays tidied up a room for worship, much as they do the *salon* of a Swiss hotel on Sunday mornings. And no sooner is the Sabbath closed than the hostelry of our heart assumes its old uses, and in the babble of the crowd that fills it there is no memory of the God who was as a wayfaring man, and was but the guest of an hour.

I do not say, however, that even such an occasional religion is wholly worthless. It is clearly better to turn our thoughts to high and spiritual things once a week than not at all. There are fleeting hours of worship when, like the disciples in Emmaus, we feel our hearts burn within us, and we cry to the wayfaring God who has overtaken us on the lonely road: "Abide with us, for the day is far spent." It is a blessed thing to receive God into the heart, even though it be but for a moment, and to know Him in the breaking of bread, and to feel above us as we kneel the movement of the hands that bless. But I do say that we cannot nurture any true or deep spiritual life on such occasions. They are too rare, they are too isolated. The wayfaring man who tarries for a night may indeed bless us, and be as an angel entertained unawares; but how soon is he gone! There is no opportunity of abiding friendship, of real intimacy with him. He is with us only for a night, and the day breaks and he is gone while yet we were beginning to learn who he was, and had thought we discerned in his hands and feet the wounds of Calvary. And does not Christ take pains to impress on us that His is an abiding presence, if a presence at all? Does not He speak of Himself as the Bread of God—not a luxury but a necessity, the food of each moment, the life for ever working in our life? No; we cannot live on occasional moments of piety any more than we can live on occasional gifts of bread, and the prayer of every true Christian to the wayfaring God is:

"Come in, come in, thou heavenly guest,
  Nor ever hence remove,
But sup with us, and let the feast
  Be everlasting love."

When I am travelling in Catholic countries there is one thing that always impresses me; it is the early celebration of the Mass, with which each day opens. What does this daily sacrifice of the Mass mean to these groups of peasants whom I have often seen bowed, in the early morning stillness, reverent and silent, before they have gone out to the day's heat and burden? Surely this: that Christ is born anew into the world with every dawn; that all the days are His, that all labours and actions are His, and that He is thus with us always—not in the act of the Mass, but in the spirituality of His presence, as we would fain believe—to the end of the world. And do not we all, by whatever Church or creed we call ourselves, need to learn that? Are we not all apt to forget that Monday belongs to God as well as Sunday? Do not the bulk of our churches themselves, open for some three or four hours on a Sunday, and closed and dark through all the hours of the working week, only too vividly symbolise our habit of confining our religious emotions to the Sunday, and our thoughtless content with an occasional religion, and an occasional God, who turns aside and tarries as a wayfaring man for a night?

We shall do well perhaps if we stop here, and let our minds busy themselves with this aspect of Jeremiah's strange saying. The sharp and rigid line which we too often draw between the Sunday and the week-day has really been a source of infinite mischief both to our religious conceptions and our general conduct. It is to be feared that we have so far succeeded in isolating Sunday from the rest of the week that we have grown to think that it does not very much matter how completely we forget religion in the week, if we only remember it on Sunday. And to do this is most effectually to miss the real spirit of Christianity. For what is that spirit? It is, not that one day in the week, but every day, is to be dedicated to the Lord our God; that there is no real distinction between secular and sacred; that a man's life cannot be divided into sections, and variously labelled as worldly and spiritual; but that, if his religion means anything at all, it will mean that life in its most secret functions is lived as in the eye of God, and human actions in their most humble detail are permeated with the spirit of a true piety. It means that there is no vital difference in days, but that all employments and pleasures are either right or wrong in themselves, and must be judged accordingly. When we fail of this spirit, when we suppose that because we have put away the newspaper and the novel on Sunday and opened the hymn-book, we have thereby satisfied the claim of God upon us, we in truth avow our belief in an occasional religion, and profess ourselves satisfied with an occasional God, who turns aside like a wayfaring man to tarry for a night. And what we have to learn is that an occasional religion is as futile as an occasional God, and that our religion must be all in all, or not at all; a religion of every act and every moment, as God Himself is a God of all time and space, Jehovah, I am that I am. To attain to this spirit is to worship Him who is a Spirit in spirit and in truth; and to fail of it is to make our religion mere religiosity, a Pharisaism, a mockery, and a pretence.

THE DAWN OF ENGLISH TRADE WITH TURKEY

By W. J. HARDY, F.S.A.

THE history of the various companies for developing British trade *in partibus transmarinis* is always interesting reading, and the wonder is that, in this book-compiling age, the story of each has not been already told. Without attempting to do this for the Turkey Company, save for the period of its veriest infancy, let the reader direct his attention to some interesting details about its foundation, as they reached the ear of the Doge of Venice from his ambassador at Constantinople. These have, quite recently, been made accessible to the student at home by Mr. Horatio Brown, who is engaged in calendaring for our Government the letters and papers relating to English history preserved at Venice.

We are told that our trade with Turkey began in 1550, but the proposal for a "company" to thoroughly develop commerce between England and the Porte, and the formation of that company, which became one of the most important foreign trading corporations in England, dates some thirty years later—the period at which we first hear of it in the Venetian archives. It had been duly incorporated when, in February 1580, an English ship reached Constantinople, sailing, as she was bound by treaty between France and Turkey, under the French flag. That was the bondage that the English merchants desired to shake off, in order more freely to exercise their trade, and that was the bondage which Elizabeth desired to see annulled, because, under it, she could not, so fully as she wished, hold direct diplomatic relations with the Sultan. As a consequence, this English ship carried on board her a merchant, whose mission was somewhat wider than that of making money for himself and his company: he was to probe the Turkish Court and see how far his mistress could play Amurath III. against the European States, whose power she was striving to crush. When this fact became apparent the representatives of the Roman Catholic Powers at the Porte rose against him.

His name was William Harborne, and he sprang from a stock of small gentry in Norfolk—"the mercurial-breasted Mr. Harboard," as one old writer calls him, "a rich sparke of eternitie, first kindled at Yarmouth." That he was, by nature, a diplomatist as well as a merchant, may be judged from the fact that within three months of his arrival he had obtained from the Sultan an ample patent of liberty for English commerce under the English flag. The fact that the French ambassador knew not of it till it was done, reflects further credit on Harborne, and the fact that the French ambassador was enabled, ere long, to effect its cancellation, does not in the least detract from that credit, which becomes more conspicuous as we see what happened thereupon.

First he returned to England and told of his luck to Lord Burghley, and then he sailed again for Constantinople and set to work to found a party at the Sultan's Court favourable to English interests, and won over to his side the man who had married—presumably, *inter alias*—the Sultan's favourite sister; that done, he sailed back again to England, having obtained from Elizabeth a letter addressed both to the Sultan and his brother-in-law. On her side she confirms her former promises of friendship, and undertakes to maintain her royal word in such a way that the Sultan will never have cause to regret his liberality in granting to the English nation privileges with regard to commerce equal to those enjoyed by other nations. That he may give effect to these privileges she sends to him William Harborne, one of her body-guard, a man adorned with many virtues, to render thanks to his Majesty for what she is sure he will grant, and to establish the working of those privileges, and she begs him to help Harborne in every legitimate way.

Thus accredited, Harborne started once more for Turkey. He had now blossomed from a diplomatic trader into a full-blown ambassador, and clearly he was impressed with the importance of his mission.

His arrival is reported to the Doge on April 5 and 19. "In my preceding despatch," writes the Venetian agent, "I announced the arrival of an English ship at the Seven Towers, on board of which was an ambassador from the Queen of England, sent to reside at this Porte. He was detained some days at the Seven Towers owing to the hostile representations of the French ambassador. But finally the Magnificent Pasha gave orders to the captain of the sea to send two vessels to tow him into harbour, and to two Pashas to go and meet him and lead him to his house.

"Accordingly, on Good Friday, the said ship entered the port, towed by two galleys, at the hour when the Christians were celebrating the Divine Office in their churches by singing melodies suitable to the Passion of the Cross. Suddenly, when the vessel was off Seraglio Point, a great noise of music was heard, accompanied by a continual sound of trumpets and drums, and other signs of rejoicing, to the great grief and pain of these poor Christians who are here, when they saw that on such a day and at such an hour, people who call themselves Christians, act in a way so contrary to the usage of the Church and to the dishonour of so solemn a function.

"People were so greatly shocked, that when the ambassador went from his ship to his house he was escorted by no Christians, only by the Turks above mentioned; and as he passed through the streets of Pera not a Christian raised his hat, and even the Turks, in contempt, called him a Lutheran, and showed that they are far from pleased to see him; all the more so as, according to custom, the ambassador provided on that very day a sumptuous feast of meats, to which hardly the Turks would come, as even they abhorred, in a Christian, such an insult to his religion."

That evening, on board ship, they had fireworks, salvoes of artillery, aud music with great uproar. But they nearly paid dearly for their irreverence, since one of the rockets fell back into the ship close to the powder store, and set her on fire: it was only with the utmost difficulty that the fire was put out.

Still the Venetian agent thought it diplomatic to "call" by proxy on the accredited representative of Queen Elizabeth; he did not call personally, so he told Harborne, because it was not customary to call on a new Minister at the Porte till such new Minister had formally kissed hands with the Sultan. The French ambassador apparently did not call at all, neither in person nor by proxy, but he called on the Sultan's brother-in-law and told him pretty plainly that if Englishmen were allowed to trade in Turkey, his Sovereign would consider all alliance between France and the Porte at an end.

No doubt the arrival of Harborne's ship at Constantinople flying the British flag, was an acknowledgment by the Sultan of England's right to trade in Turkey, and was, as such, a breach of the Sultan's treaty with France; but Elizabeth's Ministers cared little for that; they had a part to play and were at the same time opening a new field for British capital.

On May 3, 1583, Harborne kissed the Sultan's hands and was feasted as nobly as any other ambassador had been. The gifts he brought on that occasion might well have gained him a welcome: a beautiful watch set with jewels and pearls, ten pairs of shoes, two pretty lap-dogs, twelve lengths of royal cloth, two lengths of white linen, and thirteen pieces of silver-gilt plate. But what seems to have pleased the Sultan most of all, was that "such a powerful Queen" should have sent, from 4000 miles away, to say that she "is all for him" and deserves his friendship. There was another reason that the Venetian ambassador saw, or his papal orthodoxy induced him to say that he saw, for this good reception; it was this: "He (the Sultan) considers also that she (Elizabeth) is a very fit instrument to damage the Christians!"

After Harborne had kissed hands, it was the Venetian ambassador's duty to pay a personal visit in state. First, however, he sent his dragoman to announce his coming. Harborne seemed a little disconcerted; he told the dragoman that his house was in such disorder that he could not receive him. But as the dragoman was hastening back with the message, he met his master coming to pay his visit. "I," says the Venetian ambassador, "thinking this answer might be dictated by modesty, sent back the dragoman to say that it mattered nothing that his house was not yet in order, for I knew well that when one is just arrived one cannot instantly have all one wishes, and that, being so far on my road, I desired to visit him in discharge of my duty."

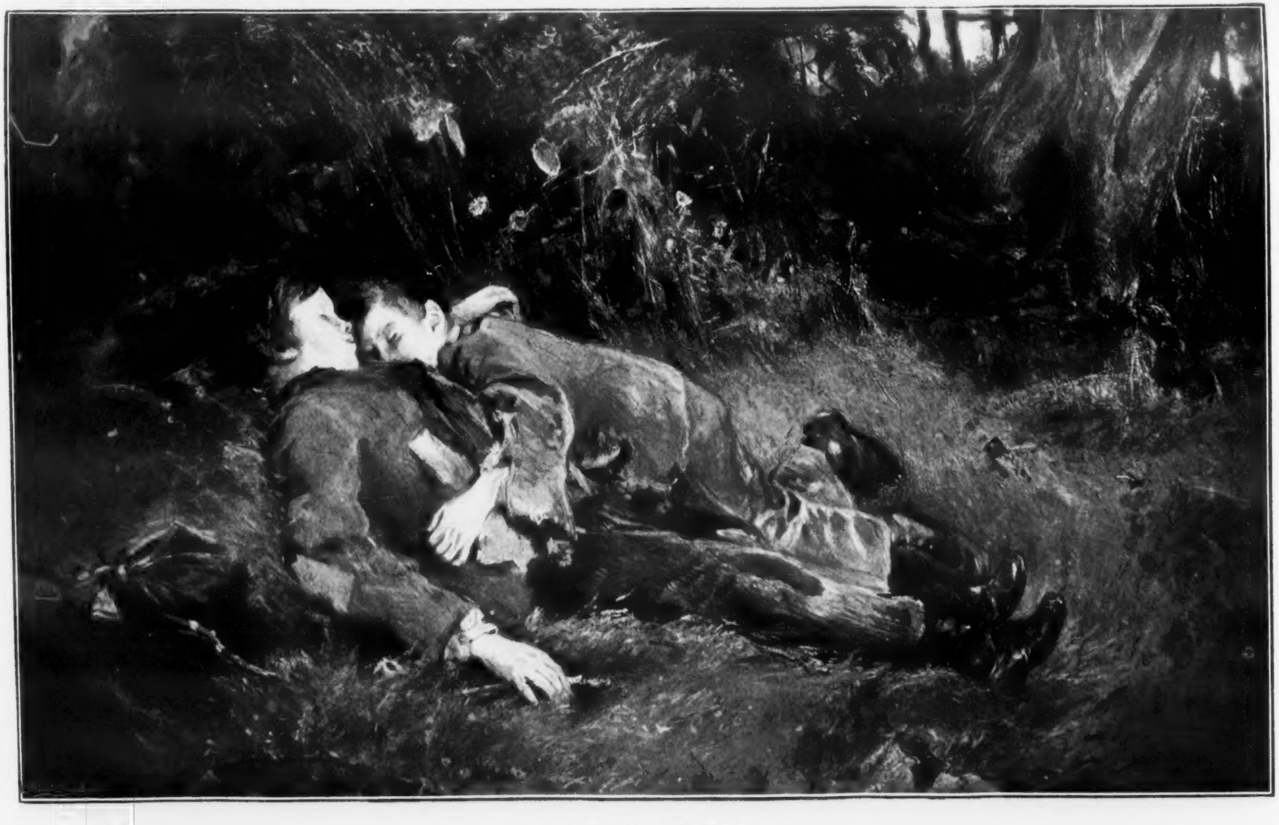
The ambassador seems to have waited where he first met his dragoman till a further answer was brought; when this arrived it was to the same effect and so he turned homewards. "Scarcely had I got home," he continues, "when he (Harborne), recognising his mistake, sent three of his suite to offer me apologies and beg me not to take his conduct amiss, for both he and his house would always be at my service." Then the visit was duly paid.

Harborne was not long in obtaining from the Sultan a renewal of the cancelled treaty. Venice told its ambassador to apply "the method usual with the Turk" to the extent of 15,000 sequins, in order to prevent the grant; France told its ambassador to "protest," and protest he did, so noisily that the Grand Vizier remarked to him there was no occasion for "such a row." All objections were in vain, and two days after Christmas, 1580, an English merchant ship arrived at Constantinople, saluting, as she passed the Seraglio, with many guns. This salutation was repeated a little later as the Sultan was recognised on his way to the gardens; but it did not altogether please his Majesty: he feared he might be hit by an accidental shot!

As we read over the despatches from the Venetian agent at Constantinople we can see how, year by year, the position of Harborne and of the new English trading company was becoming stronger and stronger. The French ambassador continued to grumble or rave, and at last the Grand Vizier told him frankly that it was "all labour lost to expect that the Sultan would expel that ambassador"—Harborne. All that the representatives of other Powers at the Porte could do they did; but that was only to try and wound Harborne's feelings by reflecting on his social status; he was, they declared in public, "a merchant and not entitled to the rank of an ambassador." Harborne replied —so the Venetian agent wrote—that he was "a great noble, greater than any other here, and that even was he not so, people had no right to consider *his* position, but only the magnificence of the Queen his mistress"—a very dignified reply, even as narrated by the Venetian agent.

At last the French ambassador received orders to return home, and after that Harborne's mission became more purely diplomatic, for the theatenings of Spain led Elizabeth to push on the intention she had all along entertained of strengthening her hands by an alliance with Turkey against Philip. But though the French ambassador had left, Harborne did not have it all his own way at the Porte: many of the Pashas, bribed by French gold, made the post of English ambassador to Turkey anything but agreeable or easy, and it is amusing to find the extremely orthodox envoy of the Doge agreeing with a pious Mussulman that "they are a bad lot these Lutherans"—the "badness" complained of in that particular instance being the storing raisins and enhancing the price of that commodity. There is something in the sentiment, and the circumstances under which it was expressed, that recalls to mind that uttered by the American card-player, who finding "the Heathen Chinee" too many for him exclaimed, "We're ruined by Chinee cheap labour," and then "went for that Heathen Chinee!"

However, despite all the hostility of the Roman Catholic Powers, Harborne managed to hold his own at Constantinople, and



THE WANDERERS

From the Picture by J. LAWTON WINGATE, R.S.A.

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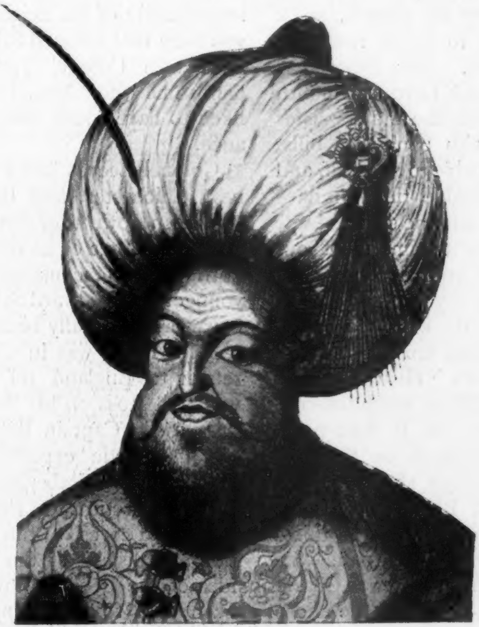
in due course another ambassador from France arrived. The Venetian agent was enchanted with his new co-religionist—such a charming man, such a polished gentleman; but, ere long, there happened a very pretty squabble betwixt them as to their relative positions when attending Mass, and then the agent's view of the ambassador's courtesy changed. Which was in the right it is hard to determine and it mattered little, but that the refined Frenchman could be "nasty" we may judge from the following incident.

Harborne sent his secretary to the ambassador with complimentary messages on his arrival, and the secretary was duly ushered into the ambassador's presence. "My master, the ambassador," he began. "Ambassador!" cried the polished representative of France, "why he is a merchant, your master! Ambassador! I know only one ambassador at the Porte and that is myself. Out of this at once, and tell your master he had better mind his trade and not usurp titles like these or I'll have him drummed out of the place." Harborne minded his trade too well; hence much of the Frenchman's indignation.



AMURATH III.

Naturally enough Harborne was not particularly pleased at his secretary's reception, and there is no more striking proof of the growing English influence than the series of disasters which befell the unhappy French ambassador on his subsequent dealings with the Porte: nothing went right, and ere long he was expelled from Constantinople, and by English influence, though not Harborne's.

Harborne's mission came to a close soon after his unfriendly reception by the French ambassador; and leaving his secretary behind him with the title of English agent, he set out from Constantinople on August 13, 1588, having certainly fulfilled a very useful mission. The Roman Catholic States, it is true, remained united against Elizabeth, but they no longer held undisputed sway with the naval power of the East—a power, if not paramountly strong, yet strong enough to do useful work on the European chess-board by harassing the coasts of Italy, France, and Spain; and it is certainly noteworthy that, at the very time of Harborne's departure, the maritime influence and prestige of the last of these Powers was being permanently destroyed by British broadsides as they shattered the ships of the great Armada.

Harborne's homeward journey is described by Mr. Horatio Brown in the new Calendar from the ambassador's own account of it, and it may be recollected that the ambassador himself put on record an account of his various travels, which is printed in Hakluyt's "Collection of Voyages." But that does not concern the subject of this article. The residence of his successor demonstrated more fully the ascendency of English influence at the Porte and the wisdom of having established relations, commercial and diplomatic, with the Ottoman Empire.

AN OLD MAID'S LETTERS

BY THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

CONCLUDING PAPER

"PARK STREET, SATURDAY,
"*Oct.* 17, 1809.

"WHATEVER your next destination may be, may Heaven prosper and protect you, my dearest Edward. To-morrow is Sunday, and I now, thank God, am able to go regularly to church, so I write a few lines to-day to be in readiness for the post on Monday. Mrs. Bowdler is at this moment gone to ask Lord Dartmouth for a frank, and fortunately she and her sister can accommodate me with bank-post bills, which they will make payable to yourself, and as they will not be negotiable till you have endorsed them, I think this the securest way of sending you this little testimony of our great regard for you, on your departure. I sincerely wish it was in my power to make you a present of double the sum.

"We quite regret having finished our two folio volumes of Burnet's 'History of his own Times,' for it afforded us much information and entertainment. H. B. had never read anything before so much on that side of the question, and though she may think with truth that the old Bishop was rather credulous, she admires the work and thinks that he was perhaps a very good man. She was quite delighted with his letter to Charles II. which is inserted in his life, at the end of the last volume.

"Have you not been amazed at the wanton destruction of the fortifications of Vienna? It seems to have been so wanton, after peace was concluded, and with them has gone many an association of chivalrous defence. Besides that, I have always heard these ramparts were one of the great beauties of the capital. What gallant men the Tyrolese are—how bravely they have contested the invasion of their land by the foreigner. If the papers may be trusted, Bonaparte is going to make great efforts to crush them."

We come now to a great gap in the letters. Indeed, but one more remains, and that is dated April 10, 1811. During all this time, Edward Sabine was at Woodbridge in Suffolk, where, during the European war, barracks had been erected on the high ground, about half a mile from the town, which accommodated some 750 cavalry and 4165 infantry. On the restoration of peace they were pulled down. The officers quartered there complained of the dulness of the place, and the inhospitality of the neighbouring gentry. It was here that Edward Sabine made acquaintance with Colonel Leeves and his very handsome wife. Mrs. Leeves was a lady who liked to have young officers dancing attendance.

Colonel Leeves had a seat at Portington, near Chichester, and the young lieutenant was often down there on visits. Mrs. Leeves was the mother of an only child, a daughter, born in 1806, consequently eighteen years younger than Edward Sabine. This daughter, however, eventually became his wife.

In 1813 he was in Canada, and did not return to England till 1816. In 1818 he was with Ross on his Polar expedition.

In 1819, Captain Sabine was with Parry on his Arctic expedition; he went with Clavering to Spitzbergen in 1823.

On his return to England, he proposed for Miss Leeves, to the unbounded indignation and disgust of the mother, who had no idea of the devotion and adoration that had been paid to her being transferred to her daughter. However, the handsome young officer with a girlish face was now rising into notice and favour through his magnetic researches.

For a long time she would not hear of the engagement, as she thought her daughter too young, and the disparity in ages too great; but in the end they were married in 1830.

When Mrs., afterwards Lady, Sabine was a bride, she was very young, but was almost at once made use of by her husband to assist him in his magnetic records, and was wont to keep a novel on her knees under the table, take a peep at the novel, then do the registering required, take another look at the beloved fiction and then revert to the dreary facts. Some years elapsed before the novel was wholly abandoned, and then she became almost more than his right hand. Having a marvellous aptitude for languages, any book or letter that came to hand, in any European tongue, could be deciphered and translated by her with a very little application. And withal, she was one of the humblest and most self-effacing of women, of the sweetest and kindliest nature.

But to return to Jane Davies, who had been failing in powers throughout 1810.

Her last letter is dated from Bath, April 10, 1811:

"It is but this very moment, my dear Edward, that I have received your parcel from London, as the servant who had promised to call for it set out without having done so, and Miss Frodsham could not meet with an opportunity of sending it sooner. I think your little snuff-box uncommonly elegant and pretty, and am certain ma'am (Frances Davies) will be of the same opinion, but she is very unwell at present with sickness and headache, and probably has not yet been able to look at it. She is always a greater sufferer in the spring than at any other time of the year, but I hope will be quite well again when the wind changes from the east, and the weather will permit her getting to Kingsdown. I am much stronger and in most respects better than when you saw me, but I have a new complaint that requires some exertion of patience, as it deprives me in a great measure of my usual occupations, for I can read but little, and not write at all without some inconvenience, and becoming at the same time the worse for it—from my head falling down towards my knees, which disposition increased very much from weakness after you saw me. The tendons in the nape of my neck have rather started and Dr. Bowen says I must counteract it in every way that is possible, or my head will remain as it now chiefly is, fixed as in a vice. I am therefore obliged to sit with my head supported and to use so high a reading-desk that I look up to it; but now that I am stronger I have no longer the sinking that attracted me so much downward, and I therefore hope I shall soon be better and out of my present penance.

"I fancy I need not ask if you have read 'Practical Piety.' As far as I am a judge, I think some parts of it perhaps finer than any of Mrs. Hannah More's other works, though as a whole it may not be equal to many of them. The frequent metaphors and hard words, &c., I hear much objected to—but I think every one that reads the book ought to be the better for it."

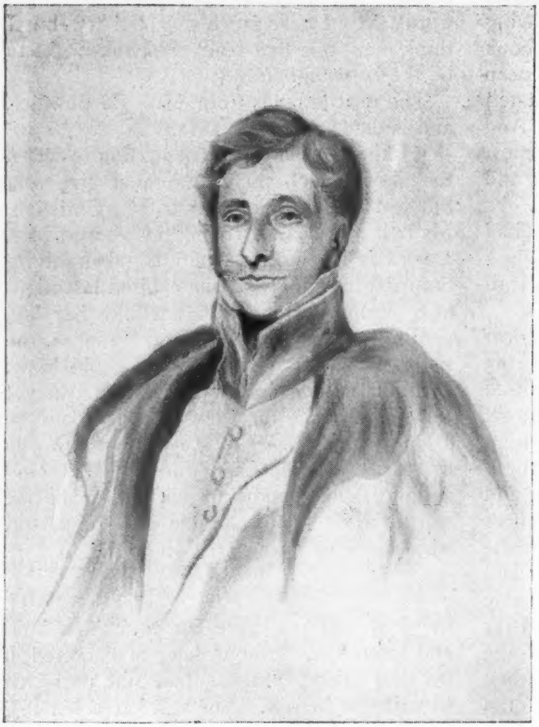
The next letter is from Mrs. H. Bowdler, and is dated April 16, 1811:

"I knew not, my dear friend, how to soften the shock which this letter must give you, but you have the happiness to be a Christian. My best and dearest friend, my beloved Mrs. Davies is no more. She was taken ill on Saturday morning, and she expired last night at 8 o'clock. Her death was like her life, gentle, tranquil, happy. Dear Frances (the sister of Jane) is as well as I could hope. I think, my dear Edward, if you can get leave of absence for a few days, it would be a satisfaction to *her* to see you, and to *you* to assist at the last duties. May God support and comfort us all, and make me worthy to be for ever united with the person who was most dear to me on earth."

"*Nov.* 7, 1811.

"I should not have left your most kind and interesting letter so long unanswered, if my dear friend Frances had not promised to write for herself. She still keeps her bed as she did, but her head is as clear as I ever knew it. She can read for some hours, write long letters, and converse with so much pleasure that it is delightful to be with her. She feels her irreparable loss most sincerely, but her natural cheerfulness is returned. I consider my dear Frances as a sacred legacy, and she shall ever be the object of my tender care. The family likeness strikes me now much more than it did before, and she never was half so dear to me. *Here* I can think of my angel friend without disturbance; I write at her inkstand, read her books, study her Bible, and feel as if I had not quite lost her. The world is soon rid of sorrows which few can understand, and I suppose half my acquaintances suppose I feel no more than they do, but indeed, my dear friend, she was so constantly the object of my attention, and she was in every point of view so precious to me, my adviser in every difficulty, my comforter in every affliction, that 'when such friends do part, 'tis the survivor dies.'"

The correspondence was then taken up by Frances Davies, the sister, and was continued to 1821, when she also died. There is, however, a great hiatus in the correspondence,



EDWARD SABINE, AGED 35

all the letters between May 1809 and March 1819 having been lost. This old lady was an authoress. She wrote a child's book entitled "The Adventures of a Day," in the quaint style of the period, full of moralising. Her letters lack the interest of those of her sister. But she was a still greater invalid, and was completely bedridden, and unable for more than half an hour at a time to endure conversation. Consequently she was not able to give much in her letters concerning matters outside her sick-room. The one subject on which she dwells with tedious iteration is her own infirmity, and her bilious attacks. How thankful they make us, however, that we do not live in the first years of this century. For she details how that she was obliged to take many a bolus, a pill of the size of a pigeon's egg, not hard, but of putty-like consistency. How was such a thing got down the throat? Was it sent down with a ramrod, as geese are fed in Alsace, so as to give them liver complaint? Only for one thing would we revert for half an hour to the beginning of this century—and that to witness the taking of a bolus. Then came the administration of drenches. Now, I am sufficiently old to remember how I was dealt with by my grandmother, the sister of Sir Edward Sabine, to whom these letters were addressed.

My grandmother had a pewter spoon, with a hollow handle, and a hinged lid to the bowl. This horrible instrument was filled with castor-oil, till it could not retain another drop. Then her thumb was applied to the open end of the handle, and so long as it was held there, none of the fluid would flow from the spoon.

When my resistance was overcome, the great pewter spoon was rammed into my mouth. I can recall the exertions exercised on my jaws to force my teeth apart, to allow of the admission of this spoon. Then, when it rested on my tongue, occupying my mouth wholly, the thumb of my grandmother was lifted and instantly the whole contents were projected down my throat.

But that is not all.

Frances Davies repeatedly mentions in her letters how that whenever she had a bilious headache, at the ages of eighty, eighty-one, eighty-two, she had leeches, five and six at a time, applied to her temples. Conceive of such a treatment! It is marvellous how any old ladies were left when thus bebolused, bedrenched, and beleeched. There was, however, a fourth horror, to which the old lady refers, and with which I in my youth made intimate acquaintance—Gregory's powder—a hideous grey compound, usually administered in red currant or raspberry jam—but sometimes in water. This is nothing more nor less than calomel; and it is perhaps due to the amount of mercury taken in this form that the teeth of the generation passing away and of its children are so liable to decay—for I do not believe that horrible Gregory's powder is to be got out of the systems of Englishmen under two or three generations.

Addison, in *The Tatler*, tells how at the beginning of the previous century, a certain Doctor was in immense repute, as his patients recovered, whereas those of most of the faculty died. And all his art consisted in this—in letting nature alone, in administering no medicine, in applying no leeches, in not torturing the sick and exhausting their vigour with cupping, bleeding, blistering, bolusing, and the application of the terrible pewter spoon.

In 1818, Edward Sabine was on the first Polar expedition of Parry, and the correspondence begins on his return. I possess a very interesting and valuable diary of the whole of the period 1818–21, kept by a cousin of Captain Sabine; she lived in a fashionable circle in town, and kept detailed record of all that took place each day, so as to interest the young explorer on his return and keep him *au fait* with all that was going on in the fashionable London world. I entertain a strong suspicion that he never read it, indeed, that it never was read by any one till it came into my hands. Captain Sabine had other old lady correspondents, a Mrs. Bowdler, and a Miss Emma Frodsham, both far on in life, all manifesting a sincere attachment for this young and handsome officer; and there is something very interesting and touching in his association with these old ladies. He evidently corresponded weekly with them when in England, consulted them in all his difficulties, and never neglected to visit them when he had the opportunity. Young men nowadays have hardly this habit of being gracious to and maintaining lasting association with old ladies; perhaps this is why so few of them have that courtesy of manner and kindly deference towards their elders that marked those of the old school, to which their grandfathers belonged.

Edward Sabine lived to be President of the Royal Society, to be a K.C.B.; Lady Sabine died before him. He lasted on to his ninety-third year, becoming in the end impaired in mind as concerned things of the day, but fresh in recollection of the past; and luminous through the gathering clouds shone in him the form of the good, kind, loved old lady who had moulded his boyish mind to the love of truth and to reverence for God. "Mrs. Davies is calling me," he exclaimed suddenly one day; "I must go." He expired on June 26th, 1883, and was the last of his family to be buried in the Sabine vault at Tewin.

A CRUISE IN A SUBMARINE TORPEDO-BOAT IN THE YEAR 1900

BY FRED T. JANE, AUTHOR OF "THE INCUBATED GIRL," "BLAKE OF THE *RATTLESNAKE*," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

I LABOUR under some disabilities in writing this article, since the exigencies of circumstances compel me to be silent as to the nationality and inner details of the vessel which for the purpose of this article I will call the *Xn*—though this name, if regarded in the light of a statement as to the capabilities of the boat, is somewhat delusive.

When I received the invitation to take a cruise in the *Xn*—which I did in somewhat roundabout fashion—it was under restrictions such as render the account well-nigh valueless from a scientific point of view, though I hope enough general interest remains to make the description readable. But enough of prologue and preface.

It was in the dusk of an autumn twilight that I made my way to the secluded corner of the dockyard where the *Xn* lay all unbeknown to the majority of people. In the dim light it was hard to make out her form, but in general appearance she looked much like an ordinary torpedo-boat as she lay awash in the Camber; indeed, between the "common or garden" torpedo boat and her submarine exotic there is much less difference than folk are apt to believe. On getting on board, which I did by passing through a small scuttle connected with the ward-room, the torpedo-boat appearance was stronger than ever; it might well have been the cabin of a small torpedo-boat.

I was naturally agog with curiosity, and spent the best part of the evening in questioning the skipper, who was, of course, enthusiastic as to his craft; yet his enthusiasm was of a sort that I doubt if he would have possessed had he not chanced to be in command of her.

Both he and the lieutenant under him were passing sore at the jests levied at them by brother officers about their unsportsmanlike method of warfare, and were at great pains to explain to me that whereas on board a ship if the worst came to the worst every one would have a chance of swimming for it, with them disaster meant annihilation.

They might not show me all over the ship, but I was allowed to get enough general view of her during my stay on board to conclude that she is much like a porpoise in shape, some 100 to 150 feet in length, and armed with a couple of Maxims for surface fighting, carried in towers on the turtle back, two torpedo tubes, and two ports for towing torpedoes. Such further details as I was permitted to note the existence of appear in the course of the narrative or in the illustrations.

I asked the captain about his *rôle* in war time.

"Our great difficulty," said he in reply, "is the crass ignorance of everybody as to what we can and cannot do. From Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" down to the penny dreadfuls, writers have spun such terrific yarns about mythical submarine craft, that the real thing seems a very poor substitute; so that though this boat may be considered an absolute success so far as she goes, yet 'the powers that be' look on her as a failure because she cannot achieve the impossible. The fact is, our chief use is as a menace. However, you'll be able to see for yourself before long. Till then, I advise you to get as much sleep and fresh air as possible; once we're afloat you'll get little of either."

I took his advice and turned in, but lay awake for hours watching the twinkling stars through the open scuttle above me, with now and then a qualm of doubt as to whether I should ever see them again. Gradually the hum of machinery lulled me to sleep, and I knew no more till the skipper woke me to say that we were under weigh.

The scuttle was still open, but its raised edges were now lapped by the phosphorescent waves of the harbour as we made our course seaward at a four-knot speed.

At the harbour mouth we slowed down, and the scuttle was closed from inside, a sliding panel passing underneath it as well. Watertight doors are everything in a submarine craft.

"You had better come with me into the conning tower," said the skipper; and thither I went, squeezing along a sort of passage, or rather tube, that led from the ward-room to the fighting portion forward.

Once in the conning tower it was more comfortable. I noted the thickly-padded walls, the wheels and buttons connected with the machinery being sunk deeply into it. This padding, the skipper informed me, was necessary to deaden the shock of torpedoes exploded near at hand.

"Indeed," said he, "we have to be most careful not to blow up ourselves; a torpedo exploding, even at three hundred yards off, makes us all turn somersaults! Now," he went on, after a pause to consult chart and compass, "we are going under."

As he spoke, he pulled a lever sharply, and we seemed to shoot up into the air—so deceptive is submarine motion. A register above me presently showed that we were at a depth of twenty feet, going forward at a speed of six knots.

Before us was a sort of porthole with a thick double sheet of fairly clear glass in it, outside of which was a thick grating, while inside and outside of this again were watertight shutters, ready for immediate use; so our defence in that direction was pretty substantial.

I looked through the port, but at first could make out nothing at all. Gradually, however, and possibly owing to the growing daylight above, I made out dim forms of

THE "XN" ABOVE WATER

fish, vague and distorted, shooting across our path. More doors were now slid backwards, and soon from the conning tower we had a good all-round view; the one behind me giving a sort of Japanese picture of our hull.

"Sail on the port bow, sir," called the look-out man, and we stopped at once.

"How on earth do you know that?" I asked the skipper.

For answer he drew me towards the sailor. In front of him was a small disc in deep shadow, and on this was mirrored a sunlit sea, with a tiny speck moving across it.

"This," said he, "is our old friend, the 'camera obscura.' You know, I suppose, how it is utilised for submarine mines on shore; you have them marked on the table, and when a ship crosses the mine, you touch a button, and blow her up. This is a variation of the same system. These circles indicate so many hundred yards; we can judge her distance to a foot with practice."

"But," said I, "that doesn't explain how you get the view of her."

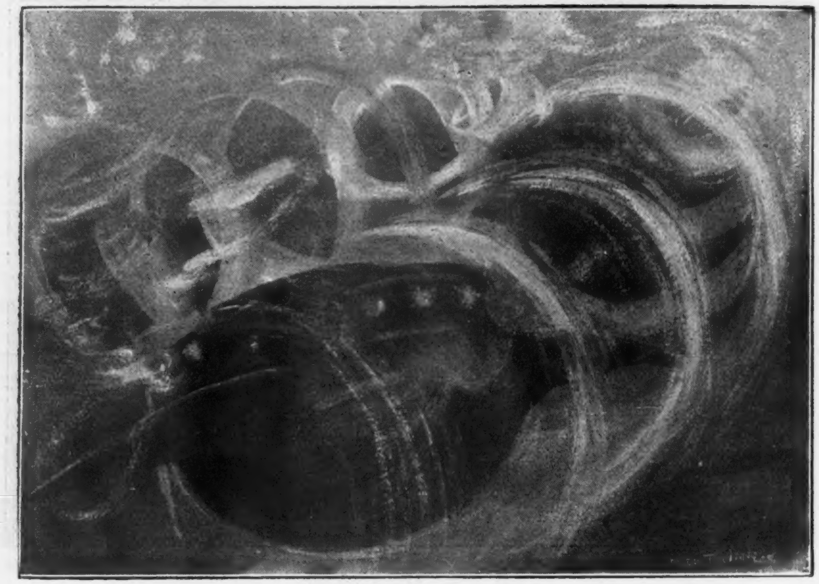
"No," he answered. "But you noticed our mast when you came on board?"

I certainly had done so, but it had only struck me as a survival of old naval institutions.

"Well," he continued, "this mast is telescopic, and from a normal height of twenty feet above the hull, can be increased to one of fifty feet, if necessary, when we are under water. It is hollow, of course, and on top is the aperture for the camera, and by a simple arrangement we get the picture; while by revolving it the signalman can command the whole horizon. In addition to this, a bell gives us notice that a vessel is moving within three miles of us. That is a fairly well-known invention, brought out a year or two back for giving warning of the approach of torpedo-boats, and acts through the vibrations they impart to the water. It hasn't been generally adopted by any navy as yet; however, this cruiser which we have to try and approach unobserved has one fitted; and, doubtless, is looking for us now. We have to hang about, and note how long it takes her to spot our mast."

We watched the cruiser going across the plate, now this way, now that, while we circled round her. Presently a puff of smoke rose from her pictured side. We were discovered.

"Seventeen minutes," said the skipper;



IN THE WAKE OF THE CRUISER

"but they'll do it in that number of seconds with practice. I've no faith in our camera-obscura mast; it's plain as a pikestaff if they put look-out men at portholes near the water-line. Now, then, we go up."

Immediately afterwards we began to feel motion, and a very unpleasant motion it was, too; and the air inside, which was none of the best, helped to increase the inconvenience. In a few minutes we jumped out of the water, fell back with a tremendous thud, and then rose again. It was a horrible experience while it lasted.

"There's a bit of a sea on," said the skipper, "but this is a mere bagatelle when you're used to it. You should feel it in half a gale!" But I had no such wish. Indeed, I soon longed for the *Xn* to sink for good and all and end my misery.

Our flagstaff mast was now run in, and we made slightly better weather, but it was still too much like being afloat in a bottle to suit my fancy. We also ran a semaphore up through a trapdoor forward, and exchanged signals with the cruiser that now came up quite close to us.

This over, the semaphore was pulled in, and down we went again.

For a good two hours we cruised about, the alarm-bell ringing every few minutes and then stopping. "It's no good," growled the skipper, disgusted; "they can steam two knots to our one, and directly they hear us they steam away in circles till their bell no longer rings."

Up we went again, and more signalling took place.

"She's not to go at over five knots now," explained our captain, "and as we can make ten at a pinch we've a chance."

The cruiser steamed away till she was hidden from us by the waves; then, descending, we made after her as near as we could go by the compass. The bell soon rang, and by-and-by we rose and made out the cruiser some six cables distant. She did not sight us this time, nor did we stay long to give her the chance—all we required was to take her position by the compass.

"Full speed ahead!" called the skipper through a tube. And then, taking another, "Set free the after torpedo." This—a dummy one, of course—was a sort of modernised Harvey torpedo which we intended towing against the cruiser.

Nothing happened, however, and we rose

again. There was the cruiser steaming along, apparently on the same course, some four cables ahead of us on the starboard quarter. This time she banged at us as we went down.

"Would that have done any harm?" I asked.

"Well, it depends" was the answer. "Did she carry a dynamite gun, a shell from that exploding within a hundred feet of us would do for us for good and all. With Q.F. guns we'd have a chance; but I don't thirst to face any of it in real war."

Two or three times more we missed and rose, each time a gun from the cruiser showing we were sighted.

"Hang the beggar!" said the skipper. "I'll try and find him under water."

We made for—as near as we could judge—the position of the cruiser; but for a long while failed to find her. Presently the water ahead of us was in violent agitation, and great swirls of foam shot across the scuttle.

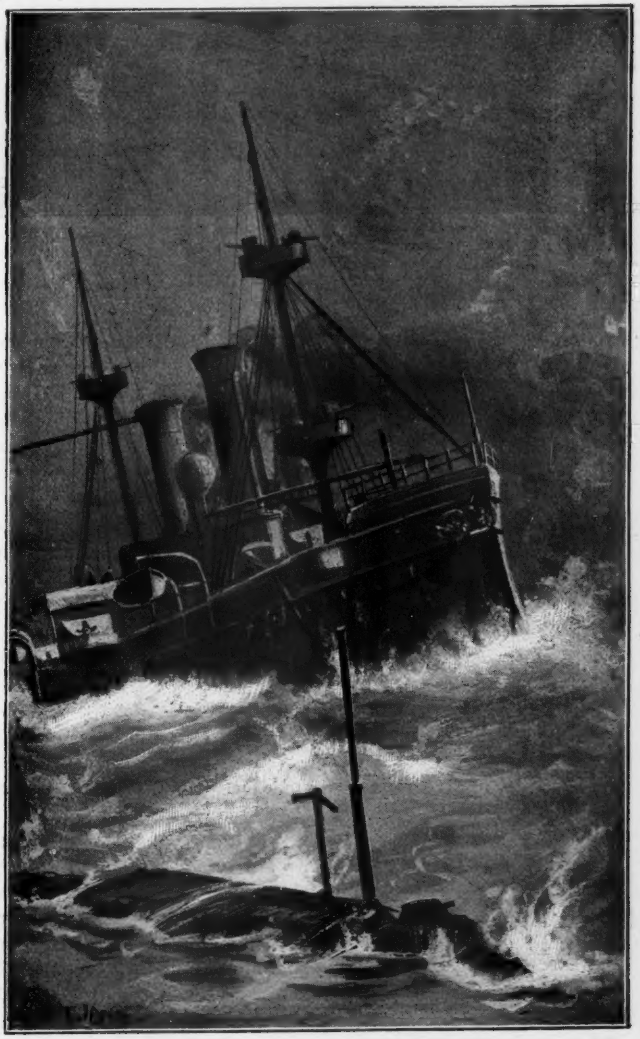
"That's her at last," cried the skipper, "we're just passing under her stern. Look to port; quick!"

I looked, and caught a glimpse above me of two great whirling screws, whence came long spiral wreaths of bubbles as they beat the water to the throb of the engines.

A moment later, and we were thrown violently against the walls of the conning tower.

"We've bagged her this time," our captain called out as he rose to his feet: "though, between you and me, it's entirely by accident! Our compass seems useless."

Little wonder, for we afterwards heard that the cruiser had towing around her a large number of powerful electro magnets, which exercised a most upsetting influence on our compasses. Apart from this, however, compasses are never reliable in submarine boats, there is too much metal close at hand; and in one American boat an attempt is being made to do without them altogether.



EXCHANGING SIGNALS WITH THE CRUISER

A VIEW AFT THROUGH THE SCUTTLE OF THE FORWARD CONNING TOWER

We now rose alongside the cruiser and claimed her. Thankful we were, too, for the air inside was getting very foul. Nominally, we stowed enough for twenty-four hours without renewal, compressed air was also given off by the engines (which last I was not allowed to visit), we also carried material for the manufacture of oxygen—but good as these were, in *theory*, in actual practice they were far from satisfactory.

As our lieutenant put it—"three days of being at sea in the *Xn* would transform us all into corpses." Even this estimate seems to me excessive; twelve hours under water would be more than enough to my thinking.

Our mast was now run up again, and some ventilating tubes as well, and thus equipped, and so in comparative comfort, we returned towards harbour.

On our way thither, however, occurred what was, perhaps, the most extraordinary incident of the whole cruise. We cannot have been more than a couple of miles from the harbour mouth, and we were steaming gently along at some twenty feet under water, when our signal-bell began to ring violently. This was curious, in that no moving vessel was visible in the camera field; but while we were yet wondering about it, our lieutenant called out to look on the starboard bow. There, not a hundred feet away, was a huge indistinct form moving with us, a form so like our own that it might have been our own shadow.

"Another boat, by all that's sacred," cried the skipper, as he gave instant order for all the tubes to be drawn in. We had to rise to do this, and as we reached the surface we caught a glimpse of the mysterious stranger coming beneath us.

It was an exciting moment! Our strange companion might seize the opportunity to destroy us, as we, unable to watch him, floated helpless above. It seemed hours while the tubes were being run in, although, as a matter of fact. the thing was done in an inordinately short space of time. Before everything was made taut we were plumped under water and towards the stranger, which we soon sighted.

As we approached, he retreated, and for some ten minutes this strange encounter continued. We were without weapons to attack save our ram, whereas our possible enemy might have torpedoes for all we knew. "We'd better try and ram him," said the skipper, and with this object in view we strained our hardest after the stranger who, apparently divining our object, put on speed and disappeared, and we saw him no more.

"Perhaps it's another of our own submarine craft that the Admiralty are keeping up their sleeve, sir," said our lieutenant to the skipper.

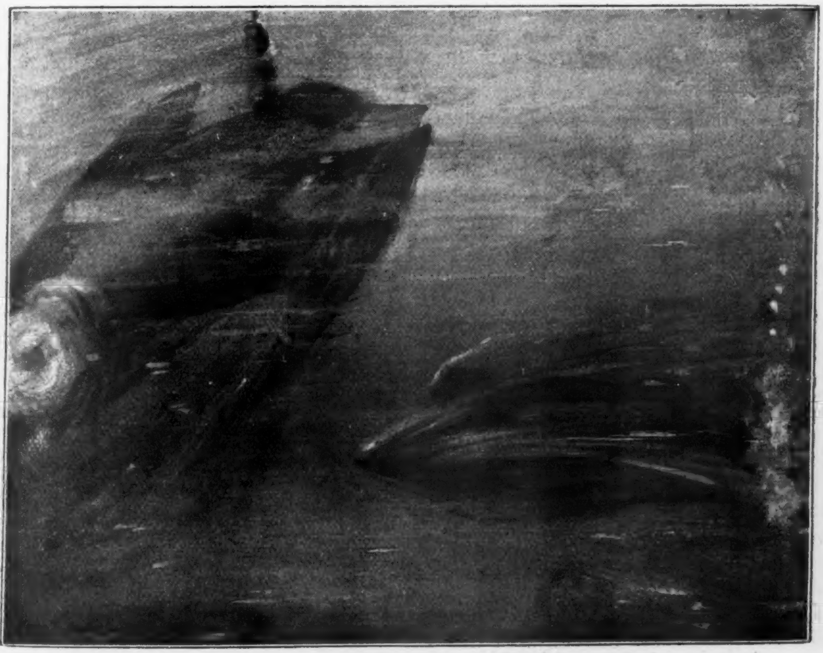
"I'd lay a hundred to one, 'tisn't," he replied, "and I am perfectly certain in my own mind that if the stranger wasn't a whale, it was a boat of some other nation watching our experiments, and possibly waiting a chance to torpedo us on the quiet. Anyway, nothing will induce me to go to sea again in this craft without some live torpedoes on board; then, if he follows us, I'll sink him without warning!"

"Poor whale," said I, laughing now that the danger was over.

"Whales don't generally swim about off ——," was the answer; "moreover, we went on the same sort of job ourselves not so very long ago, to make notes of the colour and shape of the bottoms of some ships of a foreign power."

So saying, he gave orders for us to resume the homeward voyage, and soon we were once more steaming up the harbour to our billet, which we found by means of our camera-obscura mast. As soon as it was quite dark we rose to the surface, and I made speedy tracks for shore.

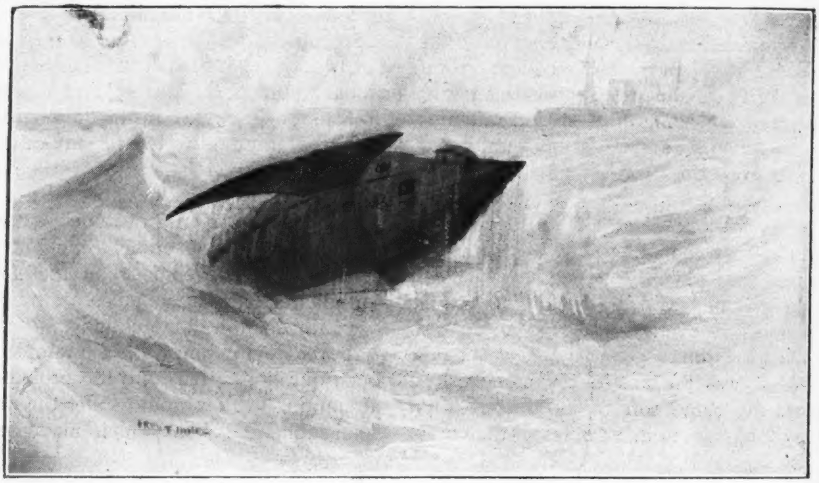
So much for submarine torpedo-boats. For breaking a blockade the menace of such a boat would be invaluable, and I hear that in some manœuvres in this direction she answered admirably; but for any other form of fighting little reliance can yet be placed in her. The difficulties of seeing under water, and the vagaries of the compass, have so far proved too serious, though I doubt not the day will come when these will be surmounted; and then, given a swift enough boat, we shall hear something. That they will ever do anything with the ram is a very open question. It is only too probable that, attempting it, they would suffer the fate of a semi-submarine boat which made such an



"It was an exciting moment!

attempt in the American Civil War—go into the hole they make and—*stay there.* Even if this were avoided, it would be impossible to ram without some internal injury to the boat, and a leaky submarine boat is, as our skipper put it, "a Pullman car ticket to the next world."

But by whatever means she attacks, when the *Xn* goes into action I had rather be somewhere else.



COMING ABOVE WATER

THE USE OF SCIENCE TO CHRISTIANS

THE RELATION OF SCIENCE TO THE SCRIPTURES

By EMMA MARIE CAILLARD

CONCLUDING PAPER

It will naturally be expected that the last of these little papers should be distinguished by a specially practical application, and should in some sort gather into a connected whole the fragments of truth which its predecessors have contained. With this end in view, we can choose no better subject for consideration than the relation of science to the Bible, that book of books which every Christian regards alike as a treasure-house of truth and a guide to his steps through the devious ways of this perplexing world. Can science be of any use to him in helping him to understand his Bible better? If we believe that all knowledge has its origin in God, that all human wisdom is a reflection of the light that lighteth every man coming into the world (and our Bible teaches us this), we shall certainly answer in the affirmative. Nothing that tells us more about Nature can help telling us more about God, if we believe in God, and therefore, without doubt, the study of natural science, like the study of history, ought to be a real assistance to us in the study of the Bible. It has not, however, generally been so considered, but has, on the contrary, often led to a disbelief in those great truths of God's government of the world, and of His love and care for men to which the Bible specially testifies. It behoves us to seek for the reasons of this anomaly, for it is an anomaly from the Christian point of view; and the one on which we shall specially dwell is the one for which Christians are specially answerable—viz., a misconception of the scope and teaching of the Bible itself.

Mere reflection on the manner in which a child's intelligence develops, on the way in which he has to *learn* even the simplest things about himself and the world in which he is living, the fact that when he attains manhood he has to study for himself any branch of knowledge which he desires really to understand and make his own, these and kindred considerations should lead us to infer that the inspired records will not tell man things which he can find out for himself. They are not intended to save him the trouble of thought and research, but to supplement the knowledge which he can thus acquire by other knowledge, or rather perhaps by affording the *basis* of other knowledge which is inaccessible to him by the usual methods. What revelation as a whole does for us is to extend the region of our experience, by supplying us with facts which observation of man and nature alone would not make apparent. The collection of books known as the *Bible*, contains the record of those facts, and an intimation of the way in which they affect man's relation both towards God and towards his fellows; as well as the most intense expressions of that thirst after God which is implanted in the human race, and the Divine response to which is found in the Gospel narrative; but the Bible does not contain scientific, *i.e.*, exact and accurate information with regard to natural processes, nor does it claim exemption from chronological error and historical uncertainties. Now, the mistake which Christians have made is to set up the Scriptures as the standard of scientific and historical as well as of spiritual truth, and the result has been disastrous, for it has compelled us either to shut our eyes to demonstrated facts, or to try and accept two contradictory sets of facts, which make the God of Truth appear in opposition to Himself. Nearly all the attempts to "reconcile" Scripture and science are founded on this fallacious supposition, that there is a contradiction more or less fundamental between them. But there is no such contradiction, and its appearance is only due to our ignorance and prejudice. We *will not* understand that inspiration, which is one of the chief organs of revelation, is human as well as divine: human in form, divine in content. We have this treasure in earthen vessels, and therefore we must not be surprised if it bears marks of earth as well as of heaven. God uses the mind of men, the language of men, the experience of men to convey to men spiritual truths of deep import. Now, a man is not an automaton. He does not deliver a message of any sort after the fashion of a printing-press or a type-writing machine, mechanically. In proportion as he is impressed by the importance of what he has to say, his whole moral and intellectual power is bent upon the saying of it truly, adequately, and convincingly. It is impossible, therefore, but that when he delivers a divine, that is an inspired message, it should show that it has passed through a living human soul, into and out of which it has burned its way. And surely but little reflection is needed to show us the wisdom of our Father in thus using not a mechanical process, but *men* to speak to men. Is it not just because the prophets and apostles of old were men of like passions with ourselves that they speak so directly and so evidently to our heart and reason? We feel that it was out of the strain and stress of life, out of their own bitter and joyful experience, that they learned to speak "as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." The very human infirmities which threaten sometimes to obscure the message, drive it home to us with greater weight and conviction. These men were as we are, and yet the Spirit of God spoke through them. Knowing what was in man, He used what was in man for human guidance and instruction.

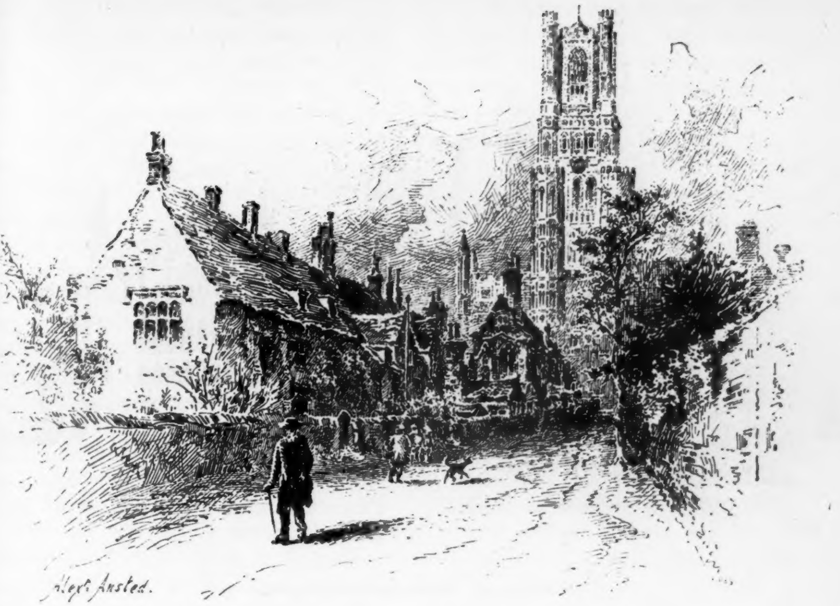
Much more might be said on this subject, but want of space forbids; the point to which these brief remarks are meant to lead is this: That if men with their human powers not in abeyance, but in full force, were the channels of Divine truth, then that truth must bear the marks of the intelligence which apprehended it, and the age in which it was given out. Consequently we cannot expect the writer of the Pentateuch to show the scientific knowledge of a Newton or a Huxley; nor the compilers of the Books of Kings and Chronicles, the historical acumen of a critic of the nineteenth century; nor the Apostles St. Paul and St. John the appreciation of the value of evidence of an English lawyer. Merely to state such extravagances savours of the ridiculous; and yet this is exactly what Christians too often venture to claim on behalf of the sacred writers, and what, taking Christians at their word, Agnostics challenge them to show. Of course they cannot do so, and, vainly trying to persuade themselves that they can, undermine the foundations of their own faith by their cowardice in facing truth. And yet in this, as in all cases, the truth would set them free. For granting:

(1) That there are numerous scientific errors in the Pentateuch, as many as the most rigorous search of the most exactingly scientific mind could discover, does that alter in the slightest degree the fact that the writer of those books had perceived and assimilated the mighty truth that nature and man in their entirety, *spiritual and material alike*, are of Divine origin, the outcome of the creative power and indwelling presence of the Divine Spirit?

Or (2) allowing the presence of many errors in the historical books of the Old Testament, is the recognition thereby prevented of the calling and election of the children of Israel from the earliest dawn of their history for the twofold purpose of exemplifying God's method of dealing with national missions, and of attaining to the conception of a pure and powerful monotheism, the fit precursor of the still higher revelation made in and by Christ?

Or (3) does the calm, strong assurance of the New Testament writers that the facts which they record, and on which they base their conduct and teaching, are simply and unequivocally true, carry less conviction to the mind than would do a kind of documentary evidence the drawing up of which in the days of the apostles and evangelists would have been an anachronism? If we think so, we are simply showing that such evidence, could it be procured, would be rejected by us. The same spirit which leads us to demand it, would lead us to see that miraculous testimony (for this would be miraculous testimony) must itself be miraculously supported, and so we might go on for ever. If the events recorded in the Gospels, and made the basis of all the teaching, doctrinal and practical, which we find in the rest of the New Testament, do not appeal to our sense of what befits God and is needful to man—in more technical language, if they present to our minds an *a priori* difficulty, so that we feel them to be antecedently *improbable*, no amount of documentary evidence, however unimpeachable, would convince us that they have occurred. We cannot receive such truths if we believe them to be in opposition to our own constitution and that of nature. What we need in that case is not the testimony of historical records, but the testimony of *experience;* a deeper insight into life, its meaning and its necessities, touched by the illuminating power of the Divine Spirit, who is the one unanswerable witness to the reality of the life of Christ.

If we have learned in this school, the Scriptures will speak to us as they were intended to speak, with Divine authority, but in a human voice. We shall not expect to find in them miraculous exemption from scientific and historical error, but an answer to spiritual needs; and then Science, instead of appearing to ignore and deride those deepest necessities of our nature, will be seen to corroborate and throw very real light on them, and on the expression which they find and the answer which they receive in the Old and New Testament Scriptures.


Alex. Ansted.

IN THE "COLLEGE," ELY

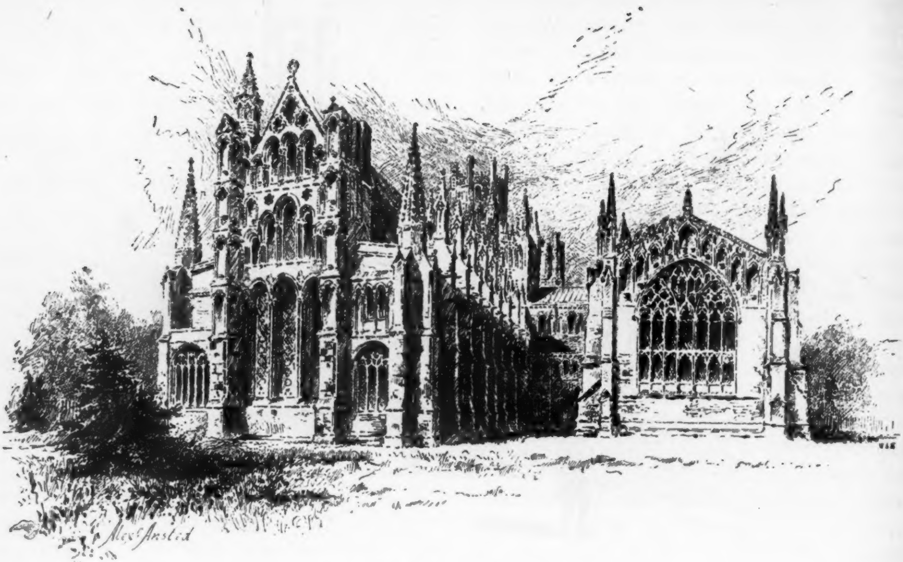
ELY CATHEDRAL

BY THE REV. CANON W. E. DICKSON, M.A.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEXANDER ANSTED

CONCLUDING PAPER

PROCEEDING to the east end, and passing along the north aisle of the choir, behind the stalls, we may note the pretty newel staircase leading up to the organ-loft. This is modern, and is imitated from a well-known example at the church of St. Maclou at Rouen. And now let us understand clearly the history of the cathedral as written in the arches, piers, windows, and vaults which are around and above us. The central tower, we have seen, fell in 1321, and its fall ruined the Norman choir, which had four bays, and was terminated by an eastern apse. But a century previous to this downfall, Bishop Hugh of Northwold (1229–1254) had removed this apse, and had extended or lengthened the Norman choir by six bays of most admirable design in the style of his period, the Early English or First Pointed, which had then superseded the Norman. About 1250, therefore, we should picture to ourselves a great Norman church, with an addition of six eastern bays in the new style, and with a lofty porch of two bays in the same style at the west end. Two styles, thus far, therefore, were nobly represented. But the tower fell eastward, utterly wrecking the Norman choir, and a third style, the Decorated or Edwardian, makes its appearance as a matter of course. Alan of Walsingham joined his Octagon to Northwold's Presbytery or retro-choir by three bays of lovely design and most elaborate workmanship, executed between the years 1345 and 1362. In these three exquisite bays the stalls, also designed by him, are now arranged, and a modern screen of oak, with brass grilles and gates, not unworthy of association with the old woodwork, closes in



THE EAST END AND LADY CHAPEL

the ritual choir, thus adapted in our own day to modern needs by the zeal, energy, and skill of George Peacock, dean, and George Gilbert Scott, architect, between the years 1845 and 1858.

At Lincoln, at Salisbury, at Amiens, at Chartres, at Reims, Wells, or Exeter, we have complete artistic conceptions, carried out for the most part in one style, and owing their incomparable grace and beauty to the general consistency of all their parts. At Ely, on the contrary, we have grace and beauty equally admirable, derived from quite a different source, namely, from comparison and even contrast between the several portions of the church; and happily the three styles may here be studied, each in a presentment of the highest order of excellence. The Presbytery is deemed by very competent judges to be absolutely perfect as well in its design as in its details. Mr. Beresford Hope says of it,* "Salisbury Cathedral is usually regarded as the typal church in England of the Lancet style . . . . but . . . . I should place the eastern portion of Ely Cathedral on a much higher level of beauty." We marvel as we reflect upon the amount of patient labour which must have been bestowed upon those clustered columns of Purbeck marble, now cleaned, repaired, and re-polished, boldly carved as to their capitals with profuse masses of foliage, and having the well-known curious ornament called the "dog-tooth" between the deep mouldings of the arches. The long corbels, or *culs-de-lampe*, which carry the vaulting-shafts, should be particularly noticed.

Bishop Northwold might well be proud of his work, and at the dedication feast (September 1252) he entertained magnificently King Henry III., his son the young Prince Edward, then about thirteen years of age, and a great number of nobles and prelates. The *menu*, or bill of fare, of some of the great feasts has come down to us. Fish and game figure largely among the dishes served up by the cooks of the Lord Bishop, assisted, no doubt, by those of the Lord Prior, whose establishment was on a sumptuous scale. (Prior Crauden, a century later, was wont to travel to London attended by a retinue of forty servants on horseback; and Bishop West, in 1515–1533, is said to have had more than one hundred servants in his pay.) The king and his son, arriving, no doubt, on horseback, though possibly by state-barge on the river, and attended by a train of knights and esquires, were met by the great Churchmen with their swarm of attendants, and were escorted to their quarters in the palace and abbey amid crowds of the citizens and villagers from all the country round. Such pageants—any pageants—were rare in quiet Ely, and it was fortunate for the purses of the abbot-bishops and priors that it was so, for the cost must have been enormous. The shrines of the sainted abbesses, Etheldreda, her sister Sexburga, and her niece Ermenilda, were translated with great pomp into the new building, and two specially rich bosses in the vaulting overhead, larger than the others, are believed to indicate the place of the shrines on the floor below.

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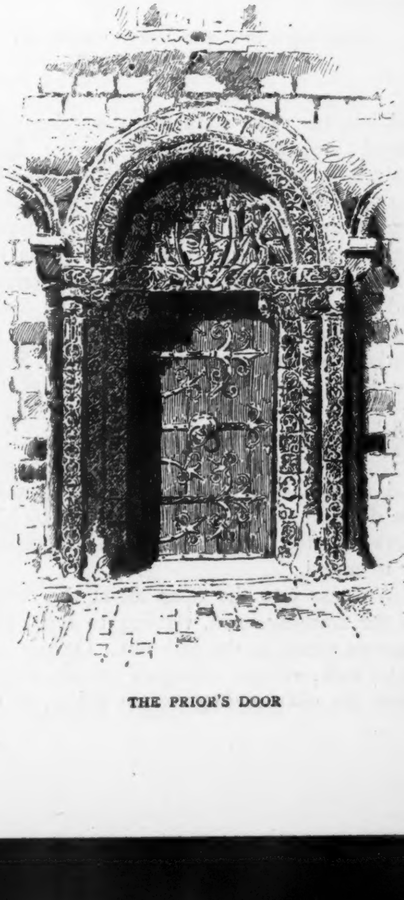
* "English Cathedrals," p. 36.

The limits of our space prevent us from lingering, but we should be quite inexcusable if we left the Presbytery without calling attention to a feature which distinguishes the Pointed styles at Ely from those styles as presented elsewhere, and from which they possibly derive a great part of their special charm. This feature, stated in two words, is the *lofty triforium*. "All Englishmen," says Mr. Hope,* "ought to know the grandeur of these [triforium] galleries at Ely and Peterborough." Again, "At Ely, the preservation of the triforium throughout the cathedral is one of its grandest features."† We owe this preservation of the lofty triforium in the eastern portions to the good sense and sound artistic feeling of Bishop Northwold's architect. The Norman choir, like the nave, had a triforial arcade equal, or nearly, in height to the main arcade below. When Northwold pulled down the apse and planned his superb Presbytery as a prolongation of that choir, he followed the Norman lines in the Early English work; and in his lower arcade, his triforium, and his clerestory, he copied the relative dimensions which his predecessors had laid down. Thus the Early English of Ely is an Early English built on Norman lines; a style peculiar to this cathedral, and dissimilar, in this important respect, to the Early English of Salisbury, of Lincoln, of Westminster, or of Wells.

That true artist, Alan, was not the man to despise the example thus set before him. Bold innovator and original thinker as he had proved himself to be by his octagon, he followed with implicit obedience the lines drawn by the rude Norman masons, and repeated by Northwold's men; and when the ruins of the choir had been cleared away he built his three exquisite decorated bays in strict alignment with the six bays of the Presbytery, only employing the more ornate and luscious, but less vigorous, style which belonged to his day. The foundations of the Norman apse, we will only add, exist under the pavement of the Presbytery; and two tall Norman piers of wide-jointed early masonry, which flanked the apse, were allowed to remain, and must be noticed by even a cursory observer, dividing, as they do, the work of Walsingham from that of Northwold.

Those who enter the Lady Chapel for the first time will probably be astonished by the exuberance of its ornamentation, surrounded, as it is, by sedilia or stone stalls of most elaborate design, profusely adorned with sculpture of a very high order of refinement



THE PRIOR'S DOOR

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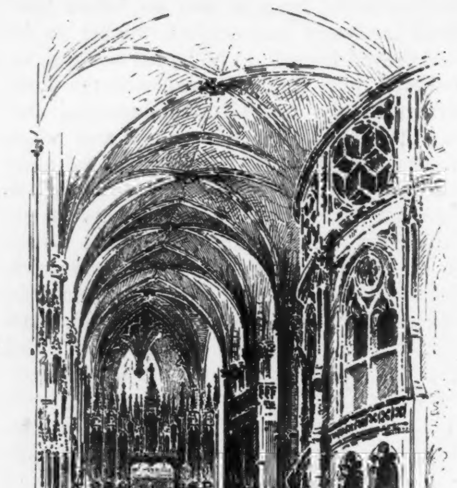
* P. 217.

† P. 215.



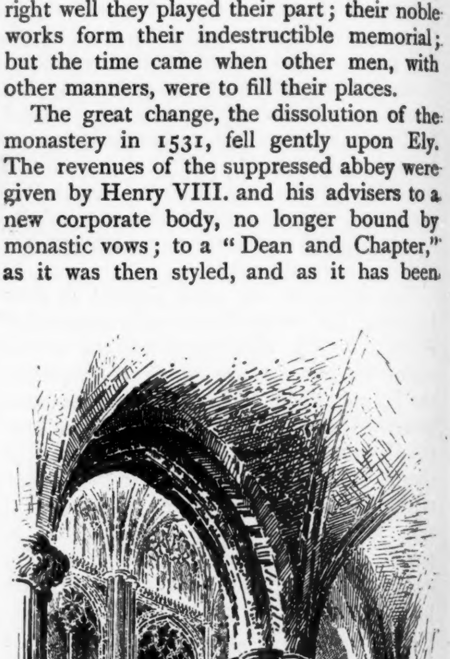
NORTH AISLE OF CHOIR AND STAIRCASE TO ORGAN-LOFT

and beauty. The statuettes throughout the chapel are, alas! headless, having been defaced by order of the Protector Somerset in 1547. It is vain to hope for the complete restoration of this gem of the Decorated period, begun in 1321, just before the fall of the tower, and continued, with energy and perseverance characteristic of the times, during twenty-eight busy and anxious years marked by vast and costly works. Since the Reformation it has been used as the church of the parish of the Holy Trinity in Ely, and we may rejoice that it is thus utilised, trusting that the days of apathy and negligence are quite gone by, in which the disfigurement of such a building by high pews and wretched benches could be approved or tolerated.

We pass into the open air at the corner of the transept, and, turning to our right, saunter round to the east end. On our left, as we walk, we have collegiate houses, altered from the old buildings of the abbey, or occupying their sites. One of these is said to have been the residence of Alan of Walsingham.

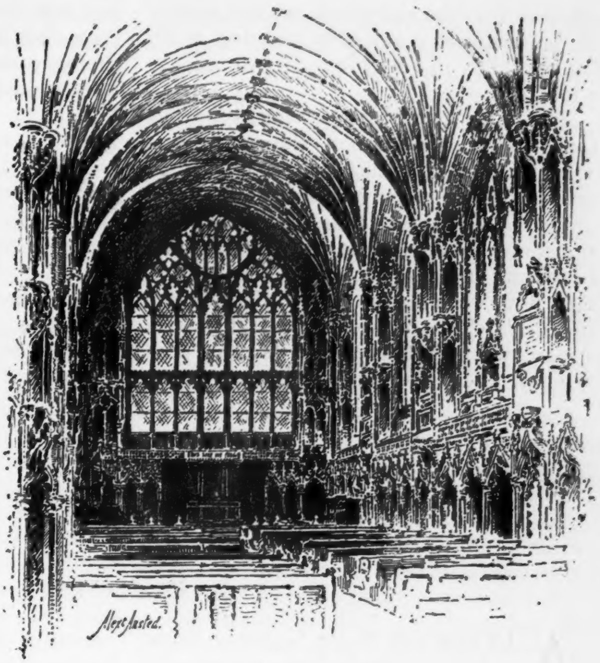
The abbey! The very word seems obsolete, as we hear the merry laughter of little children playing in the gardens of these houses. The grand old Churchmen, with their architects and masons, had their day; right well they played their part; their noble works form their indestructible memorial; but the time came when other men, with other manners, were to fill their places.

The great change, the dissolution of the monastery in 1531, fell gently upon Ely. The revenues of the suppressed abbey were given by Henry VIII. and his advisers to a new corporate body, no longer bound by monastic vows; to a "Dean and Chapter," as it was then styled, and as it has been



VIEW OF WALSINGHAM'S CHOIR, AS SEEN FROM THE NORTH AISLE styled ever since that day. The last prior became the first dean; of the first eight canons, three were senior monks; eight minor canons, eight lay-clerks or singing-men, two schoolmasters, an organist and singing-master, with servitors of various degrees, were supplied from the ranks of the junior and subordinate members of the abbey. To the citizens generally, the change must have been little more than nominal. No doubt the tenants on the abbey lands brought in their rents as they had ever done; it is believed, however, that the revenues had been much diminished by various causes; the state and dignity kept up by the old priors had long given place to more modest housekeeping. At the time of the Dissolution, the number of monks in residence within the precincts had fallen from seventy to fourteen, according to the estimate of some authorities. But the estates were sufficient to furnish adequate stipends for the working staff of the new collegiate establishment, and before the close of the sixteenth century the relations between "town" and "college" must have been adjusted nearly as in our own day.

But the reverent care bestowed upon the great church had come to an end. Bishop Goodrich, the last episcopal Lord Chancellor, a zealous promoter of the Reformation, carried out ruthlessly the injunctions of the Privy Council, which ordered that "from wall and window every picture, every image commemorative of saint or prophet or apostle shall be extirpated and put away, so that there shall remain no memory of the same." Happily the order was not always perfectly obeyed. The iconoclasts seem to have strangely missed, for instance, a most curious and interesting series of eight groups of sculpture, forming the corbels or bases of large niches adorning the eight main piers of the octagon. To this day, these bas-reliefs relate the legendary history of Queen Etheldreda to all who choose to read it.



THE LADY CHAPEL, ELY

Treated with consideration by Henry, Ely was fortunate indeed in receiving gentle treatment from Oliver Cromwell. The potent Protector had a soft corner in his stern and hard heart for the old city and its cathedral, for he had resided for some years in Ely, in a house known until recently as the "Cromwell Arms," and is said to have acted as a bailiff, or collector of rents, in early life, for the Dean and Chapter. There was no stabling of horses in the nave, or other gross profanation of the sacred building, as in many of the cathedrals. But the daily prayers were suspended in 1643–4, and it is probable that full choral service was not resumed until 1682, when a zealous and able musician, James Hawkins, was organist.

The See of Ely was filled, after this sad time, by a succession of learned and godly men; the Dean's stall was occupied by great scholars from the neighbouring university; but the fabric of the church, on which Northwold and Alan, Hotham, Crauden, Montacute, had lavished such loving care, was utterly neglected. Defoe, in his "Tour through the Islands of Great Britain," published early in the eighteenth century, speaks of the cathedral as evidently tottering to its fall, and likely in a very few years to become a total ruin.

This fate, however, was averted by the timely exertions of Bishop Mawson (1754–1770) and of Dean Allix (1730–1758); they called in the aid of James Essex, an ingenious and skilful builder or architect of Cambridge, under whose direction the most pressing and necesssary repairs were ably carried out. And now, when we attend the daily service in Alan's choir, or when we join the large congregation which assembles thrice on each Sunday, under the vault of his octagon, we may well be thankful that we have fallen upon days when loving care and generous gifts are once more lavished upon the church of Etheldreda.

In so brief a survey it has been impossible to refer to the many interesting objects, both ancient and modern, which the lover of Ely knows so well. The Prior's door is one of these. And if, as we depart, we turn near the gate-house, or "Ely Porta," to take a last look at the pretty park-like grounds of the collegiate precincts, we shall understand how it is that one charming view of a vanished world has ever been the delight of generations of artists.

LIFE IN BERLIN

By M. A. C.

ALTHOUGH Berlin is familiar to the travelling public, yet to many people who fancy they know it thoroughly, it is really full of surprises; unless one has lived in a German household, it can hardly be believed how different it is from an English *ménage*. To begin with, Berlin is a city of houses let in flats, which vary in elegance according to the rents. When the porter opens the wide street-door, often an illuminated text, such as "Peace be on this house," meets the eye. A flat of ten or twelve rooms on the Pariser Platz, close to the Brandenburg Thor, costs £1500 a year, and one in the elegant villas in the Thiergarten is as dear; while large flats in the neighbourhood of the Thiergarten bring in £300 to £600 a year. Even in the noisy Leipziger Strasse rich landed proprietors live above shops, in flats of eight or ten rooms, for which they pay over £300 a year. But there are self-contained houses in Berlin. Dear old Pfarr-Haüser in retired nooks speak of a time when ground was not so precious as it is now—one, in the Wilhelm Strasse, that street of palaces, being valued at £80,000 because of the large garden behind.

The first peep at a Berlin flat is disappointing—the lobbies, even of expensive ones, being often both small and dark. Another peculiarity is the number of sitting-rooms in proportion to the bedrooms. Let us describe two flats—the first, three steps up, in a terrace overlooking the Spree. The lobby is long, dark, and narrow. There are three salons opening off each other, one with a balcony; a dining-room behind, and two bedrooms, with kitchen and bed-closet, &c. The rent of this house is cheap at £103 a year, Should a visitor arrive, a bed is erected in the third salon; but the Berlin people say openly they do not wish "Logir besuch" as it is too expensive, and after we saw the demands made by German visitors we did not wonder. In a less fashionable part of Berlin we visited three ladies, two of them daughters of generals, who lived up three stairs, in a house of four rooms and kitchen for which they paid £50. There were two small salons opening off each other, a tiny dining-room behind, and one bedroom with three beds, where the ladies slept, opening off a dark lobby with hardly room to turn. But small as a room may be, every lady has her writing-table, with cabinet portraits of her dear ones and statuettes upon it, and no bedroom is without writing materials. Nevertheless, the internal arrangements of a German house do not come up to our ideas of "comfort"—a word much used in Germany.

As elsewhere abroad, the latest comer calls first, and as a day "at home" is not so common as with us, when a lady calls and hands in her card she is often kept waiting till the man finds whether his mistress can receive her or not, giving one the impression of having come at an inopportune time; and this is often the case, for ladies in society are so much in their dressing-gowns that they seldom receive callers. No bell is rung when the visitor rises to go, and the way has to be groped for alone—no easy task in the prevailing darkness. After a visit, invitations are expected to follow, and, consequently, visits are often paid before a ball is given. A countess told us that eighty gentlemen left their cards before a ball. On arriving for an entertainment one has only to cross the threshold to feel the difference of customs. In the often dimly lighted lobby, half-filled with ladies, gentlemen, and *dieners*, we have to unrobe and hang our cloaks on pegs. On telling a German lady how delightful it is with us to be shown into a bedroom, with blazing fire and mirrors, and maids to help, she said, "You would not get that in the Emperor's palace!"

The officers enter the salon with their richly braided caps in their hands, and their sabres clanking at their sides. With a low bow they salute their hostess, raising her hand to their lips, shake hands with the host, who unclasps their sabres and carries them and their caps into the lobby. At supper plates of *butterbrod* with anchovy sauce and caviare come first, to whet the appetite, then follow substantials and sweets, as with us. Afterwards, in the salon, coffee is handed round, then wines, and later, punch and cakes, and, last of all, coffee. German ladies take more wine than English ladies, few being teetotal. Table decorations are much plainer than with us, flowers being the exception, not the rule. At a small dinner in the house of a countess the ladies of the family were in tweeds, and at eight o'clock all readjourned to the dining-room, where we found a set tea, with eggs, ham, &c. In no case do they sit so long at dinner as with us. Even in the palace it lasts little over an hour, and the gentlemen retire with the ladies. After dinner, all shake hands round, wishing each other a good digestion (*gesegne die mahlzeit*), and let no one forget before leaving to give *trinkgeld* to the *diener*.

We heard an adjutant to a reigning prince speak with surprise of how beautifully English ladies dressed of an evening in their own houses in London. "They wear *ausgeschnittne* (low) dresses, and the gentlemen are in *frack*. At the operas it is the same—all in full dress," he said in a tone of surprise. In Berlin it is otherwise. The presentations at court take place at eight P.M., in the lovely rooms of the Schloss. After these, invitations to balls follow, and sometimes to a gala opera. That given two days after the Princess Margaret's marriage was a brilliant scene, so many crowned heads being present, not to speak of bride and bridegroom, and our own Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught. Berlin is rich in princes, from the prince who occupies a small floor with his man-servant to the Emperor's sister, Princess Meiningen, who has the low floor of a villa in the Thiergarten.

Among the upper classes, French is much spoken, while French novels are greatly read. A stranger is surprised at the enormous preponderance of military men, both on the street and in west-end drawing-rooms. "If a man is not in uniform he may be anything," said a German lady, that evidently being a voucher for his respectability.

Those who think Germans poor need but to come to Berlin to get their eyes opened. The money spent by people who go out in society is very great. Landed proprietors come pouring into town with their daughters; Silesia, "the fairest gem in Prussia's crown" according to Macaulay, sending a large contingent, among whom are a fair sprinkling of heiresses, for—as a popular leader in society said—"unless a girl has money, and a good deal of money, Berlin is not the place to bring her to to get a husband."

Happily, German ladies take it as a matter of course that officers must have moneyed wives; and sisters trying to get a wife with money for their brother first make sure of the amount to be put into the house fund! And it is easy to find this out; for a German girl will often tell, unasked, how much she has, and that, too, in the presence of unmarried men. They seem to be of the late Lord Beaconsfield's opinion, that a woman has no more right to resent being married for her money than for her beauty. In Berlin, a girl with three or four hundred a year is a very good *partie*, for upon six hundred a year it is possible to marry and keep two horses. But with officers' habits, their constant use of cabs, going to theatres, &c., it seems almost like poverty, or running in debt, which, alas! is too common. In Germany, as in France, parents, if able, settle two or three hundred a year on their daughters, to enable them to marry. In plainer circles, fathers furnish the house, and often pay the rent for some years; and it is good for the girl whose father can do this, for, incredible as it may appear, it tells against her greatly, even in the eyes of her family, in time to come, if she enters her husband's house empty-handed.

Fewer servants are kept than with us, for many couples going to court have only a cook and a *diener*, or man-servant. The cook helps her mistress to dress of an evening, mends the stockings, &c., all for from £10 to £18 a year, and has to work late and early. A general servant gets from £8 to £12 a year, but at Christmas they receive a dress, apron, &c. The wages of a man varies from £1 to £3 a month, with livery, but £1 10*s.* is a common wage with *trinkgeld*.

Germans of all classes spend a much larger proportion of their incomes outside the house than we do. When no company is expected the lobby gas is seldom lighted, and whoever opens the door carries a feeble light in his hand. Baroness Bunsen, after so many years' residence abroad, seemed surprised when visiting the Queen to find Windsor so thoroughly lighted and heated. The money spent on threatres, concerts, and the unfailing something to eat at all these places, would surprise many: "Am I to have no pleasure?" being a remark often heard in Germany. But perhaps it is unfair to judge from our English standpoint, seeing that King Leopold of Belgium, who knew England well, used to say that we did not know the meaning of the word "pleasure." "After some great fête, they will exclaim, with a sigh of relief, 'It went off very well!—glad to get it over,' like a piece of hard work." George Eliot corroborates this, when she speaks of a day's pleasuring as being the hardest of all work. But the Germans think differently. Indeed, to us they appear almost like children, finding such keen enjoyment in the present without troubling as to the future. And this childlike spirit is seen in their greatest men. "Conservez toujours votre cœur d'enfant, vour êtes le premier enfant de cinquante ans que j'ai jamais rencontré," said a distinguished Russian to Baron Bunsen on bidding him farewell. When the Berlin season is over many adjourn to Italy or Meran to recruit. To enable them to travel comfortably—and without that they would rather stay at home—landed proprietors often cut down some hundred pounds' worth of their grand old trees. But, as a rule, a month at a North Sea or Baltic bathing-place suffices, and even that is a costly outing.

In German households, where the washing is not given out, they generally wash their linen only once in three months, most ladies having *waesche* sufficient to keep them for a year. There is a large attic on the top of every house for drying clothes in winter.

And what of the German *hausfrau*, so long held up as a model to her English sister? Here, too, we find ourselves rather disillusioned. If she is a true *hausfrau* she is seldom anything else. The ladies of the upper classes have enough to do, going into society and sleeping afterwards far into the day, or arranging alterations in their toilettes (many having a dressmaker working almost constantly in the house), to do more than glance at the newspapers to see what is to be acted in theatre or opera. Middle-class ladies, again, are too immersed in household cares, trying to prevent the two ends of a small income from falling too wide apart at the end of the year, to be interested in anything outside the house, except their periodical outings. In a German household the wheels of the domestic machine seem never entirely out of sight, the *hausfrau* often entertaining her guests with the details of the *grosse waesche*, and not enlivening them with the humour Mrs. Carlyle would have brought to bear on the subject.

An Englishwoman prides herself in having things in perfect order without a word being said about it, while she is at leisure to enter into the interests of her husband and his friends; but German gentlemen rarely discuss politics or books with ladies. Few German ladies do their own marketing, so there is a constant sending out of servants on messages, as readers of the "Buchholy Family" are aware. In good houses the cook and manservant get money to pay for odds and ends, and when the lady lets the accounts run on for some days the confusion that occurs is most disagreeable, both parties thinking themselves cheated. Nothing is sent for till it is needed, so there is a constant running out for stamps, a pound of sugar, coffee, cakes, butter, half a pound of rice, all at different times. In time we learned that distrust of servants was the secret of this remarkable way of housekeeping, although with their system of locking up everything we thought it unnecessary. And this suspicion is universal. If a woman's position is inferior in Germany to what it is in England, that of servants is especially bad. There service seems almost a species of serfdom, and it is painful to witness the willingness with which the most unreasonable demands are performed among the upper classes. In Hans Andersen's novel of "Two Baronesses" this feeling is forcibly pictured. In short, an Englishwoman keeps house more with her head, and says less about it than a German woman, and the result is much more satisfactory. And a German lady would need to be a good manager, for with high rents and food dear it is not easy to live nowadays. Sugar is 4*d.* per pound, tea very expensive, salt 1*d.*, Keillar's pound pot of marmalade 1*s.* 6*d.*, soap very dear; bread, too, is often dear. When flour rises in price, instead of raising the price of the loaf it becomes smaller, hence one often hears the lamentation, "How small the loaf is becoming!"

The dog-tax in Berlin is £1; thus the German proverb "Gedanken sind zoll-frei" has a peculiar significance, for really thoughts are about the only things which are not taxed.

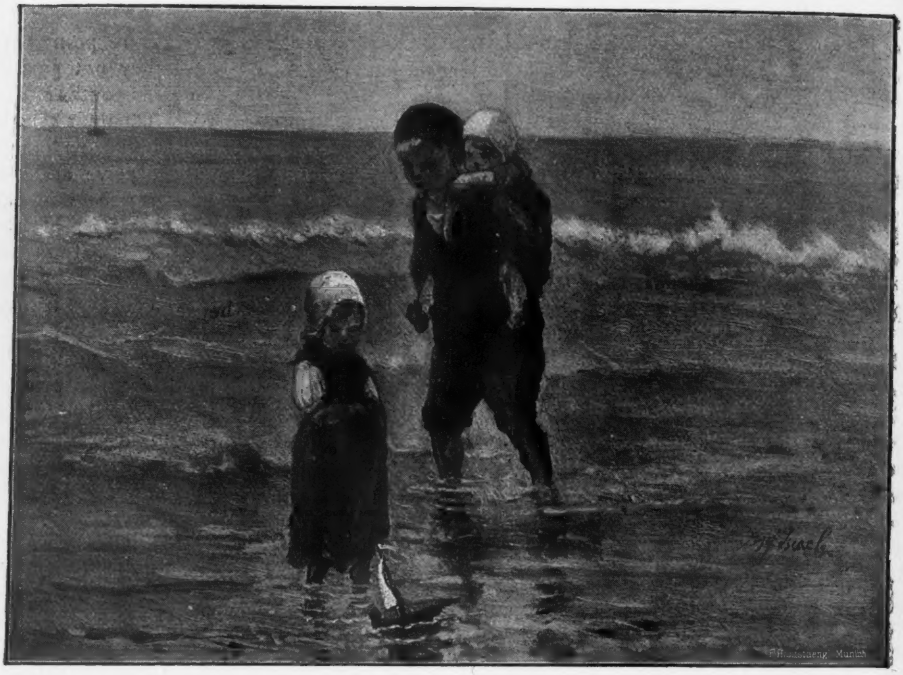
Germany is poorer to-day than before the last war. Great success brings its cares with it. Prussia's growth within the last forty years has been beyond the dreams of its greatest statesmen, so that we can almost excuse the complacency with which Germans let the English know the superiority of their soldiers: "We, at least, can fight!"

Our Indian Empire is a sore point with Germans, for what would they not give to have such an opening for their youths? The difficulty of finding careers for their sons is becoming very serious. Fathers have to support them till they are twenty-five at least, for what with two years' service and not leaving school till they are nineteen, they are very late in beginning professional studies. They are often thirty before they become self-supporting, and it is a heavy tax on parents with small means.

Incongruous as it may appear, along with the German's high opinion of their own prowess and success, there is a widespread feeling of insecurity, and doubts as to the stability of things. They think the French will never rest till they have avenged themselves for '70 and '71. Their Eastern neighbour is also a source of uneasiness to them, so it is little wonder if the idea of a war with additional taxation strikes dismay into the hearts of an already overtaxed people; and, contradictory as it appears, they are for the same reason, as well as for more patriotic ones, willing to pay any taxes for the support of their enormous army.

A few months' sojourn in Berlin makes one appreciate the freedom enjoyed by all in England.

We do not describe how they spend their Sundays in Berlin, seeing that there is a movement all over Germany to get back the day of rest. This is no easy task, but the Emperor is doing all he can to prevent reviews, &c., on that day, and he and the Empress are making every effort to provide sufficient church accommodation for their very under-churched capital.



(From the painting by Josef Israels, in the possession of A. J. Kirkpatrick, Esq.)

THE VIKING BABES

THIS little bay is the great blue sea
That runs right under the world;
And this little ship, with its crew of three,
Is a magic schooner, all sails unfurled,
Ready to sail for a year and a day
Into the sunset, and far away
To the wonderland under the world.

For it's yo, heave ho!
And the anchor's a-peak, and the sheets are astrain
To the Fortunate Isles, and the Spanish Main,
And the land where the Bong-trees grow.

These little chits are the latest born
Of Vikings who ringed the world;
And this summer dream, in the earth's new morn,
Is a gleam from sails which the race unfurled,
Ready to venture a year and a day
Into the sunset, and far away
To the wonderland under the world.

Oh, it's yo, heave ho!
And the anchor's a-peak, and the sheets are astrain
To the Fortunate Isles, and the Spanish Main,
And the land where the Bong-trees grow.

GEOFFREY WINTERWOOD.

FROM WEST TO EAST

By the Rev. Prebendary E. A. EARDLEY-WILMOT, M.A.

"STUPENDOUS as are its burdens and its problems," says one who has lately given, with a graphic pen, pictures of 'life as it is lived to-day in London's vast eastern hemisphere,' "never did the great world which we call East London present such inspiring aspects or so fascinate the social and religious worker as it does to-day." * This is true, not of East London alone, but of those outlying parts of the great Metropolis which form the ever-extending fringe of what, forty years ago, used to be known as London. There are probably no localities in any of our great centres of population where the Christian Social Worker is confronted with more varying conditions and more perplexing problems than in these parts of the greatest city in the world. North, south, east and west, turn which way you will, there are vast and increasing populations, each with its own special characteristics and requirements, whose spiritual and social condition demands the earnest care of the Church of Christ. It may be true, it possibly is, that with regard to social and religious work, "the future is with the religious body which can best solve the problem how the masses can be retained within the range of Christian influence"; but the duty of at least making the effort to retain them, is the prerogative of no "religious body" exclusively. It is a question which is quite outside the range of sectarian rivalry, for it belongs to the body of Christ, as a whole, which is one though it has many members. A glad and hopeful feature of Christian work in these days is that this duty is recognised; and that wherever the masses are gathered, every effort is made to exhibit the humane as well as the spiritual aspect of our holy faith, and so to win, body, soul, and spirit, for Christ, those whose lives are hard, whose surroundings are unfavourable, and whose temptations are many.

The hope that it may encourage those who are already working so devotedly and earnestly, and stimulate others to take up an enterprise so encouraging, prompts the telling of the story of a very humble but very happy work that is going on in that corner of "London's vast Eastern Hemisphere" called Whitechapel. One of the most interesting and characteristic districts of a locality which abounds in interest for the observer of life and its changes, while it presents continually shifting conditions of Christian work. A contrast is sometimes drawn between the "squalid East," and the "magnificent and luxurious West." A contrast, there is no doubt; though the fitness of the epithet in either case may be open to question. The East is not by any means all "squalid," nor is the West continuously "magnificent"; Kensington and Whitechapel are strangely alike in some respects; indeed it must be admitted that for respectability Whitechapel has the advantage over "the Western Avernus," as part of North Kensington has lately been called. But still a contrast does meet the eye and the ear of the most unobservant passer-by from the one to the other. South Kensington and Whitechapel *are* almost like different hemispheres. Yet how closely are they linked together! Community of faith, of hope, of interest, and even of pursuit, in all that makes life real, and putting on one side the mere accidents of outward surroundings. And this is, we believe, being more and more felt both in East and West. The leisure of the one is taking cognisance of the work of the other. The residential West is stretching out its hands with a friendly grasp of sympathy and cheer to the brothers and sisters in the commercial East, where "the buoyancy of the rising tide, and the energy of the younger life," is felt with a strange and keen reality.

But now for our simple story. One result of a mission held in the parish of X. some ten years ago, in connection with the London General Mission, was the establishing a link between the East and West, by giving direct pecuniary aid and systematic personal work to a parish in East London. This was followed two or three years later by the founding of a Club for Factory Girls in the Parish of St. Mary's, Whitechapel. The work was inaugurated with a tea and entertainment, with addresses from the then Vicar of X., and the then Rector of Whitechapel, on the 22nd October 1890, and has continued ever since. The Club meets three or four nights every week, in one of the schoolrooms connected with St. Mary's Parish. Not very attractive premises, nor by any means the most convenient for the purpose, but still up to the present the best that could be obtained. Each evening that the Club is open a band of workers from "the luxurious West" go down by London's great underground thoroughfare, a thirty-five minutes' journey each way, getting home generally about eleven o'clock. Each band has its allotted evening and its particular work. This has gone on now for six years with unfailing regularity, and pleasant indeed is it to notice not only how the work is beginning to tell, but how the enthusiasm and devotion of the workers is maintained. Truly a fire of sacred love has been kindled, which lights the way from West to East, and warms hearts at either end. But the workers shall speak for themselves, in a "Retrospect" that has lately been drawn up by two of the leaders; one of whom, must we say alas! or should we not rather say "thank God," is about to devote herself and her powers to God in the Foreign Mission Field.

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* "East London," by Henry Walker, R.T.S.

"What should we do without the Club?" is a remark we often hear, varied in July, when the Club closes for the summer holidays, by the unanimous question, "How are we going to spend our evenings till we can come back here again?" Our kind friends, whose substantial aid has saved the work from the pecuniary difficulties which so often beset such efforts, have perhaps little idea of the freshness and happiness which they have helped to bring into many monotonous lives. One girl on being asked how she amused herself before she came to the Club answered, "We don't remember anything about that time—we've only lived since we came here." And so we hope that to many these evenings have brought new thoughts and aims which neither the narrow limits of an East End home nor the grey walls of a factory can shut in or darken.

It is five years since our Club was first opened, and its success in that short time has been far greater than we had ever dared to hope. The girls themselves recall now, with some amusement, their own behaviour in the early days of the Club. Games often ended in a confused mass of girls struggling on the floor; the short prayers, with which the evening closed, were interrupted by all sorts of strange noises; and specially restive maidens had often to be held steady in their chairs; whilst all over was a scene of noisy mirth, rounds of applause greeting the names of well-known "Pavilion" actresses, which the girls had given instead of their own. Such good-humour and friendliness, however, accompanied the general disorder, that we felt sure that we should in time overcome it. The real difficulties lay deeper. For example, a factory girl (an untamed one) has the same views about fighting as a schoolboy; if she refuses to take up a challenge she is stigmatised as a coward. And the system is so fully recognised, that it was some time before we could persuade even the more respectable girls that it was degrading as well as wrong. To appeal to a religious sense was useless, for, in nearly all cases, it was as yet undeveloped. Gradually, however, a change set in, first in dress and then in manners. The one great rule of the Club, that all members should behave "like ladies," ceased to be a dead letter. Good, honest and unselfish, as many of them were, we had found them at first ignorant of the simplest Christian faith and practice, whilst the Bible and Prayer-Book were to them closed volumes; and this not from deliberate choice, but because such things had never entered into their thoughts or lives. We persuaded a few to come to church; and though at first their sole reason was to go with us, they soon came for a better motive. There is now an average attendance of twenty girls in the pews reserved for them in St. Mary's Church every Sunday evening. In 1893 five girls decided to be confirmed. Confirmation is no light matter in Whitechapel, and a girl who presents herself for it knows that she will be "a city set on a hill," that many eyes will watch her life, and that even the worst of her companions will expect her to conform to a high standard; whilst the least lapse into her old ways or language will bring on her at once taunts of her Christian profession. "Religion isn't in talk, it's in the life," said one of our girls once. As a guard against hypocrisy this spirit is excellent, but it causes many to hold back from confirmation, fearing, as they themselves express it, that they "ain't good enough" for what it entails. Nevertheless our first five candidates were followed by five more in 1894 and by eleven in 1895.

We believe, however, that the best influence of the Club is little known or guessed by us. An instance of this occurred some time ago. A. C.—"Comic Cuts" the girls called her—was one of our most undisciplined members. She was scolded, and even occasionally expelled, with absolutely no effect. Yet we knew that she worked like a little slave for her family; and one evening when she fainted we discovered that she had tasted no food all day, while the biscuits given her at the Club were in her pocket for the hungry children at home. She was taken ill with peritonitis, and a message sent to tell us was never delivered, so that as days of agony passed and no one visited her, her great trouble was that "now the ladies had forgotten her, and no one cared." She was taken to the London Hospital to die, and there, at last, we found her. Never can we forget the scene as, watching in the quiet ward at midnight, we listened to her half-conscious words, in which the Club was again and again mentioned. Once she woke to tell her mother that the Club was heaven: it was pathetic that our dingy rooms should form her best idea of that. She died that night, crying that she was "coming," to a call which those around her could not hear. Afterwards her mother told us how she had often come home and said she wished she could die and go to the heaven she had been hearing of at the Club, for her life was full of weariness and hard work. Though very ignorant and rough, we cannot doubt that the little untrained soul entered the Light she longed for.

Another encouraging story was of one of our members who was ill in hospital. The sister of the ward told a lady who visited her: "I don't know where she comes from, but there is no doubt of the influence she has been under; she is the only patient in the whole ward who kneels down to say her prayers."

Some of our elder girls go regularly twice a week to help at mission services, held in one of the back courts of St. Mary's Parish, where they form the choir and keep the children in order. They have now for three years given a tea at Christmas to sixty of these children; their own money defrays the greater part of the cost, and they dress dolls themselves for each little girl who is invited. The Club is now open on four evenings in the week:

Monday.—Sewing, savings bank, and games.

Wednesday.—Patch-work, painting, and games.

Thursday.—Musical drill, knitting class, and library.

Friday.—(Educational.) Lecture and singing, basket-making, and brush-painting classes.

There is also a Bible class held for elder girls on Fridays and for juniors on Mondays. A fairly regular attendance from October to December is rewarded by an invitation to the Christmas dinner and entertainment in X. church-room; and the same from January to June ends in a very long and delightful day at Fay Gate, where the kind friends who give us their hospitality do all that can be done to make the girls perfectly happy. Besides this, between thirty and forty girls go every summer to the sea or country for one or two weeks. They pay their own board, whilst the Club fund provides railway fares.

There is indeed much cause for thankfulness in the past and hopefulness in the future, but it would be untrue to deny that the work has its very seamy side. So far, all our attempts to place girls in domestic service have been failures. Again, girls from whom we hope much often disappoint us, and go back to the old ways and companions just when we think they are free of them. The temptations, too, with which they are surrounded are so awful. Last year two very sad stories came to our knowledge which showed us that we must increase the efforts we are already making to set up absolute purity of life as the only standard for our girls. Such facts as these force us every year into a firmer conviction that it is only in a deepening of the spiritual side of our work that we can hope to attain any real results. If we depended only on our own efforts we might well despair; the thread of personal influence snaps so easily before the strength of temptation and the weakness of human nature. But, "if God is for us, who then can be against us?"

Our account may close with a few words written by the Rector of Whitechapel in 1891, words which were an encouragement tainment, with addresses from the then Vicar of X., and the then Rector of Whitechapel, on the 22nd October 1890, and has continued ever since. The Club meets three or four nights every week, in one of the schoolrooms connected with St. Mary's Parish. Not very attractive premises, nor by any means the most convenient for the purpose, but still up to the present the best that could be obtained. Each evening that the Club is open a band of workers from "the luxurious West" go down by London's great underground thoroughfare, a thirty-five minutes' journey each way, getting home generally about eleven o'clock. Each band has its allotted evening and its particular work. This has gone on now for six years with unfailing regularity, and pleasant indeed is it to notice not only how the work is beginning to tell, but how the enthusiasm and devotion of the workers is maintained. Truly a fire of sacred love has been kindled, which lights the way from West to East, and warms hearts at either end. But the workers shall speak for themselves, in a "Retrospect" that has lately been drawn up by two of the leaders; one of whom, must we say alas! or should we not rather say "thank God," is about to devote herself and her powers to God in the Foreign Mission Field.

"What should we do without the Club?" is a remark we often hear, varied in July, when the Club closes for the summer holidays, by the unanimous question, "How are we going to spend our evenings till we can come back here again?" Our kind friends, whose substantial aid has saved the work from the pecuniary difficulties which so often beset such efforts, have perhaps little idea of the freshness and happiness which they have helped to bring into many monotonous lives. One girl on being asked how she amused herself before she came to the Club answered, "We don't remember anything about that time—we've only lived since we came here." And so we hope that to many these evenings have brought new thoughts and aims which neither the narrow limits of an East End home nor the grey walls of a factory can shut in or darken.

It is five years since our Club was first opened, and its success in that short time has been far greater than we had ever dared to hope. The girls themselves recall now, with some amusement, their own behaviour in the early days of the Club. Games often ended in a confused mass of girls struggling on the floor; the short prayers, with which the evening closed, were interrupted by all sorts of strange noises; and specially restive maidens had often to be held steady in their chairs; whilst all over was a scene of noisy mirth, rounds of applause greeting the names of well-known "Pavilion" actresses, which the girls had given instead of their own. Such good-humour and friendliness, however, accompanied the general disorder, that we felt sure that we should in time overcome it. The real difficulties lay deeper. For example, a factory girl (an untamed one) has the same views about fighting as a schoolboy; if she refuses to take up a challenge she is stigmatised as a coward. And the system is so fully recognised, that it was some time before we could persuade even the more respectable girls that it was degrading as well as wrong. To appeal to a religious sense was useless, for, in nearly all cases, it was as yet undeveloped. Gradually, however, a change set in, first in dress and then in manners. The one great rule of the Club, that all members should behave "like ladies," ceased to be a dead letter. Good, honest and unselfish, as many of them were, we had found them at first ignorant of the simplest Christian faith and practice, whilst the Bible and Prayer-Book were to them closed volumes; and this not from deliberate choice, but because such things had never entered into their thoughts or lives. We persuaded a few to come to church; and though at first their sole reason was to go with us, they soon came for a better motive. There is now an average attendance of twenty girls in the pews reserved for them in St. Mary's Church every Sunday evening. In 1893 five girls decided to be confirmed. Confirmation is no light matter in Whitechapel, and a girl who presents herself for it knows that she will be "a city set on a hill," that many eyes will watch her life, and that even the worst of her companions will expect her to conform to a high standard; whilst the least lapse into her old ways or language will bring on her at once taunts of her Christian profession. "Religion isn't in talk, it's in the life," said one of our girls once. As a guard against hypocrisy this spirit is excellent, but it causes many to hold back from confirmation, fearing, as they themselves express it, that they "ain't good enough" for what it entails. Nevertheless our first five candidates were followed by five more in 1894 and by eleven in 1895.

We believe, however, that the best influence of the Club is little known or guessed by us. An instance of this occurred some time ago. A. C.—"Comic Cuts" the girls called her—was one of our most undisciplined members. She was scolded, and even occasionally expelled, with absolutely no effect. Yet we knew that she worked like a little slave for her family; and one evening when she fainted we discovered that she had tasted no food all day, while the biscuits given her at the Club were in her pocket for the hungry children at home. She was taken ill with peritonitis, and a message sent to tell us was never delivered, so that as days of agony passed and no one visited her, her great trouble was that "now the ladies had forgotten her, and no one cared." She was taken to the London Hospital to die, and there, at last, we found her. Never can we forget the scene as, watching in the quiet ward at midnight, we listened to her half-conscious words, in which the Club was again and again mentioned. Once she woke to tell her mother that the Club was heaven: it was pathetic that our dingy rooms should form her best idea of that. She died that night, crying that she was "coming," to a call which those around her could not hear. Afterwards her mother told us how she had often come home and said she wished she could die and go to the heaven she had been hearing of at the Club, for her life was full of weariness and hard work. Though very ignorant and rough, we cannot doubt that the little untrained soul entered the Light she longed for.

Another encouraging story was of one of our members who was ill in hospital. The sister of the ward told a lady who visited her: "I don't know where she comes from, but there is no doubt of the influence she has been under; she is the only patient in the whole ward who kneels down to say her prayers."

Some of our elder girls go regularly twice a week to help at mission services, held in one of the back courts of St. Mary's Parish, where they form the choir and keep the children in order. They have now for three years given a tea at Christmas to sixty of these children; their own money defrays the greater part of the cost, and they dress dolls themselves for each little girl who is invited. The Club is now open on four evenings in the week:

Monday.—Sewing, savings bank, and games.

Wednesday.—Patch-work, painting, and games.

Thursday.—Musical drill, knitting class, and library.

Friday.—(Educational.) Lecture and singing, basket-making, and brush-painting classes.

There is also a Bible class held for elder girls on Fridays and for juniors on Mondays. A fairly regular attendance from October to December is rewarded by an invitation to the Christmas dinner and entertainment in X. church-room; and the same from January to June ends in a very long and delightful day at Fay Gate, where the kind friends who give us their hospitality do all that can be done to make the girls perfectly happy. Besides this, between thirty and forty girls go every summer to the sea or country for one or two weeks. They pay their own board, whilst the Club fund provides railway fares.

There is indeed much cause for thankfulness in the past and hopefulness in the future, but it would be untrue to deny that the work has its very seamy side. So far, all our attempts to place girls in domestic service have been failures. Again, girls from whom we hope much often disappoint us, and go back to the old ways and companions just when we think they are free of them. The temptations, too, with which they are surrounded are so awful. Last year two very sad stories came to our knowledge which showed us that we must increase the efforts we are already making to set up absolute purity of life as the only standard for our girls. Such facts as these force us every year into a firmer conviction that it is only in a deepening of the spiritual side of our work that we can hope to attain any real results. If we depended only on our own efforts we might well despair; the thread of personal influence snaps so easily before the strength of temptation and the weakness of human nature. But, "if God is for us, who then can be against us?"

Our account may close with a few words written by the Rector of Whitechapel in 1891, words which were an encouragement to all concerned in the work, and a stimulus to further efforts:

"Amidst the signs of hopefulness in our Church at the present time, we must place the interest, and that a very real one, taken by rich parishes in those which are worse off. I say the interest is a real one, for it does not consist in getting an offertory on the Sunday, and then dismissing the responsibility for another year; at least, it is not so with the parish of X., which does not do all its work by deputy. A goodly number of ladies come down to visit the districts, and to take classes amongst the girls working in the huge factories in our parish. To them I am most thankful. It is something for these girls to feel for themselves, and to be able to go and spread about amongst their friends and companions in ever-widening circles the fact that they have in these ladies *real* friends, who take a genuine interest in them. It is something that street after street, inhabited by the poorest of our poor, and some, alas! most degraded, should be visited conscientiously and regularly, in no spirit of condescension, but of the most unfeigned love, by ladies of culture and refinement. It is impossible to measure the good effect of all these manifold acts of kindness: they most effectually contradict the statements interested people make, that the rich care not for the poor. In this way alone the work of these ladies must do good; and I am glad to learn from the authority of the head of one of these factories that the blessing of God is resting on their labours, and that manifestly. That it always rests on work done for God's glory we can never doubt, but we are not always permitted to see it. In this case, however, the fruit is already visible. Surely it must have been no slight change that had taken place when the head of a firm, where 500 girls work, came forward to thank the ladies, to say distinctly of one and another that 'she was a changed girl,' and to 'wish that *all* his girls were under their charge.'"

May God speed the work, and strengthen every link that binds West to East and East to West, in this great London!

HANDEL'S ENGLISH EXPERIENCE AND INFLUENCE

BY FREDERICK J. CROWEST

IT was in 1712 that this great German musician took up his permanent abode in England, until in 1759 he died and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Music in England was at a low ebb; and the coming of this noble missionary of music proved of vital import. The quaint beauty of the madrigalist's art of the Elizabethan period, with the simple solemnity of the ecclesiastical music of that productive art age, were all but forgotten. Even in the cathedral establishments, the voice of Gibbon, Blow, and Purcell was still. The troublous times of Charles I. and the fury of the Puritans had brought music to a sad condition in England. The Restoration with its light and frivolous Church music which Charles II. patronised, together with flimsy masques, did little to repair the mischief.

At this crisis came Handel—the deliverer. His presence was immediately felt—his genius and art-command taking him at once to the front in musical work. The "Orpheus of the Age," his counsel and assistance were sought in every matter of importance which concerned his art. Thus he became a great favourite at the English Court, and was selected to write the Birthday Ode for Queen Anne. Later on he composed the Utrecht *Te Deum*, which was performed on July 7, 1713, at St. Paul's Cathedral.

The accession of the House of Brunswick found Handel in a plight. He had run away from his master, the Elector of Hanover: now that same Elector was to be king of England as George I. The prospect was unpromising, but was eventually remedied. In the summer of 1715 there was to be a royal water-party on the Thames, and Handel was made responsible for the music. Among other items he composed the "Water Music," which so pleased the king that he forgave him. In 1717 the Duke of Chandos engaged him for his

Chapel at Canons. At once the services became attractive, and on Sundays the road was crowded with fine folk, some on foot and others in their equipages all going to hear "Mr. Handel play on the organ." Here Handel remained until 1720, furnishing betimes a foretaste of his remarkable creative powers in such excellent works as the "'Chandos' Anthems," "Esther," an oratorio; and the serenata "Acis and Galatea"—the latter thoroughly Handelian, especially in its songs.

With the year 1721 Handel became associated with opera in earnest. Italian opera had been introduced here as early as 1706, when "Arsinoe" was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, with English words. It being deemed too great a jump from such native operas as Lock's "Psyche," the masques of Lawes, and Purcell's "Dido and Æneas," to an art-form the language even of which was not understood! "Rinaldo," composed in the short space of fourteen days, and produced at the Haymarket Theatre on February 24, 1711—during a previous visit of Handel's—had given the public a taste of his dramatic music.

Sharing in the growing desire for this art-novelty, a section of the English nobility were anxious to establish Italian opera here, and Handel was selected, and vested with full powers to "run" the venture which had for its absurd title "The Royal Academy of Music." In quick succession he composed "Radamisto," "Muzio Scevola," "Floridante," "Ottone," "Flavio," "Giulio Cesare," "Tamerlane," "Rodelinda," "Scipio," "Alessandro," "Admetto," "Ricardo Primo," "Siroe," and "Tolomeo." The scheme did not succeed, owing mainly to the petty jealousies and bickerings of the principal singers; a condition of affairs which Handel's want of tact only intensified. His method was to take a turbulent songstress, who had disregarded his instructions, by the waist and threaten to throw her out of "de vindow."

In 1729 another opera scheme was afloat—this time between Handel and Heidegger (the latter known in theatre annals as the ugliest man in Europe). For this enterprise the persevering musician found new performers, and composed new operas—"Lothario,""Parthenope,""Porus,""Ætius," "Sosarme," and "Orlando." Here was another failure. Undaunted, Handel essayed yet a third operatic venture, in spite of a determined opposition from a section of the aristocracy and many of his old Italian singers who were sworn to ruin him. He secured fresh artists from Italy, wrote "Semiramis," "Arbaces," "Ariadne," "Pastor Fido," "Dido," "Berenice," "Xerxes," and "Alexander's Feast"; and put £10,000 of his savings into the concern. Another failure—and the strong man was finally driven to the Bankruptcy Court. Shattered in body and mind, with his money gone, Handel fled to Aix-la-Chapelle. This was in 1737, when his enemies thought him effectually crushed.

But they had not seen the true Handel. His resolution was the dominating feature of his character and enabled him at this extreme moment to rise superior to his misfortunes. He had battled with Opera and had been beaten; manfully he turned away from dramatic art for ever. If he could not win the ear of the aristocracy with his operas, there yet remained the great English middle class who had listened attentively to his sacred music, and with this thought he resolved upon trying Oratorio. Thus we got those grand masterpieces which altered the whole aspect of music in England, and affected the tone art of the universe.

"Saul" was composed and produced with marked success at the Haymarket Theatre in 1739. Then with that prodigious fertility which enabled the master to write no less than forty-two operas, there followed in rapid succession "Israel in Egypt" (1739), the "Ode to St. Cecilia's Day" and "L'Allegro ed Il Penseroso" (1740), that masterpiece of all *oratorii*, "The Messiah" (1741), "Samson" (1743), "Joseph" (1744), "Judas Maccabæus" (1747), "Joshua" (1747), "Solomon" (1748), "Theodora" (1749), "Jephtha" (1751), and several others. Of these, "The Messiah," "Israel in Egypt," "Judas Maccabæus," and "Jephtha," have never ceased to be heard in this country from the day that they were first written, and despite the influx of new choral compositions from all quarters, not a season passes when Handel's oratorios are not performed by London and provincial choral societies.

Upon Opera his impress was slight indeed

—not because he did not see room for improvement, but because Opera was not sufficiently established here to warrant ideas of change and modification. When women sang men's parts, and the *rôle* of the *prima donna* was taken by a male artificial soprana—to cite only one of the peculiarities of this period Opera—no natural or consistent lyric drama was possible.

Handel failed in Opera, not so much from what he did or did not compose, as from the fact that England was not prepared for Opera. His repeated efforts to float it were regarded with indifferenee, and in the end the earnest musician was looked upon as an operatic incubus. The effect of Handel's oratorios was exactly the reverse. If his operas did little to benefit that form of art, or to advance the lyric drama as an English institution, his sacred compositions—those great tone-art epics which began with "Esther" and ended with "Jephtha"—have done everything for Handel in the world of music. Their effect and influence upon music in this country, and the native musical mind, can never be gauged nor adequately realised. Handel's matchless melody and harmony have penetrated—saturated the whole country. That sublime contemplative work "The Messiah" well shows the grandeur and simplicity which are the foremost characteristics of Handel's style; but if theoretical learning be sought, then "Israel in Egypt" fully supplies this in such mighty contrapuntal choruses as "The Horse and his Rider." For pure elegiac grace and daintiness the music of "Acis and Galatea" is matchless. The English mind immediately grasped Handel, because of his perfect freedom from the obscure and the indefinite. Then his great test was the Bible—the book beloved by Britons, and the teachings of which he has clothed with awe-inspired music.

If Handel was a giant intellectually, he was little less in body and manners. The admirable monument by Roubiliac, fitly placed in the Poet's Corner of England's Campo Santo, is an accurate presentment of the musician's exterior. His build, though heavy, was not unwieldy. His powers of endurance were extraordinary. When engaged with opera he did not merely write the scores—he found the singers, and trained them, superintended the rehearsals, conducted, looked after the theatre, in short, controlled everything. He was over seventy-four years when he died, yet, despite the incessant wear and tear of an unusually stormy artist-career, his great creative faculties never flagged to the last. With the calamity of blindness creeping over him he completed his "Jephtha," and employed an amanuensis to whom he dictated his last musical thoughts. Towards the end he had to be led to the organ, at the Foundling Chapel, when with all Heaven before his eyes, he would extemporise so profoundly as to provoke tears. His charity was unstinted, and one of the last acts of his life was to preside at a charitable performance of "The Messiah" at Covent Garden Theatre. He had a natural wit and good-humour; thus, when Greene sought the master's opinion upon an anthem which he had composed, he discovered that it wanted *air*—"so I did hang it out of de vindow," said Handel. His appetite was enormous—quite sufficient to account for the satires, caricatures, and *bon mots* that had reference to it. But, above all, he was a good man. No mere secularist could have poured forth the deep tones of sorrow or exulting joy that abound in Handel's oratorios, and no irreligious man would be found weeping over a setting so divine as that of "He was despised." Not a breath of suspicion has ever been cast upon his moral character. In this respect, in his fearless honesty and as a strong man of the earth who met his struggles and disappointments bravely, he appeals to us not less forcibly than as a musician.

Handel influenced music here in a variety of ways. He was at once a composer, teacher, organist, conductor, *impresario*, society man, and a famous figure in all artistic circles and gatherings. In each of these capacities he exercised a great force. It was impossible for him to be anywhere without making an impression, for even his enemies gave him the credit of being a great social and musical power. The inmates of palaces to whom he taught music should have benefited largely by his strong grasp of Italian-German style; those who listened to his fine organ performances we know, used to be sensibly overcome by his grand displays on the "king of instruments"; as a conductor he set an example of firmness and obedience to rule for which every *chef d'orchestre* will be grateful; nor was he beyond administering betimes a strong rebuke in the direction of the princesses whose chattering offended him.

As a man, then, Handel was all that was admirable; as a musician he was everything, especially to England.

To sum up—Handel's influence upon Opera as an art-form was slight indeed. He found it as left by Scarlatti—a slender structure of songs and light choruses connected with flimsy recitative—the whole accompanied by an orchestral element that was intended more to "fill up" than to seriously illustrate the local colour and situation. It was left much the same by Handel—despite his desire to afford it variety by the introduction of duets, trios, and quartets. Yet withal he rendered excellent service to the cause of dramatic music in England by his persistent endeavours to popularise Opera. Handel did not invent Oratorio, but he planted it here in the congenial soil of our own land, where it immediately took root, and has thrived amazingly. No one save Handel could serve us in this matter. Bach, in the quiet seclusion of his Thuringian home, was, unknown to Handel and the world, building up wondrous structures of oratorio-art; but they would never have popularised the Oratorio in England or have changed our whole musical tone and current. It was the moulding of the Italian and German elements together, and blending and flavouring them largely with Purcell's lofty vein and colouring, that guaranteed and must ever be the profound secret of Handel's oratorio work. No German composer before Handel had been so influenced by the Italian model, and a great art-stride was effected when to the stern earnestness of the German national art was added the suave grace and charm of the melodic Italian style. All this supplemented with Handel's extraordinary genius, together with a large share of the English Church musical spirit and character, and the ground was prepared, as it only could be, for such excellent works, after Handel's model, as Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and "St. Paul." In his oratorios Handel speaks to us in grand language, but he expresses his vast truths so simply that the cultured and uncultured alike can understand him. This is the great secret of his kingship in musical England. This property of his music is more remarkable even than his originality, his melody, his harmony, or orchestration—wonderful as these are. This simple truthful grandeur has conquered the whole English-speaking race.

IN THE TWILIGHT

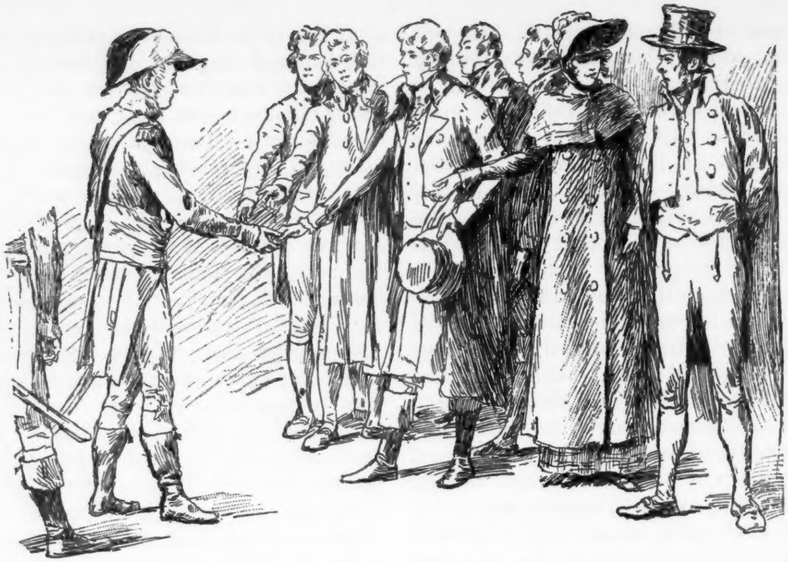
Over the dusky verge
Of the quiet sea,
Slowly I watch emerge
The silver rim
Of the crescent moon; pale, dim,
The soft stars, one by one,
With holy glee
Steal out, and light their lamps;
For day is done.

The tempests are asleep:
Only the balm
Of some cool evening wind
Ruffles the calm;
The listening ear of Night
Can catch no sound
Save when, in slumber bound,
Earth turns and sighs:
Peace rules the deep.

Aye, peace! across the dark
Star-paven sky
The Night-queen's silver bark
Goes gliding by:
With murmuring faint, the streams
Drowse as they flow
In their hid channels; slow
Down-dropping dews
Slide from the heavens, like gleams
Of Love-born dreams.

Frail breaths of violet,
Of roses fair,
Shy hints of mignonette,
Rise through the air
From unseen gardens, there—
Beneath my feet.
Ah me! how at their spell
Swift fancies rise!
What touching sympathies,
What golden memories,
And thoughts how sweet!

Edward H. Blakeney.



"I will not soil my hand with that of such a thief"

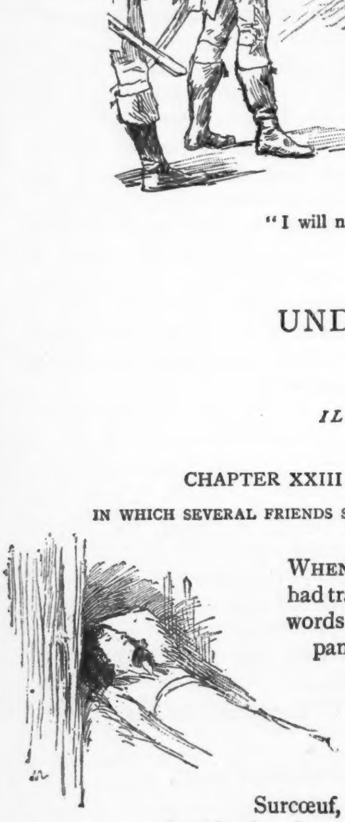
UNDER THE TRICOLOUR

By P. de NANTEUIL

ILLUSTRATED BY MYRBACH

CHAPTER XXIII

IN WHICH SEVERAL FRIENDS SEPARATE



When Miss Howell had translated these words to her companions, with the exception of two of them, they went up to Captain Surcœuf, and each in turn pressed his hand, saying among themselves, "A true gentleman, indeed; should have been born in England!"

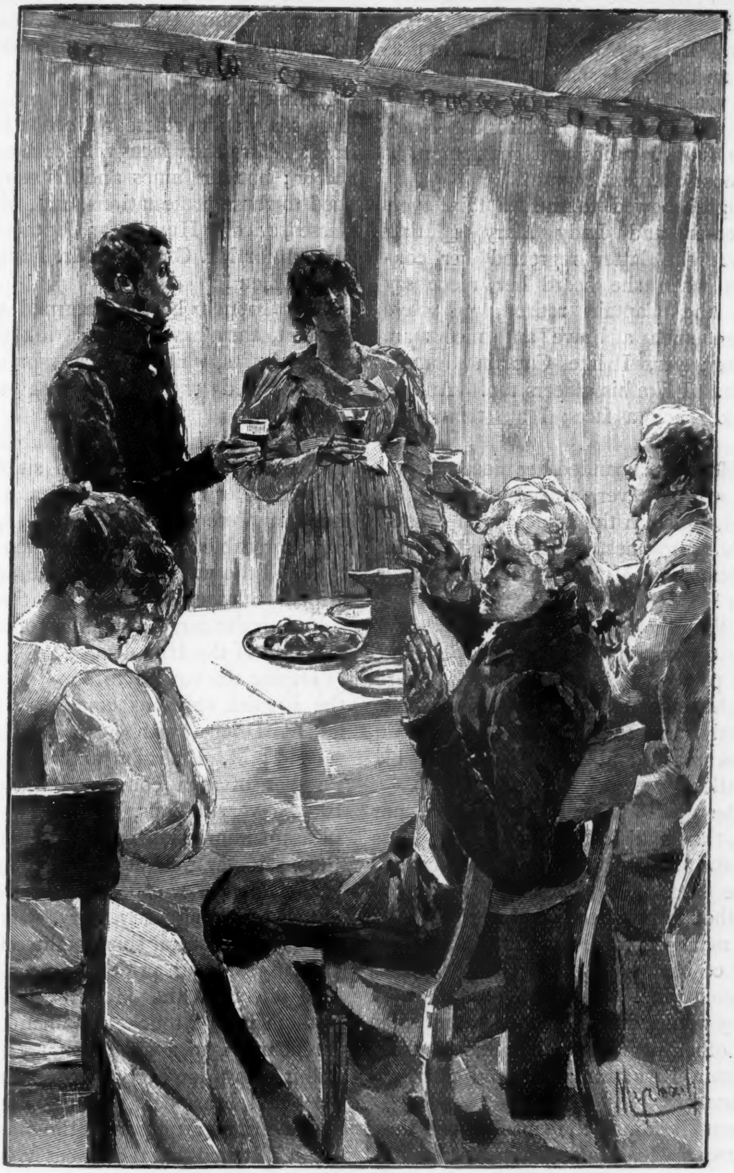
As to Professor Hobson, he put his hands behind his back and muttered, "I will not soil my hand with that of such a thief."

And hiding hers in her pockets, Lady Mary said in bad French, "I won't give my hand to a pirate. I put myself upon an English ship under the protection of England and not under that of this sea-robber. In acting as you do, Sir James, and you my sons, and you Harriet, you are nothing but a pack of cowards. That's my opinion."

"Oh, Auntie!" cried Harriet, indignantly.

The Baronet whispered to his wife, "Mary, dear, how dare you affront that man?"

That man heard, but, always impassive, he replied, smiling: "My dear sir, ladies enjoy great immunities, and are creatures of impulse. As to the Professor, perhaps his mind is still affected by the battle, but be assured that a few idle words will not change my resolution. It is indifferent to me whether I am understood or not, as long as I have the approval of my conscience." Then addressing his officers he said: "Gentlemen, you will look after the wants of your passengers, and treat the ladies as you would like your mothers and sisters to be treated



"Aghast at such a 'shocking proposition,' Lady Mary and Professor Hobson held their hands before their faces"

in similar circumstances. To-night I shall distribute rewards as they have been deserved, and I shall also call a court-martial to try the mutineers. To-morrow we shall bury those who died in battle, and I shall consider what steps to take with regard to our capture. To-morrow also we shall resume our cruise. Millieu, show me the way to the hospital, where I wish to cheer French and English alike. I intend that they shall receive equal attention. Grainval, fling into the hold those wretches unworthy to serve me longer. Let my boat be ready in a quarter of an hour. I shall return as soon as I have visited the hospital. Alain and Alexander will accompany me to the *Revenant. Au revoir*, ladies and gentlemen, I am your most obedient servant."

The English bowed to the Captain, even the Professor and Lady Mary saluting civilly; but the latter regretted her condescension when she heard her niece say aloud as the Captain retired, "I have never seen such a brave and nice man. I like him; yes, I like Captain Surcouf very much. I like his officers too. Auntie, don't make such a face; I am telling the truth."

Lady Mary reprimanded her niece sharply, who did not, however, appear to be at all impressed, although the Professor applauded her aunt's reproaches, and repeated several times, "Shocking, Miss Harriet; shocking! Improper!"

As to the other gentlemen, they watched anxiously the preparations for supper, and soon five pair of eyes danced with pleasure at the sight of some sailors spreading a table very neatly, and setting on it a ham, an enormous roast, and English beer in big stout bottles.

As they had neither breakfasted nor lunched, they made a triple meal of it, Miss Harriet and the governess taking their share with the rest. The Professor and Lady Mary, although protesting that they were not hungry, managed to dispose of an immense quantity of beef, ham, pastry, English beer, and French wine. They had indeed sworn that they would die of hunger rather than eat any other provisions than those of the late Captain Rivington; he, good man, was not a pirate.

Without heeding the insults of these two persons, Jean de Grainval attended to the strangers, talking all the time with Miss Harriet and her governess, who alone could speak French. MM. Fournier and Millieu also took part in the conversation.

The two officers and the surgeon had been so courteous that at dessert, after having racked her brains to discover some means of thanking their entertainers, Miss Harriet said, touching with her lips a glass of wine, "Gentlemen of France, I drink to the health of your Captain. Uncle James, Archie, Dick, Jack, Arthur, Julia dear, the health of Captain Surcouf!"

Aghast at such a "shocking proposition," Lady Mary and Professor Hobson held their hands before their faces with exclamations of horror; but Sir James and his sons paid no heed to these protestations, and, filling their glasses, cried, "Hurrah for Captain Surcouf! Hurrah for Mr. Grainval, Mr. Fournier, and Mr. Millieu!"

The French having returned the compliment, they hastened to drink the health of the ladies, while the Professor and Lady Mary veiled their faces with their serviettes.

That night the two irreconcilables declared that they would never again sit at a table presided over by pirates; and as a matter of fact they were in future served apart, with very agreeable results to the company at table, all the way to the Isle of France, where Captain Surcouf had sent the *Sussex* to be sold with the cargo, excepting, of course, the property of the Howells.

During the voyage to the Isle of France the English ship was commanded by Lieutenant Drieux, with Jean de Grainval as second; M. Fournier and a very limited number of men completed the crew. Although very tedious, the voyage left a very pleasant impression on all of them, and as they said farewell at Port Napoleon, passengers and crew experienced a lively regret, always excepting Lady Mary. As they went on board a neutral ship freighted for Lisbon, the lady said with pride to Jean de Grainval, who escorted the Howells, "I leave you without having touched the hand of a single Frenchman, of a single pirate, and I shall tell it with pride everywhere in England."

"Oh! Mary dear," murmured Sir James.

Paying no attention to the irascible lady, Jean listened to the sweet voice of Miss Howell, as she endeavoured for the last time to express her deep gratitude. Miss Julia dried her eyes, and the four cousins wondered if they would be as comfortable on board the Portuguese vessel as they had been on the *Sussex*. As for the Irish lady's-maid, she sobbed aloud.

The prey of a powerful emotion which he wished to conceal, Jean was about to leave the vessel, when Miss Harriet, taking both his hands, said to him under the angry eyes of her aunt, "Monsieur de Grainval, some day soon I hope, when our nations are once more at peace, you will come and see me in London, and be sure that in me you will always find a friend. From this time forward, if ever that friend can do you a service, rely on Harriet Howell. Uncle James, please give your card to M. de Grainval."

Uncle James did so, in spite of the head-shakings of the exasperated Lady Mary.

A minute after the boat returned to the shore, and, seated in the stern, Jean watched Miss Harriet, who waved her handkerchief from the deck of the Portuguese vessel, smiling through her tears. When she saw them hoisting sail upon the French boat, she seized a speaking-trumpet and cried through it: "*Au revoir, Au revoir*, dear Monsieur de Grainval. God bless you, my dear friend."

This was too much, and her aunt dragged her down into the cabin, where she overwhelmed her with reproaches. As Harriet wept without replying, Lady Mary became more gentle, declaring that the best plan would be to say nothing whatever about such a distressful adventure, because Harriet would never be able to get settled in England if it got abroad that she had been the prisoner of a pirate, and had even called herself the friend of that pirate and his officers.

We must now return to the morning after the battle. On that day, and before the two vessels could resume their voyage, it was necessary to bury the dead; and on the evening of the battle orders accordingly had been issued to the crews of both ships.

The moment the sun appeared above the horizon the colours were hoisted, a salvo of guns fired from the *Revenant*, and the funeral ceremony began.

During the night the sacks of brown linen, narrow and formless, had been placed with their contents, and arranged in line between the mizen- and fore-masts; thirty on the larboard, and thirty on the starboard of the *Sussex;* six on the larboard and seven on the starboard of the privateer.

The two crews, headed by their officers sword in hand, the English prisoners, and the Howell family assisted at the funeral. Beside each sack stood a man ready to let go the cord which held it.

The quarter-master whistled, and in a voice that trembled, Professor Hobson, standing on the poop, recited the English prayers for the dead; while Surcouf on the bridge of his vessel read the Catholic funeral service. An old officer of the *Revenant* having repeated the *De profundis*, and all having joined in the "Amen," the officer on duty cried, "Fire." A shot boomed across the deep, and was immediately followed by a shrill whistle. The men who guarded the sacks opened their hands all together, and the sacks slipped over the sides and disappeared. An instant after they were heard to strike the water, and those who could see watched them sink one after the other in the midst of the whirlpool which they caused. Weighted with shot, the hammock-shrouds sank at once to the bottom, and the eddy had almost vanished when a third whistle summoned the men to their daily duties.

The company which had been sent to the *Sussex* returned to the *Revenant*, and the prisoners were once more locked up.

On the signal-mast of the privateer a flag appeared about ten o'clock; it was the order to "set sail."

At midday, taking advantage of a good breeze, the two vessels started. It was about the end of October; the monsoon might soon be expected to change and become favourable for those who were sailing south to the Isle of France, whither Surcouf wished to send the *Sussex*. Often on the way the ships lost sight of each other, because other prizes were taken, incalculable damage being done to English commerce.

At Madras and Calcutta people were overwhelmed with astonishment at the audacious feats of the Malouin privateer. Merchant vessels dared hardly crawl along the coast from one point to another, and the East India Company offered a fabulous sum to whoever should prove that "the pirate Robert Surcouf was dead," and more to whoever should seize the *Revenant* and the said pirate, and bring him to Madras to suffer the last penalty of the law.

In an English brig, carrying rice, which he took and let away again, not without exacting a heavy ransom, Surcouf had found a packet of newspapers, and in a journal printed at Madras he saw some atrocious and irritating calumnies upon himself; but he was flattered all the same at the immense price set upon his head. He spent a whole night reading first the Colonial and then the English newspapers. The latter informed him of the new victories, the new glories of the Conqueror, in the Prussian Campaign with its battles of Auerstädt, Jena, and Tilsit.

Transported at first with admiration, he soon began to feel uneasy, and muttered to himself, "Will he ever be at peace? Will he, can he, stop to let France breathe and recruit itself? The ranks of the old soldiers must be terribly thinned. What deluges of blood each battle has cost! And what a hatred must have been engendered in the hearts of those kings and peoples whom he has humiliated and conquered! England will know how to use this rancour." Then, seeing the dawn touch the windows, Surcouf said to himself, smiling, "It is too late, or rather too soon; I cannot go to bed when the sun has appeared." He then proceeded with his toilette, but turned pale in the midst of it, when he remembered that in a little—if indeed the hour had not already come—there was to be an execution on board. At daybreak, two men were to be hanged on the yard-arm of the mizen-mast.

These two men had been unanimously condemned by court-martial. One of them, Degoff, being very ill with his wounds, they had given him the chance to die a better death, but he had recovered. "One would say," exclaimed Alain, "that no honest sailor would ever have recovered from a wound about the size of a porthole, and in such frightful weather too. Poor Tzerko has not been so fortunate. I sometimes think that Providence is not much concerned about sailors."

It is true; Tzerko was sinking slowly in spite of the care which the doctor and Alexander lavished upon him.

The surgeon had declared the evening before that he could not live till midnight. However, when the morning came he still wrestled with death. He made no complaints, but lay with his great brown eyes, his only physical beauty, lifted sometimes to a crucifix, sometimes to the face of his friend, who had not left him since he began to sink.

At six o'clock, through a wide-open porthole—for the weather was calm and very hot—the great red sun flung his beams upon the little bed. "Ah!" murmured Tzerko, "it makes me glad—to feel—again—once more—the light—of God's sun—*Au revoir*, dear Alex—you have—been kind—to—the—poor—little gipsy—kiss me——"

As Alexander pressed his lips upon Tzerko's brow, already cold, the eyelids of the dying boy fluttered for a second or two and then fell never to rise again.

Then Alexander wept and others did likewise—old sailors hardened by their wild life. Leaving the body of his humble friend to await the hour of immersion, Alexander at once ascended to the deck, and requested the steersman on duty to ask if the Captain could see him.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE CONFESSION

WHEN the *Sussex* and the *Revenant* parted company after the battle, Alexander had replaced on board the latter one of the junior officers who had gone to the quarter-deck of the prize, and everybody was soon loud in praise of his zeal and aptitude. Not yet seventeen, he seemed much older because of his height and his serious expression.

Having saluted the Captain, Alexander told him of the death of Tzerko, and Surcouf said how sincerely sorry he was—"such a good, devoted, sweet soul whom God had already received into Paradise."

Then, seeing that the young officer remained with eyes cast down, Surcouf questioned him. Had he anything else to communicate?

With much diffidence, Alexander replied, "Yes, Captain, I have a very painful communication, a confession rather, to make to you, as well as to M. de Grainval. I have wished to speak for a long time; and now I must, having sworn to do so to Tzerko on his death-bed."

Much surprised at such a prelude, Surcouf replied, "Go on then, without fear; count on my indulgence."

Then, all in a breath Alexander narrated briefly what we know already regarding his vagabond childhood and the evil taught him by Cyprien Vatteville, with the story of the assassination of the English smugglers, the complicity of Le Bœuf and the menaces of Vatteville.

When he heard the name of Le Bœuf,

Surcouf became doubly attentive. He began to understand, and he asked, "Who was that man?"

"I don't know, but he came one day to the cave, and Cyprien forbade me ever to speak about him. Cyprien praised me, and bribed me, and I kept his secrets faithfully."

Having gone over the details of his flight, and what had followed—his imprisonment in the bear's cage, his life among the gipsies, and the presence of Le Bœuf, who urged them on to theft and murder, Alexander added, "After you had saved us from the hands of Hirko, and when we came to ourselves and found Le Bœuf on board the *Revenant*, we were terribly frightened. Tzerko wanted immediately to confess everything. I, however, decided to wait, for Le Bœuf had spoken to me in secret, threatening to spoil me with you by calumniating me so cleverly that you would despise me, as M. de Grainval would despise me if he knew that when I was a mere boy I had already begun to lie and help the smugglers."

"Grainval, who knew a part of the truth, excused you because of your youth and of the example of Vatteville. However, he had never heard of the two Englishmen—murdered, you say?"

"Yes, I saw it done. I was pinioned myself, but the memory of it makes me miserable."

"Grainval did not know either that you had been mixed up with Le Bœuf. We knew nothing of the antecedents of this wretch, shipped at the last moment, and on false papers probably. Grainval hoped that one day the young man would speak of the faults of the boy; and your conduct having been so irreproachable here, he wondered sometimes at your silence."

"At first it was boyish fear, for I know nothing of life. Then, after waiting a while, I dared not; I deplored my weakness, I put it off from day to day, I lulled my conscience by saying to myself that perhaps Le Bœuf was a changed man. Ah! I knew too well that he was nothing of the sort. But I had no fear of his threats; often I braved them openly. No, I swear, monsieur, that I recoiled from the confession only because it would be so painful. When you gave me the rank of officer I made up my mind at once. Then came the condemnation of Le Bœuf, and a false generosity kept me from throwing the last stone at a man about to die. Tzerko showed me the extent of my fault."

"And now you have told everything—absolutely?"

"Yes, monsieur, upon my honour, upon the Gospels, I have told everything. Will you not question Le Bœuf? If he lies in my presence I shall confound him."

"I wish it. Steersman, call the master-at-arms."

This order was addressed to a steersman who had just entered the room, and who replied, "Yes, Captain; but I have come to tell you, on the part of the master-at-arms, that the prisoners who were about to be hanged have escaped."

"Escaped?" cried Surcouf. "Impossible!"

"Escaped!" repeated Alexander. He was overwhelmed, and saw already in imagination all the consequences to himself arising from this event.

"Yes, Captain. A minute ago, when he entered to prepare them for execution, the master-at-arms found the birds flown. Nothing was left except the filed fetters and the hole in the planking leading right into the hold. That is the truth, Captain! We have ransacked every hole and corner of the ship without discovering anything except rats."

"Escaped, where to? There is no land within five leagues of us. Ah! here comes Fournier! He will explain."

Alexander stood like one who had received his death sentence; Surcouf's expression confirmed his apprehensions. Evidently he accused him of having connived at this extraordinary escape.

Yes, Surcouf did accuse him; but he also thought, "If Alexander feared that Le Bœuf would tell me of other criminal actions of his, Le Bœuf's flight removes that fear. Why, then, this confession?"

Lieutenant Fournier and the master-at-arms, who soon followed him, repeated the steersman's story. At the appointed hour, the master-at-arms and a sailor carrying a lantern had opened the door of the prison to find it empty, the chains broken, and the floor forced. A hatchet lay on the ground, and in the hold there was some disorder; but nowhere any trace of the fugitives. The ship had been searched from stem to stern uselessly; beyond a doubt they must have swam away.

Interrogated one by one, the sailors all swore that they had not helped the condemned men to the hatchet with which they had broken out. They swore also that no unaccustomed sound had aroused their attention.

The master-at-arms kept repeating: "I took them bread and a jug of water last night. They seemed to be reconciled to their fate. The bread was gone and the jug upset."

Surcouf asked himself: "How could they expect to reach land alive. Ah! perhaps there was a ship. Yes, the one we ransomed yesterday. But at sunset it was already out of sight." Then he said aloud: "I order another search to be followed by an inquiry. Withdraw in the meantime."

Search was again made, and a careful inquiry held afterwards, without throwing the least light on the mystery. The ship in question had not been seen after the hour at which the master-at-arms had made certain of the presence of the prisoners. The conclusion was finally arrived at that the two convicts had preferred drowning to hanging.

In the evening, after having assisted at the burial of Tzerko, Alexander's spirits sank to zero. He envied the fate of his friend; he recalled the many miserable days of his childhood; and, ready to accuse Providence, he thought suddenly: "I was born to be good: from my earliest years I remember that my conscience reproached me severely for the least fault, and that I understood the difference between right and wrong in an extraordinary manner for my age. So the evil I did I did knowingly, and I loved to listen to the tempter. When I stayed among the gipsies, while I hated them I would have ended in imitating them, had not Tzerko prevented me. And now, without avoiding a humiliating confession, I have lost the esteem of my masters. Well, I am still little more than a child, but with my experience and God's help I shall expiate and make reparation for my faults."

These were his reflections when Surcouf suddenly came upon him, and said pointblank: "Do you know what I think of you?"

"I believe I do, Captain, for since the morning you have doubted my sincerity."

"It is true; still I seek in vain for the motive which prompted your confession. Alexander, doubts are annoying things. What can you do to banish mine?"

"I shall give up my place, Captain, and then regain your esteem and my place."

"How?"

"I don't know, but I shall find a means."

As he considered, the powerful face and splendid appearance of the young officer, beardless, but as tall as his Captain, Surcouf smiled in spite of himself, and replied: "Keep your rank. I forbid you, you understand, to speak of this to any one; I shall myself tell Grainval, as soon as he comes on board. If you are innocent of a share in this extraordinary escape, take my suspicions in expiation of your long want of candour."

"Captain, I shall make every atonement in my power, and rehabilitate my character. An inner voice tells me so."

"We Bretons believe in voices and presentiments. Keep up your heart."

As Alexander withdrew, Surcouf said to himself: "A fine figure and a noble disposition. I no longer doubt; and I deceive myself very much if this boy does not become a very remarkable man. He is brave, and tempered like steel. I have seen him under fire, smiling calmly."

Towards the end of November, the privateer returned to the Isle of France. Sailing on the larboard tack, and without ever requiring to beat to windward, they sighted the Maldives, and crossing the equator with a good wind from the north-east, then from the north, and latterly from the east, they came to the Seychelles. The weather was beautiful, and they lay about half a league from the nearest isle.

Officers and sailors stood in the shrouds scanning the islands, while Surcouf was finishing breakfast with his lieutenant.

"You are right," said Surcouf, continuing a conversation. "We can lie to perfectly well in this beautiful weather, and there is nothing to hinder us from doing as you wish. For my part, I shall only be too glad to have some fruit and fresh water."

"Very well; to-day or to-morrow?"

"Now. Lower the long-boat. I shall go while you take charge here."

"What crew?"

"A small one. I know the shore and the landing-place. It is uninhabited, and a little way off there is a stream of very good water, shaded by fruit-trees. The natives never go there, however, because a barren mountain comes between. Six men will be enough, Alain among them. Who is the officer on duty to-day?"

"Alexander."

"He can come too, then. He and I in the stern, and with six men to row or tend the sail, there will be plenty of room for barrels of water and fruit, or whatever we may find. Quick! Let the ship lie to, and the long-boat be ready in half an hour."

The various orders were executed with the required rapidity, and half an hour had not elapsed before the long-boat pushed off, leaving the *Revenant* almost motionless on the smooth sea beneath a fiery sun.

The breeze being sufficient to fill the sail, it was hoisted, a large brown triangle, and in less than an hour they reached the little bay formerly visited by Surcouf. A landing was effected without difficulty.

As soon as he had set foot on *terra firma*, Surcouf said to Alexander: "Walk about the shore here, but do not lose sight of the boat, which a man will look after. Alain and four others will accompany me with their barrels and baskets."

"Is the river far from here?"

"About a quarter of a league, perhaps a little more. But why?"

"Excuse me, Captain, but if anything should happen."

"I tell you the shore is uninhabited."

"It was formerly uninhabited."

"In this country the customs of the natives hardly ever change. Besides, they are not ill-disposed, and we are armed. Fill in the time as well as you can. We shall be back in a little with good things."

Laughing heartily and enjoying his walk in anticipation, Surcouf went off humming an air from an opera.

Alexander watched the little band as long as it was in sight. When it had disappeared he muttered to himself: "I am quite stupid to-day. Tzerko believed in presentiments, and taught me to do so. I would do better to imitate that poor boy in other things. I shall follow the Captain's advice, and without losing sight of the boat ascend that little green hill; there ought to be a fine view on the other side. Goel, don't leave the boat."

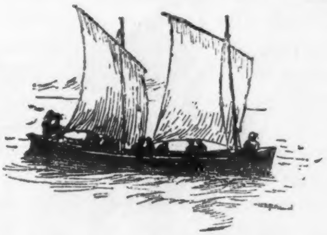
"No, Captain. I shall sleep a bit."

"You mustn't. Keep wide awake."

"I'll try, Captain."

CHAPTER XXV

HOW CAPTAIN GREEN TRIED FOR THE REWARD



As he climbed, Alexander remembered suddenly another hill — that which led from Yport to Grainval, with its subterranean passage. What a hateful memory! Would he never get quit of it? Half-way up, an exclamation of surprise was forced from him. Had his memory recalled that cursed place so vividly as to bring it up before his very eyes? No, for the mouth of the subterranean passage which he saw gaping two or three yards from the road was much narrower than the other, and the light showed that the passage was open at both ends.

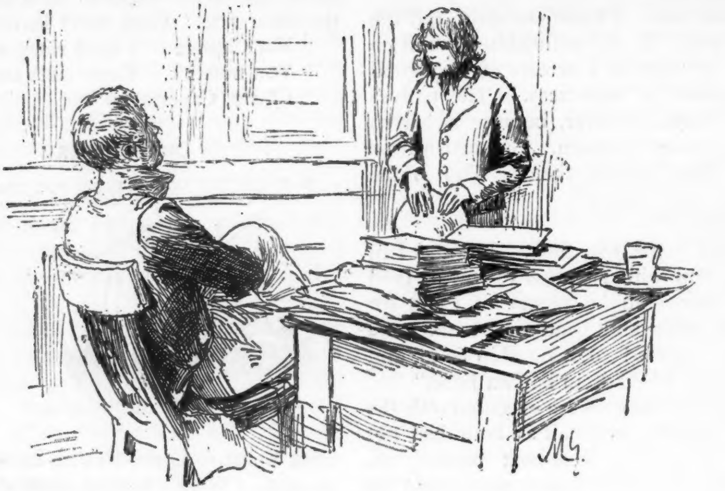
Throwing a rapid look at the motionless long-boat, and the sailor decidedly napping in the stern, Alexander, yielding to his curiosity, plunged into the opening, saying to himself: "It won't take more than a quarter of an hour, and nothing can go wrong in that time on an uninhabited shore."

He walked at first easily, but soon the ground rose, and he was obliged to lower his head, and even to crawl. Great bats, suddenly wakened, flapped past him, and one of them stuck its claws for an instant in the hair of the intruder.

Much relieved on reaching the opposite end, he climbed a little way, and then looked about him. The view resembled exactly that which he had left behind, and he thought himself in presence of a mirage, a phenomenon of which he had heard talk on board the *Revenant*.

Here, as on the other side, at the foot of a rocky hill lay a little boy with a long-boat on the shore, guarded by a drowsy sailor, and in the offing a ship lay to.

Suddenly he trembled, for he heard unfamiliar voices right under his feet. He



"Alexander told him of the death of Tzerko"

stretched over the cliff, but could see no one; the voices, however, grew louder, and he was in the very act of shouting out, but fortunately succeeded in controlling himself. At the risk of falling headlong, he remained hanging over the cliff, listening with all his ears.

Short, sharp remarks were exchanged in a jargon often incomprehensible. But Alexander soon understood that a treaty was being discussed between Le Bœuf and the captain of the *Ganges*. The *Ganges* was the vessel from which Surcouf had just exacted tribute.

It was clear that Le Bœuf had swam off to the *Ganges* when he escaped from the *Revenant;* and the captain of the English vessel, on arriving at the Seychells, had, like Surcouf, landed to stretch his legs on shore, taking Le Bœuf with him. By the merest chance, Le Bœuf had seen Surcouf land, and he described him thus to the captain of the *Ganges:*

"He is taller by the head than all the men who were with him; and since you don't want to be embarrassed with other prisoners, remember his description: he is very tall, wears a scarlet vest and lace ruffles, he is fair, and wears neither beard nor moustache; and you will know him easily by a black silk handkerchief which covers part of his right cheek."

Another voice said in a jargon of English and bad French, which it is not worth while reproducing: "Tall, in a red waistcoat, with a black handkerchief on his face! I'll know him, and I'll catch him, too; don't you doubt it; and we shall share the prize offered for taking him alive. Oh, he must be taken alive. You understand, you men, we must catch him alive and safe. If we succeed you shall have fifteen guineas each; nothing if the man is killed."

"Don't be afraid, Captain Green, we'll succeed. Come on."

Wild with rage, his pistol ready cocked, and his knife between his teeth, Alexander was about to rush upon the villains, when he fortunately saw how utterly foolish it would be to do so. He must find out before everything by which way these men meant to surprise the little party, and then precede them, and warn Surcouf. They would then be seven. The other party would perhaps not be much larger, since they had come in a single boat. But should they be two to one, seven Frenchmen were surely worth fifteen Englishmen! Oh! This eternal Le Bœuf! What a misfortune to come across him again!

Meanwhile Le Bœuf spoke again. He said that he would come behind at a distance, so as not to give the alarm too soon. Surcouf would imagine that it was to be a peaceful meeting, and so allow himself to be approached without the least suspicion. The day before it was with the first lieutenant of the *Ganges* that he had discussed the terms of ransom, so that he knew as little of Captain Green as of the men before the mast.

The others agreed, although one of them said referring to Le Bœuf, "That man is a coward, mark my word."

Then came the sound of steps and falling earth. They evidently intended to go through the subterranean passage, the entrance to which they were approaching.

Creeping again, Alexander began to retrace his steps. As he moved along he saw several large stones half loosened in the sides of the passage. These he pulled down behind him, one after the other, to block the way for the enemy, who would be certain to lose time in overcoming such unforeseen obstacles. Ah! if he had only had time to block up the entrance.

When he had left the passage he went running down the rocky hill as he had never run before, and soon reached the shore, where he called to the astonished sailor, "Push out a bit, but don't leave the bay. Be wide awake till the Captain comes back, and for your life heed no one but the Captain."

Then setting off again at a great pace he went up the bed of the river. There was as yet nobody visible on the side of the hill, so that the stones had fulfilled their purpose.

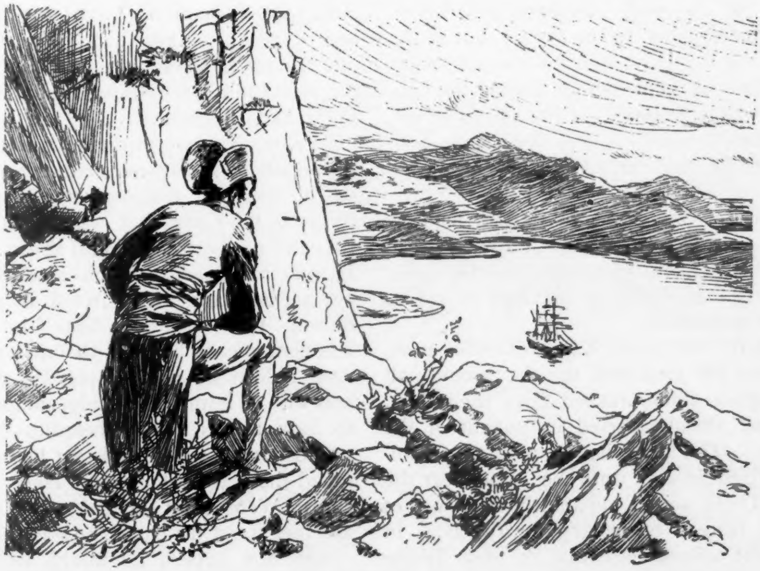
While Alexander ran, Surcouf slept the sleep of the just, and Alain watched with vacant looks the winding course of the clear river over its white stones.

A little before, the barrels having all been filled, Surcouf had said to the four sailors, "Return to the shore with your barrels and your baskets, and that you may go the more quickly, take that path to the starboard there, which will doubtless lead you right down to the place where we landed. While you are waiting for me, you can amuse yourselves by fishing for turtles; there are plenty of them just now. You have half an hour."

Delighted at the prospect, the sailors hurried away. Soon they disappeared, and their shouts of laughter were heard for some time as the barrels dragged them along at a quicker pace than they found comfortable.

Then turning to Alain, Surcouf said, "I'm going to sleep; I couldn't get a wink of sleep all night with the toothache. Waken me in half an hour."

The black handkerchief which Le Bœuf had specified as covering a part of Surcouf's face had been donned on leaving the ship to protect it from the heat of the sun.



"Thought himself in the presence of a mirage"

The half-hour had not elapsed, and Alain continued to stare at the river, when something came tumbling down at his feet.

The exclamation of the boatswain wakened the Captain at the very instant that the something stood up and showed a human face.

"If it isn't Alexander!" cried Alain; while Surcouf said with an irritated air, "Who permitted you to leave your post?"

Alexander explained, and soon a stormy discussion began. Surcouf went into a passion, refusing to listen to the advice which the other two implored him to accept.

Meanwhile their enemies were ascending the stream, and soon they were visible to the three men, who stood together on a little knoll, watching them. Surcouf was behind the other two, and they were all armed with pistols and knives, resolved to sell their lives dearly. At the sight, the English—there were ten of them without counting the captain—hesitated, and even seemed disposed to retire, for the joy with which they had first seen that their adversaries were so few had changed into fear. But the captain threatened them and they decided to advance. As they had arranged, they wished to surround Surcouf in order to take him alive and unhurt.

Led on by their captain, the eleven Englishmen rushed to the assault, but at the foot of the knoll a triple discharge brought down three of them. Then during the confusion which followed, while Green cried, "Forward, forward!" they saw a man leap down the hill and run away with prodigious swiftness.

Without a moment's hesitation, as they wanted only the one prisoner, Captain Green ordered his men to leave the two other Frenchmen in order to aid him in taking Surcouf unharmed.

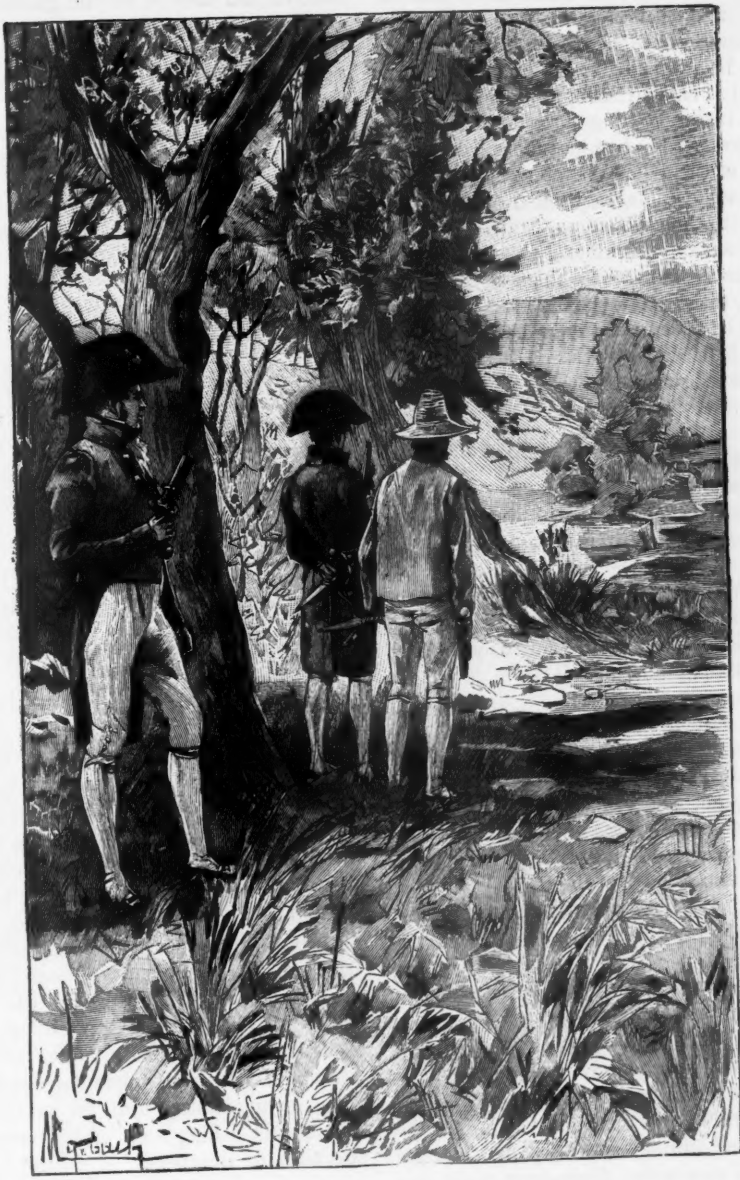
With the exception of two wounded men, who were left stretched on the ground, all the English sailors rushed after their chief, who had already started in pursuit of the fugitive. The latter had secured an advantage, which he kept until he came near the bay. There, seized apparently by a sort of vertigo, instead of making for the boat, in which the sailors, engrossed in their fishing and deafened by the noise of the waves, were unaware of what was happening, without even thinking of calling upon the sailors, the fugitive turned off, climbed the hill, and went through the subterranean passage, at the opposite end of which he was caught.

Though the struggle of one man against six was stout and strong, it did not last long. Without waiting to take with them the two wounded men of their party, and without giving a single thought to the two others who had been left on the bank of the river, the captain and his five sailors pinioned and then gagged their prey, careful all the time not to harm him. Then with precautions almost motherly, they carried him to their boat. Motionless and silent, with his hat pulled over his brow, the prisoner resigned himself, making, nevertheless, great efforts to see the other bay, which was hidden from his eyes by the wall of rock.

In the meantime, night came down suddenly, without any twilight, as is the case in inter-tropical lands.

As they pushed off, the captain seemed to remember Le Bœuf, and hailed him two or three times; but Le Bœuf making no response of any kind, Green gave the order to hoist sail.

He was in an ecstasy of delight, the good captain, and rubbed his hands: the prize was already in his grasp. Without counting the honour of such a capture, he congratulated himself upon his luck; for four men had been left behind, which meant four times fifteen guineas the less to be deducted from the prize, and since the scoundrelly French sailor had disappeared also, it would no longer be necessary to divide the said prize. As regarded the ransom paid the preceding day to Surcouf, that was the affair of the owner of the *Ganges*, at whom, once he was rich and respected, he could afford to laugh. It only remained to reach Madras without any accident and with Surcouf in good condition. Oh! he would feed him well; it was generous to be good to one's prisoners. And indeed he was a splendid man, tall, and with a frame admirably compact. Yet to look at his young beardless face, one would not have imagined that he could have sailed the seas so long, and taken so many ships. Were it not for that ugly black handkerchief about his cheek, he would be superb—and how superb he would look on the gallows: the whole town would turn out to his execution.



"Their enemies were ascending the stream"

When they reached the brig the prisoner, without a scratch or bruise from top to toe, was most carefully helped on deck. The *Ganges* lay in the shelter of a promontory, which explains why the *Revenant* had not seen it since the preceding day.

That same night the brig, losing much way as it had to beat against the monsoon, began to sail up the Bay of Bengal, always a difficult and tedious journey at that season of the year. But the captain cared little for the delay. He thought only of his dear

Surcouf. He fed him until he began to grow fat! and he allowed him in his company to take the exercise necessary for his health. One day he explained to his prisoner in bad French that he had seen, a morning or two ago, two bodies drifting along and buffetted by the waves. He had had them fished out, and one of them died the moment he reached the deck of the *Ganges*, while the other, soon restored to consciousness, stated that his captain, as a punishment for some slight disobedience, had thrown them in the water, and that, thanks to a chance plank, they had managed to float until they were picked up.

"He lied, and you saved a scoundrel: this Le Bœuf was much worse than his companion."

Upon which Green declared that he thanked God that he had left the said scoundrel in the Seychelles.

The good captain spoke sincerely, but his gratitude was entirely on account of the prize.

One afternoon the prisoner said to Green, "I find the days long. You must teach me the English grammar and language. That will kill time, and we shall be able to talk more pleasantly together."

Green agreed to this request, and the lessons began at once. The pupil applied himself with such ardour, that the teacher sometimes felt a sort of remorse. Surely the poor fellow was taking most unnecessary pains, working as he did day and night. Would the knowledge of the English irregular verbs make the body of the pirate weigh less in the hempen collar to which his neck was destined?

On the evening of the ambuscade, when the boat of the *Revenant* received the order to push off from the Isle, there was no moon, and the stars were barely visible through a warm mist which rose from the overheated shore. The wind was against them, and the sailors rowed with an oppressed air. In the stern the Captain and Alain kept their ears on the stretch, hoping against hope to hear a voice hail the boat. Stretched at their feet, two men moaned in a foreign language, a third abused the others and uttered blasphemies in French. Sometimes a sailor shook this third one vigorously, "to oblige," he said, "the dirty scoundrel to be civil."

At last they reached the *Revenant*, where, contrary to the established custom, several lanterns had been lit for the guidance of the long-boat, likely to go astray in the fog. The crew heaved a great sigh of relief when the watchman cried, "The long-boat hails us on the starboard."

The officers ran to the top of the ladders, and the sailors leaned over the side as soon as the grapnel touched the chain, the voice of the boatswain was heard shouting, "As soon as the Captain reaches the deck, send down some men; we have a rascal and some wounded to hoist up."

The men descended the moment Surcouf reached the stern of the ship. Those nearest the Captain saw that his brow was black as thunder, and his eyes very red. Had a wave broken over him, or had he been struck in the face? Without even returning the salute of his officers, and without addressing a word to any one, Surcouf entered his room. The lieutenant followed him, and the door was closed upon the two officers.

The lively curiosity of the crew reached a crisis when, by the light of the lanterns, they saw two men brought on board unconscious and covered with blood, and after them a third, none other than Le Bœuf, shouting blasphemies.

They crowded round Alain, every one speaking before the other, but the lieutenant had returned to deck meanwhile, and a prolonged whistle called the whole crew aft.

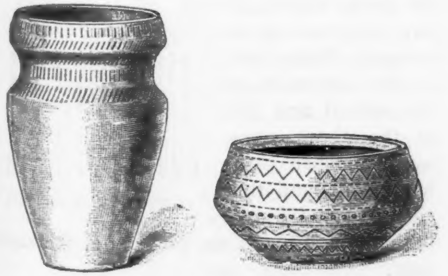
As soon as every one stood in his place prepared to listen, M. Fournier mounted the poop and said: "Gentlemen and friends, a comrade, a brave man, whose name henceforth must always rouse profound admiration, Alexander, sub-lieutenant on board this ship, has in all likelihood given his life to save that of his chief. I have to tell you that by a change of dress and a skilful subterfuge, Alexander has been taken for our Captain, who, having fallen into an ambush, was about, after felling two of his enemies, to succumb to numbers. A traitor had sold him and pointed him out to the English. The boatswain will tell you what trouble they had to persuade your Captain that his life did not belong to himself, but to his country and to his sailors. Gentlemen, my friends, let us all pray to God that He will restore our comrade to us, or, if he is dead, that He will receive him in His mercy. And now return to your duties in silence, because your Captain is overwhelmed with grief."

THE LOST SOUL OF PATTERNS

By A. E. FARMAN and G. CLARKE NUTTALL, B.Sc.

PATTERNS nowadays have no intrinsic meaning, they serve a purely decorative purpose, and their only function is the suitable ornamentation of a given space. It was not always so in the past: at their birth patterns all had a definite symbolism, but through the long ages they have undergone various processes of development, and in their development the original aim of their existence has been lost, and a secondary one has usurped the higher place. As the nations struggled out of barbarism, rose into civilisation, attained their full glory and fell again, so patterns were called into being, helped in the teaching of the race when the people could neither read nor write, by serving as symbols or reminders of important religious facts; then gradually had their intellectual value overshadowed as men learnt to appreciate their æsthetic worth, until finally the symbol was lost in the design, and a pattern became like a beautiful form deprived of its soul.

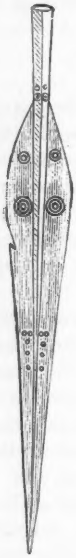
The primeval savage, his only tool a sharpened flint, could cut a notch in a piece of wood; by repeating these notches he could produce a simple pattern (for a pattern is essentially an infinite repetition of a single element), and thus by practice and skill, and by giving the notches various directions, an elaborate pattern would eventually result. As he kneaded the clay to fashion his rude vessels, a finger-pressure would raise a ridge here, and an indentation there, and a sharp flint or pointed stick would roughly scratch the soft moist surface; and so by alternating rows of ridges and scratches, borders and ornamentations of great variety would be formed, and thus the primitive man would obtain his first ideas of creating decorative effect. An examination of specimens of the earliest known clay vessels shows that all their decoration was of this simple description.



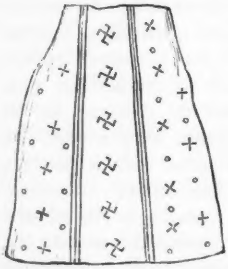
ANCIENT BRITISH POTS

But the savage mind was essentially imaginative. Every line, every mark, was invested with a personality drawn from Nature (and Nature's various forms were superior forces, gods to be worshipped and revered), and thus he saw in a circle the representation of the sun or moon; in a zigzag, lightning; in a spiral, a snake, and so on. The sun which moved in its magnificence across the heavens day by day, and the moon with its paler glory journeying by night, were the first objects which awoke in him wonder and awe, and consequently sun-signs and moon-signs are the foundations of his ornament, and are found continually on every object which he decorated. By reproducing them on weapons, paddles, canoe-heads, and on articles for personal adornment, he hoped thereby to invoke the protection of these all-powerful deities; for as each sign had a religious significance, its repetition, forming what we call a pattern, would denote intensification of the sign-meaning, just as in various parts of the world the constant repetition of merely the name of a god is supposed to be efficacious to grace. Our knowledge of this primeval ornamentation is chiefly obtained from the weapons and domestic utensils hidden away in tombs for the use of the departed soul on its wanderings, for most savage tribes had vague notions of a life after death, a life akin to the one on earth. Rich finds of beautiful workmanship have also been obtained from bogs and marshes, especially in the north; for instance, near Copenhagen nearly two hundred bronze objects have been thus unearthed. It is probable that these, in most cases, were offerings to the gods who were worshipped in the marshes. From these various remains we learn that the moon-signs have been quite uniform and simple from remote antiquity. A plain circle ○ stands for the full moon and a half circle ◡) for the crescent.

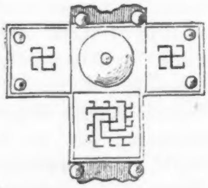
The sun-signs are more striking and present the greatest variety. The earliest, known as the ring-cross, was a circle with a cross in it ⊕ to distinguish it from the moon-sign; but at times the circle was omitted and the cross + alone stands for the great sun-god. Thus the cross was closely connected with worship long ages before the Christian religion made it its characteristic symbol. But gradually there grew up a belief in a plutocracy of gods, and a modification of the plain cross was adopted to signify the "highest god of all." This modification 卐 is known as the Swastika and its peculiar form is said to be derived from two fire-sticks lying one across another ready to be kindled into fire, and the obvious connection with fire-worship sufficiently explains how it came to be a sun-sign. The Swastika has played a very large part in decorations of every description, and frequently covered the whole of a garment in pattern form.



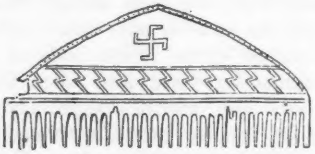
SPEAR-HEAD WITH MOON-SIGNS



PIECE OF ROYAL GARMENT

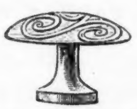


MOUNTING TO LEATHER STRAP WITH SUN-SIGNS

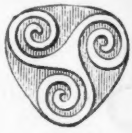


BONE COMB ORNAMENTED WITH SUN-SIGNS

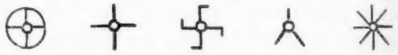
The belief in a trinity of gods—a belief almost as old in many nations as the belief in a single god—was symbolised by a three-armed cross, the treskele ⅄. A relic of this yet remains in the three legs in the coat-of-arms of the Isle of Man. Another variation ✳ of the sun-sign is found in a device suggestive of the sun's illuminating rays. Variations of these signs are found at times, thus:



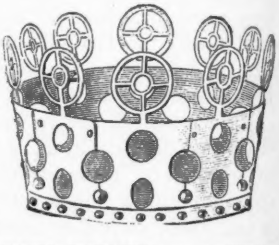
BUTTON ORNAMENTED WITH TRESKELE



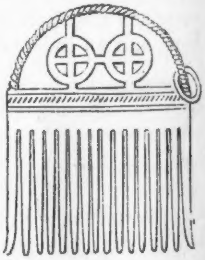
UPPER SURFACE



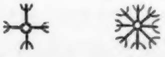
The first is known as the "wheel cross," and stood for the carriage and horses in which, according to ancient belief, the sun daily made his journey through the heavens. The other signs are variations of the first, implying the same idea; and in the last sign there is a more literal representation of a wheel and its spokes. This connection with driving explains why the horse was specially dedicated to the sun-god. Sometimes, to the extremities of the second and fifth of the above signs, were attached little half-moons, and thus the protection of both sun and moon was invoked at the same time.



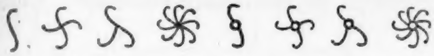
BRONZE ORNAMENT TO A BUCKET WITH SUN-SIGNS

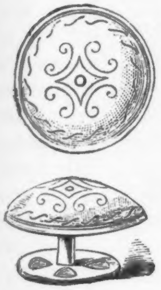


COMB WITH SUN-SIGNS



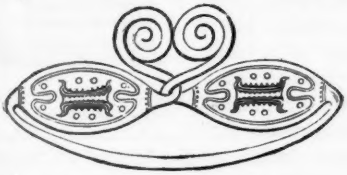
Again, these sun-signs appear with curved instead of straight lines. These were typical of the idea that the sun's path through the heavens was in a curve, like a snake. Hence the name sun-snakes for these forms. So the sign would imply the sun-god riding in his chariot along a snake-like path.





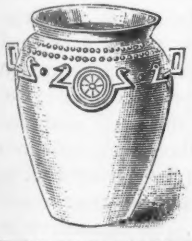
BUTTON WITH SUN-SNAKES AND MOON-SIGNS

A much more elaborate sun-sign, and one of later development, was the sun-ship, a rude representation of the sun-god sailing in a ship, instead of riding in a chariot. At times these have bird-like beaks fore and aft, and among the early Egyptians these became air-ships, carried through the air by birds at the prow. It would appear from the relics, that sun-signs were in common use earlier than moon-signs; while it is noticeable that in the later bronze age the sun-spirals are less frequent, and patterns consisting of concentric or eccentric moon-signs take their place.



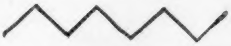
BRONZE HEAD-RING WITH SUN-SHIPS

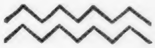
The decorations of the early Egyptians supply us with many beautiful and instructive patterns; patterns which have been handed on from age to age, and are still in common use at the present day. But it is sad to think that the lines once instinct with religious fervour and deep meaning are now, in a shallower age, mere skeletons which have lost their vital part. Once they sanctified the house, now they too often serve to merely cover the commonness of a fabric. "Just as in India," says Collingwood, "a sacred name is given to a child that the parents may utter a prayer whenever they utter their child's name; or, as in ancient Greece, and modern Christendom, that the child might be under some god's protection, or influenced by some saint's example, so early ornaments were shrines set up in a house, or chains worn about the person, as a witness between God and man."

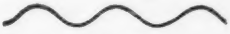


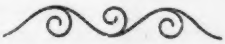
URN WITH SUN SAILING IN HIS SHIPS

The simplest and fundamental pattern of Egyptian art is the zigzag, though it is not peculiar to the Egyptians, but is found in all prehistoric ornamentation. It is rare indeed that any pattern is peculiar to a country: easy geometrical devices would be born afresh in every nation's history, but nevertheless each country would invest that design with its own peculiar meaning, which meaning would depend on the characteristics of the land and the people. Thus, frequently, the zigzag was used to represent the path of the lightning through the sky, but among the Egyptians it was the symbol of that greatest feature of their land, the river Nile; and as the influence of the Nile was felt throughout all Egypt, so the zigzag pattern was introduced into all their decoration. At the present day it is the symbol of the water-carrier Aquarius in the signs of the zodiac.





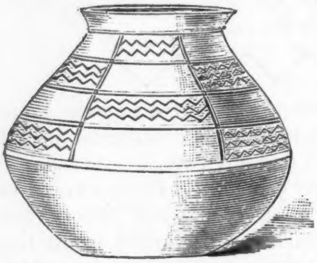
As time went on, the straight lines were exchanged for curves, just as happened in the sun-signs, and the zigzag became a wavy  line and was named Meander by the Assyrians, when they adopted it, from the river Meander in Asia Minor. Gradually the simple curve was elaborated, appearing in this form, until the original device was quite lost sight of in the complex variations. It is a fact worth remarking upon, that art in its early days of chaste simplicity tends to express itself in straight lines; then gradually the lines become softened into curves, but it would seem that the greater grace attained was enervating, for the curves inevitably lead to degeneracy and loss of purity. So in the

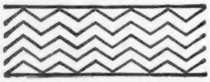


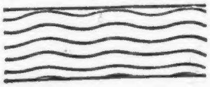
history of a pattern we frequently find the primitive form in more or less straight lines; later it reappears with the lines curved, and then the treacherous facility of the curve leads into variations and additions, the motive is lost, and the pattern is practically ruined for symbolism.

Parallel representations of the zigzag and its curved form give two other water patterns which were used by the Egyptians at various times.

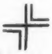
The fundata is another extremely ancient Egyptian pattern. It represented a fisherman's net, as its name implies, and it is formed, very appropriately, frequently in conjunction with the Nile zigzag.

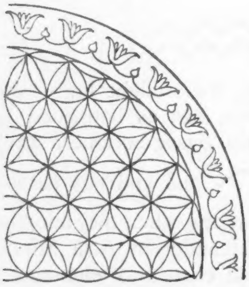

WATER-POT WITH WATER PATTERN

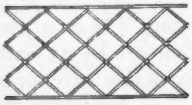




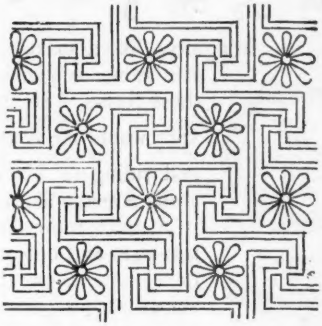
It will easily be recognised as a pattern in daily use at the present time.

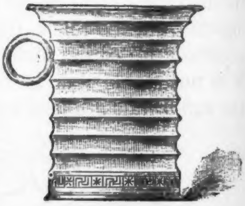
A curious form of a cross, the "Broken Cross,"  is attributed to Egyptian art, and figures often as a pattern element. It is said to be composed of a double Tau, the Egyptian sign of life; and it is asserted that this was the mystic blood-sign which, painted on the lintels, delivered the first-born of the people of Israel from the terrible vengeance of the destroying angel. Almost every Persian rug has a broken cross introduced into its pattern.


FUNDATA PATTERN. PART OF A PHŒNICIAN BOWL

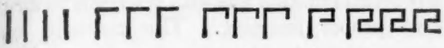

FUNDATA AS THE BORDER OF A GARMENT

The well-known key pattern, or Greek fret (*the* Greek pattern as it is commonly called, as if Greece had only one pattern), is probably of pure Egyptian origin. China also claims to have initiated it, but it seems now certain that China was in its infancy when Egypt was in full maturity, and therefore China borrowed from Egypt through the agency of other nations. Nowadays this pattern is familiar on breakfast- and tea-services, on edges and borderings of every description, but with the Egyptians it was a distinctly religious device, and intended to represent the great labyrinthic temple on Lake Minos, a most gorgeous building reputed to contain winding alleys, ascending and descending in a spiral. Tradition says there were in it twelve courtyards or palaces, their number having reference to the twelve signs of the Zodiac. In these palaces were three thousand chambers, symbolical of the three thousand years' wandering which every soul after death was required to perform on earth, and it was to provide a home and resting-place at times for the tired soul, that the Egyptians preserved their dead with such infinite care. So the fret was symbolical of a life after death, a life of expiation where, in long wanderings, the sins of earth must be atoned for. To remind them of this fact the Egyptians reproduced this pattern in all their ornamentation.


PATTERN FROM EGYPTIAN CEILING

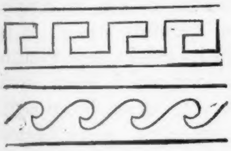

ANCIENT VESSEL WITH FRET BORDER

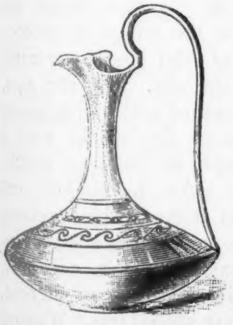
Although of a somewhat complicated appearance it is easily developed by a simple combination of straight lines at right angles to each other, thus :



In this way a pattern might be reinvented over and over again by different nations, and this may explain the independent existence of the frets which are found by archæological explorations in Central America. Still, commercial intercourse among the nations brought many forms of civilisation and art from one country to another, and a pattern became known over a large area. But it was by this very universality that it first began to lose its soul. One nation borrowed a pattern from another nation, not for the meaning it had—that was peculiar to a different race and religion with which they had no affinity—but for its form, which appealed to the eye alone, and they reproduced the design where it was suitable as an ornamentation, without any reference to its suitability as an expression of feeling.

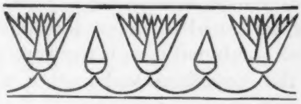
The early Greeks were among the nations that thus borrowed from the Egyptians, and so we find in Greece this pattern repeated intact, or softened and varied according to Greek ideas. Thus, from the straight stiff lines of the fret were developed the beautiful curves of the wave-scroll or kymation. This, to the sailor Greeks, with their home by the sea, suggested the billows of the sea rising and bending ere they broke upon the shore. Nowadays the kymation is repeated in every sort of ornamentation, but to few, indeed, does it recall the curling waves upon the beach, and to fewer still does it speak of the labyrinth of Lake Minos and the long years of a soul's expiation.



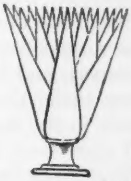


VASE WITH WAVE PATTERN

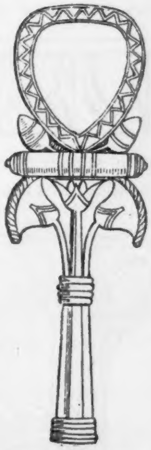
The character of the early Egyptians, solemn and stately, expressed itself best in straight stiff lines and precise angles ; their patterns, like their architecture, which delighted in angular pyramids and square temples, lacked softness and roundness of form. Therefore drawings from Nature of flowers and leaves in their natural freedom did not appeal to the early Egyptian mind, although a certain conventional treatment of the sacred lotus-flower forms a favourite pattern. The lotus was the plant which first appeared when the fertilising waters of the Nile had retreated, leaving behind the dark rich mud which represented prosperity to the land, and so the Egyptians saw in the flower a herald of harvest and plenty. Year after year, as they watched the great river rise, rest on the land, then slowly draw back into its bed, and as they noted how unvaryingly the blue flowers of the lotus rose through the water, the blossoms seemed to them to typify the unchangeableness of Nature, and the unending round of seasons, and the great eternity. Thus the lotus pattern was a fitting symbol to place on the cases which held the mummy dead, for it expressed their hope and firm belief in the immortality of the soul. It may be observed that the Egyptians, as a rule, treated the flower in profile, though occasionally they introduced the full flower, as in this variation of the zigzag patterns, which typified the Nile bearing the sacred flower.



LOTUS PATTERN

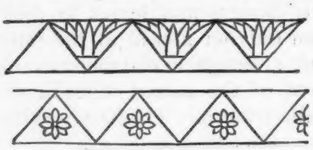


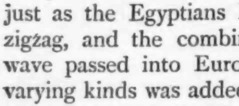
GOBLET, EGYPTIAN, IN SHAPE OF A LOTUS-FLOWER



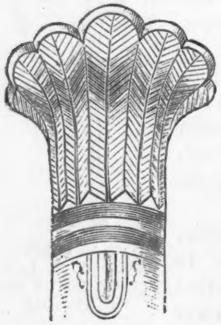
EGYPTIAN PERFUME SPOON, WITH BUNDLE OF LOTUS FOR THE HANDLE

Intercourse with Assyria, Babylonia, and thence to India and Greece, carried the beautiful lotus-flower pattern far into other lands. In India the lotus was also regarded as sacred, perhaps even the idea of its sacredness might have been transmitted from Egypt, and it is noteworthy that the people of India favoured the full-view representation of the flower rather than the profile. The radiating lines of the flower were accepted as an emblem of the sun, and decorated symbolically the outside of many Buddhist topes. They also combined it with the wave pattern, just as the Egyptians had used it with the zigzag, and the combination of lotus and wave passed into Europe, where foliage of varying kinds was added to it, until in latter elaborations its primitive idea was completely lost sight of. Collingwood, in his "Philosophy of Ornament," gives an interesting comparison of the lotus pattern as treated by the various nations. These show the utmost diversity and ingenuity of design. Several have distinctive names, and have had their place in the decorative art of all nations and all ages since their birth in the land of the Nile. That known, for instance, by the quaint name of the "Egg and Tongue" pattern, is one still remaining with us, though without any of its original sacred value. This is very probably a modification of the lotus buds. The "Egg and Tongue" pattern has also been interpreted in another way. Some have seen in it the bursting of the prickly rind of the chestnut fruit, and then the egg-form stands for the chestnut itself. The parallel lines are the thickness of the rind, and the sharp points on either side are the characteristic spines.



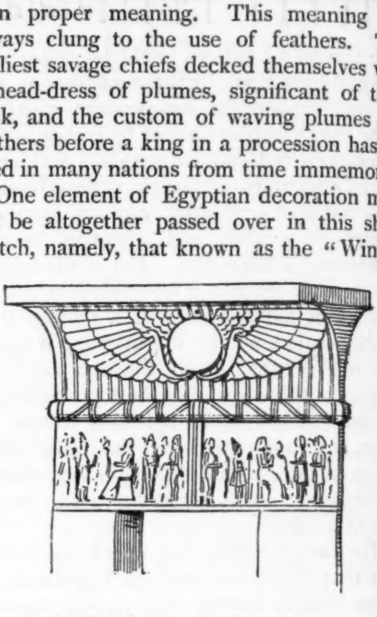


Another distinctive feature of Egyptian patterns is the use of feathers as a decorative element, and feather representation has been handed down and still widely exists in the meaningless patterns of the nineteenth century. But, with the Egyptians, feathers had a special significance, and their introduction was with a definite purpose. They denoted sovereignty, supremacy, chieftainship, and their position in any ornamentation was with reference to their own proper meaning. This meaning has always clung to the use of feathers. The earliest savage chiefs decked themselves with a head-dress of plumes, significant of their rank, and the custom of waving plumes and feathers before a king in a procession has existed in many nations from time immemorial.



EGYPTIAN COLUMN, WITH "FEATHER" CAPITAL

One element of Egyptian decoration must not be altogether passed over in this short sketch, namely, that known as the "Winged Globe." We find it everywhere, over doors and windows, on jewels and stones, on temple gateways, and on the mummy cases; it is essentially Egyptian in its origin, and though adopted by certain nations which learnt from the Egyptians, it has yet, curiously enough, failed to find a permanent resting-place among the patterns of our day. It is an element of three parts, a globe in the centre symbolising the sun; this rests on two serpents, emblems of royalty; while on either side stretch out the wings of protection which speak of the sun's untiring daily journey across the sky. As the sun, the god of life, is combined with the serpents whose bite is death, so the whole was a symbol of the triumph of life over death, light over darkness. An inscription yet remains at Edfou in Egypt, which relates that when light conquered darkness, when dawn first chased away the gloom of night, it was commanded that in memory thereof, over every door in Egypt should this "Winged Globe" be inscribed. The repetition of the sign of the "Winged Globe" was, as with other elements, merely an intensification of meaning, just as in modern days we depict

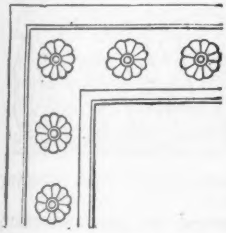


DOORWAY WITH WINGED GLOBE

horse-shoe upon horse-shoe to bring good luck.

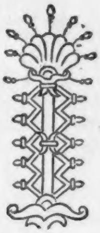
With this glimpse into some patterns of Egyptian origin, we pass on to one or two of those in Assyrian, Persian and Indian art, which persist, in little altered form, unto the present day.

No patterns have been more popular in late years, especially in decorative needlework, than those which have had the daisy and marguerite flower for their motive. Solomon justly said that there was nothing new under the sun, and a glance at Assyrian art will show that daisy patterns were in common use thousands of years ago. But it was not mere pleasure in its beauty that prompted the old Assyrians to use it as they did, it was the belief they held in its sacredness, in its value as a religious emblem, that caused them to use it as a pattern decoration. The place the lotus took among the Egyptians, was the place of the daisy in the land of Assyria.



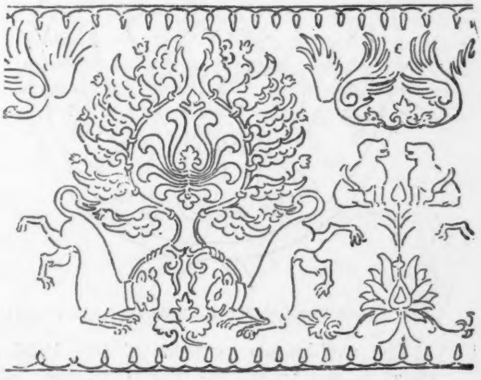
BORDER OF A DOORWAY

A casual examination of an old Persian rug or tapestry, or imitations of the same, will show the oft-recurring design of a tree in various degrees of grotesqueness. This is a recurring of the sacred tree, the Soma or Hom, whose influence can be traced throughout most of the decorations of the ancients. "From the earliest antiquity," says Dr. Rock, "a tradition came down through middle Asia of some holy tree, perhaps the tree of life spoken of in Paradise." On either side of this tree, animals or men are generally represented doing homage, in Persian art they are frequently chained at its foot. The precise nature of the Hom is a little difficult to determine, but probably it was an almost leafless climbing-plant, with fan-shaped flowers and cone-like fruit, from whose milky juice man extracted his first intoxicating drink, and it was thus the predecessor of the vine. It was frequently represented as climbing round the palm which supplied the date, the staff of life. As time went on, the sacred tree, as seen in patterns, varied in form, probably because the Hom wine was supplanted by a fermented beverage from another plant, which thereupon came into favour, and so we find the pattern gradually modified, and later on even adapted into a conventional vine.



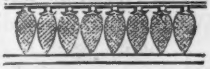
TREE OF LIFE, FROM ROYAL GARMENT EMBROIDERY

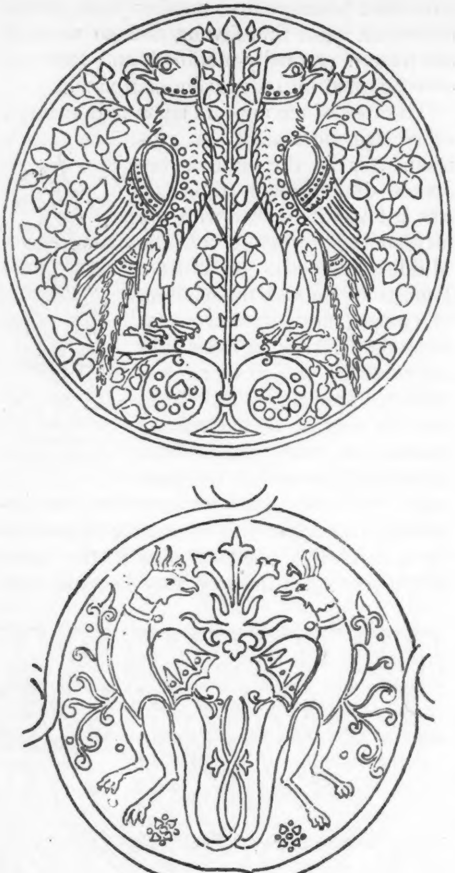
The tree of life appears again and again in every age, increasing in grotesqueness as the motive becomes dim through time; it was a favourite device with the Sicilian silk weavers of the Middle Ages, who got it from Persian art through the medium of Greece, and often the patterns they devised on their silks must strike us now as extremely amusing. At times the tree may be of magnificent proportions, with quaint lions prostrating themselves on either side. At other times we may find two imposing birds apparently measuring themselves by a shrub-like plant of almost the same height; or again the tree may become such an insignificant quantity, that two huge gryphons turn their backs upon it, and somewhat contemptuously throw glances at it over their shoulders.



PATTERN FROM SICILIAN SILK (14TH CENTURY)

But the tree does not always appear in its entirety; a simple blossom, or the cone fruit, either alone or crowned with a pyramid of leaves, may represent it. For instance, this is a simple pattern of parallel cones without their leaves, which still remains a favourite device, though its cone origin is no longer recognised.



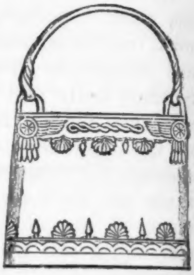


PATTERNS FROM SICILIAN SILKS (14TH CENTURY)

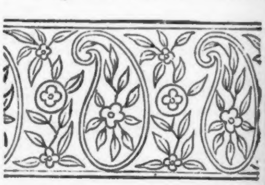
The well-known pattern of the Paisley shawl is the tree-of-life design in the last stage of degradation.

Here the cone-shape is conventionalised, and within the outline of the cone are stalks and leaves, and a blossom in the centre. Alternately with the cones may be found other treatments of the tree of life. In different shawls the patterns vary somewhat, but the same motive runs throughout. Thus, a beautiful symbol of deepest religious meaning became, as the world grew older, an empty pattern to deck a shawl.

It seems as if in the days of old, men were more serious, less wishful to live for the hour, more mindful of a life to come, less of a life that is. Thus, with their eyes turned towards the future, it was natural that they should care to surround themselves with emblems which would daily be in tune with serious thought. They would have wearied of the modern signs of nothingness, as a sick patient grows to loathe the vapid empty design of the wall-pattern on which he is condemned to gaze so many tedious hours. How much character might be influenced and life ennobled, could symbols of higher ideals, with a due recognition of their meaning, take the place now wrongly usurped by soulless lines.



METAL BUCKET WITH PALMETTE AND CONES



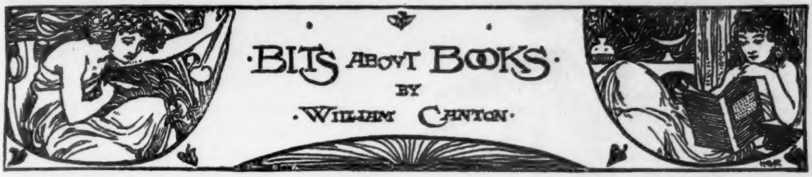
PATTERN FROM A PAISLEY SHAWL

* * *

THE BLACKBIRD

When creeps the dawn across the dewy lea,
When ardent noontide floods the earth with
light,
When evening dimly fades into the night,
The blackbird pours his mellow minstrelsy.
He loves not haste, deliberate is he,—
A stave, and then a pause (the lazy wight!)
While faintly answers such another sprite,
A rival songster in a distant tree.
Anon he sings, ah, soft and liquid strain!
No blighting care his placid bosom chills,
His carol has no minor of lament!
Hearing, I lose the sense of human pain,
The fretful memory of frequent ills,
Soothed by this tuneful laureate of content!

CRESANDIA.



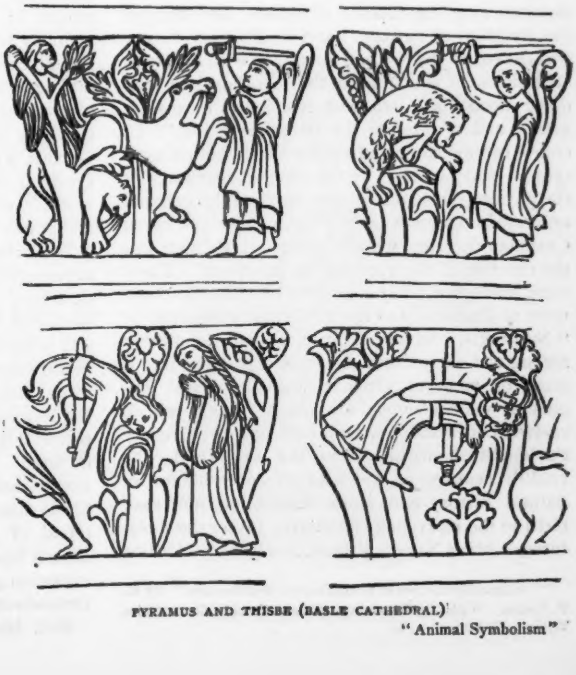
·BITS ABOUT BOOKS·

BY

·WILLIAM CANTON·

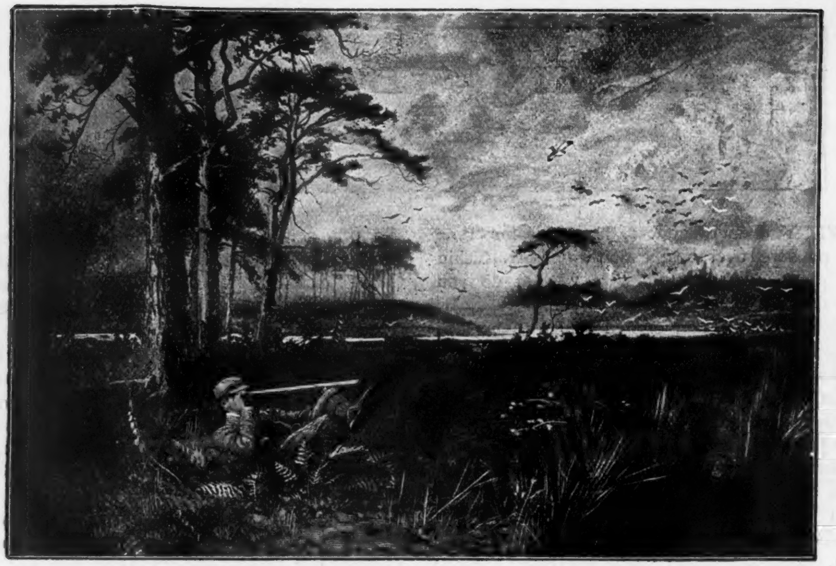
EVERY one, I suppose, has at some time pondered over the question which Mr. Ruskin propounded in "Fors": "What do you think they were made for—all these spotty, scaly, finned and winged and clawed things that grope between you and the dust, that flit between you and the sky? These motes in the air, sparks in the sea, mists and flames of life; the flocks that are your wealth; the moth that frets it away . . . . the creatures that mock you and torment, the creatures that serve and love you?" One can conceive in a vague, dim way, of the awe and wonderment with which the primeval men, talking in their rude shelters of the strange forms of life in sky and forest, asked each other: "*Who* are these?" for in spite of centuries of familiarity and knowledge, the question is still one which haunts the mind with a whispering insistence. "Could anything," wrote Cardinal Newman, "be more marvellous or startling—unless we were used to it—than that we should have a race of beings about us whom we do see, and as little know their state, or can describe their interests or their destiny, as we can tell of the inhabitants of the sun and moon? It is, indeed, a very overwhelming thought, when we get to fix our minds on it, that we periodically use—I may say hold intercourse with—creatures who are as much strangers to us, as mysterious, as if they were the fabulous, unearthly beings, more powerful than man and yet his slaves, which Eastern superstitions have invented." How deeply this enigma had impressed itself on Newman's imagination may be gathered from what follows: "We have more real knowledge about the angels than about the brutes; they have, apparently, passions, habits, and a certain accountableness, but all is mystery about them. We do not know whether they can sin or not; whether they are under punishment; whether they are to live after this life; we inflict very great sufferings on a portion of them, and they in turn, every now and then, retaliate upon us, as if by a wonderful law. Cast your thoughts abroad on the whole number of them, large and small, in vast forests, or in the water, or in the air, and then say whether the presence of such countless multitudes, so various in their natures, so strange and wild in their shapes, living on the earth without ascertainable object, is not as mysterious as anything Scripture says about the angels?"

If one of the keenest intellects of our own day found the problem so absolutely inscrutable, is it strange that fantastic surmises flitted through the imaginations of the early races? In his naïve and picturesque way Michelet tells us how in the East the animal is "a bewitched soul," still wrapped in the mists of the first cradle dream, and wandering in the dusk of reveries and dumb sorrows. "The child alone, by an instinct of the heart, feels that this despised creature is a person, and speaks to him and questions him; and on his side the creature listens and loves the child." And in a striking passage in "Marius" Mr. Pater mentions that in the worship of the goddess Artemis—Diana—one perceives a double aspect, of kindliness and cruelty, which seems to bear witness to a remote past when men regarded the animals as on a sort of equality with themselves, "on friendly terms or the reverse—a



PYRAMUS AND THISBE (BASLE CATHEDRAL)

"Animal Symbolism"



WILD-FOWL ON LANGMERE, NORFOLK

"Animals at Work and Play"

state full of primeval sympathies and antipathies." In his extremely interesting book on "Animal Symbolism,"* Mr. Evans draws a striking picture of the early relations between the world of man and that of the wild creatures. It was the animals who "directed the emigrations of tribes, and determined the places in which colonies were to be planted, watched over the infancy of heroes, and suckled the founders of nations," and finally they "were transferred to the sky and identified with the constellations, in which form they continued to look down upon the earth with auspicious or malign aspect, and to forecast the fate of mankind." In course of time these and similar crude beliefs were crossed and modified by the fanciful teachings of the physico-theologians "who resolved the external universe into a mere body of divinity or system of Christian doctrine, written in cipher, which it was the function of the exegetist to interpret." These were embodied in the *Hexahemera* (the six days' work of Creation) and the celebrated *Physiologus* or "Naturalist," which enjoyed a high reputation among the early Christians, was translated into a score or more of Oriental and Occidental languages, was condemned for some time as heretical, revived under the powerful patronage of Gregory the Great, flourished from the seventh to the twelfth century as a Christian compendium of natural history and moral instruction, and gave birth to the marvellous Bestiaries, Livres des Créatures, Libri de Naturis Rerum, Naturalist's Mirrors, Gardens of Delight and what not of our credulous and pious forefathers. Christian art caught up the idea; and pillars, windows, bestiaries, and psalters were carved or coloured with the wondrous beast and bird legend in which the vulture suckles her young, the lion sleeps with open eyes and roars its dead cubs into life, the ostrich hatches its eggs by staring at them, the blind old lizard recovers its sight by stretching out its head to the rising sun, the unicorn can only be caught by the aid of a maiden, the wolf cannot turn its head because there is no joint in its neck, and the peacock, "waking suddenly in the night, cries out as if in distress, because it dreams that it has lost its beauty, thus typifying the soul, which in the night of this sinful world is constantly fearing to lose the good gifts and graces with which God has endowed it."

How the rude symbolism of the Fathers was superseded by the finer mysticism of a more æsthetic school of expositors; how in time the marvels of mediæval travellers and scenes from the old sagas and beast-epics crept in; how the enforcement of moral principles yielded place to the satirising of vices; how finally the spirit which culminated in the Reformation ran wild in aggressiveness and in pictorial licence, I must leave Mr. Evans to relate in detail. One closes the book with a sense of dull wonderment that human life has been beast-ridden for so many centuries, and that for so vast an interval of time men were content to accept the absurd legends about the sculptor's wild creatures instead of giving their attention to the wild creatures themselves.

But, indeed, this has been a quite modern achievement. It seems only yesterday, for instance, that one of the most singular phases in the complex problem of migration was solved. In his new book, "Animals at Work and Play"*—a work which, like everything from the pen of its author, embodies the insight of the naturalist and the enthusiasm of the poet in the most delightful English, Mr. Cornish includes a veritable chapter of romance under the heading "Mr. Seebohm's Discovery." It had long been observed that every spring half-a-dozen of our winter visitors—the grey plover, curlew sandpiper, sanderling, little stint and "Bewick's swan"—vanished as completely as if they had flown to another planet. Their breeding-place was a mystery of the ancient earth, and if, as Mr. Seebohm conjectured, their migration was to the far north, their motive was inscrutable, for the tundra, the "region of treeless swamp," was an evil place, buried for more than half the year in deep snow. Yet it was on the tundra that three of the nests were found. The migration of the birds was in millions. "Suddenly summer came, and with it—almost on the same day—the birds arrived also. The ice on the Petchora split and disappeared, the banks steamed in the sun; geese, swans, ducks, gulls, redstarts, wagtails, pipits, chiff-chaffs, willow-wrens, dotterels, snipes and hawks, pursuing them, arrived in forty-eight hours after the first warmth; the cuckoo sang all day long." And away on the tundra, the long leagues covered with moss, lichens, cloudberries, and cranberries caught the sun, and over millions of acres the ripe berries on which the snow fell *at the close of the previous summer* now hung on the bushes or lay ready to be eaten on the ground. "The frozen meal stretches across the breadth of Asia. It never decays, and is accessible the moment the snow melts." The same heats which free the fruits bring into being the mosquito swarms, which account for the presence of the insect-eating birds. Who could have anticipated that last year's berry harvest would have been preserved beneath the arctic drifts to lure this year, over vast tracts of earth and sea, the myriad migrants of the south?

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* "Animal Symbolism in Ecclesiastical Architecture." By E. P. Evans. With a bibliography and seventy-eight illustrations. William Heinemann. 9*s*.

As one turns Mr. Cornish's luminous pages one cannot help thinking how they would have amazed the Alexandrian Greek who compiled the *Physiologus;* and as one reads of the animals and their ways, their courage, their humour, their play and their tokens of grief, their dislike of solitude and the numerous traits which entitle them to the name of the "minor brethren," one becomes conscious of the reiteration of the question of the primeval men —"Who *are* these?" Who are these mysteries, who, without any notable change to meet extreme conditions, can on the one hand endure the enormous pressure of the deep sea, and on the other the intense cold of the Polar winter; who in so many instances where one would least expect it—note Mr. Cornish's chapter, "What animals see"—appear to live in a colourless world of white, black, and grey; whose intellects must be strangely narrowed and darkened by the lack of speech; whose sufferings from "the season's difference" we can hardly realise; who die, as a rule, by violence?

A welcome light is thrown on one of these points by Mr. Witchell's account of the evolution of bird-song from the primitive alarm-cry and call-note.* The book is brimful of freshness and suggestion. Think of the remote origin of our musical scale and observe that many of the phrases of thrush and blackbird seem identical with its intervals. Conceive that the starlings of Bisley have a phrase which may have originally been caught up from the Church music, "which during eight centuries or more has been heard in that place." Then consider the imitation of elemental sounds—the rustle of leaves, the rhythm and singing and gurgling of water, the patter of rain, the bursting of air-bubbles, all which can be detected in the song of birds; and the imitation of the cries of other creatures, as in the case of the landrail, which in its nocturnal rounds seems to have acquired the indescribable sound of cattle grazing in the dark. There seems to be no doubt that birds delight in their own song; to them, at least, the world is a world of coloured things; their swiftness implies an electrical rapidity of perception and thought; one

THE HERON'S MOTIONLESS FIGURE
"The Wild Life of Scotland"

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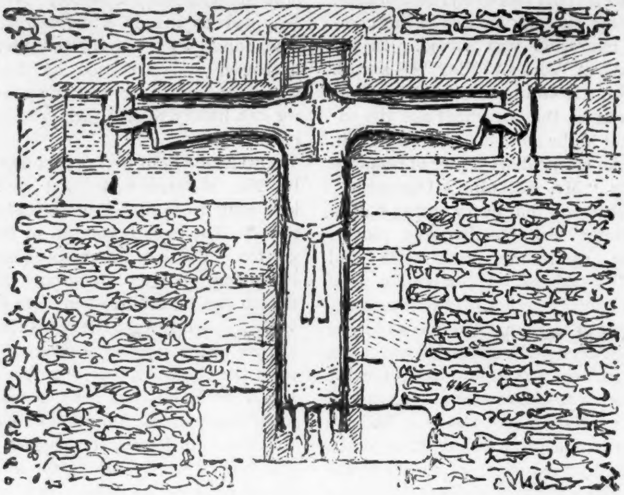
* "Animals at Work and Play: their Activities and Emotions." By C. J. Cornish, author of "Life at the Zoo," "Wild England of To-day," &c. With illustrations. Seeley & Co., Limited. 6*s.*

* "The Evolution of Bird-song; with Dissertations on the Influence of Heredity and Imitation," By Charles A. Witchell, author of "The Fauna of Gloucestershire." Adam & Charles Black. 5*s.*



VESTED CRUCIFIX AT LANGFORD CHURCH

"Riverside Letters"

would fain fancy that their singularly developed power of expression in song connotes something of what we associate with an extensive vocabulary. If the quadrupeds wander in the dusk of dream and sadness—like the unbaptized babes of "The Inferno" or the shadow-children of Virgil—the birds at least seem to have escaped from some of the evils that have "bewitched" the minor brethren.

If Mr. Crawford will turn to p. 52 of "The Evolution of Bird-song" he will find a suggestion, it can hardly be called a reproduction, in notation of the beautiful song of the willow-wren which he regards as "disembodied melody," without either "tune or character of any kind." On pp. 185–86 of Mr. Cornish's book he will also see that the New Forest ponies furnish a parallel for the interesting details he gives about the Shetland ponies. Mr. Crawford lacks the magical pen of the two naturalists I have just mentioned. Had he but given greater care to the manner of his story one would have enjoyed the matter of it infinitely more, for "Wild Life of Scotland"* contains the fruit of long and sedulous observation. And he does not confine himself to bird and beast, but pursues his researches in burn and loch, and down through the estuary along the coast and out beyond the limit of waters that one is used to regard as Scottish. The reader who is eager to hear a true story of escape from a real witch's hair should turn to p. 138.

All who enjoyed—and who did not enjoy?—the pleasant gossip of the "Letters to Marco" will be glad to look into these chatty "Riverside Letters."* They are as discursive as fireside talk, and touch on a thousand points of interest. I had marked several passages for comment, but my space forbids me to do more than refer to the account of the clothed crucifix at Langford Church in the south-west corner of Oxfordshire. It was in all likelihood carved in the seventh century, and the figure is unique in these islands. "No crucifix at all is known earlier than the sixth century, and up to the end of the seventh the figure was always entirely clothed." But what has all this to do with the mysterious world of fur and feather? Well, I remember that "He was there in the wilderness . . . . and was with the wild beasts;" and the words recall to my mind one of the most haunting and tender passages I have read in recent sermons: "Was not the presence of the wild beast an element in our Lord's temptation? Did He not see in their eyes an appeal from their misery? Was He not quick to behold the earnest expectation of the creatures waiting for the manifestation of the Son of God? . . . . Even yet some men exercise strange powers over them; and when He the creating Word, the 'Second Adam,' the Lord from Heaven, beheld them in his dumb agony, did they not cease one moment to groan and travail, as if they saw their hope in His grief?" †

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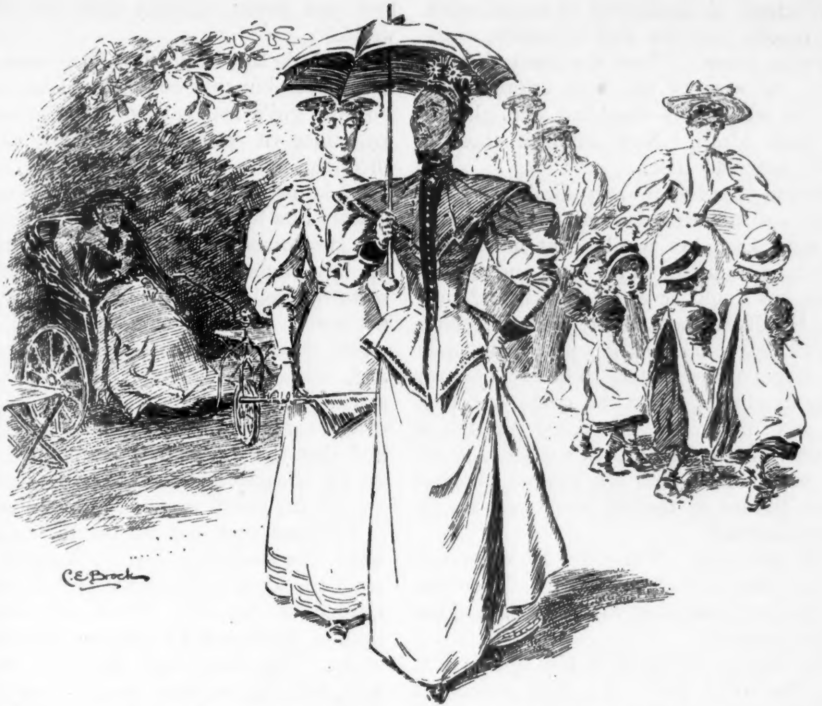
* "Wild Life of Scotland." By J. H. Crawford, F.L.S. Illustrations by John Williamson. John Macqueen. *8s. 6d.*

* "Riverside Letters; a continuation of 'Letters to Marco.'" By George D. Leslie, R.A., author of "Our River." With illustrations by the author. Macmillan & Co., Limited. *7s. 6d.*

† "Ten-minute Sermons." By the Rev. Dr. Robertson Nicoll.



"Without a protest from her indignant hostess she sailed past Charity"

CHARITY CHANCE

By WALTER RAYMOND, Author of "Gentleman Upcott's Daughter," "Love and Quiet Life," "Tryphena in Love," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES E. BROCK

CHAPTER X

HONITON LACE

"TO me the thing that is real is right."

How his phrases haunted her, and this more than any. She pondered over it perplexed. Ever and again it arose before her mind, boldly claiming acceptance as a universal truth. The envy of those Babblemouth people was real enough, but reality did not make it right. Within the converse rather, Truth lay cradled. "The thing that is unreal is wrong." Unconsciously she substituted this proposition, and cherished the changeling unawares. "What depth of insight he has!" she gasped, and almost worshipped him for the thing he had not said.

She did not go to meet Prentice the next day. She trembled at the thought. She had promised to marry Graham. Her path was plain before her, and she must keep to it.

In the isolation of her growing up, as the fairest flower in Miss Graham's garden, she had seen nothing of the outside world. Lessons she had learned in the Babblemouth

High School, an institution of considerable local repute, but her real education went forward at home. There she drank deep in poetry, the wine of the little cripple's life, until her whole soul throbbed and glowed with high ideals. Now amongst these a deadly strife had arisen.

She had promised to marry Graham. Constancy was a virtue beyond compare, and she must keep her word. But how could she longer acquiesce in his love, and act the lie her lips would never deign to utter?

In her distress and misery she would creep away to her room over the porch, or to some odd corner of the garden, to be with her own thoughts unseen. For she could not hide her agitation. And she dared not tell it any one. In solitude it was a relief to speak her heart aloud, and she poured out her secret passion to the tall sunflowers beside the garden wall.

"It has come. I love him!" she cried. "I love him with all my heart." Then she stood silent, startled at the vehemence of her own utterances.

She must never speak to him again: that was the only way. But this resolution brought a burden of despair, beneath which her spirit was well-nigh broken.

So the days passed on. A doubt whether Theodosia had seen them together that night, which at first troubled her, was dismissed. She had not spoken of it. But a rumour of impending dissolution had given a keener interest to the candidature of Mr. Poltimore-Briggs, and the Babblemouth people could talk of nothing else. There were meetings all over the country. To-morrow there was to be a mass meeting on the quay. And Graham had thrown himself into the contest heart and soul—not from any deep conviction, but with the careless gaiety of the sportsman. Therefore, of him, for the time, she saw but little. Miss Graham, noticing the girl's unhappiness but mistaking its cause, became more than ever tender and sympathetic.

"Lay aside the book, and talk to me," she said softly one evening, and gently drew the girl down to kiss her bright hair. "You must not mind, dear, if he seems to neglect you, just for a while. There is nowhere a more loyal heart than Graham. Why, I would not care for him one straw, if he were not eager for his father to win. He would not be worth his salt. And no one could love you better, Charity dear, in all the world."

The little lady stopped. There were tears in her eyes, but they were tears of happiness. For the girl's melancholy was a source of joy, since it proved the depth of her affection.

"I know that Graham loves me," replied Charity in a low voice.

"He worships you," cried Miss Graham, her face bright with enthusiasm. "Wait one moment, child. I will be back. No, do not move. I can go alone."

She waved away the proffered assistance, and, with only her ebony stick, toiled upstairs. She was gone some time. Charity could hear her mysteriously moving overhead, and that she dragged a box upon the floor. At last she returned, bringing with great care a small flat parcel wrapped in blue paper.

Fatigued and out of breath, without a word she took her seat. Overcome with emotion, for a while she held the precious burden on her lap. Then with a quick gesture, beckoned Charity to unfasten the string. The knot, tied long ago, was very firm, and the girl knelt down to pick it out.

With trembling hands Miss Graham opened the paper, and drew forth a wealth of Honiton lace, and amongst it a bridal veil.

"Stay, child, stay!" she interposed quickly, for Charity was about to rise.

She rapidly unfolded the veil, yellow with age and very beautiful, and cast it over the girl's head.

"There, Charity," she began in a broken voice. "My mother wore it at the altar, and so shall you. It was made for her. And the flounce too. For more than a score of years it has not seen the light. Poor Irene put it on once, and laughed to look at herself. She should have worn it, but that was not to be. Stand over there, dear, and let me look at it again."

The girl hesitated, then obeyed. In her effort to control her feelings, she held her head erect, as if in pride.

"Yes, yes. You shall wear it," cried the little cripple, nodding approval. She paused and then went on with growing excitement: "Charity! You will be a bride for a king. And you shall keep it, dear, as I have done, until some day you put it on a child of your own. For you are mine, dear—and Graham's—and there is no one else. It shall be an heirloom for ever to the first daughter who marries. No. That will be always a fresh name. For the bride of the eldest son."

Suddenly she stopped.

"Come here, child. Quick. Let me take it off."

Her manner had changed, and she spoke now in a frightened whisper.

"They used to call it unlucky to try on a bride's things. They said so when Irene put it on. And she, poor girl—quick, kneel down again!"

She quickly removed, and was tenderly refolding the precious relic to put it by, when her eye caught sight of the misery upon the girl's face.

"Of course there is nothing in that," she said soothingly. "How foolish of me to have said it, dear!"

Then the little lady laughed uneasily, and again drew the girl towards her to be kissed.

"There. Quick, pick me up the string" she said.

But both the exultation and the passing presentiment had pressed with crushing weight upon Charity's spirit. The one proved the marriage, and the other the unhappiness so inevitable. To hide her emotion she turned away and crossed the room to the piano. She stood, turning over the leaves of a volume of Beethoven's sonatas, but did not touch the keys.

There followed a brief moment of silence and disquietude.

How sensitive she is! thought the little cripple, and loved her the more for it. Then out of kindness she began to prattle quite lightly upon an unimportant matter.

"Your friend the poet, Charity, seems to have betaken himself to the woods. He is there all the day through, so John Sprake tells me, and sometimes after dark. John was greatly concerned as to what he could want there, and thought he could never be quite right. But I told him to leave the poor man in peace. I suppose it is a sort of browsing on Parnassus. I would not rob a poor soul of an inspiration for the world. Play something, dear."

The girl gladly turned to the piano for relief, and for that evening there was no further conversation. She placed the book upon the music-rack, and began to play. But through the solemn adagio and the fiercer passion of the presto movement, a vision of Alfred Prentice, desolate and alone, wandering in the gloom of a hopeless love, haunted her imagination. He had implored her to see him again. Since he loved her so deeply, did she not owe him as much as this? to own the happiness of his love, and then to bravely bow to the inevitable, and say farewell. Only of him she thought now; not of herself. It was the essential quality of all her dreams that they were noble. They pictured everybody heroic, never yielding to selfishness or fear. Except the Babblemouth people, whom, when they were not present, she dismissed from her mind. It was cruel to be so abrupt. If not to-morrow, when the political meeting might interfere, then on the day following, she must meet him once more, and make an end of it.

CHAPTER XI

THE MEETING

BABBLEMOUTH was astir! True, it was a little place, but once aroused, it displayed that phenomenal activity which is the brightest attribute of a little body. Villagers flocked in from all around and filled the town to overflowing. A brass band paraded the streets, and other attractions were manifold. There was to be an orator from a distance, a display of fireworks, and it was rumoured that a tight-rope dancer would walk from cliff to cliff upon a slack wire. Many understood that Mr. Poltimore-Briggs himself would perform this feat, but the event proved this a mere Radical invention.

Below Mr. Poltimore-Briggs's mansion, and running parallel with the harbour, was a row of ancient houses, quaint and irregular. Between them and the quay lay an open space, where fishing-boats put up their spoil to auction, and country-folk pitched their wares on market-day. Upon this forum a wooden platform had been raised with seats to accommodate a hundred supporters. There Mr. Poltimore-Briggs was to address the electorate.

It was evening. The proceedings had not yet commenced, but the place was already crowded when Charity reached the corner of this little square. She was later than she intended. Above the heads of the people she could distinguish Mrs. Mortimer and Theodosia, sitting in state amidst the *élite* of

Babblemouth society. For her, also, was reserved a seat upon the platform, but how to get to it was more than she could tell. For the crowd, although certainly good-natured, was in high spirits and jocular with a coarseness from which she shrank.

Close beside her a group of electors loudly discussed the merits of Mr. Poltimore-Briggs. Charity had so long regarded him with awe, that it startled her to hear that great name thrown to the four winds upon the breath of disparagement.

"Poltimore-Briggs! Who's Poltimore-Briggs?" cried an elderly sharp-featured little man, in a shrill voice, looking around defiantly. "A fine fellow to put up for Parliament indeed. Put up for sale, you'd buy him dear at his own valuation. Why I remember when he was nobody. I was in his father's office once—but that's out o' memory. We can't call that to mind now. He wasn't so big then. I say, that's his house—that's his horses, walking up and down for show there in front, that's his yacht out there covered with flags. Where did he get it? That's what I want to know. Why out o' Lord Babblemouth's estate. Eh? something clinging to the hand everything that's done. I tell 'ee what 'tis, he couldn't ha' got it if he hadn't robbed somebody."

There was a general guffaw, for the little man winked at every other word and talked like an oracle.

Charity stood perplexed, wondering if it were possible to go on.

"Oh, come, come!" drawled a countryman, with a face round and red as a Dutch cheese, "we do know where the man picked up his money. His uncle Briggs died an' lef' it to un. I knew his uncle Briggs well, afore he died. Had a shop 'pon Finsbury Pavement, an' died sudden. Zold un hams for years. Hunderds o' hams. Capical hams, all sweet pickle. Ah! zixpence a poun' them times an' did well. Ha! ha!" He laughed in happy recollection of those hams; and then added with deep earnestness, "But you can't do nothen out o' pig-butcheren nowadays."

"His uncle Briggs?" returned the other fiercely, "under thirty thousand pounds, for I saw the will in the *Illustrated*. And Poltimore bought land wi' it, an' farmed it foolish ever since. And the land gone down half since then. And who knows who's got the deeds, eh? Aha! oftentimes a man hasn't got all that goes in his name. No; what he got from his uncle Briggs couldn't do it. He stole it. That's what he did. He stole it."

"I stigmatise that as a lie. A paltry lie, imported for base party purposes. And any one who brings that tale here will very soon find himself in the wrong box. He'll soon learn the taste of Babblemouth harbour."

Thus spoke the Babblemouth draper and undertaker, a tradesman of the first magnitude, whose fine feeling and tact in seasons of bereavement had earned him the respect of all. Many deceased members of the Poltimore family had he buried, only to gain thereby a deeper interest in the living. In virtuous indignation he strode two steps towards the little man, and looked fierce enough to kill him first and bury him afterwards. The little man fell back and butted against Charity. The undertaker bowed with reverence and apologised.

At this moment, by good fortune, the air was rent with cheers.

"Mr. Poltimore-Briggs—that is Mr. Poltimore-Briggs!"

Every eye turned towards the platform. The landau traversed the fifty yards between Mr. Poltimore-Briggs's house and the wooden island in the sea of heads, and safely deposited its precious freight. The applause increased as Mr. Poltimore-Briggs, followed by the orator, ascended the steps. Yet there was opposition too—hooting and hissing, which lasted longer than the cheers. The little man plucked up and cried,

"Booh!"

To attempt to cross the square was useless, and Charity turned to go back. She did not care about politics. Hooting and cheers alike disturbed her, and her only desire was to get away. Around by-streets, now all deserted, she could reach Babblemouth House, and there await the return of the politicians and the fireworks. Speeches were nothing but weariness to her.

Amongst the old houses was one much smaller than the rest, with a bay window almost as big as itself. As Charity passed, the front door quickly opened. Some one spoke to her, and looking round she saw Alfred Prentice.

"Are you going home, Miss Chance?

Will you come into my room? There is an excellent view of the people." His manner was distantly respectful, then suddenly dropped into tenderness. "Yes. Come, please, and talk to me just this once."

So this last meeting to which her mind was made up, had befallen by accident after all. Ought she to accept this invitation, so contrary to the code of Babblemouth? Yet why not? He, too, recognised the inevitable when pleading for just this once. It was only natural to wish to watch the crowd from some place of safety, and better far than going into the wood by design. Her thanks were scarcely audible. At once she passed through the open door, and followed him up the stairs.

The room shocked her sensibilities—it was so small and mean. The corners were not square. The ceiling was so low that a taller tenant might have touched it with his hand. It had not the dignity of a garret, for the bay window was pretentious and the paltry furniture and tawdy German prints upon the wall marked it the lodging-keeper's own. Theodosia was right: he must be miserably poor. But how contemptible to tattle of it. And he too proud to accept their patronising hospitality. She loved him for that. She could have been proud herself.

She stood in the window, which came almost to the floor. The backs of the populace were towards her, but she was in full view of the platform. A stranger was now speaking. He majestically pointed to Mr. Poltimore-Briggs, and all the ladies clapped their hands.

"A strange ambition!" sighed Alfred Prentice, with the condescension of a lesser god looking down upon mortals, as he handed her a chair.

The little man had shouted an interruption, and was being hustled in the street below.

"They make it all personal. They misrepresent so unjustly, when they only disagree," cried the girl impatiently. She recollected and resented the absurd attack upon the integrity of Poltimore-Briggs. To know a person was, with her, to believe in him; and dislike could not shake that confidence.

Alfred Prentice looked at her intently. She was excited, and her face glowed with animation at the mere thought of injustice.

"I have missed you so much during these last miserable days," he said slowly. "I have neither read nor worked. I could not concentrate my mind upon anything because of a haunting fear that you despised me."

"Despised you! That was impossible. How could you think so?" she cried, almost with resentment, for this pained her.

"You did not come into the wood. The interviews that were so precious, so rich in profit to me, were at an end. I had driven you from your retreat; perhaps deprived you of your greatest solace. And that reflection was more bitter to me than my own despair."

He nervously thrust his fingers through his long black hair. He was so emotional that he quivered with excitement at the sound of his own voice. Nothing could be more despairing than his utterance of the word despair.

The loud aggression of the orator from a distance, driving home his points with the persuasiveness of a sledge-hammer, came through the open window, mingled with the laughter of the crowd. Every word was clear, but she did not hear what he was saying. She instinctively pushed back her chair. The people in the street were so close, they would witness her agitation and read her heart.

"I could see no good in coming after what you said. It could never be unsaid, or—or—forgotten," she told him sadly.

"No good!" he echoed. "When you were an inspiration to me. When every word was like the breath of spring, and the freshness of your belief in life gave me new hope, new faith, so that you became a necessity. No good!"

"I meant that—that nothing but unhappiness could result from our meeting each other. I felt it was not—not honourable. Yet I should have come once more if I had not seen you to-day."

Her voice sank. It sounded pitiful, this confession of weakness wrung from her in a moment of passion. It was a lament over a broken ideal.

He strode two steps across the little room, and threw himself upon his knees beside her chair. His arms were around her; his face was close to hers.

"Yes," he whispered fiercely. "You would have come because you love me. I know you love me; you cannot deny it, if you would. I can see it—I can hear it in your voice, and feel it in your presence here. But say it. Tell me the truth."

She could make no answer. Her tongue dared neither utter the secret of her heart, nor hide it in a lie. She made an effort to be free, but he held her fast.

"Say it," he insisted, and she could feel his breath upon her cheek. "A love unspoken is a song unsung—a jewel hidden from the light—a gift of heaven rejected. Tell me you love me."

His words were impetuous and irresistible. In a voice so low it scarcely seemed her own, she murmured:

"I love you."

For a moment she abandoned herself to drift upon the full flood of acquiescence. She was carried, she knew not where—far from the squalid little room to an island of enchantment and forgetfulness. The outbursts of the people in the street sounded far away, like the beating of summer breakers against distant rocks. One moment of joy and exultation, and she awoke with his kisses burning on her lips.

She tore herself away from him, and again stood up in the window. She was in a tumult of resentment, and crimson with shame.

"I am going now," she cried angrily, "I shall go straight home. I care nothing about the meeting. It is horrible to me and I wish I had not come. Look! Look! What are they doing there? They are fighting. Where are they going to carry the man?"

She pointed towards the quay-side.

The stranger whose contemptible party spirit had been displayed in those absurd comments upon the financial condition of Mr. Poltimore-Briggs, by impertinent interruptions brought upon himself the indignation of surrounding electors. "Duck him! Duck him!" yelled the crowd. He was seized, and civil war raged around his luckless body.

The girl looked on with horror, but Alfred Prentice took little heed. To him it was only an argument to defeat her intention. "You mustn't go yet," he said eagerly. "It is not safe."

"I cannot stay. I ought not to have come. But I wanted—I don't know what it was—I wanted to say something—but not that. I wanted to thank you—to show that——"

Her anger had melted away, and in the misery of hopelessness she burst into tears.

"Charity," he begged quite tenderly, "you have said you love me. Come away with me. To-night it is too late. We should get no carriage with all this foolery going on. But to-morrow—or next day."

She stared at him with her great astonished eyes.

"Do you mean run away?"

The frank wonder of the question made him hesitate.

"I mean take our destinies in our own hands, and live out our lives unfettered by other people."

"Whatever I do shall be avowed and open," she replied proudly. "Good-bye."

"It would be useless to tell. I am poor. They would not let you——"

"That would be nothing to me. Good-bye."

He did not take her proffered hand, and she turned hastily and went out of the door. He called after her by name. "Charity. One moment, Charity." But without a word she passed down the stairs and into the street. Fearlessly she pushed her way amongst the excited people on the outskirts of the crowd, but when she came upon the quiet road, she ran. Her great longing was to reach unheeded the solitude of her own room, and think.

But Miss Graham's quick ear heard her crossing the hall.

"What, Charity, back so soon! Come here, child."

"I was late and the place was full. There was shouting and fighting. It was horrid and I hated it."

"Of course you did," purred the little lady. "Why you looked frightened into a fever. Graham ought to have known."

CHAPTER XII

DISCLOSURES

WHAT was she to do? Days passed and this question, always present in Charity's mind, remained unanswered. She became silent and distraught. The affection of Miss Graham, expressed in a thousand delicate touches, to her difficulty heaped remorse. The girl could not steel her heart to hurt that tender friend. Thus life became a constant lie, and unbearable.

Amongst the summer hospitalities at Babblecombe House was one in which the little lady took peculiar delight. Once a year long deal tables were ranged upon the lawn, an urn of huge dimensions was hired from the town, and the workhouse girls were regaled with unlimited tea and buns.

It was early in the afternoon, and Miss Graham had been wheeled out of doors to await the arrival of her little guests. She loved to watch them coming along the road. To look at these hapless children quickened her sentiment and touched her heart.

"They are coming, Charity," she cried with enthusiasm. "Poor little things! How pretty they look in their blue cotton frocks."

The girl watched the procession marching two-and-two along the road. She was unhappy, and the sight to her seemed infinitely sad.

"I resent the blue frocks," she said warmly. "Why should they be marked for workhouse brats."

The phrase sounded unkind. "Don't, dear, don't," expostulated the little cripple with a pained look. But as the children filed into the garden her face beamed again and she added: "How clean and well they look. Set them to play at once, Charity. The Mortimers will be here in a moment."

Scarcely were the words uttered when the expected visitors came hurrying into the garden.

"So sorry to be late," gushed Mrs. Mortimer, rushing up to the chair, and kissing Miss Graham upon both cheeks. "How are you, dear Miss Graham? It is so sweet of you. I have brought all the dear girls, you see—to make themselves useful. Come, girls, come."

Her eye glanced from Theodosia to Amelia and Amy, and thence to the other six. The dear girls solemnly approached in single file, saluted Miss Graham according to priority of birth, and dispersed. Then Theodosia and her mother encamped upon stools, one on each side of the bath-chair.

The sun shone gloriously. Swallows darted to and fro. The plaintive note of the greenfinch, like a sweet wail of recollected sorrow, came from the wood.

The workhouse children were ranged in two rows, playing one of those singing games—the heritage for ever of the humble who have no toys:

"*We've a-come to see Jinny Jones, Jinny Jones, Jinny Jones,*
We've a-come to see Jinny Jones. How is she now?"

Backwards and forwards they tripped to the rhythm of the song. The little cripple's face glowed with pleasure as she nodded her head to the time. In heart she was as young as they, and enjoyed the game as much—always at second-hand. Their little twinkling skirts awakened a joy more tender than the early daffodils, or the bluebells in the wood. Something came over her. She scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry.

"*Jinny Jones is a-dying, a-dying, a-dying,*
Jinny Jones is a-dying. You can't see her now."

Every one else being happy and busily engaged, Mrs. Mortimer found the moment propitious to push forward her sharp face with the hook-nose she loved to put into everything.

"I wanted to say something to you, dear Miss Graham," she whispered mysteriously, "if you won't be vexed with me. I speak from a sense of duty and from the best and kindest motives, and because I feel you ought to know."

"*What shall we dress her in, dress her in, dress her in?*
What shall we dress her in——dress her in now?"

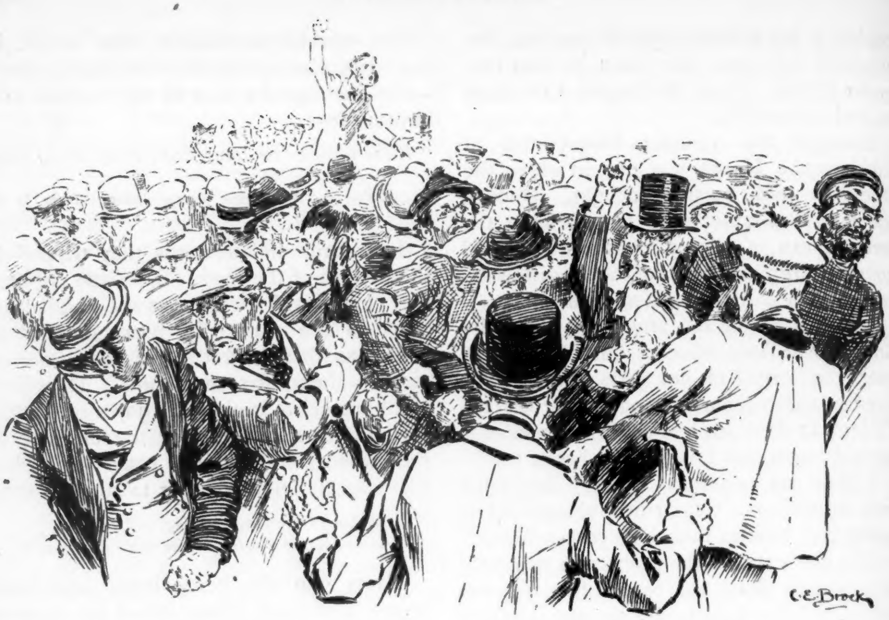
Miss Graham turned from the children with a sigh of regret. When Mrs. Mortimer spoke under moral compulsion she always said something unpleasant.

"What is it?" she asked simply,

"It is about Miss Chance—Charity, I mean. Dear Miss Graham, you know what the Babblemouth people are and how they tattle." Mrs. Mortimer shook her head censoriously. "I wouldn't say a word myself for the world—only it is such a pity when a girl is talked about——"

"Talked about?" interposed Miss Graham sharply. "Oh yes. I have no doubt of it. Foolish idle tongues cannot be stopped. So much the worse for them."

"Ah! How true that is!" sighed Mrs. Mortimer. "And you know I have always felt the deepest regard for—for Charity. She is so spontaneous, so impulsive, one



"He was seized upon, and civil war raged round his luckless body"

cannot help being in love with her. You see, we who know her understand and appreciate these good qualities. You and I, dear Miss Graham, see her true worth. And of course things are always exaggerated. Perhaps I may be wrong in detail, but I will find out——"

"There is nothing to find out in Charity," cried Miss Graham warmly. "Her faults are all on the surface. She is so transparent that any one may see to the bottom of her soul."

"Yes. And how beautiful that always is—that real ingenuousness. It endears her, and makes one feel all the more that—that one must speak. But this Mr. Prentice with whom she has become so friendly—the poet, you know——Theodosia, you had better go and assist your sisters."

"Friendly with Mr. Prentice!" The little lady fired up, and her eyes flashed with indignation. "Friendly with Mr. Prentice! Why she scarcely knows the fellow. She met him once at Graham's; and saw him afterwards in the wood, so she told me. That is all. Do you think she could speak to a real live genius with long hair, and not come home and talk of it?" In impatience with such nonsense Miss Graham laughed outright and abruptly turned her head to watch the children, still singing—

"Black is for mourning, mourning, mourning,
Black is for mourning. That will do."

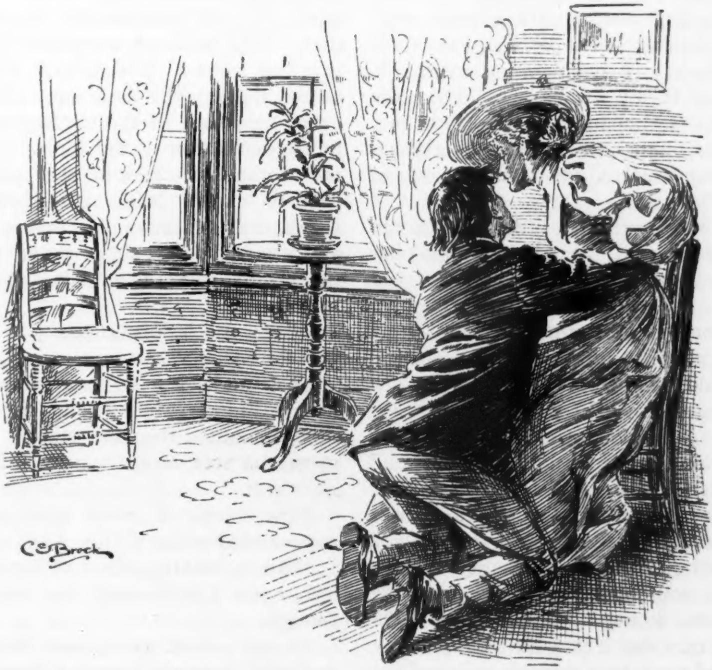
"Then I think, dear Miss Graham, you ought to be told the truth." Mrs. Mortimer pinched her thin lips in determination not to shrink from an unpleasant duty. "It would be no true kindness either to yourself or Charity to allow you to remain in ignorance. Besides, a word from you will do so much. It must if there is any gratitude in this world."

She paused, shook her head in doubt, glanced at Charity towering so tall and graceful above the little cotton-clad paupers, and sinking her voice poured forth an unceasing stream of whispered gossip. On and on it gurgled, like rain out of a gargoyle on a wet day. How Charity had met Mr. Prentice by appointment at the rock on the hill-top, not once nor twice, but every day for a fortnight; and Mr. Prentice was there the first thing in the morning to the last thing at night, so that Charity might run out when she could; for John Sprake had seen them, and John told William the coachman, who told Selina, *of course*, who, when she was dusting the dining-room the other morning, began to mention it—"not that I ever allow a servant of mine to utter one word about anybody, or listen to anything that is said; for I either check them at once, or give them a severe scolding afterwards; but when I found Charity going to his lodgings, and in fact with my own eyes saw her there on the evening of Mr. Poltimore-Briggs's meeting, I felt it my duty, for the sake of the girl herself, to let you know what is going on. I should have walked over on purpose if we had not been coming this afternoon, no matter at what inconvenience. Nothing should have prevented me."

Mrs. Mortimer, who had been drilling holes in the turf with the top of her parasol, suddenly looked up and cut short her harangue.

Miss Graham, sitting more than ever erect, was white with anger and wounded pride. But the little lady did not lose her self-control. "You are very good indeed," she said, so calmly that the compliment sounded sincere, but so coldly that Mrs. Mortimer felt quite uncomfortable. "If Charity has talked to him unknown to me no doubt the conversation was too unimportant to repeat."

Mrs. Mortimer fidgeted upon her camp-stool. Something within warned her to desist, but the temptation to tell was altogether too much for her. Moreover, a relentless conscience commanded complete disclosure of the worst—how Theodosia had overheard—not that she listened, dear child, for none had a keener sense of honour than Theodosia—had overheard the most terrible conversation that night when she was picking foxgloves for the decorations. So that at first the poor child, believing it must be Graham himself, from feelings of delicacy crept further into the wood, to let them pass by undisturbed. But when she saw who it was, she was astounded. "Nobody knows what that poor thing suffered," sighed Mrs. Mortimer from the depths of a mother's heart. "For two whole days and nights she never once closed her eyes nor ate enough to keep a sparrow. She is so peculiarly sensitive to considerations of right and wrong, she dared not breathe a word



"His arms were round her; his face close to hers" for fear of being mean. She could not say her prayers with such a load upon her mind. She could not sleep. At last she sent for me—in such a burning fever that I thought of calling in Bibberley—and told me all. I gave her two globules of aconite at once, and exhausted nature slept like a child."

"I do not believe a word of it," cried Miss Graham fiercely. "I have never known Charity do a wicked thing—or repeat an unkind one—or repeat an unkind one."

As she nodded to emphasise the repetition Mrs. Mortimer winced and drew up her head.

"We know how you dote on Miss Chance, dear Miss Graham. It is only natural that you should. But others can be at least truthful. Let me call Theodosia?"

"I want no corroboration. Nothing would make me believe a word of it. Duplicity and deceit are contrary to Charity's nature. And you have always slighted and looked down upon her. Every one of you from the first. You are all envious of her."

Mrs. Mortimer clutched her parasol, for after all she was the rector's wife. "Envious, envious of Charity Chance!"

"Yes. Envious. Because she has more mind, and a finer temper, and a truer soul. Hundreds of times I have seen and resented it in my heart. I could never resent it openly, here in my own place. But now she is to marry Graham she is nearer to me. Not dearer, but closer. And everything affecting her touches me—touches me to the quick."

Whilst speaking the little cripple unconsciously pressed her hand upon her bosom, and a red spot burned upon her pale cheek.

Mrs. Mortimer arose from her camp-stool with a dignity so stupendous that nothing human could keep it up.

"As long as I live," she bounced out, "I will never try to do a good action again." The assertion sounded a little sweeping and she stammered between hysterical sobs. "I mean—I mean—I meant merely to give a hint for the sake of the girl. I thought you ought to know. Envious of Charity Chance! Theodosia, you must walk home with me, dear. I am feeling a little upset. The other girls may stay if they have tempers fine enough and souls true enough to be of any service."

Without a protest from her indignant hostess, in consort with Theodosia she sailed past Charity, the workhouse children and the wondering eight, and disappeared through the iron gates.

The singing had ceased. There was a lull in the games.

"Go on playing, children." urged Miss Graham with a smile. She was so exasperated that she appeared calm. But the happiness of her little guests no longer gave delight. She was disturbed, humiliated, and the excitement had brought on her hidden pain. She had taken part in a vulgar altercation—a scene. She detested Mrs. Mortimer for having moved her to anger. And yet, was this prejudice against Charity to last to the end of time? What could the child have done to raise such a report? Spoken to the fellow in the street perhaps, and set these Babblemouth *canaille* barking. Met him by accident in the wood and aroused the suspicions of Theodosia, indeed, who would have given her eyes to marry Graham. Yet a girl could not be too careful. She would say a word to Charity, tenderly, without wounding her sensibilities by telling how much Mrs. Mortimer had said. She sighed from the depths of her soul. Why was not everybody kindly and true and sweet? She shivered with mortification, there in the warm sun. She neither heard the tinkle of the teacups nor gloried in the demolition of the buns. And when the workhouse children at departure filed past to curtsey before her chair, she received each salutation as a matter of course and was glad to get them gone. The Mortimer girls went also. She did not ask them to stay.

"Take me indoors, Charity. I will not wait for Sprake."

Charity wheeled the chair across the lawn to the French window and together they slowly mounted the three steps. But safely upon the sofa Miss Graham still held the girl's arm.

"Sit down. I want you, child," she commanded in her abrupt way.

With a sinking heart Charity obeyed. Yet again a talk about her marriage, she thought.

In her refined tenderness the little lady hesitated, scarcely knowing how to begin. Then in a voice very low and sweet she said:

"Charity, as you go through life, dear, you will find thousands of things, indifferent in themselves, which nevertheless assume importance in their consequences. Since we have to live in the world, we must do as the world does. Not in its follies and frivolities, I do not mean that, but in the observance of its little conventionalities. It doesn't do to do everything that has no harm in it. It is wiser to conform. There is an art of living to be learned—quite a fine art in its way. Now this Mr. Prentice, whom they tell me you have—how you tremble, child. I know there is no harm, of course—they say you have met——"

"I love him. I love him with all my heart!"

The cry, sudden and passionate, was both self-accusation and excuse. The gentle confidence and affection expressed in every word Miss Graham had uttered, sank into the girl's soul. The warm pressure of those nervous fingers, still resting on her arm like a caress, broke her spirit. She burst into a flood of weeping. Better never to have been than to break the heart that had taken and cherished her. Better to be dead and in her grave. Then with the caprice of passion she dashed away her tears, shook off the restraining hand, and stood up fearless and defiant.

"Yes. I love him!" she cried again.

"Charity, you are beside yourself. You let your imagination run away with you. Why, you've scarcely seen the fellow. You are immodest—shameless——"

As she threw these words like missiles at the girl the little cripple rose, and, quivering with excitement, leaned forward upon her ebony stick.

"I wanted to do what was true, but there was no help for me," wailed Charity. "It seemed so easy when I said I would marry Graham. It was to make everybody happy. That was my only thought. But I did not know my own heart. How could I know?"

"Mere midsummer madness!" cried Miss Graham, striking her stick upon the floor. "A month ago you had never set eyes upon this—this rhymer. A day or so and he will be gone. Do you think he will ever bestow a thought upon you? Or upon anything when the moment of his shallow vanity has passed?"

This contempt for Prentice stung Charity into resentment. No longer pleading for pity her spirit arose in revolt against such injustice.

"Whether he is a rhymer or a poet, he loves me. He said so——"

"And you stooped to listen. You, having promised to marry, admitted this stranger to such familiarity that he dared to tell you so. No wonder they come to warn me. What they say is true. I can see it is true. You walked with the man you were to marry, and with his words still in your ears, you crept down into the wood at dusk to meet this mountebank. I can believe anything now. And you went to his room. Did you go to his room?"

Miss Graham stopped, but the girl did not answer. For a moment they looked at each other. The habitual sweetness had melted out of the little cripple's eyes. Only the nervous shrewd intelligence was left. Lifted above all tenderness and pity, she looked down from a height of virtuous indignation. And a sense of wrong hardened the girl's pride to adamant.

"I am ashamed!"

With a deep sigh Miss Graham turned away. All her hopes were dashed to the ground. Her dignity was broken. No words could express for her a deeper degradation. She hobbled a few steps toward the door; and then, overcome by the bitterness of disappointment and a sense of the girl's ingratitude, she could control herself no longer.

"Yes. I am ashamed—ashamed that all these years could do no more than this. I took you from the first. I fed you—clothed you—taught you from my own lips. Everything that could soil your mind or cast a stain upon your soul I kept from you. Everything that was noble and sweet and good, I set before your eyes. I poured it into your ears. I could not bear to let you out of my sight. When you came back from the school I watched you—your every step, every movement. I trembled lest vulgarity might have breathed upon you. I listened to every word, alert for a false note. I said, I will shelter her, and provide against every ill in life, except the inevitable sorrows that nature heaps upon us. But I was a fool for my pains. An utter fool! It is in the blood. I might have known it when they told me so. But it was all so pitiful that I seized you eagerly. I would hear no word of counsel. There are poor enough, in God's name, who are well-born. I might have taken a lady. I might at least have taken a child of decent folk——"

The girl moaned.

"Who was I?" she gasped.

Miss Graham felt no compunction. Her words ran on like a winter torrent, pitiless and cruel.

"You were nobody!" she cried. "A nameless child, cast away and picked up upon the quay. A workhouse brat, as you just now called them yourself, christened a grotesque name, the fanciful invention of a workhouse master. The pathos of it touched me. I must need. take you, fool that I was——"

"And everybody knows?"

"Everybody has always known but you. I kept it from you. You might have gone to your grave no wiser if——"

But the girl had already fled. Through the French window, across the lawn, and past the shrubbery into the wood. There, like a thing wounded to death, she crept out of sight between the larch-trees and threw herself upon the ground. She wept and sobbed in a passion of misery and shame. She could not think. She did not feel. Even at the height of her agony came a moment of intense calm when she told herself that she did not feel. Something was wanting, some moral sense, some quality of heart. One vital spark of true emotion and she must have loved Graham. One natural touch of tenderness and to bring sorrow upon the woman who loved her would have been more terrible than death.

She hid her face upon the brown earth. She pressed her cheek upon the dry larch spines. She wished that she was dead.

She was nothing. A friendless waif thrown upon the world to be picked up by charity. All her life had been unreal, and this was the awakening. Why was she not left upon the quay to die? Why was she taken from the workhouse to live a dream of joy, and wake into a terror of calamity? She clenched her teeth, and cried that it was cruel. It was not pity at all. Miss Graham had made a plaything of her. It was like Eve in Eden where she needs must eat and be driven out upon the earth.

She must go. The quicker the better! Away from this place where every object recalled her shame; from these Babblemouth people who looked down upon her with such scorn. But whither? In her whole life was only one thing real—her love for Prentice. And he loved her. He was a poet, with a heart above littleness, a sense beyond what was mean—and he loved her. He would take her at once as he had wished to do. Her heart rose in exultation. He was poor, and she loved poverty. He would be great, and she gloried in greatness.

A sudden doubt clouded the momentary gleam. When he knew her story would he change? Would he marry a workhouse foundling without a friend in the whole world?

She cast the thought from her mind. How mean even for a moment to have harboured it! With his vehement generous love for reality he would laugh away the prejudices of the narrow-minded world. Was it her fault that she was Charity Chance? She cried in anger, she would rather be as she was than as the people who came whispering malice and lies about her. She would go to him at once.

She got up and shook the dead brown spines from her white frock. She would not cross the garden to the high-road. Above the wood was a bypath leading into Babblemouth, and she climbed up the hillside and stood a moment breathless upon the steep. Evening was creeping on. The harbour lamp glimmered dimly through the fading light. So much the better. She would reach the town unseen. Yet what did it matter now? Babblemouth had talked for years. A group of seafaring men and loafers were talking now upon the quay, as they had stood and talked the day that she was found. She hated the little hole, and all its people. Her only longing was to go, and see the place no more.

The way winded through a deep hollow where between banks abrupt and ragged she was quite shut in. The solitude and wildness were in keeping with her lot. Her mind was made up. If he would take her, she was ready. In her excitement she strode on with impulsive haste.

Upon the road she met no one, but she saw the people turn to look at her as she hurried down the street. They knew her for the foundling and charity-girl well enough.

Upon the quay the loafers had stopped their gossip to gaze at a carriage from "The George," drawn up before Mrs. Dibbin's little bow-windowed house.

Her heart beat fast. This fell so aptly with what he had said that it took away her breath. She stopped; and for a moment clutched the iron railings with one hand. Then she went on again.

The door of the house was wide open. and before she had time to knock, Alfred Prentice came running down the stairs. Upon his arm was an overcoat, and in his hand a small travelling bag, which he put down in the passage, to look at his watch. In great haste he almost pushed past Charity without recognition.

"Mr. Prentice," she whispered.

He threw the bag and coat into the carriage and came back to her.

"This is most delightfully opportune," he said, speaking very rapidly. "I have been called away suddenly, and there is only just time to catch the night train. An important editor wants to see me——"

"Something has happened," she gasped; "and I came to tell you."

Again he looked at the time.

"Come upstairs."

He beckoned and led the way, like a man of business with just one moment to spare. She followed with faltering courage. His most trivial utterance had always sounded sympathetic and full of feeling, but now there was no tenderness in his tone. Even in her agitation she noticed that he was pale and excited. He glanced nervously down at the carriage in the street, as if every moment were precious to him.

"I came to tell you that everything is over." Her passion was too real, and she too frank to withhold or disguise anything. "When you spoke to me the other day I was not free. But they taxed me with meeting you and I avowed it. I said I loved you. Nothing else was possible after all you have said to me. It would have been as if I were ashamed of what I am most proud. Then she told me I was a pauper—a nobody, without a name to call my own. It is not possible to live at Babblecombe any longer. And I came to—to ask you what I must do."

He paced across the room and anxiously back to the window. He was preoccupied, and she saw that he had heard her words without realising the blow which had fallen upon her. "You must do nothing rash," he said with grave deliberation, and paused.

Nothing rash! The most unpoetic soul on earth might utter trite wisdom such as that.

He passed his fingers through his long black hair. Then he caught sight of the look of wonder and terrified inquiry in her great frank eyes, and was himself again.

"Charity, you know how much I love you," he said in a voice quivering with emotion. "But I should be the meanest man who ever lived if I allowed my poor passion to weigh against your true welfare. You must go back to Miss Graham. Self-restraint is the secret of all true living. Nothing can alter our love. And I will think—and write to you. Yes, that will be the best thing. I will write to you. But I must go. It is important I must be in London to-morrow."

He was tender, magnanimous, prudent, and attentive to business, all in so many phrases. And it was all real too—as images in a reflection are real. Then he hurriedly kissed her, and ran to catch his train.

The driver cracked his whip; the carriage-wheels rattled over the stones with which the quay was paved; and he was gone.

And was this all the help that love could offer in her time of need? In her dream he had taken her to his arms. "Come, we will marry at once," he said, and carried her away into a new and brilliant future beyond reach of the past. She stood there, as motionless as Niobe in the midst of her dead hopes. Hidden and unsuspected forces were shaking the garden of ideals. The green island of inexperience was crumbling under her feet. For the earth had opened and Charity Chance was on the brink of an abyss.

At last she aroused herself to return home. She did not notice the faded, little, yellow-haired woman, who asked her whether Mr. Prentice lived there, as she was passing out of the door.

VIRGIL AS A MAGICIAN

By K. V. COOTE

ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. M'CORMICK

THE doubtful honour of being considered a mighty magician, which in the Middle Ages so often fell to the lot of men of superior gifts, was shared by Virgil in a remarkable degree. Why the great poet was thus distinguished, we may discover in the circumstances of his life and his special genius.

VIRGIL

In the wide, flat pasture lands of the Mantuan plain, watered by the Mincio, and enriched by the damp fogs arising from its chain of lakes—in that plain, so often in our own day the scene of Italy's struggles to drive back her Austrian oppressors—there stood, two thousand years ago, near the village of Andes, the homestead of the father of Virgil. Here, with the help of his wife, Maia, he cultivated his little patrimony, and here their son, Publius Virgilius Maro, was born, October 15, B.C. 70. They had sufficient wealth and good sense to bestow on their gifted child a liberal education, sending him to the schools of Milan and Cremona, and afterwards to Naples, where he studied the Greek language and literature. Probably to this early acquaintance with the city of "sweet Parthenope," to use his own expression, we may trace his enduring love for her enchanting shores. His poetic soul must have glowed responsive to her luxuriant loveliness, and her milder air and soft sea-breezes probably suited his health better than the rougher blasts of his Mantuan home. For all his life he was never robust, and we do not read of his ever having taken part in the stirring military events of his time.

The battle of Philippi, B.C. 42, while it made Octavian master of the Roman world, left him in great difficulties as to the payment of his victorious veterans. To meet their demands, he gave them grants of land, chiefly in Northern Italy, and in this way the Virgilian patrimony passed into other hands.

About this time there appeared before Augustus a tall, slender young man, stooping in gait and slow of speech, whose complexion, browned by exposure to the summer sun, and whose rural air placed him in strong contrast with the gilded youth of the luxurious Rome of that day, but in whose eyes was glowing the fire of genius. This was the unknown poet, who was to sing of "Arms and the Man" to his own and future generations. He had come to appeal on his father's behalf for the restitution of the little Mantuan farm, and in this it is probable he succeeded with the Emperor, to whom he afterwards testified his gratitude in his first Eclogue, where he addresses him under the name of Melibæus. Fortune continued to smile upon the young Virgil, with the patronage of the rich and generous Mæcenas, to whom he soon after introduced Horace, his friend and brother bard. Whether through the favour of this powerful patron, or through that of Augustus himself, Virgil, a little later, became possessed of a villa on the height of Posilippo, near Naples. Henceforward this was his home; here he wrote his greatest works, cultivated his vineyards and gardens, and from the resources of his practical knowledge of Nature often gave useful hints to the peasants of his neighbourhood, and to the fishermen who plied their craft at the foot of his rocks. But in the midst of his varied occupations, and the many interests offered by the old Greek city of Neapolis, he never forgot the farmhouse at Andes, and frequently sent money to his father, who became blind in his later life.

Thus passed the tranquil years, varied probably by occasional visits to the metropolis. He died of fever at Brindisi, September 22, B.C. 19, on his return journey from Athens, whither he had gone to meet his friend and patron, Augustus, coming home from an eastern campaign. His ashes, according to his own directions, were taken to his beloved Posilippo, and placed in a tomb on the hillside looking towards Naples. This tomb soon became a shrine, where poet and peasant, philosopher and fisherman, alike repaired to pay a tribute of veneration to departed genius and love of humanity. It still stands on the sunny slope, half hidden in a tangle of vines and cactus, and though modern antiquarians in their scepticism would throw doubt on its authenticity, they cannot despoil it of its interest. It is a small, square, vaulted chamber, unmistakably a Roman columbarium, containing ten niches for urns. The urn which held the ashes of Virgil was of marble, supported on nine small pillars, and stood alone, opposite the entrance. It bore this inscription:

> "Mantua me genuit, Calabria me rapuit, tenet nunc
> Parthenope; cecini pascua, rura, duces."

> ("Mantua gave me birth, Calabria snatched me from life; Parthenope has my ashes. I sang of pastures, fields, and shepherds.")

The urn has long ago disappeared, but a modern stone, bearing the same inscription, has been placed where it stood. In 1226, the tomb was in a good state of preservation when Petrarch, as he tells us in his Itinerary, was taken to see it by King Robert of Sicily, and here he planted a laurel in memory of the great Latin poet. This laurel is said to have existed till the last century, when it was gradually destroyed by reckless curiosity-hunters. In 1544, the following inscription, which is still to be seen, was placed in the adjoining wall of the vineyard:

> "Qui cineres? tumuli hæc vestigia? Conditur olim
> Ille hic qui cecinit pascua, rura, duces"

> ("Whose are these ashes? Whose this ruined tomb? It once contained the ashes of him who sang of pastures, fields, and shepherds.")

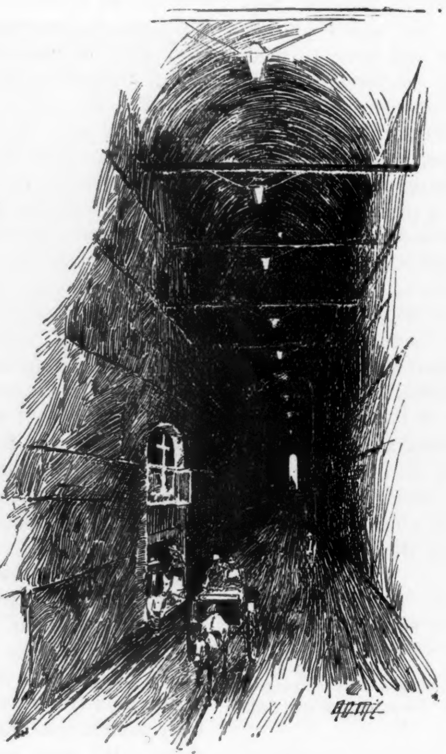
Within a few years of the poet's death, so well was his fame already established, that statues were everywhere erected to his memory, an annual celebration was held at the tomb, and, highest honour of all, even during the reign of Augustus the use of his writings as school-books had begun. Very early, too, the custom arose of attempting to read Fate by the random opening of his works, and taking as prophetic the line that first met the eye, as in after days was so often done with the Bible. It is said that the acceptance or refusal of the empire was more than once decided by these "sortes Virgilianæ," as they were called.

The remarkable words of the fourth Eclogue, beginning "Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas," were, as is well known, supposed by many from the earliest Christian times to be a prophecy of the coming of the Messiah. When we remember that Virgil's death occurred only nineteen years before that event, we need not wonder at the effect produced on some of the followers of the new faith by the prediction of the near approach of the Golden Age inaugurated by the coming of a Divine Child, words so strangely in accordance with those of the prophet Isaiah (Isaiah ix. 6, 7). Nor can we be surprised that they regarded the writer with a sympathetic feeling, and doubted, pagan though he was, whether the gates of heaven were closed upon him. When St. Paul, on his way to Rome, landed at Pozzuoli (Acts xxviii. 13), then Puteoli, a busy commercial city, he spent seven days there. We may naturally suppose that he looked southwards across the shining bay to the headland of Posilippo, and a beautiful tradition says that, remembering the great poet who there had lived and sung, the Apostle of the Gentiles lamented that he had not been privileged to tell the story of the Saviour of the world to the man who in ignorance had predicted His glorious advent. Another version is, that St. Paul even visited the tomb on the steep hillside, and there wept over the fate of this gifted spirit. So late as the fifteenth century, at Mantua, when the mass of St. Paul's Day was celebrated, a hymn was sung which recorded the story in the following lines:

> "Ad Maronis mausoleum
> Ductus, fudit super eum
> Piæ rorem lacrimæ.
> Quem te, iniquit, reddidissem
> Si te vivum invenissem
> Poetarum maxime!"

In the mystery plays of the Middle Ages, Virgil was often represented with the Sibyls, who, yet in the night of paganism, had announced the coming of the dawn.

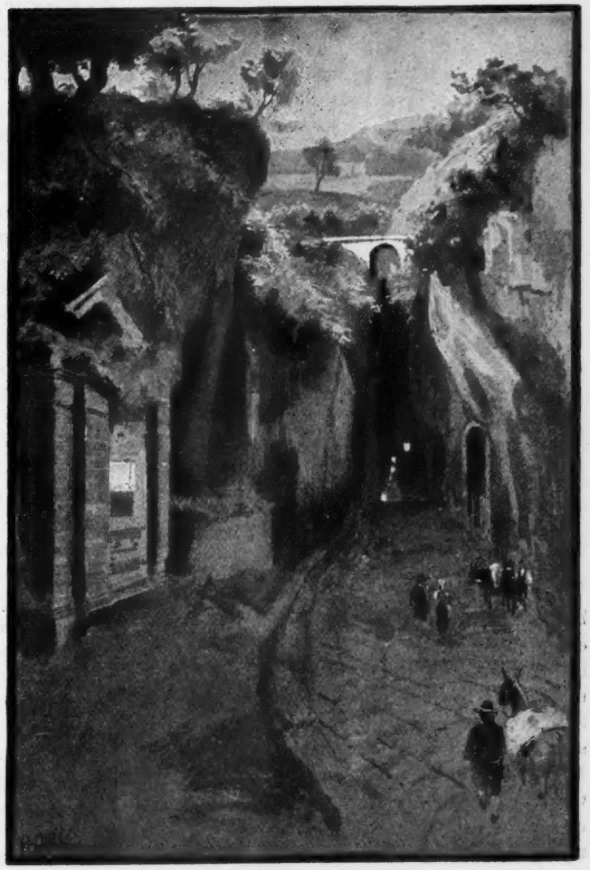
In the "Divina Commedia," Dante gives utterance to the prevailing feeling of sorrow that such a soul should, through not having been baptized, be cut off from the joys of Paradise. Dante was sorely troubled for his "beloved master," his "sweetest father," as he calls his guide through the regions of eternal woe and purifying fire, who, alas! was for ever relegated to a "pale realm of shade," the limbo of the unbaptized. As readers of the marvellous poem will remember, this is put in the mouth of the poet Statius, suffering in Purgatory for the denial in his lifetime of his faith in Christianity. Addressing Virgil, he says: "Thou wert the first to send me to Parnassus to drink from her springs, and then thou lightedst my path to God. When thou saidst, 'The age will be renewed, justice and the earlier days of humanity will return, and a new race will descend from heaven,' thou wert like one who walks by night, carrying a lamp whose light avails not to himself, but to those who follow after him. Through thee I became a poet, through thee I became a Christian"(Purg. xxii. 64–73).



VIRGIL'S GROTTO (INTERIOR)

This feeling lingered long in the minds of men, ultimately resolving itself into the belief that Virgil, though debarred from the blessings of Christianity, was gifted with magic powers, which he used for the good of mankind. At first, skill in the *black art* is not attributed to him, but only power arising from his intimate knowledge of the most recondite secrets of Nature. He figures especially as the great benefactor of Naples, where by degrees he came to be regarded by the more ignorant of the population as a maker of talismans and charms. In and around Naples we feel ourselves truly in the Virgil country, not only because of the proximity of many places named in the Æneid, but also from local names and traditions. The fisherman still points out "The Rocks of Virgil," and the oldest of the tunnels by which the hill of Posilippo is pierced, is called up to the present day the Grotto of Virgil. For many centuries this was the only direct way of communication between Naples and the Phlegræan Fields. It is said that Virgil, seeing what a boon it would be to the country people, who had to bring the produce of their farms to the city either by boat or by a toilsome journey over the hill, made the tunnel by enchantment in one night. Our own Marlowe thus refers to this in his "Doctor Faustus" (Act iii. scene 1):

"There saw we learned Maro's golden tomb;
The Way he cut an english mile in length
Thoroug a rock of stone in one night's space."



VIRGIL'S GROTTO (ENTRANCE FROM NAPLES)

That this was the popular belief is shown by the fact of King Robert of Sicily having brought Petrarch here, when his guest in Naples, to ask his opinion on the subject. Petrarch tells us that he thus replied to the King: "I know well that Virgil was a poet and not a magician; besides, I see here the marks of the iron tool used in the excavation." Whoever he may have been who planned "this very dark and most obscure passage, fearful to him who entered it," as an old writer says, did a merciful work, saving many a weary step to men and horses.

In one of the public squares of Naples there stood, five hundred years ago, a colossal bronze horse, probably Greek, but said to be the magic work of the poet, and endowed by him with curative powers for all equine maladies. So great was its fame and reputed success that the farriers, who were losing their trade, bored a hole in its body, and thus deprived it of its magic power. But it was still regarded with such superstitious veneration that the Archbishop of Naples in 1322 had it taken down, and the body melted into a bell for the cathedral. The head was saved, and since 1809 it has been in the Museum of Naples, where the visitor may still see it in the gallery of the bronzes, a masterly piece of sculpture, instinct with fiery life. The rings in the mouth were put there by the Emperor Conrad, about 1251, to hold a bridle, as symbolical of the bridle with which he threatened the Neapolitans. The forelock is tied up in a knot on the forehead, and it is curious to observe how this style of decoration still prevails in Naples, where the best kept cab-horses have this knot of hair tied with bright-coloured ribbon.

In pity to the mosquito-tormented Neapolitans, Virgil is reputed to have made a great fly of metal which had the power of driving away all insect plagues.

In connection with the Porta Nolana, one of the old gates of Naples, a Virgilian tradition long lingered. Gervais of Tilbury, an Englishman, who published a book of travels in 1212, thus relates it. He says: "We call those things wonderful which, although natural, are beyond our understanding; our inability to explain them alone makes them marvellous." He goes on to tell some of the many magic deeds attributed to Virgil

GREEK BRONZE (HEAD OF THE SO-CALLED VIRGIL HORSE)

by popular report, and then gives his own experience, which he declares must have been incredible to him had it not fallen under his own observation. He was at Salerno, he says, in 1190, when Philip, son of the Earl of Salisbury, unexpectedly landed there on his way to the siege of Acre. Gervais decided to accompany him, and the two went to Naples to seek a ship to take them to Palestine without delay and with as little expense as possible. Arrived in the city, they went to the house of the Archdeacon Giovanni Pignatelli, who received them hospitably, and, while dinner was being prepared, went with them down to the sea. They had no trouble in obtaining what they desired; a vessel was found whose captain was willing to hasten his departure, and to take them for the sum they named. On their expressing to the Archdeacon their surprise at their easy success, he asked:

"By which gate did you enter the city?"

They answered, "By the Porta Nolana."

"And at which side of the gate did you come in?"

"As we approached the gate, we were nearest the left side, but an ass laden with wood coming up we were obliged to take the right."

The Archdeacon replied, "In order that you may see what wonders Virgil has wrought for our city, I ask you to come with me that I may show you a record of him."

They accordingly all went to the Porta Nolana, and there, on the right side of the gate, the Archdeacon pointed out a head in marble which bore an expression of hilarity, while on the left was another head which seemed to weep. Then the Archdeacon explained that those who without definite intention entered on the right side of the gate always succeeded in their plans, but those who entered on the left failed in everything. Thus it became clear why all had gone well with the travellers, and Gervais somewhat inconsistently concludes his story with these words: "On Thy will, O Lord, depend all things, and no one can resist that will."

Conrad of Querfurt, Chancellor of the Emperor Henry VI. of Germany, has left a remarkable letter written from Sicily in 1194 to his friend the Abbot of Hildesheim, in which he tells the marvels which he saw in his travels. Italy at that time being but little visited by northern antiquarians, was regarded by them as a land of mystery and enchantment, and we need not be surprised to learn that Conrad saw with terror Scylla and Charybdis, and many other marvels of classic days. He, however, was not travelling as an archæologist, but had gone to Italy charged by Henry VI. with the execution of his tyrannous edict for the dismantling of the fortifications of Naples. They had been built, Conrad declares, by Virgil himself, who had besides, as a Palladium, made a small model of them which he enclosed in an air-tight bottle. This would have been an effectual safeguard against armies and emperors, but for a small crack which was discovered in the bottle, sufficiently accounting for the ease with which Conrad fulfilled his master's orders.

This legend takes another form as told by Caracciolo in his account of the fortress of the Castel dell' Ovo (Castle of the Egg), probably so called from the shape of the islet on which it stands. Virgil, according to the story, had much delight in this castle, and taking an egg, the first ever laid by a certain hen, he put it in a bottle which he enclosed in a small iron cage. This cage he suspended from a beam in a certain chamber of the castle, with strong doors securely locked. On the safety of this egg the existence of the castle was to depend, and as at the present day it still stands on its rocky islet, frowning over the beautiful bay, who can say that the egg does not still hang in its secret chamber?

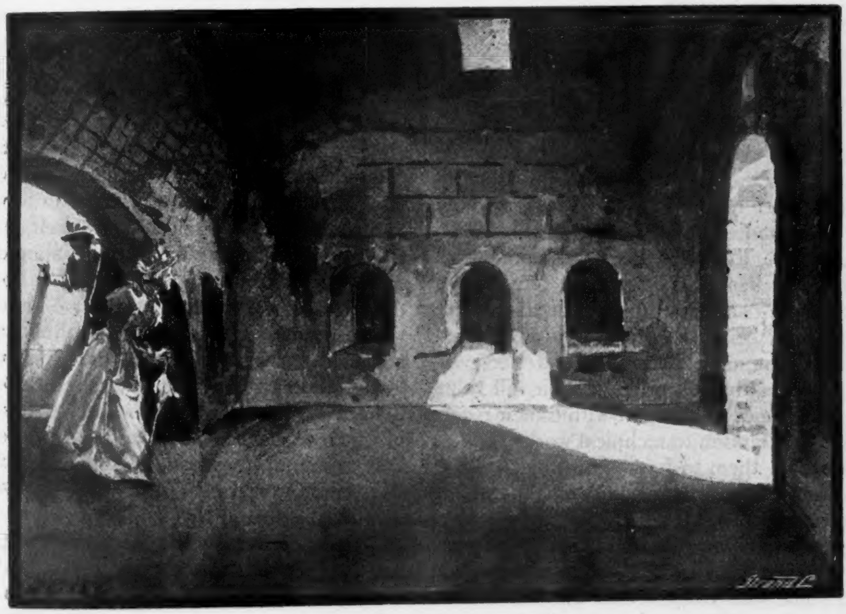
The famous mineral springs of Pozzuoli, so efficacious in many disorders, were long believed to owe their healing powers to Virgil's spells, and in the "Chronicles of Parthenope" it is related that at a later period the physicians of the famous school of Salerno found their gains so materially diminished that some of them secretly embarked for Pozzuoli, where they effaced the inscription over the door of the baths, so that no one might henceforth know of their miraculous powers. But on their return voyage they were overtaken by a violent storm, and all were drowned between Capri and the headland of Sorrento, except one who was penitent and afterwards told the story of this evil deed.

The subject of Virgil as an enchanter disappears from literature with the fanciful French and German rhyming romances of the thirteenth century, which have little value as literary productions. These, regardless of the facts of history, generally represent the poet in a somewhat discreditable light. They usually make Rome and the court of Augustus the scene of his achievements, and though often childish, are sometimes amusing. The poet's connection with the Eternal City lingered long in various local names. Near the Colosseum a ruined fountain where once the gladiators washed was long called the "Fontana di Virgilio," and the name "Tor de' Specchi" (Tower of Mirrors), still borne by a street near the Capitol, recalls a legend which says that here, like the Lady of Shalott, in a chamber in a lofty tower, he could see

> "—moving through a mirror clear,
> That hung before him all the year,
> Shadows of the world appear,"

and nothing that was passing even in distant lands could be concealed from him.

This tower perhaps was also the scene of a gruesome tale of Virgil's death, quoted by Sir Walter Scott in the notes to an early edition of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." According to this, the poet-enchanter had discovered a means of renewing his youth, and with this object he commanded his faithful servant to kill him, cut his body in pieces, salt them, and put them into a barrel,



VIRGIL'S TOMB

placing the head above and the heart in the midst. The servant was to keep the secret close, and wait patiently for a certain time before working a charm which was to complete the process of rejuvenation. The Emperor, uneasy at Virgil's long absence, obliged the servant to conduct him into the spell-guarded tower. When they entered the chamber where the barrel stood, the Emperor, concluding that his favourite had fallen a victim to the wickedness of the servant, killed the man at once, and thus the charm was lost, and Virgil never returned to life.

We conclude in the words of old Bartolommeo Caracciolo, the Neapolitan chronicler:

"Of the said Virgil I might tell many more things that I have heard, but because the greater number appear to me fabulous and false, I have not wished to fill men's minds with such follies, and because much has been said above of Virgil which I, the writer of them, believe less than any one else. I beg all my readers to hold me excused because I do not wish to diminish the fame of this most distinguished poet, and the goodwill which he always bore to this renowned city of Naples. But God alone knew, and ever knows, the truth of all things, and this I truly say, that if I have written anything false or fabulous, I have duly advertised the reader thereof."

"GENERAL READERS" IN EAST LONDON

By G. HOLDEN PIKE

An Edinburgh editor once made the confession that he had never known a person who admitted being a "general reader"; but perhaps he would not have held that opinion after he had paid an evening visit to the Bethnal Green Free Library, which, if its future growth equals the progress of the last twenty years, will undoubtedly become the chief literary lighthouse of the East-end of London before the twentieth century is very far advanced. There of an evening, after the larger business houses are closed, is to be seen an assembly of readers of many classes who as a whole might conveniently be described as *general.* They come to read the newspapers and periodicals; some merely want recreation; but others gladly appropriate as their own, for the time being, our great standard authors. A few of the more discerning and persevering who are able to price at their full value the advantages which come within their reach, will give attention to technical works such as will enable them to improve in their calling, or they will enrol their names for the evening classes, which in their case will serve them as well as a college or a university does those of a higher social grade. It is even said that some who cannot read will make their way to the reading-room, and will there with childish interest look at the pictures in the illustrated papers. If so, such baby greybeards grew up before the Education Acts were thought of, and may probably merit more sympathy in misfortune than blame for their shortcomings.

Thus, when looked at round, the Bethnal Green Free Library can claim to have some unique features, especially when the circumstances of its founding and progress are taken into account. When, in 1876, Mr. F. A. Bevan, Lord Kinnaird, the late Dr. William Tyler, and some others like-minded, in faith planted their grain of mustard-seed, how little could they have foreseen into what a spreading tree it would grow. Their design was to put up a building which should in some way be of service to the poor, and in this they placed a collection of five hundred volumes for those to read who might be attracted to the place. Readers were then less plentiful than now, though the Board Schools were beginning to discharge some of their earlier scholars, and it was hoped that some of these would turn aside from vicious amusements to turn to account the advantages offered to them.

At that time Bethnal Green was supposed to appeal strongly to the philanthropist. Fifty years before the place had been in bad odour on account of a large gang of thieves who found refuge there; and in the earlier years of the present reign this quondam hamlet of Stepney was generally associated with squalid areas, a densely packed population, ignorance, drunkenness and poverty. Certain old-time landmarks remained, but the memories they awakened only made the contrast with the modern outlook the more melancholy. Thus, the suburban seat of Bishop Bonner, to which John Wesley on one occasion retired, remained intact; but what could be said about "Bonner's Fields?" The house in which Cruden of the "Concordance" was for a time confined still retained some of its green surroundings, but the overcrowded narrow streets, courts, and alleys were all around. When Samuel Pepys accompanied a coachful of titled folk to Sir W. Rider's mansion at Bethnal Green in 1663, he found "a fine place" where he enjoyed a noble dinner, and a "fine merry walk with the ladies alone after dinner in the garden;" but such domains were destined to be invaded by the poor and the hard-working classes. The very atmosphere strikes you as being more close or heavy than it ought to be; and when after a night's frost the smoke refuses to rise, one may walk about with smarting eyes and a choking sensation in the throat. The contrast to this is when the hot summer sun makes the atmosphere in the little houses almost unbearable, and when the children make a playground of the shady side of the street, which still seems to be without any refreshing airs. The general idea suggested is that of a hard struggle for life which is ever going on in that great working-class world we call the East-end, a struggle which from a scientist's standpoint may not always end with the survival of the fittest.

The gentlemen who, without being able to realise the far-reaching character of their action, founded the Bethnal Green Free Library, will in future be remembered as distinguished benefactors of the district. While making an effort to supply a want which was then making itself felt as had never been the case before, they really set a ball rolling which for many long years to come would continue to gather not snow, but books, until the collection should become one of the most valuable of its kind in existence. As education was making great strides, the educated young people discharged from the schools would need such a provision to be made for them, especially in a vast city like London, which was far behind some other great centres, such as Paris, in the enterprise of providing people's libraries. The want felt, and the determination to supply it, alike marked a new era; while those who gave, and those who received, appeared to be equally gratified. Mr. G. F. Hilcken, the librarian, asked all likely persons for books, and the response made is seen in the fact that the five hundred volumes of 1876 have increased to more than thirty thousand at the present time. The donations have ranged from a few volumes to a thousand at a time, and the donors have ranged from the Queen herself down to worthy people of the higher and middle classes. The library might even be regarded as a bridge which has arched the chasm hitherto separating the poor from the higher classes. The East-end and the West-end have been brought into contact until a bond of sympathy has been created which is likely to strengthen as time goes on. It was a happy idea, and one which has been well carried out, to hold the annual meetings at the West-end. The friends of the library have assembled in Lord Brassey's unique Museum at Park Lane; and the annual meeting this year was held in the Duke of Westminster's Rubens Room at Grosvenor House. Nor is this all; for the young people who attend the Evening-classes, instituted in connection with the Free Library, from time to time become the guests of various distinguished persons. We have seen them entertained at Lord Brassey's town mansion, a sumptuous meal being provided; and we have seen them disporting themselves in what was once Lord Macaulay's garden at Campden Hill, refreshments being served in the room in which the historian died. In these and other ways East and West have been brought together in sympathy, and the bond of union has been strengthened.

When the library was founded, it was confessedly an experiment on the part of those who were anxious that Bethnal Green should keep pace with the progress of the times. Would the young people come of an evening to a large well-appointed reading-room if facilities for doing so were afforded them? Would books, periodicals, and newspapers prove a successful counter-attraction to public-houses, music-halls, theatres, and other seductive amusements? This question was very practically answered by the readers coming in force—young persons as well as those who were older of the very class that was wanted. Inquiries being made concerning their occupation, they were found to be representative of all arts and callings. Those who put themselves down as labourers were in the majority. The bootmakers were also in strong force, so also were cabinet-makers, carmen, and errand-boys. The complete list of the occupations of readers shows a complete list of nearly two hundred trades and callings, and is thus an eminently suggestive document. Educated persons of a generation ago used to speak admiringly of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties; but at Bethnal Green difficulties, if any exist, appear to be minimised while the advantages are eagerly seized and made the most of.

It should be understood that the management of the library is similar to that adopted at the British Museum—books are not allowed to be taken away. As the collection has now become an extensive one, embracing each department of literature, the question arises, "What are the tastes of the readers?" In regard to the objection some make to free libraries, that they pander to a craving for sensational fiction, the objection does not hold good at Bethnal Green. The proportion of fiction asked for is not at all excessive, while many leading standard writers command an attention which is highly creditable to the readers and the locality. Thus a working-man once stuck to Carlyle night after night for nearly two years with all the ardour of a lover of genius, the design being to read every line which the Chelsea sage had written. Another, who was rather regular in his visits of an evening, was apparently too much of an original to be taken as representative of very many others. He was reported of as asking "for the most abstruse books imaginable, finding in mathematics, logic, &c., the peculiar solace he needs." A due proportion of the readers may probably get no further than the newspapers and periodicals; or if they ask for books they will be guided by the events of the time. If any prominent man dies, his biography will be asked for and attentively read. Journals representing certain trades will have special interest for those who best understand them. The assembly in the reading-room is well worthy of the attention of any observer of life, and no time seems to be wasted on the part of the readers.

But the Free Library has done more than merely foster a taste for reading among adults and children; lectures of the best kind have been popularised with a success which has not only come as a surprise, but is an augury of what may come to pass in the future. When, some time ago, the trustees of the Gilchrist Trust arranged for lectures to be given in connection with the library, the attendances completely broke the record, and a building which seated five thousand persons was not too large to accommodate those who came. When it is borne in mind that the lectures were of a very high class and scientific character it will be seen that the hard-working people of the East-end can think of something else beside the daily round of toil. The corresponding success of the evening classes for the learning of languages, or for the teaching of arts and science, is another testimony that culture is closely following in the wake of the School Board. The library is also a technical school for such as choose to take advantage of the facilities offered; the young mechanic can extend his knowledge of his trade; young women can learn how to make their own clothes. The benefits conferred thus extend to every-day life in a way which show a continuous healthy development.

While the library grows so do its needs. The more than thirty thousand volumes which have already accumulated are more than the building now occupied will properly accommodate. The managers are already thinking about the wants and possibilities of the future. Practically, there seems to be no limit to the opportunities of usefulness if only a larger building in a more accessible situation can be obtained. This would, of course, include a much larger reading-room, and a number of class and recreation-rooms. The late Sir James Tyler gave £1000 for this enterprise, and when a little more progress has been made there is no doubt that friends will be found to help it through. In its future developments the library will probably become more and more a kind of people's university for the East-end.

WATCHMEN'S SONGS

The Songs & cries of the Watchmen

By Laura Alexandrine Smith

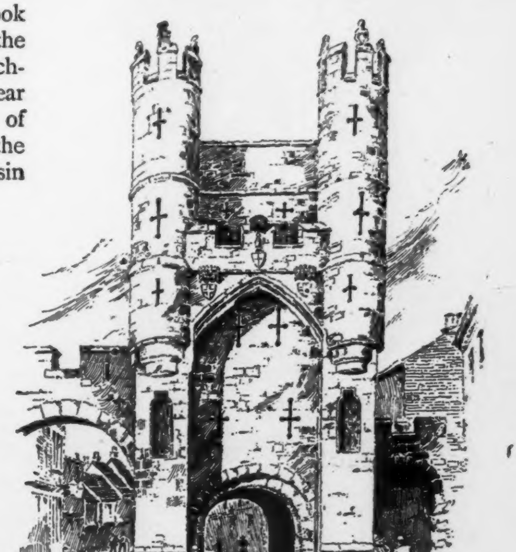
"Stillness through the
streets is stealing,
And the watchman's
hored is pealing."
Anthony Fox.

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTHONY FOX
AND L. DAVIEL

The idea of watchmen and watch-towers seems to be surrounded with romance, and to teem with historical associations. From the dazzling brilliancy of electric-lighted streets, alive with traffic throughout the night hours, we look back through the long vista of ages to the times when the watch-tower and the watchmen were essential features of life. We hear the solemn purport of the night guardian of Jerusalem, can see the ancient tower on the walls of Babylon, and listen to the tocsin bell of Ghent's belfry, which through centuries of turbulent history acted as guide, philosopher, and friend to the citizens. Or a vision of Nuremburg in its mediæval beauty, with its watch-towers upon the city walls; Lucerne with its Nine on the fortifications, sentinels of eternity over some of Nature's fairest work; Rome, with its Capitoline Hill and its strangely garbed watchmen; and the old Swiss canton of Tessino, where the antiquity and inveteracy of old customs is proved by the night-watch call being still given in old German, although the common language of the people has, for centuries, been Italian.

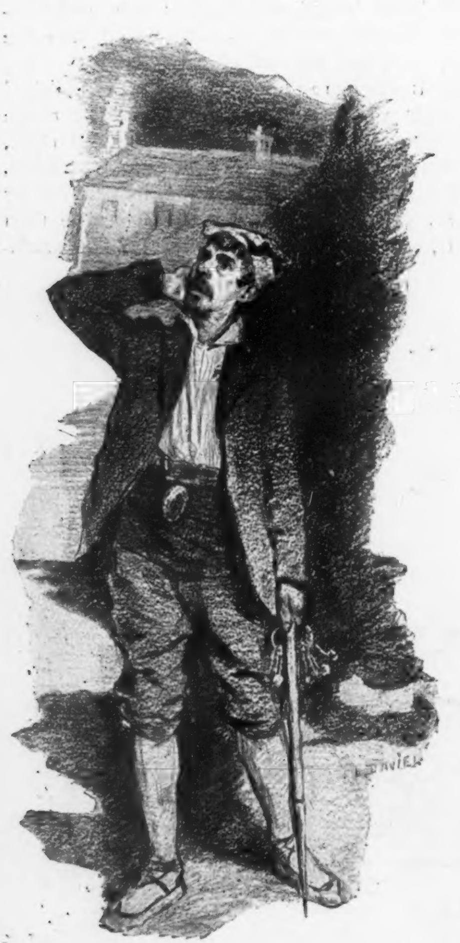
To come nearer home, we have the watch-towers of York and Chester; and at Knutsford, in Cheshire, the bellman is still an important man, and concludes his perorations with "God save the Queen, and the lord of this manor."

It was in 1253 that Henry III. established night watchmen, and these, and later the bellmen, continued as guardians until 1830, when Sir Robert Peel's Police Act was passed. Cambridge, however, retained its bellman for six years longer, and his services were then transferred to the lamplighter. The watch-


Anthony Fox.

Watch Tower at Monk Bar, York

men are still to be met with in certain parts of Europe, in Germany, in Switzerland, in Poland, in Italy, and in some of the Ardennes districts, where the watchman's horn-blasts, one for each hour, are not heard with unmitigated satisfaction by the drowsy tourist. At Predazzo in the Tyrol, an addition is made to the telling of the hour, "Vigilate sopra il fuoca. Sia lodato Jesu Christo" (Watch against fire. Praised be Jesus Christ), and then again at Bregenz there is a charming custom of eulogising a bygone heroine, one Hergutha or Gutha, who in the thirteenth century saved the little town from falling into the hands of the men of Appenzell, during a siege of nine weeks in the winter of 1408. Instead of the hour at midnight they cry, "Ehr Gutha!" (Honour Judith).



SPANISH WATCHMAN (THIRTY YEARS AGO)

"And when to guard old Bregenz,
By gateway, street, and tower,
The warden paces all night long,
And calls each passing hour;
Nine, ten, eleven, he cries aloud,
And then, O crown of Fame!
When midnight pauses in the skies,
He calls the maiden's name."

Thus has Adelaide Anna Procter rendered with consummate art this incident of the Swiss invasion. A benediction or prayer is part of the cry in many country districts of the Tyrol. From that most quaint little collection of Samuel Rowland's, entitled, "The Common Calles, Cries, and Sounds of the Bellman" (1639), I quote some of the following. The sub-title of the collection is "Or, Divers Verses to put us in Minde of our Mortality, which Serve as Warnings to be Prepared at all Times for the Day of Death." Thus the solemnity which characterises these sounds will not be wondered at. Here, for instance, is a warning which must have seemed most impressive in the receptive hour of dawn:

"All you that in bed doe lye,
Harken well to what I cry:
Leave off your sins, repentance crave;
It is the only way your soules to save."

Or,

"O Harke, O harke, my masters all,
To your poore servant's cry and call,
And know all you that lie at ease,
That our great God may, if He please,
Deprive you of your vital breath.
Then sleeping, thinke your sleepe is death."

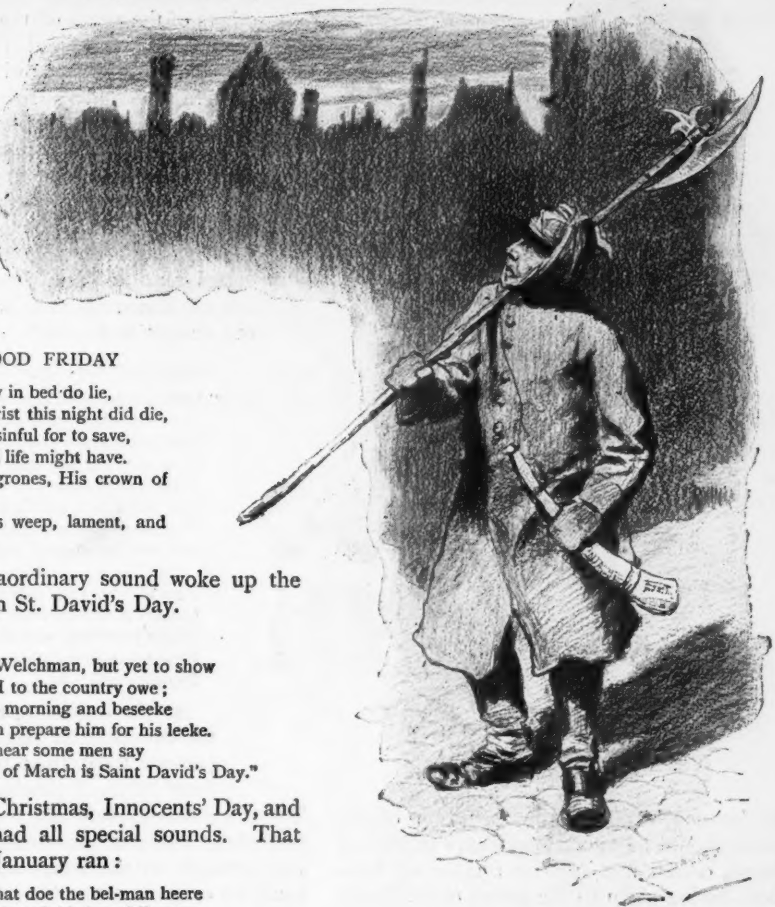
Another verse runs:

"The belman like the wakefull morning cocke,
Doth warne you to be vigilant and wise;
Looke to your fire, your candle, and your locke,
Prevent what may through negligence arise.
So may you sleepe with peace,
And wake with joy,
And no mischances shall
Your state annoy."

For certain days of the week the bellman had certain verses:

FOR SUNDAY

"Let labour passe, let prayer be,
This day the chiefest worke for thee;
Thy selfe and servants more and lesse,
This day must let all labour passe."



BAVARIAN WATCHMAN (PRESENT DAY)

FOR GOOD FRIDAY

"All you that now in bed do lie,
Know Jesus Christ this night did die,
Our souls most sinful for to save,
That we eternall life might have.
His whips, His grones, His crown of
thorns,
Would make us weep, lament, and
mourn."

A very extraordinary sound woke up the good people on St. David's Day.

It began:

"I am no Welchman, but yet to show
The love I to the country owe;
I call this morning and beseeke
Each man prepare him for his leeke.
For as I hear some men say
The First of March is Saint David's Day."

New Year, Christmas, Innocents' Day, and many others had all special sounds. That for the 1st of January ran:

"All you that doe the bel-man heere
The first day of this hopefull yeare,
I doe in love admonish you,
To bid your old sins all adue,
And walk as God's just law requires,
In holy deeds and good desires,
Which if to doe you'll doe your best,
God will, in Christ, forgive the rest."

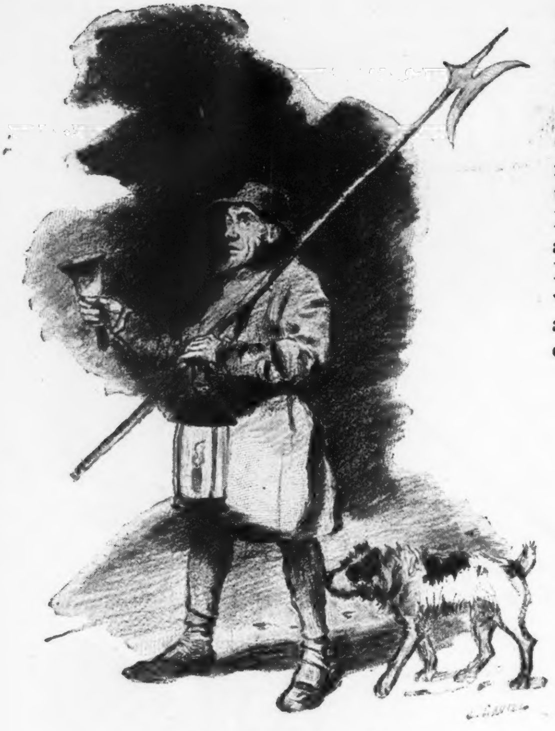
Finally, I quote one which seems to incorporate the whole relations of bellman and sleepers:

"Sicke men complaine, they cannot sleepe,
The belman such a noise doth keepe;
Others that doe well at play,
Sayes he too soone proclaims the day.
Yet to the sicke that draw short breath,
It puts them in the mind of death.
And saies the gamester makes good stake
If he for heaven so long would wake.
And all this while like silly worme
He doth his office but performe.
Then if his duty breed disease,
Heele goe to bed and none displease."

One of the most tragic of bellman's songs was that of the parish of St. Sepulchre's, where the practice was on the eve of an execution for the bellman to go under the window of the condemned cell at Newgate, to ring his bell, and to repeat these verses:

"All you that in the condemn'd hold do lie
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die.
Watch all and pray; the hour is drawing near,
That you before the Almighty must appear.
Examine well yourselves, in time repent,
That you may not to eternal flames be sent.
And when St. Sepulchre's bell to-morrow tolls,
The Lord have mercy on your souls!
Past twelve o'clock!"

According to a note in Stowe's "Survey



ENGLISH WATCHMAN (1630)

of London" (1618), the repetition of the verse should be by a clergyman, one Robert Done, citizen and merchant tailor of London, having given to the parish of St. Sepulchre the sum of £50 for that purpose. The beadle of Merchant Taylors' Hall had a similar stipend, to see that it was duly done. Rather quaint is this city bellman's song:

" Maides to bed and cover coale,
Let the mouse out of her hole;
Crickets in the chimney sing,
Whilst the little bell doth ring.
If fast asleepe, who can tell
When the clapper hits the bell?"

The church-bells used to serve the purposes of clocks before the latter became common. In 1536 the Corporation of Shrewsbury made an order for the payment of the clerk of St. Alkmunds for ringing the *watch-bell* at 4 A.M., so that the watchmen might know their duties were over.

Amongst the Volkslieder of the German Fatherland, there are numerous specimens of watchmen's songs, which, like many others of the songs of the people, have been solely preserved by oral transmission. Contrasted with the more modern watchmen's songs, these old German lieder seem to us most elaborate; but it must be remembered that time was of less value in the romantic Middle Ages than it is in this prosaic and most cursory nineteenth century. I have only been able to give a few verses out of each of these songs, which are calculated by their length "to last out a night in Russia."

OLD GERMAN WATCH SONG

" Listen, townsmen, hear me tell
Ten hath struck upon our bell,
God hath given commandments ten,
That we might be happy men.
Nought avails that men should ward us,
God will watch, and God will ward us;
May He of His boundless might,
Give unto us all good night.

* * * * *

Now all stars must fade away,
Quickly now must come the day,
Thank your God, who through each hour,
Kept you with a Father's power.
Nought avails," &c.

At the beginning of this century the watchmen at Herrnhuth, an old German town, used to intimate the hour in the following quaint lines. There is a simple piety and vividness of diction about some of the verses which appeal very strongly to the imagination. It is, in truth, an epitome of the Christian's duty, and a supplication which it would be difficult to forget. The sixth verse is impregnated with brief humour, doubtless the good *Wächter*, like other servants, was not sorry to see his term of office expire, and having done as much as he could for the souls of his sleeping fellow-citizens, he feels he may safely commit them to their own guardianship during their waking hours.

VIII

" Past eight o'clock! O, Herrnhuth, do thou ponder,
Eight souls in Noah's ark were living yonder?

IX

" 'Tis nine o'clock! Ye brethren, hear it striking?
Keep hearts and houses clean, to our Saviour's liking.

X

" Now, brethren, hear, the clock is ten and passing,
Now rest but such as wait for Christ embracing.

XI

" Eleven is past! Still at this hour eleven,
The Lord is calling us from earth to heaven."

The following is an interesting specimen of the watchmen's songs in use in Germany at the present day:

"Hört ihr, herren, und lasst euch sagen,
Die glocke hat acht geschlagen,
Bewahret das feuer und das licht,
Dass in unisre stadt kein schaden geschieht.
Lobt Gott den Herrn."

(Translation.)

"Listen, gentlemen, hear me tell,
Eight hath struck upon the bell,
Guard ye the fires and the candles all,
That no harm to our town may befall.
Praise God the Lord."

It is interesting to compare with this Longfellow's "Song of the Curfew," with its injunction:

"Cover the embers
And put out the lights.
Toil comes with the morning,
And rest with the night."

A physician travelling in Switzerland some years ago thus alludes to the songs of the watchmen who disturbed his nocturnal slumbers at Chur, a town in the canton of the Grisons: "We had very indifferent rest in our inn, owing to the over-zeal of the Chur watchmen, whose practice it is to perambulate the town through the whole night—twelve in number—and who, on the present occasion, certainly displayed a most energetic state of vigilance. They not only called, but sang out every hour in the most sonorous strains, and even sang a long string of verses on the striking of some. The song which follows is a very good specimen of these nightly lyrics, which are of ancient origin, and have their counterparts in various parts of Germany."

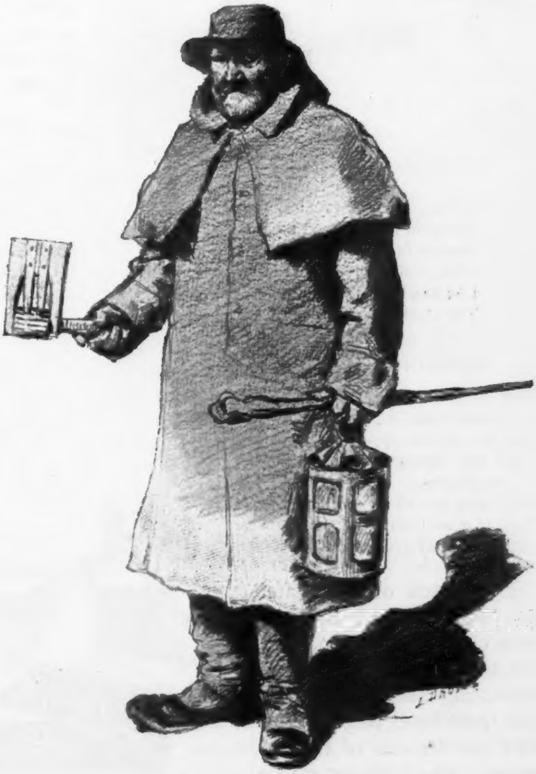
WATCH CHANT AT CHUR

"Hear ye Christians, let me tell you,
Our clock has struck eight,
Our clock has struck nine, &c.
Eight, only eight in Noah's time
Were saved from punishment. *Eight!*
Nine deserves no thanking.
Man think of thy duty! *Nine!*
Ten commandments God enjoined,
Let us be to Him obedient. *Ten!*
Only *eleven* disciples were faithful,
Grant Lord that there be no falling off. *Eleven!*
Twelve is the hour that limits time,
Man think upon eternity! *Twelve!*
One! O man, only one thing is needful:
Man, think upon thy death! *One!*"

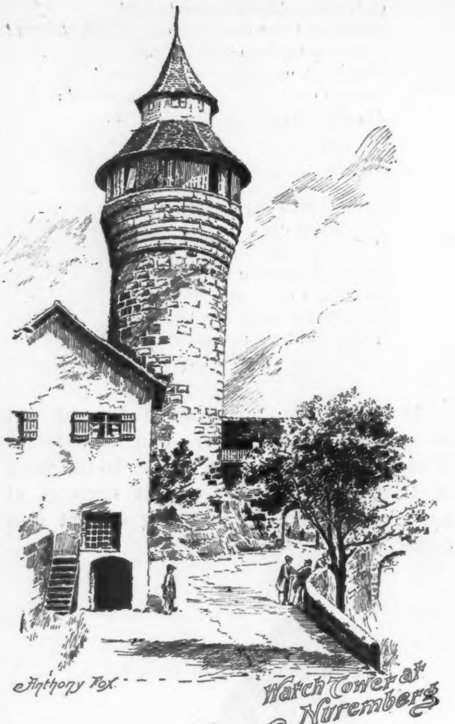
II

"Get up in the name of Jesus Christ,
The bright day
day soon is near at hand;
The clear day that ne'er delayed;
God grant us all a good day!
A good day and happy hours
I wish you from the bottom of my heart.
Five, O! reckon five, O!"

At Altorf, the "Wächterrüe" were not so lengthy, but they were equally redolent of piety and of patriotic feeling. In the town of Glarus the evening call is chanted at ten o'clock, and the morning one at four o'clock.



ENGLISH WATCHMAN (18TH CENTURY)



Watch Tower at Nuremberg

EVENING CALL

"I come upon the evening watch;
God give you all good night.
Quench fire and light,
That God may you guard.
List to what I tell you,
The clock has struck ten."

MORNING CALL

"Get up in the name of the Lord
Jesus Christ,
For the day has appeared.
The sun comes down over the
mountains,
So I wish you all a good day.
List to what I tell you,
The clock has struck four."

The towns of Neuchatel and Zurich used to have their choral watchmen, but, like many other ancient and interesting features and relics, these have passed away with the legions of the bygones. The following stanza in the Swiss patois may occasionally be heard in the outlying districts of the Zurich canton:

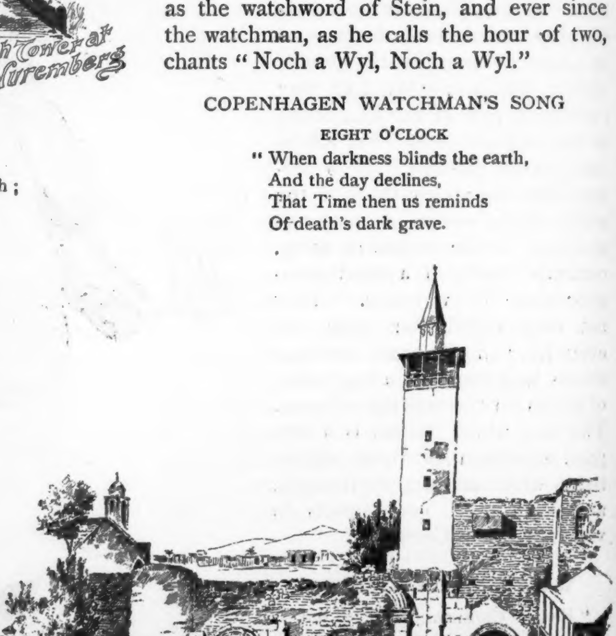
"Now stand I on the evening watch.
Protect us, God, this night;
Give to body and soul rest,
And lead us all to heaven."

An interesting story accounts for the watch-cry dating from the fourteenth century, and still used in the old Rhine town of Stein. Both story and song are hereditary oral possessions of the people of Stein, who regard them as their most valued heirloom. When the conflicts between the towns and the feudal lords were raging, a plot to deliver Stein into the hands of neighbouring nobles was made, several traitorous citizens entering into it. The gate of the city was to be opened to the enemy by them at 2 A.M., the watchword agreed upon being "Noch a Wyl"—"Yet a while." A shoemaker living near the gate overheard the whispered signal and the clatter of arms outside, and rushing to the watchhouse gave the alarm, and so saved the town. "Noch a Wyl" was adopted as the watchword of Stein, and ever since the watchman, as he calls the hour of two, chants "Noch a Wyl, Noch a Wyl."

COPENHAGEN WATCHMAN'S SONG

EIGHT O'CLOCK

"When darkness blinds the earth,
And the day declines,
That Time then us reminds
Of death's dark grave.



Watch Tower at Damascus

Shine on us, Jesus sweet,
At every step,
To the grave-place,
And grant a blissful death."

* * * *

FIVE O'CLOCK

"O Jesu! Morning Star!
Our King, unto Thy care,
We so willingly commend,
Be Thou his sun and shield!
Our clock it has struck five.
Come mild sun
From mercy's pale;
Light up our house and home."

This translation Mr. William Burton gives in his "A Voyage from Leith to Lapland." Speaking of these Copenhagen night-guardians, he says that from eight in the evening until four in the morning, all the year round, they chant a fresh verse at the expiration of each hour. The cadence is generally deep and guttural, but with a peculiar emphasis and tone. From a distance it floats on the still night air with a pleasing and impressive effect. The verses are of great antiquity, and were written by one of the Danish bishops. The sheet on which these are printed has an emblematical border, very rudely engraved; in the centre there is a figure of one of the ancient watchmen; at the top of the sheet are the lines:

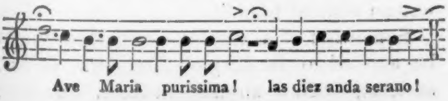
"Watch and pray,
For time goes;
Think, and directly,
You know not when."

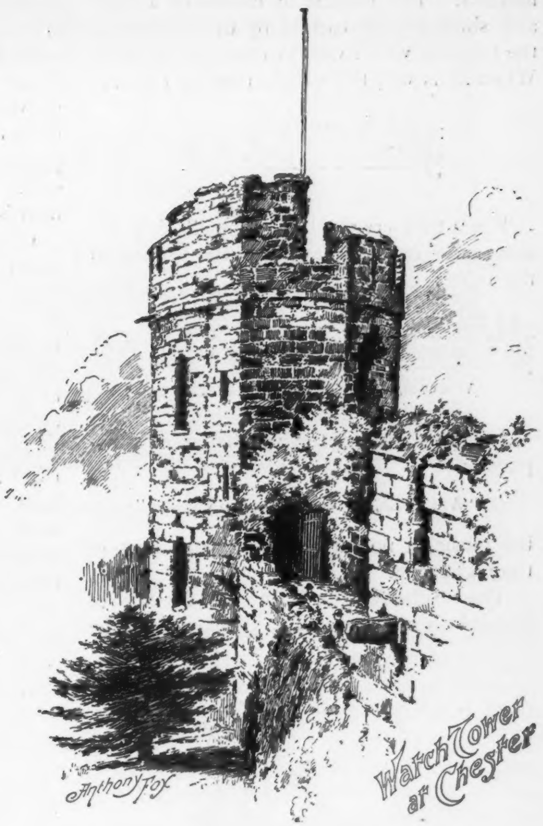
And over the engraving:

"Praised be God! Our Lord, to whom
Be love, praise, and honour."

The following are the watch-calls at Seville and Malaga; similar ones are used by the watchmen in some parts of South America:

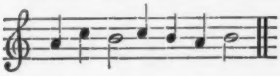
WATCH-CALL AT SEVILLE



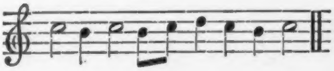


Watch Tower at Chester

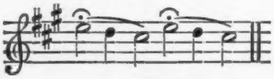
WATCH-CALL AT MALAGA



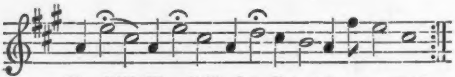
WATCH-CRY AT CADIZ.



In Chili the police consists of two distinct bodies, the one cavalry, the other on foot, and they fulfil the office of watchmen, carrying swords. The police patrol the streets in general, whilst the latter take charge of some particular portion of the city, for which they are responsible. A peculiar system exists in Valparaiso, by which a message may be sent through a watchman from one end of the town to the other, and an answer obtained within fifteen minutes. This is done by means of a loud and shrill whistle carried by the watchmen, the tones of which vary as occasion requires. When all is well the whistle runs as follows:



When they cry the hour they all sing the same tune, but the pitch varies according to the voice:



In the morning the watchmen add the prayer:

"Ave Maria, purissima las cinco y media,"

the music in no way differing from that of the night-song.

The "chowkeydar" on the frontier of Nepaul is an interesting personality; he perambulates the village at night, giving vent to loud cries or fierce howls, which are echoed by all the neighbouring "chowkeydars." The cries are not all unmusical, and the watchman, who is a low caste man, is by no means unpicturesque, with his blue puggara or official badge, and his iron-bound staff. In many Oriental countries the watchman is still a necessity.

Civilisation has proved the Juggernaut of much that was artistic and picturesque in bygone days. With steam it has deadened the song of the sailor, the rhythmical chant of the ploughman and the waggoner; and with the policemen's rattle, the introduction of gas and electricity, the watchman and his quaint hour-songs have passed away.

The streets of any great city 'twixt midnight and dawn are now full of life, and as light as day. The watchmen would find no work in these, for the nineteenth century pedestrian does not need to be told in sonorous tones:

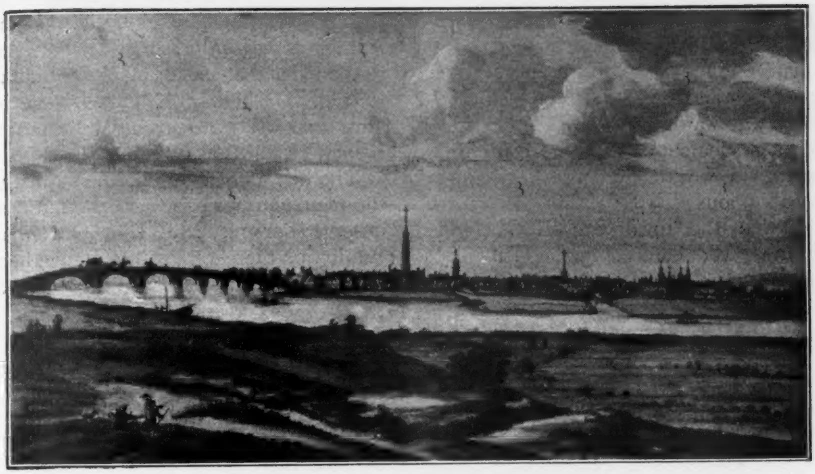
"Two o'clock, a fine night, and all is well."

OLD GLASGOW

By ROBERT WALKER

ONCE upon a time, the Mayor of a certain northern English town was showing the lions of the place to one of the Judges of Assize. The judge, who was much interested in all he had seen, remarked, "This seems an ancient town of yours, Mr. Mayor?" "Oh yes, my Lord," was the reply, "it always wor an ancient toon."

Somewhat of a similar description might be applied to the City of Glasgow. It has, at least, been "an ancient toon" so long



GLASGOW, 1690

(*The property of J. W. Bremner, Esq.*)

that the account of its origin and the history of its early development are now mixed up with much confused and untrustworthy tradition. It has, however, the progress of thirteen centuries to record, and to be proud of, too.

Unfortunately, the ordinary man in the street, the merchants who crowd the Exchange and help to spread the fame of Glasgow to the uttermost ends of the earth, are essentially modern, and have no time to bestow a thought on the labours of the bygone generations that made possible the city's present prosperity. They have eyes only for the superstructure; for them the foundations have no interest. Glasgow is one of the finest of modern commercial cities, but in its thoroughfares and haunts of trade there are few reminiscences of its connection with olden days. The march of progress has swept away nearly all the old landmarks. The one great monument of antiquity that confers distinction upon Glasgow bulks but little in the thoughts of its busy population. The noble pile of the Cathedral stands remote from the life of the Exchange and the clamour of the streets. In Edinburgh, we are reminded at every step of the vicissitudes that make up our country's history. In Glasgow, on the other hand, there are only evidences of the energies and conditions that are the resultants of the progress of to-day and yesterday. And yet, to the understanding eye, to-day and yesterday are the direct outcome of the steady, silent growth of centuries.

In the following pages, I propose to treat, briefly, of a splendid and a much needed object lesson given in this direction to the people of Glasgow in 1894. In the summer and autumn of that year, following an example set by Dundee in 1893, the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts held in their galleries an Exhibition to illustrate the history and progress of the City of Glasgow. All the exhibits had a direct connection with the city and its industrial, social and civil life from the time of its beginning until about the middle of this century; and, as the preface to the catalogue remarks, "Not in this generation will such another collection be possible." The success of the Exhibition and the widespread interest, not of a merely temporary nature, which it has stimulated in the history and the old ways and manners of Glasgow, have amply rewarded the promoters.*

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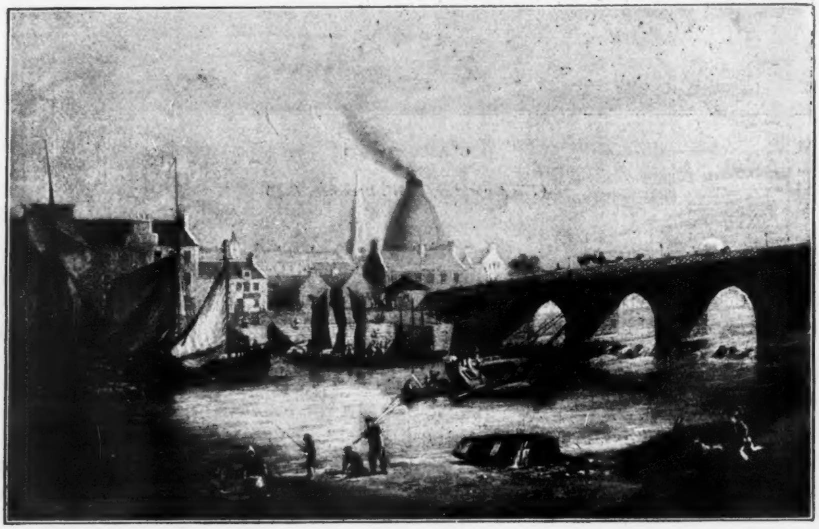
* A permanent memorial of this Exhibition has just been published in the form of a *de luxe* edition of an illustrated catalogue. The book reflects the greatest credit on the care and knowledge of the Editorial Committee, under the judicious guidance of Messrs. J. Barclay Mur-

Every one knows that some time towards the end of the sixth century Glasgow began as an ecclesiastical settlement, formed on the banks of the Molendinar by St. Kentigern, otherwise St. Mungo; that the cathedral afterwards arose on the site of this monkish settlement; that the community, increasing in wealth and numbers, spread their habitations down the hill towards the Clyde; that the town gradually extended along the river banks; that green places disappeared in stony streets, and limpid streams lost themselves in common sewers; that colonial and foreign trade was nurtured and grew vigorous; that the Clyde was deepened; that factories were built; that, as trees vanished, tall chimneys were reared; and, that Glasgow eventually became the second city of the Empire.

The history being profitable for instruction, the men who were the actors in it certainly deserve our respect. In "Old Glasgow" Exhibition there were gathered together about five hundred and fifty portraits of the makers and upholders of the town, the men who built up its prosperity, enlarged its borders, and developed its resources. Their course did not always lie in the sunshine, with favouring winds to waft them on. They had tempests to battle with, dark days to endure, lee shores to weather, dreary calms to task their patience. But through all vicissitudes they kept stout hearts, and, as a rule, accepted success with thankfulness and bad times with hope for better. In the "counterfeit presentments" of the most noted of these fathers of our city, we can read, as Dr. Mitchell points out, the clear expression of the determination, the shrewdness, the foresight, that enabled them to take advantage of their opportunities, and turn to good account the natural resources of the district that lay close to their hands. Coal and iron and waterways are all precious possessions, but the brains and the energy



THE BROOMIELAW

(*The property of Mrs. Glen Henderson*)

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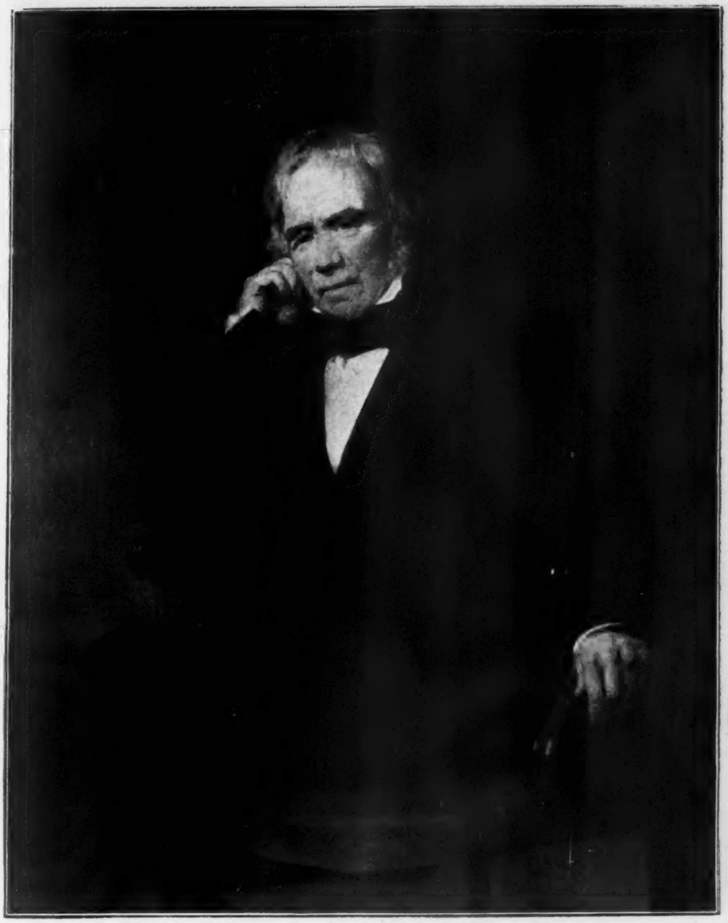
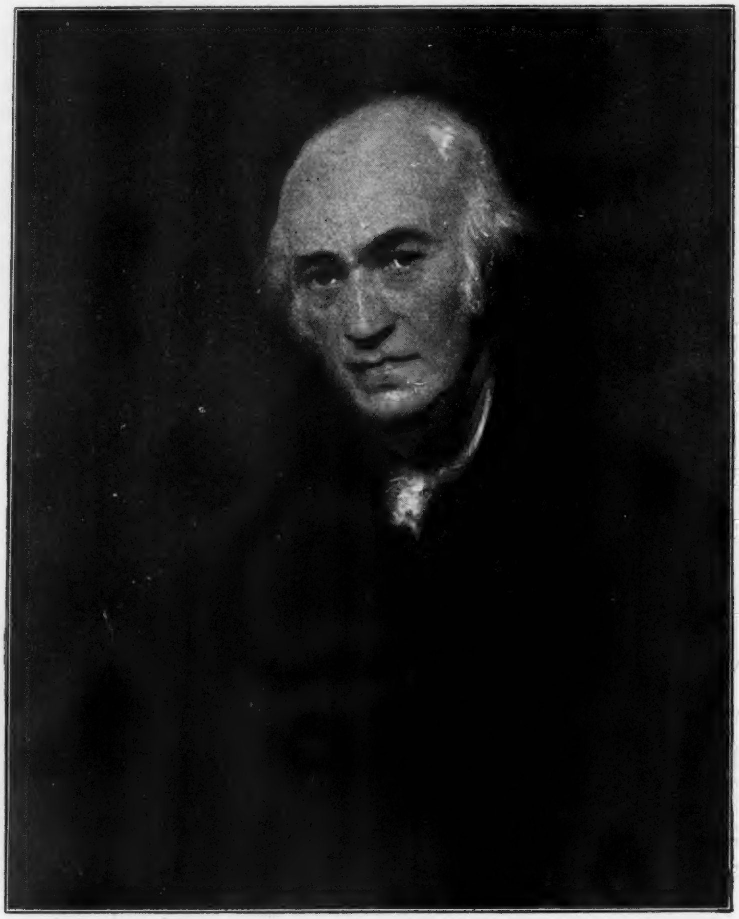
doch and A. W. Gray Buchanan. The numerous reproductions by Messrs. Annan of portraits, views, &c. (some 150 in number), are splendid examples of photogravure work. And the printers, Messrs. William Hodge & Co., have done their part well. Additional value has been given to the book by the five introductory essays contributed by experts: "The Portraits," by J. O. Mitchell, LL.D.; "The Views," by William Young, R.S.W.; "The Charters," by Robert Renwick; "Gold and Silverplate," by Robert Sorley; and "Glasgow Printers, Publishers, and Booksellers," by David Robertson, F.S.A. Scot.



HENRY HOULDSWORTH, OF CRANSTONHILL AND COLTNESS. BY SIR JOHN WATSON GORDON

(*The property of James Houldsworth, Esq., of Coltness*)

that have in the past taken the most out of these possessions are, after all, the city's most abiding riches. What if some of the originals of the portraits were rough and unpolished, loud of speech, and better versed in the ways of markets than in those of courts! They were fitted for the task they had to do, and that task they carried through bravely and thoroughly. To the due performance of the exacting every-day work of the world, more must be brought than a dancing-master's accomplishments or a knowledge of "Shakespeare and the musical glasses." But culture and the kindlier graces and adornments of life were never, even at the busiest times, altogether absent, and were frequently conspicuous factors in the social state. Glasgow was, fortunately, never entirely peopled with such Yahoos as "Mr. Archibald Shortridge, Jnr.," although satirists and novelists—some of them, like Captain Thomas Hamilton, of its own household—have given the city not the most flattering character in this respect. Even Sir Walter has drawn in Bailie Nicol Jarvie a municipal dignitary kindly of heart and shrewd of head indeed, but not exactly a man of light and culture. To how many people does the



JAMES WATT

(The property of the Hunterian Museum)

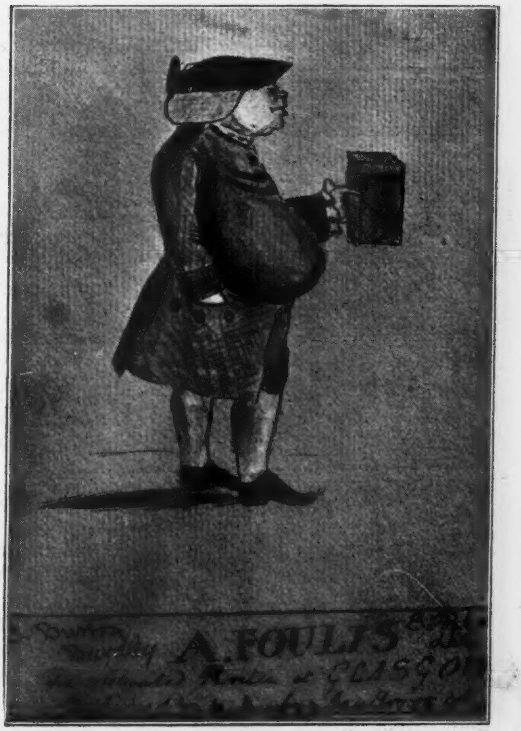
Bailie not still stand forth the typical Glasgow citizen!

Thirty portraits are reproduced in the "Memorial Catalogue," and these have been selected on the principle of giving representative men connected with the various epochs and movements in the history of Glasgow. Thus we have pre-Reformation, Episcopal and Presbyterian Glasgow, the University, and the Charities illustrated. The pre-Union foreign trade of Glasgow, early Sugar Refining, the Virginia Trade, the West and East India Trade, the Cotton Trade, the Iron Trade and Banking nearly exhaust the chief industries of the city, in the order of their rise, down to 1850. Then we have law, medicine, the army, literature, and art represented, and last but not least important there are types of "the beauty and vitality of Glasgow women." From the biographical notes appended to each portrait, a complete social and political history of the city might be written.

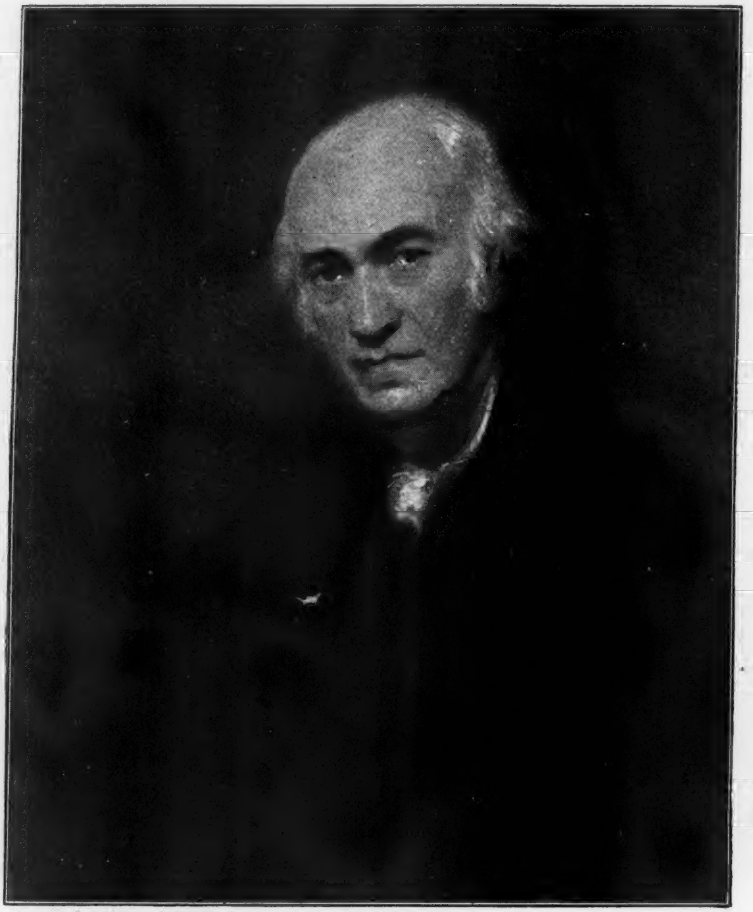
Out of this crowd of sturdy men identified with the well-being of the West of Scotland, we reproduce the portraits of two—James Watt, painted by John Graham Gilbert, R.S.A., and lent to the Institute by the

University of Glasgow, and Henry Houldsworth, of Cranstonhill and Coltness, painted by Sir John Watson Gordon, P.R.S.A., and the property of Mr. James Houldsworth, of Coltness. What James Watt has done for the world does not require to be commented upon here. It is interesting to note that in another section of the Exhibition there was shown a view of "Arn's Well" on the Green, where, it is said, Watt, one famous Sunday morning, suddenly conceived the idea of the separate condenser. The portrait of Mr. Henry Houldsworth, one of the founders of the iron trade, is given mainly on account of its being an example of admirable artistic work. In distinction, strong yet refined brush-work and clearly marked character, it was perhaps the best portrait in the collection. We reproduce a clever pen-and-ink caricature sketch belonging to Mr. George Gray, of Andrew Foulis, one of the two celebrated brothers who in the eighteenth century did so much, by their printing press and their Academy of Art, to win for Glasgow a reputation that had nothing to do with the price of tobacco or the gossip of the Tontine. Fain would I linger over this most fascinating subject of the portraits, but space will not permit me to do so. Think of even a few of the good names that claim our respect—such as Henry Bell of *Comet* fame; David Dale of Rosebank, "one of the busiest and one of the best of Glasgow men"; Provost Andrew Cochrane, who served the city so faithfully during the trying times of the "45" and is called "the greatest of our Provosts"; Alexander Spiers, of Elderslie (1714–1782), a Virginia merchant, and one of "the four young men," the other three being John Glassford of Dougalston, William Cunninghame of Lainshaw, and James Ritchie of Busby, "who first made Glasgow an important place of trade"; Kirkman Finlay of Castle Toward (1773–1842), the pioneer of our East India Trade.

Glasgow has produced not only notable engineers and merchants. It is the birthplace of poets and painters and philosophers of no mean fame; of warriors as well as weavers. We claim as our own Sir William Hamilton, Thomas Campbell, William Motherwell, Hugh Macdonald, and Horatio M'Culloch. Among the artists, Dr. Mitchell, with a fine touch of humour, includes Captain Archibald Patoun as "an artiste"—in Glasgow rum punch. We all know the Captain as the hero of Lockhart's famous song. He was an officer of the Scottish Brigade in the Dutch service, from which he retired with a pension in 1774. His commissions from the Dutch Government and his walking-stick were shown in the Exhibition. It required a deft and artistic hand to brew Glasgow punch properly. Hamilton declares in "Cyril Thornton" that "the office of mingling the discordant elements of punch," all so naturally evolved out of the West Indian Trade, "into one sweet and harmonious whole, is perhaps the only one which calls into full play the sympathies and energies of a Glasgow gentleman," and in another part of his book, he gives an amusing account of how Mr. Mucklewham went



ANDREW FOULIS



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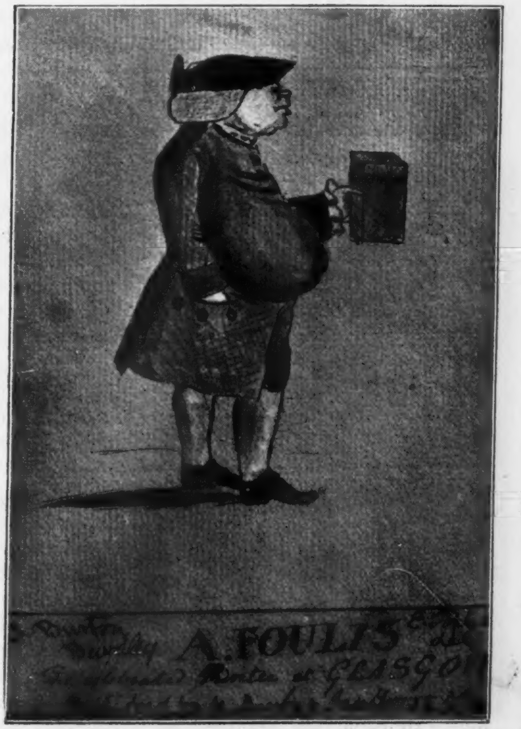
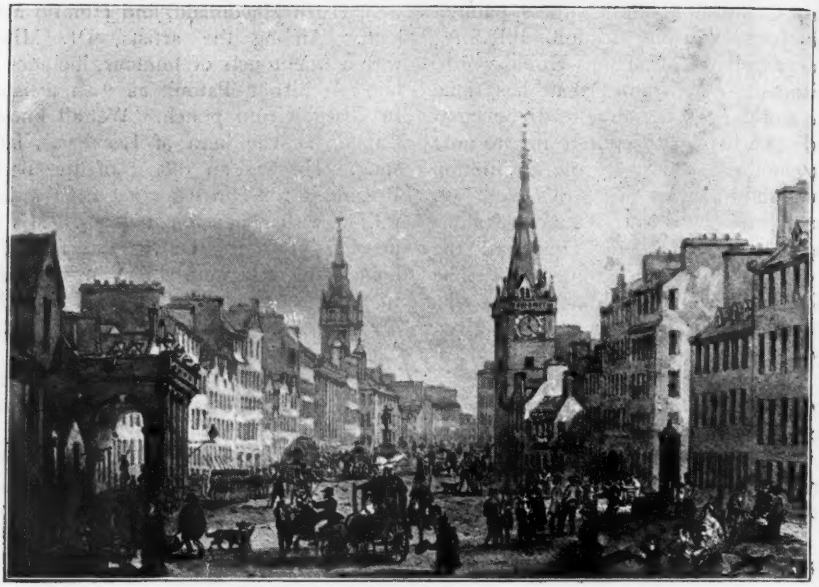


ANDREW FOULIS



THE TRONGATE

(*From a Water-colour after James Brown, 1774. By Andrew Donaldson, 1837*)

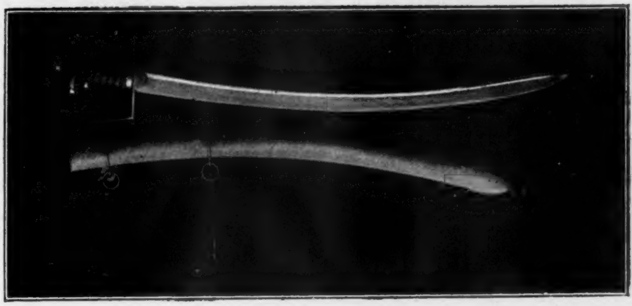
(*The property of W. A. Scott MacKirdy, Esq.*)

through the brewing ceremony at Provost Shortridge's dinner-party. Times have changed, and perhaps with the old roughness of manners there has gone, too, something of the old geniality and frank kindliness.

Next in interest and importance to the portraits come the pictures of the scenes among which the originals of these portraits lived. As I have already remarked, very little that is old remains to meet our gaze on the public highways of Glasgow. The Cathedral, the Tron, Tolbooth, and Bridgegate steeples are about the only relics we now possess of "Old Glasgow." And long may they be left to us!

There can be no doubt that in the earlier stages of its career, Glasgow, with its undulating wooded environs and its sparkling river, meandering between broom-clad banks, was an exceedingly beautiful little place. All seventeenth century travellers proclaim its charms. The march of improvement and extension has stamped with ruthless feet on all the picturesque spots, and on the bits of refreshing greenness that once crept up into the town's hot heart.

The Exhibition contained some 400 views, maps, and plans of "Old Glasgow," showing the changes that the last 300 years have made on the appearance of the city and its surroundings. We reproduce a view of "Glasgow in 1690," taken from a coloured engraving belonging to Mr. G. W. M'Ewen Bremner. This is one of the earliest known pictures of the town. The engraving is made from one of a series of drawings by a Dutchman, Captain John Slezer, of "The Artillery Company" and "Surveyor of His Majesty's Magazines in Scotland," who visited Glasgow during the last half of the seventeenth century and "made on the spot several drawings of the city." The point of view is from the south side of the Clyde, about Hutchesontown. The perspective is wrong, but the main features of the city in the distance are all brought in. We have the Cathedral spire and western tower, the Old College, the Tolbooth, the Tron Kirk, Hutcheson's Hospital, the Bridgegate steeple,



SIR JOHN MOORE'S SWORD

and the Merchants' House, with the Clyde in the foreground and the old Stockwell Bridge to the left. The view gives us the very Glasgow in which Bailie Nicol Jarvie was a person of importance, and where Francis Osbaldistone had his first experience of life in Scotland.

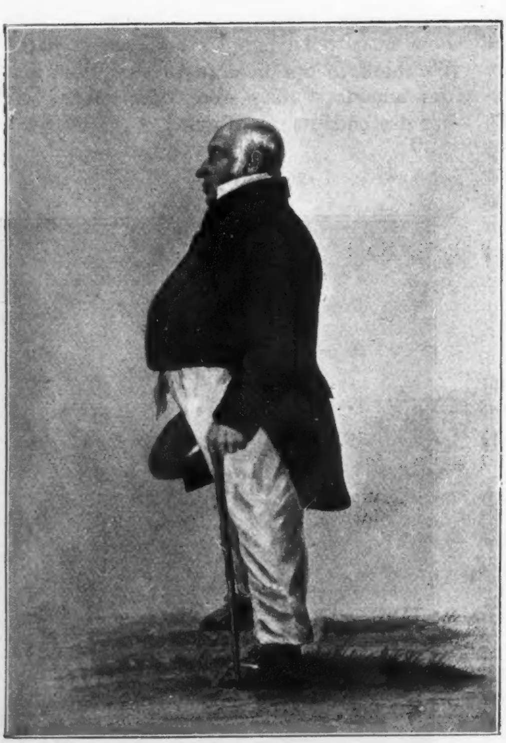
We give another view belonging to Mrs. Glen Henderson—the old "Broomielaw Bridge," the foundation of which was laid in 1768. Prominent features in this picture are the steeple of St. Enoch's and the "bottle-house lum," situated near what is now the foot of Jamaica Street. Any adventurous urchin could then wade across the river at low tide, and the angler found abundant sport in its clear waters. The new Sewage Bill is, I understand, to bring back all the conditions necessary for the fisherman's perfect enjoyment. This picture recalls to us the days that knew not steamboats or trains, railway-bridges or tramcars, and when people were perhaps fully as happy as they are now with the aid of all our modern improvements and conveniences. The world went very well then. Our ancestors had their compensations. They had no telephones for example!

Another interesting view is that of the "Trongate in 1774," the property of Mr. W. A. Scott Mackirdy. This is a watercolour by Andrew Donaldson, taken from an earlier drawing by James Brown, and represents the Trongate as it was about the date when Burke declared that it formed part of the finest street in Europe. The scene is full of life and bustle, and shows well the costumes and vehicles characteristic of the period. The Trongate had not yet lost the glory of its first estate—the Rialto of Glasgow—as the meeting-place of merchants, where tobacco lords strutted in all the pride of wealth and red cloaks, and where busy brains schemed and shrewd tongues bargained, for their owners' and the town's advancement.

The social progress of the city and the ways and manners of its inhabitants at different periods of its existence were fully illustrated by the exhibition of old silver-plate, furniture, dresses, arms, domestic articles, &c., most interesting as evidences of old-world fashions long since passed away. Who is curious about snuff-boxes now? How many living men have heard the sound of "policemen's clappers"? What child of to-day knows anything of "dabbities"? Who now wear poke bonnets and beaver hats? We think, in our modern presumption, that our ancestors' ways were odd. What will our descendants say of ours?

LOCKET, ETC., PRESENTED BY SIR JOHN MOORE TO A LADY IN 1808

We give representations of two relics of one of the great military heroes of Glasgow, Sir John Moore. The first, belonging to Mr. W. A. Liddell, is the very sword Sir John was wearing when he received his fatal wound at the battle of Corunna, on January 16, 1809. When his aide-de-camp, Captain Hardinge, was trying to unbuckle the sword from the waist of the dying soldier, he protested: "It is as well as it is, I had rather it should go out of the field with me." The second relic, belonging to Mrs. William Young, Stanhill Court, is a heart-shaped cornelian locket and charm, round which hangs the glamour of romance. The present owner of the trinket, a member of a well-known old Glasgow family, when she was a little girl of some seven or eight years, was frequently taken to visit her grand-aunt, Miss Mary Murdoch, living at Earnock, advanced in years and quite blind. The old lady, finding the child had a retentive memory, and could recite many pieces of poetry, used to ask her to repeat portions of what she knew, but especially "The Burial of Sir John Moore." At the last interview they had (1847) this recitation was again gone through, when the old lady said: "You have been very good, and have often recited that poem to me, so I will give you this little brooch which I got from John Moore himself, and I hope you will take care of it." The trinket had been given to her by Sir John just prior to his departure for the Peninsula. The families of the Moores and the Murdochs were very intimate, and between the two young people there was a feeling stronger than that of mere friendship. They corresponded. Several of the letters are, I understand, still in the hands of Mr. J. Barclay Murdoch of Capelrig. But the pleasant ending to the love-story that the family all expected was not to be. He met a hero's death at Corunna. She died, unmarried, in 1848, at the age of eighty-three. Ah! these "abhorred shears"! Who has not felt the sharpness of their edges?*



JAMES SCOTT, THE ODONTIST OF THE "NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ"

(*The property of John Foulds, Esq.*)

Among the exhibits of silver-plate were some twenty-two communion cups, belonging to Glasgow and West of Scotland churches, all bearing the "Glasgow marks," and varying in date from 1699 to 1765. The designs of these cups are distinguished by their fine simplicity, and in all arts out of simplicity naturally comes grace. "These sacred vessels, after these long years," as Mr. Sorley points out, "are as sound and fit for use as the day they left the hands of their makers." The first mention of a resident silversmith in Glasgow is in 1616. The gold and silver craftsmen worked under the Guild of the Hammermen until 1819, when the "Glasgow Hall Mark" office was established. About a century ago there were only three jewellers and nine watchmakers in Glasgow.

In the department of Charters and Manuscripts, the range of exhibits was very wide, and threw a flood of illustrative light on many incidents in Glasgow history. Among them, to quote from Mr. Renwick's introduction, "an instrument dated in 1446, vouching the yearly delivery by the town of two pounds of wax to the keeper of the lights around St. Mungo's tomb, in return for the privilege of being permitted to have a mill on the 'Malyndoner' burn, is now the oldest title-deed in the city's archives." Another important document shown was a letter superscribed by King William and subscribed by Lord Melville, the Scottish Secretary of State, dated 19 September, 1689, which granted to the burgh for the first time the right to elect its own magistrates free from all interference on the part of either priest or king. Bishops' decrees, ball programmes, diplomas, commissions, bank-notes, burgess tickets, begging letters from Charles II., each had its own value as an interpreter of and comment on the events and society of "auld lang syne."

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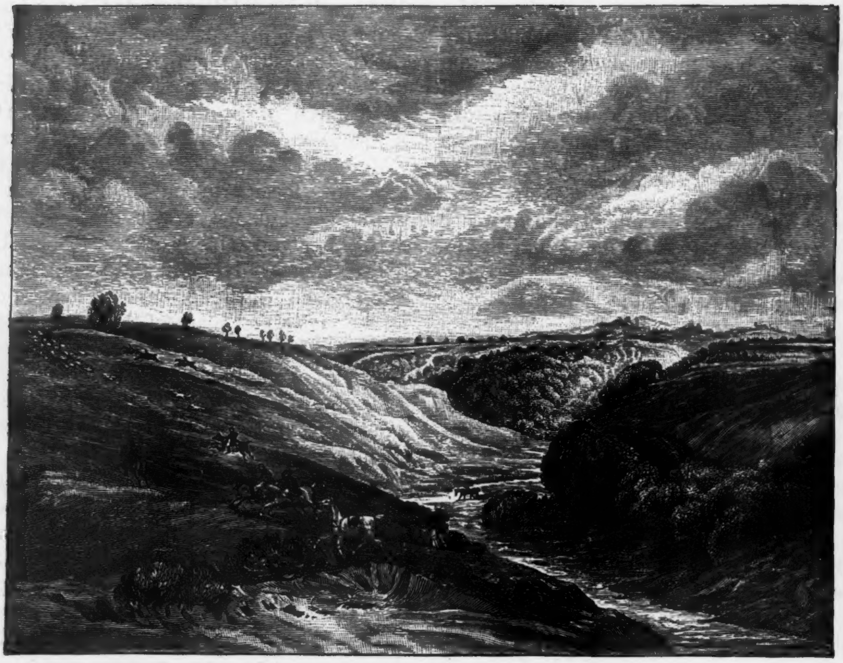
* This little love-history is authentic in every particular. It seems to dispose of the rumours as to the relations between Sir John Moore and Lady Hester Stanhope.

In literature "Old Glasgow" made no mean display, especially in Foulis books, in old histories of the town, and in Glasgow books and periodicals. All the triumphs have not been won on the field of material progress. As Mr. David Robertson remarks, "the refining and gentler influences of literature, of the arts, and of philosophical research" have been helpful in securing for Glasgow prominence among the cities of the Empire. If Glasgow has never been so strongly marked an intellectual centre as Edinburgh once was—if the city's achievements in industrial operations, in shipbuilding, in engineering, and in river deepening have been so marvellous as to throw into the shade the things attempted or attained in intellectual pursuits—still it must be borne in mind that, since 1470, the University has had professors and students who have won the highest honours in letters and science, and that while the eighteenth century saw the development in St. Mungo's city of the American and West Indian trades, it saw also the establishment of the Foulis press and the foundation of respect for art and culture. The sacred fire kindled then on the altar of enlightenment has often burned low, but it has never quite gone out, and now blazes so brightly that all the world seems to feel its eyes somewhat dazzled by the glories of what art critics, not recognising their responsibility, term "The Glasgow School."

The first master printer who settled within the boundaries of Glasgow was George Anderson, and the first piece of printing by him known to bear a Glasgow imprint is "The Protestation of the Generall Assemblie of the Church of Scotland," issued in 1638. A *facsimile* of the title-page is given in the "Memorial" Catalogue. In little more than a century local printing culminated in the productions of the Foulis Press, and "the hardly less reputable work of Robert Urie. The celebrated 'Homer' and 'The Immaculate Horace' of the former firm may be cited as the high-water mark of the art in Glasgow up to the end of last century." Numerous examples of the typography of the successive Glasgow printers were exhibited. The list of such printers up to the year 1800 numbers about one hundred. Between 1715 and 1850 the list of periodical publications, including newspapers, amounts to nearly two hundred. The first newspaper printed in Glasgow was the *Glasgow Courant*, November 1715. After the issue of No. 3 the name of the paper was altered to the *West Country Intelligencer*. It was printed three times a week, and cost sixpence. The first number contains an interesting letter from Ex-Provost Aird, of Glasgow, concerning the battle of Sheriffmuir. Aird commanded a Glasgow regiment of militia which garrisoned Stirling during the rebellion. Glasgow in those days was Whiggish and Presbyterian to the backbone. The present *Glasgow Herald* is the direct descendant of the *Glasgow Advertiser and Evening Intelligencer*, which was started in 1782, and changed its name in 1802 to that of *Herald and Advertiser*. All the other periodicals chronicled in the list up to 1840 seem to have perished.

In connection with literature I may call attention to a drawing we reproduce, the property of Dr. John Foulds. It is a humorous rendering of John Scott, the first practitioner of dentistry as a specialist in Glasgow. He figures as the "Odontist" of "Noctes Ambrosianæ."

I only hope that my necessarily brief remarks and comments on "Old Glasgow" may lead a greater number of the citizens to take a healthy interest in the events of Glasgow's earlier history, and in the strong, brave, true men who, by the exercise of common-sense, foresight, and industry, laid, solidly and surely, the foundations of the city's well-being.



YORKSHIRE, EAST RIDING. NO. 742

THE WATER-COLOUR ART OF TURNER

BY THOMAS SULMAN

FIRST PAPER

> "And I have felt
> A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thought, a sense sublime,
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."
> WORDSWORTH.

IT was surely more than a coincidence that William Wordsworth and Joseph Mallard William Turner were so closely contemporary; that while the one in dignified and felicitous verse was declaring how Nature wrought with the soul of man, the other, a poet even more passionate and sensitive, was recording with pencil and brush the fleeting but eternal beauty of the world around, and its energetic stimulus to human emotion and life. How different their cradle! The poet born in sight of Skiddaw, in the sylvan land of cataract, lake and mountain; the painter, a poor barber's son, nursed in a smoky purlieu of Covent Garden. Yet their message to the nineteenth century was the same, to offer as healing balm to the restless aching heart of their age the contemplation of the fair sympathetic face of Nature.

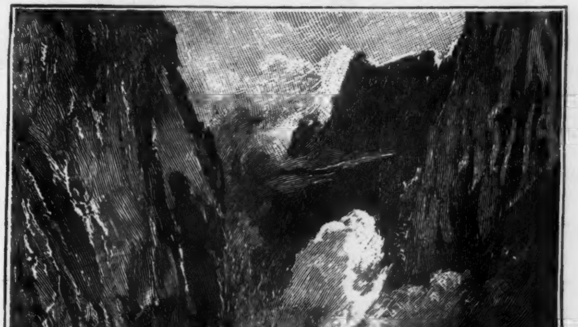
It was strange how little they recognised each other. Wordsworth addressed Haydon and Sir George Beaumont: Turner quoted Milton and Byron, and sought incoherently in his own "Fallacies of Hope" for sanctions the Lake poet could have offered in abundance.

It was a different England from ours of to-day, when Turner in 1792, being then in his eighteenth year, set out on his first sketching tour to Wales. Railways were undreamed of; no vulgar lying advertisements defiled the walls. Buildings were of stone; the monotonous iron girder had not been invented. The Thames was still the busy picturesque highway that Turner loved, and painted so well. It was war time and the press-gang were abroad. He walked through the land at a pace of twenty, and five-and-twenty miles a day, his luggage and sketch-book in a handkerchief on a stick's end. He sketched incessantly in many styles, working late and early, carrying his sketches rolled up in his pocket. He visited Malmesbury, Llandaff, Aberystwith and Chester. In 1797 he was in Yorkshire, and in 1802 he first went to the Continent, penetrating to Mâcon, Savoie, and the Mer-de-Glace, Chamouni. Here again it was the old régime of diligence days; tourists were few and Turner walked more than he rode.

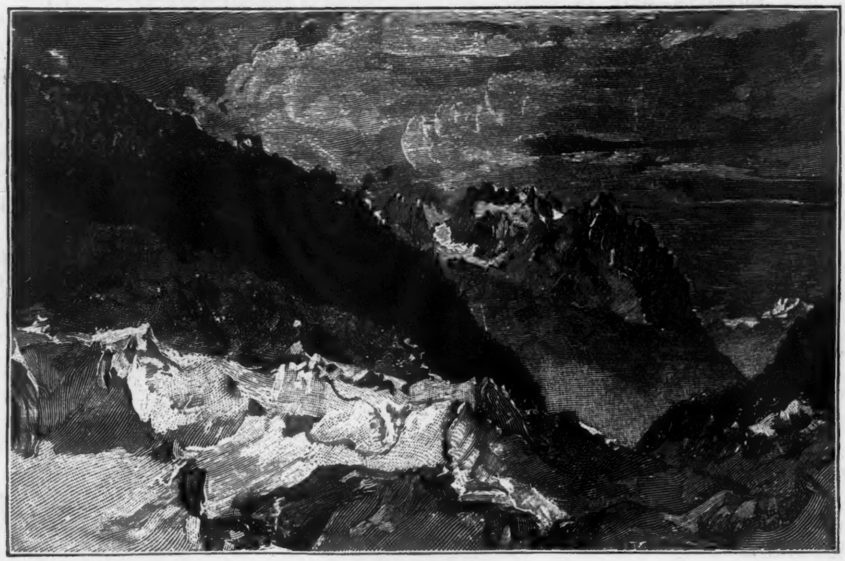
In this way was begun that unique and amazing series of drawings from Nature, representing the labours of a full half-century—a collection such as no other gallery in Europe possesses, unequalled for its variety, refinement, and poetic beauty.

The paper he liked best was tough, thin, and rather smooth; rolled carelessly when he did not use a book. He frequently kept to the pencil-point only; firm and clear outline, seldom shaded. Sometimes he drew on grey or blue paper with black and white chalk, or with pencil and Chinese-white. Ruskin speaks of books of these sketches, in which the chalk rubs every time the leaves are turned, and accumulations of dust and *débris* shake out at the binding. In others there is vigorous pen-and-ink etching of rocky foregrounds, gnarled tree-trunks, trailing vines, some of which became "Liber Studiorum" subjects. Sometimes, again, he covered white paper with flat washes of dove or slaty grey, or of warm stone-colour. He would then sketch in pencil and half-tones of colour, and with a sharp penknife get noble effects of mist or spray, or rock surface. Sometimes, while his paper was soft and flooded with colour, he would work vehemently with the sharp wooden end of his brush, driving the crimsons and olives into vigorous forms of vegetation, roots of trees, or figures. Sometimes he tore the surface of the paper with a blunt penknife; always rapid, sensitive, vigorous.

His industry was phenomenal. His contemplation of Nature was a rapture. Personal comfort or convention he despised. Every day, almost every hour, he recorded some new fact or impression of natural beauty.



PASS OF ST. GOTHARD. NO. 320



MER-DE-GLACE, CHAMOUNI. NO. 322

When, after the litigation that followed Turner's death, the happy compromise was made between the Government and the relations of the painter, many thousands of his sketches came into the possession of the nation. Mr. Ruskin was called in to advise as to their classification and preservation. Never was a task more happily undertaken, and more ably performed. The huge dusty folios and ragged sketch-books were opened. "I found," says Mr. Ruskin, "upwards of 19,000 pieces of paper, drawn upon by Turner, in one way or another; many on both sides; some with four, five, or six subjects on each side (the pencil-point digging spiritedly through the foregrounds of the front into the tender pieces of sky on the back); some in chalk, which the touch of the fingers would sweep away; others in ink rolled into holes; others (some splendid coloured drawings amongst them), long eaten away by damp and mildew, and falling into dust at the edges, in capes and bays of fragile decay; others worm-eaten, some mouse-eaten, others torn half-way through; numbers doubled (quadrupled I should say into four), being Turner's favourite mode of packing for travelling; nearly all rudely flattened out from bundles, in which Turner had finally rolled them up and squeezed them into his drawers in Queen Anne Street. Dust of thirty years' accumulation, black, dense, and sooty, lay in the rents of the crushed and crumpled edges of these flattened bundles looking like a jagged black frame, and producing altogether unexpected effects in brilliant portions of skies, where an accidental or experimental finger-mark of the first bundle unfolder had swept it away."

How reverently Mr. Ruskin dealt with this treasure we know; how all through the autumn and winter of 1857, every day, all day long, and often far into the night, the author of "Modern Painters," with his two assistants, laboured lovingly, inventorying, blowing off the dust, laying each leaf between clean smooth writing-paper,—the torn leaves being laid down, mounted, and flattened,—framing and glazing 400 of the loveliest, we have read also. Many of them had to be glazed on both sides, Turner being flagrantly economical in using both sides of his paper. These 19,000 sketches may be grouped into three classes.

1. Finished drawings mainly for engraving and publication; such as those for the

"Rivers of France," for "Rogers' Poems," or for the "Ports and Harbours of England." There are at least two hundred of these superb works—the very quintessence of noble English water-colours.

2. Drawings made by Turner for his own enjoyment and set purpose, but never intended by him to be seen by any eye but his own. Of these there are more than a thousand. Some on grey paper, but most in pure water-colour on thin white paper. These are extremely varied as to completion; some are slight and enigmatical, while others are wrought with a subtlety of refinement that taxes the keenest vision.

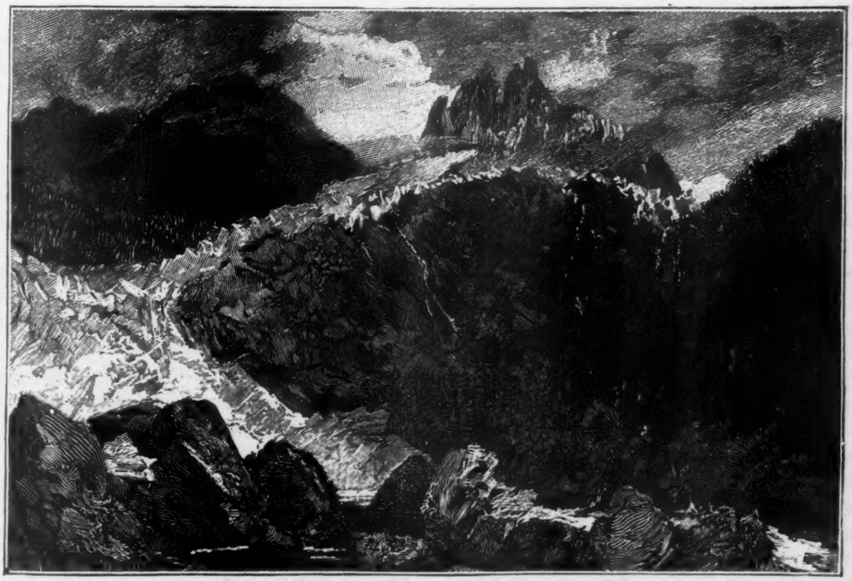
3. The last class consists of sketches and studies from Nature, these constituting the great mass of the collection. Studies of rock forms, of vegetation, of trees, of figures, of boats of every size and scale, of animals, of interiors of rooms and of architecture. At present we propose dealing only with Class 2.

They are subjective and creative interpretations of Nature. Mr. Ruskin says, "After the year 1800, Turner never drew from Nature without composing. His lightest pencil sketch was the plan of a picture, his completest study on the spot a part of one."

The first thing then to remember about these sketches is that we see them by favour. Beautiful as they are, they were never intended for us. Turner had the strongest reluctance to show them. It would have given him the sorest vexation to know that we should be looking at them to-day. Not even his oldest friends or patrons ever saw them. He was stung into violent anger when on two or three occasions they were seen against his will. They were, as the French say, *intimes*. His fully realised work he delighted to show, and was warmed by public approval, but these sketches were sacred. It is a spiritual laboratory we enter and feel "the very pulse of the machine."

And beyond the question of this reserve there is frequently that of mystery and enigma. It is often impossible to say where a scene was sketched. Topographical accuracy was the last thing sought for. He would insert a city or castle where none existed, or omit them with equal *sang froid*. He would calmly raise a church spire or deflect a river which meandered against his will.

In the "Via Mala" we can trace the pencil outlines of a range of buildings he once contemplated, but did without. It is



SOURCE OF ARVERON, CHAMOUNI. NO. 319

amusing to hear how some of his engravers visited the scenes to count a row of windows or to make out if a tower were round or octagonal, and who returned sadly shaken in faith by the artist's audacious inaccuracies.

To enjoy this artistic banquet it is best to let the eye and fancy wander and be entrapped by one and another of the ever-changing, ever-lovely scenes that will reveal themselves. We stop, perhaps, opposite 674—The Righi from Lucerne; a drawing of entire simplicity. A soft purple mountain is relieved against a tender daffodil sky. In front the lake spreads in lucid liquid expanse; one or two skimming swallows; that is all. But the warm illimitable atmosphere and the receding mirror below affect us like a melody of Schubert.

Now turn to 662. A passionate enigma of sapphires and opals; on the left a cave of light relieved against ultramarine; a Titianesque sky, a distant city in pencil only, and a scumble of green and amber cliffs reflected in the wave below. Mystery!

Pass on to 862, a vast Yorkshire dale, somewhere perhaps under Pen-y-gent or great Whernside. Storm clouds are tumultuously driving up the valley, the hills are jasper purple; the sky is flooded with light, but the continents of cloud, silver above, are inky black beneath. The tilled fields of the vale are a marvel of complex perspective. In front, over peat and gravel, a girl drives a flock of geese; nothing more. But how memory speeds us back to similar scenes so long ago!

824. We are at Lausanne, and at the summit of ideality. Great steeples of flaming carmine; a sky full of fiery-flaked cloudlets, "eve's pennoned armies;" the white sun setting behind cypress; a foreground of crowds of holiday-makers, statues, kiosque and balustrade. Let Philistia pass by. This is not for them!

768. Mount Pilatus lifts his mighty crest in golden splendour. The early morning mists are climbing the shoulders of the lower hills. The town with pointed turrets of some castle is iridescent in aërial purity, mirrored in the still lake beneath. Painters have a phrase, "to destroy the surface of the paper or canvas;" that is to say, in exquisite art like this, the paper becomes as it were a sheet of purest glass through which the scene is revealed. The mountains bathed in morning sunshine and mists are miles away, we penetrate the depths of the lake, and the warm air surrounds us. This is one of Turner's high distinctions in art, never more lovely than here.

742. Yorkshire again, but the East Riding; possibly the vale of Pickering. A very small view of a valley with moors beyond. The modelling of the distant uplands is consummate.

The amount of draughtmanship a postage stamp could cover might be the despair of a copyist. A hunt passes through the picture which is only a few inches in size. A horse with empty saddle follows the hounds, who sweep up the scaur with the redcoats.

773. The Lake of Uri, Switzerland. Capriciously lovely, in the key of silver and gold. All is idealised, but all is enchanting. The laminated disintegrated mountain-side, with its clefts and *débris*, is an instance of pure artistic enjoyment on Turner's part. This is idealism comparable to Shelley's "Euganean Hills" or "Epipsychidion." To explain is to degrade it.

319 and 322. Every one agrees that there is something serpentlike in an alpine glacier. Gliding, devouring, it descends in sinuous stealth, rearing its ridgy glittering crest. The mighty monster, fed by congealed snows above, carves in cold silence its granite bed. Below, the warmth of the valley conquers, and dissolves it into milky blue currents that hasten scolding to the low lakeside.

The two grand drawings, Nos. 320 and 321—The Devil's Bridge, St. Gothard—are a grand pair of admirably handled drawings; too large for exhibition under present arrangements at Trafalgar Square.

The railway now carries the tourist in darkness and noise through the bowels of these rocks, and this grand ravine is less visited to-day than even in Turner's time. Notice the penknife work in the falling rivulets on the far side of the chasm. But we stop, commending them and their companions to the penetrating eye and the sympathetic mood of lovers of the noblest English landscape art.

Our pictures are engraved from photographs taken by M. Morelli, Photo Stall, National Gallery, London.

SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, P.R.A.

BY THE EDITOR

THE position which art and artists now occupy in Britain forms a marked contrast to what existed sixty years ago. The public then cared comparatively little for either; but all is now changed, and in spite of those who perpetually assert that we are a nation of Philistines, there is both a genuine and an intelligent interest in this country in all matters affecting art. On the principle that hypocrisy is the homage paid by vice to virtue, one of the best evidences of the existence of this interest is, that people who know little about it, and care less, consider it necessary to seem interested and even enthusiastic about art; while there are others who get into such heroics on the theme, as to sink into drivel, especially if it is a recent "fad" that is in question. The affectation and exaggeration of such would in any other sphere be termed "cant." It is one of the merits of the great artist who has so recently left us, that he had no "cant"; that he abhorred it, and that he was as manly and unaffected as he was strong and skilful. And seldom has there been a grander tribute paid at once to art and to one who in character as in skill was felt to be its worthy representative, than the universal and touching respect shown at the impressive funeral of the late President of the Royal Academy.

The life of Sir John E. Millais extended over the whole period which has seen this revival; he could say truly of its triumphs, "quorum pars magna fui." He was perhaps the most distinctively English, as well as one of the greatest, of the Modern School. From first to last that master-hand never lent itself but to what was pure and elevating. In the best sense a realist—as were all the Pre-Raffaelites in their rebellion against conventionalism—he was in another an idealist, for he ever sought "to serve man with God." His works are always touched with the consciousness that art must have its morals: that it must not set forth merely things that are, whether beastly or holy, but ought to stimulate lovely and elevating thoughts. As it has been frequently said of the late Poet Laureate, that he had never written a line of which he might be ashamed when the hour came for him "to cross the bar," so might it be said of the late President of the Royal Academy. His splendid art has never ministered to the impure, the degrading, the horrible. The nobility and moral health of the man live on his canvases.

Like his predecessor in the chair of the Academy, Sir John was of a magnificent physique. No one can forget the classic head of Lord Leighton, and no one who beheld him can forget the sturdy form, and the open, finely chiselled countenance, which made Millais conspicuous in every crowd. Added to this fine bearing, there was a frank charm of manner, especially when delivered from the restraint of "company," and an absence of all self-consciousness, or of "posturing"—the vices of not a few second-rate artists.

His life was in several respects remarkable. Although born in Southampton, he was of a Jersey family, his father, John W. Millais, being the representative of an ancient race of landowners in that semi-foreign island. Almost from infancy John Everett displayed art tendencies. An eminent painter gives this advice; "Never be an artist if you can help it." In other words, let the love of it be such that you cannot bear to be anything else. Millais was a born artist. When he was a mere child, being only nine years of age, he entered Sass' Academy, and gained his first medal. At eleven he became a student of the Royal Academy, and when seventeen, a picture of his—"Pizarro seizing the Inca of Peru"—obtained a place in the Exhibition of 1846. His parents impoverished themselves to secure the best education possible for their boy, whose genius was unmistakable.

There is an anecdote he used to tell of his early struggles, which is at once most touching and illustrates the affectionateness of the home. Some of Millais' early works had begun to attract attention, and a Jew dealer commissioned him to paint a picture, naming £100 as the price. Millais was delighted, and after six months hard work "Ferdinand

and Ariel" was completed. He was living at that time with his father and mother in Gower Street, and the family circumstances were somewhat straitened. The £100 had been appropriated in advance to pay "butcher and baker and candlestick-maker." When the picture was finished, Millais asked the dealer to inspect it. He came, peered at it, sniffed round it, and turning to Millais, said, "It is not the sort of thing I want; in fact, I don't like it at all. You can let some one else have it, and perhaps some other time you will let me have the offer of something else;" and so he took his departure.

This was a knock-down blow. Millais knew that his father and mother were waiting anxiously in the adjoining room to hear the result of the dealer's visit; but it was some time before he could summon courage to tell them. "First my mother began to cry, then my father, and I am afraid that I was at it too!" "Well, it has just come to what I anticipated, and we must let one of our rooms," was my father's rejoinder; and he straightaway proceeded to write an announcement to that effect on a half-sheet of note-paper, which he affixed by wafers to the window-pane. Just at that moment a ring came to the door, and the doctor who used to attend the family was announced. He was accompanied by an elderly gentleman, whom Millais described as being like one of Thackeray's characters—say, old Major Pendennis—in tightly buttoned frock-coat, satin stock, and stand-up collars. They were shown into the studio, but not before the doctor had noticed that something unusual had occurred. The discarded picture was standing on an easel near the window. After being introduced, the old gentleman at once informed Millais that he was a collector of water-colours. "I hope you will come some day to see my collection," he said, "as I have some very rare specimens of the early English school—Sandby, De Wint, and others. I never buy oil pictures." After a mere glance at "Ferdinand and Ariel," he proceeded to examine his sketches and odds and ends on the walls of the studio. While he was thus occupied, the doctor questioned Millais as to what was amiss, and he told him what had happened with the dealer. The old gentleman, while appearing to be deeply engaged examining the contents of the studio, was, in reality, listening to every word of the conversation. When he had finished his inspection and was about to leave, he said to Millais, "By the way, I have with me a copy of a little book I have written on water-colour painting, will you do me the honour of accepting it?" and he produced the book from his breast-pocket. Then a thought seemed to strike him. "I should like to write your name on the fly-leaf, if you happen to have pen and ink in the room." Millais pointed to a table in the corner on which the old gentleman sat himself down and proceeded to write. He seemed to take an unusually long time, but at last he rose, leaving the book lying on the table. When shaking hands at the door he said, "Be sure and look into my little book. I think you will find it interesting." When his visitors had left Millais sat down in despair to consider his situation. After a time his eye fell on the book, and on lifting it a piece of paper fluttered out. On picking it up he found a cheque for £150, and a line saying, "I am glad to be the possessor of 'Ferdinand and Ariel.'" He rushed into the next room to tell his father and mother, and the first thing he saw was the ticket "Apartments to let" on the window-pane. In an instant he had torn it down, crumpled it up and threw it in the fire. He used to say that he still recollected the feeling of the half-dry wafers coming away from the window-pane. In another moment, by way of explanation, the cheque was thrust into his mother's hand.

Such an incident would be regarded as improbable if related in a novel, but there are frequently in real life occurrences which, like this one, are "stranger than fiction."

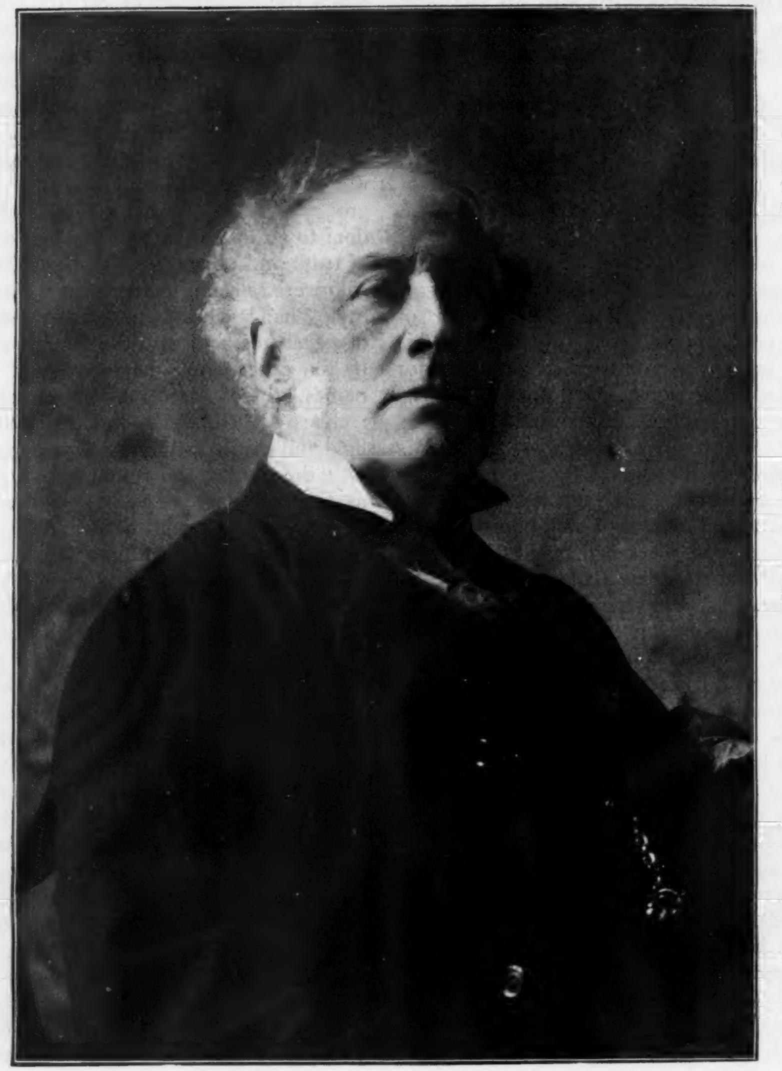
Of a different and wholly amusing character is another story he related, which refers to a period some years later. A gentleman, who was a collector, gave Millais a commision to paint a picture. The price was to be £300, and Millais painted the well-known and lovely "Autumn Leaves." He had worked on it till "sending-in-day" had arrived. There was no time for the gentleman to see it before it went to the Academy, and so it was arranged that the painter and purchaser were to meet on the Private View day at the top of the stair and inspect the picture together. Millais was a little late and when he arrived he found the gentleman waiting, "but," he added, "the moment I saw him I knew that he had been disappointed with my picture." And so it turned out. "I have seen the picture and I do not like it," were his first words. "To be quite frank, I don't like it at all. Of course a commission is a commission. I shall send you a cheque for the price agreed upon, but I shall take the first chance of parting with the picture, or of exchanging it for something I like better." Millais was naturally indignant, but he could not at the time afford to indulge his anger and so he pocketed the affront and the cheque. The first owner of "Autumn Leaves" was as good as his word, and shortly after exchanged it for an Ansdell or something of that kind—Millais did not remember what. As years passed, "Autumn Leaves" was repeatedly sold, and on each occasion the price rose higher and higher, and finally it found a worthy resting-place in a well-known public gallery. Some years ago, while the guests at the Royal Academy Banquet were waiting till dinner should be announced, an old gentleman came up to Millais, "Sir John Millais, I think? but perhaps you do not remember me. Will you shake hands? Can you forgive me?" In a moment Millais had recognised the speaker, and such a cordial handshake followed as ought to have reassured the old man. "Can you forgive me?" he still asked. "Forgive you for what, my dear fellow?" "Why, for being such a fool!"

Appreciation is certainly of many degrees and of varying character, but perhaps the lowest level in appreciation was reached by the good porter at a railway-station in Perthshire. When Sir John Everett was painting his famous "Chill October," he had a movable platform erected on the banks of the Tay, and when the river rose he used to get his friend, the porter, to assist him in the operation of changing its position.

Months afterwards a relative of Sir John's met the porter. "I was readin' in the papers that Maister Millais got a thousand poun' for a pictur' and I jeest thocht it micht be the ane he painted doon there"—pointing over his shoulder to a backwater on the Tay hard by. On being assured that he had guessed rightly, he remarked, "Aye—and he got a thousand poun' for *yon!* Weel I wadna hae gi'en half-a-croon for it mysel'!"

One of the most potent influences under which the earlier art of Sir John fell, was that of the Pre-Raffaelite Brotherhood, of which he was one of the chief founders. It began in a revolt against the mechanical rules and the wooden despotism exercised by the Academy over its students. It was not possible to crush the originality with which Genius had endowed the brilliant group of earnest spirits who felt that freedom to go to Nature was the first condition of truth and power. "The Great Masters," who were selected to represent "The Grand Style," had been made the exclusive standards of excellence, and with the tyranny exercised by the exaggerated deference paid to a few names, there came the pedantry as to "chiaro-oscuro," the proper balancing of light and shade, and the graduated mechanics of "the flat," "the round," and such-like, as the necessary steps by which alone advance upward could be secured. It was inevitable that men like Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Brown, John E. Millais, William Morris, and Holman Hunt should resent this dead-weight of barren precepts being imposed upon their progress. And so they, along with a few others, formed "The League of Sincerity"—or, as it was usually called, "The Pre-Raffaelite Brotherhood."

It was a period of revival in literature as well as art. Thomas Carlyle had thundered against "shams," and had preached the necessity of men getting to facts, of being true to the humanity which God had given them, and of expressing honestly what they had learned to see and believe. Wordsworth, too, had broken with the "classics," and had led men to Nature, revealing the loveliness and spirituality which were everywhere for those who had pure hearts and "the meditative eye." And so this band of brothers determined to throw off the shackles of their environment, and to go with sincere minds to Nature, resolved that whatever work they did would be honest. They recognised in the earlier painters—such as Orcagna, and Masaccio, and Botticelli and Albert Dürer—a freshness and reality, as of men who were seeing for themselves with fresh eyes, and who could tell honestly in their work what they thus saw. There was undoubtedly a certain sense of fun as well as of intellectual contempt, in the attitude they assumed towards the Academy.



(From a photograph by Alfred Ellis, 20 Upper Baker Street, W.)

SIR J. E. MILLAIS

The title they assumed was not a sentimentalism or touched with that vapid affectation which might be suspected if they had been of the modern "intense" school. There was laughter in their earnestness, and laughter cannot live with affectation. "We had at that time," wrote Rossetti, "a phenomenal hatred of the Royal Academy, and in sheer love of being outlawed, signed our pictures with the well-known 'P.R.B.'" *

The new school received a powerful ally in John Ruskin, who saw in the movement a realisation of his own teaching, and in language all afire, and magnificent as it was accurate, compelled British Philistinism to pause before it condemned. Truth has usually been promoted by what at the first is termed "heresy," and it is the common characteristic of all heresies to accentuate their distinctive tenets until there comes the error of exaggeration. So it was with the P.R.B. In their determination to be real they mistook "values," and attached as much importance to the irrelevant detail as to the main subject, to the thread as to the drapery, to the pin in the dress as to the face of the hero or heroine. The public naturally laughed at these eccentricities, and denounced the mannerisms and oddities which were indulged in, as the crudities of ancient art were followed rather than its spirit. But wiser critics saw the promise of rich fruitage in the very wildness of the blossom; they knew that there was power in the movement and that the results would be remarkable in the history of British Art. Millais soon developed into his strength, taking with him the fine poetic influence of the Brotherhood, while going his own way in Art. He was not one to be held by any mannerism. He was a man of fresh air, a sportsman, a lover of the moors, and full of health—physical and moral. He had no sympathy with any new "fad," however loudly vaunted. "Impressionism" he could not abide, and he loathed the mawkish self-consciousness and affectation of the so-called "æsthetes." He has more than once been described as a typical "John Bull." "He only lacks the 'boule-dog,'" said a great French caricaturist. Yet artist he was, to the very core, the lover of beauty and the seeker after the ideal. And so out of Pre-Raffaelitism he grew to be the painter who combined mastery of technique with a thoroughly home-bred view of what is purest and loveliest in our own land, and in the life of its people. There are those who accuse him of lack of imagination. If by that is meant that he affected not Greek or French, or Japanese methods and ideals, and that he was removed by more than a hemisphere from those to whom *The Yellow Book* is a gospel, and some token of "decadence" the only cachet of genius, then he certainly lacked imagination. But no one who has studied the soul which breathes in some of his pictures of children, not to speak of his more important works, will deny imagination and that of a high order.

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* See an interesting account of Rossetti's connection with the Brotherhood in the current number of the *Quarterly Review.*

In former years he did much notable work in black and white, as readers of the early numbers of GOOD WORDS, to which he contributed, will remember. Indeed, there are few finer specimens of illustration than those which appeared in connection with "Mistress and Maid," and "The Parables." His imaginative pictures and landscapes are among the most precious of our art treasures, and his portraits, such as that of Mr. Gladstone, are of national importance. Latterly, he desired to work for work's sake, rather than for payment, and to leave some things behind him to be a heritage. At least, so he once expressed himself to me. His toil for many a year was exacting. Every one who could afford it wished to have a portrait done by him. On one occasion, when he was at his busiest, a typical American demanded an interview.

"Sir," he said, "I wish to take a present back to my wife. She says she would like to have my portrait painted by the very best artist in the country. I have been told that you are the man. When can I have a sitting?" "I am at present very busy," said Millais. "So am I," was the reply. "But I am a very expensive artist." "How much do you charge?" A large price was named. "Shall I give you a cheque now?" "Not at all," said Millais, "I merely mentioned it to prevent misunderstandings." "How many sittings will you require?" "Five or six at the least." "If you can do it in fewer so much the better, for I am a very busy man and my time is valuable." Millais enjoyed the manner in which his own plea of being busy had been met, and agreed to paint him. Another American coming on a similar errand made it a condition that his portrait should be very like. "My dear fellow," was the reply, "I'll make it so like that when your horse sees it he will neigh to it!"

One great regret must be experienced by all who knew him. He has died without leaving in a permanent form, as he was often urged to do, his rich accumulation of anecdotes regarding the people he had known.

The first occasion of my meeting him was when I called to beg him to let his reminiscences be published. For more than an hour he poured forth story after story, and, indeed, promised to attempt a volume. "When I go to Scotland and when the fishing is bad," he would say if in London; and then if in Scotland it was: "I am too happy with my rod to begin writing." And one could not press him, for he did enjoy the Highlands, rejoiced in its colouring—"a wet gem" as he termed it—and vaunted its scenery and its skies over those of all other lands. He loved the people, too, and understood them as if he had been born among them. He disliked the mechanical art of writing, and though I urged the services of a shorthand writer it was of no avail. All these hopes are, alas! now extinguished. Had he been able to put down what he remembered, the book would have been notable, for his memory was accurate and his reminiscences most interesting and graphic.

He had been a frequent guest at the famous breakfasts of the poet Rogers, where he met the most brilliant men of that time. One day, when about to leave, a caller was announced, whom Rogers received with marked deference, and, turning to Millais, he asked him to shake hands with the old gentleman who had entered. "Now," he said, as he was going away, "you will be able in after-life to say you had shaken hands with Wordsworth." Thackeray was one of the first to recognise his genius and to give him his friendship. "One day he walked into my studio and introduced himself," he told me. "Of course, I knew his face and welcomed him. 'I am come to thank you,' he said, 'for that picture of Ophelia. It is to me personally most touching, for it recalls one of the most terrible experiences in my own life,' and he related the sad episode of the rescue of a dear one from drowning, and how she had appeared exactly like this Ophelia. In like manner Sir John was full of anecdotes of the great men who had "sat" to him, and who had whiled away the tiresome process by brilliant chat. Lord Beaconsfield had apparently been particularly interesting, telling stories with a "finish" of style and a humour that were irresistible.

When Carlyle was sitting to him for his portrait—the unfinished one now in the Royal Academy—he one day accompanied him downstairs to the entrance hall. Carlyle, after looking round at the marble pillars, floor and staircase, turned to him and asked, "And has paint done all this?" "Yes," answered Millais, "paint has done it all." "There are more fools in the world than I thought," was the muttered rejoinder.

Like many public men, Millais was considerably annoyed by visits of "interviewers." On the departure of one of these he said, "These men want to know not only how many chops I have had for dinner, but they must also know what was done with the bones!"

The last time I was in the house at Palace Gate was but a few weeks before the end came. From the blinding glare of the July sun one passed into coolest shade, for, as in a great Italian house in summer, the shutters were closed, and the plashing of the little fountain on the first landing and the character of the lofty rooms made one fancy one was beyond the Alps and wandering through the *salotti* of a Palazzo in Genoa or Rome. But the silence that prevailed had sad significance, for the revered and much loved head of the house was lying facing the approaching end. All knew, as he did, that the dark Presence which had entered was Death, but in his case it was death robbed of its terrors. Loving hearts were breaking, but they were comforted in many ways. He was in absolute peace of soul. All his work had been finished. Not one canvas required a touch from that cunning hand. He looked at the future with more than calmness, resting himself wholly on God. The bravery, unselfishness, and sweet patience were in unfailing evidence. As one turned after hearing of the child-like faith and sweet resignation of that noble soul it was difficult to say whether grief or thankfulness was uppermost.

THE SERJEANT-AT-ARMS

By MICHAEL MacDONAGH

A CONSPICUOUS object in the House of Commons is a large arm-chair of heavy oak, upholstered in dark green leather, and raised about two feet above the level of the floor, which stands at the Bar, just inside the swing-doors that form the main entrance to the Legislative Chamber. This is the chair of the Serjeant-at-Arms, the chief executive officer of the House of Commons, who is charged with the important duties of preserving order and decorum in the Chamber and its precincts, and of executing the warrants of the House against persons it has adjudged guilty of breaches of its privileges or contempt of its dignity.

The Serjeant-at-Arms is therefore a high official of the House of Commons. During the proceedings of the House he sits in his chair facing the Speaker, clad in a tight-fitting cut-away coat of sober black, open at the breast to show the daintiest of ruffles in the whitest of cambric (of which the fops in the times of the Georges were so fond); knee-breeches of the same material as the coat; black silk stockings, and shoes with silver buckles, and, as the symbol of the power and authority of his office, a sword in its scabbard is girt to his side. His voice is never heard in the House. He discharges his various functions under the directions of the Speaker. But it is rarely necessary for the Speaker to give an order, and a reply or explanation' from the Serjeant-at-Arms is never needed.

The Serjeant-at-Arms receives a salary of £1200, and has, besides, an official residence adjoining the Speaker's in the Palace of Westminster. The deputy Serjeant-at-Arms, who, wearing the same official dress as the Serjeant-at-Arms, takes turns at sitting on guard in the big chair at the Bar, receives a salary of £800 a year with a residence in the Palace. There is also an assistant Serjeant-at-Arms. He, however, never appears on the floor of the House, but attends to the administrative work of the office outside the Chamber. He gets £500 a year and £150 as an allowance for a house. The department of the Serjeant-at-Arms costs altogether £9703 per annum, most of which goes in salaries, for, in addition to the principal officials already mentioned, there are twenty door-keepers and messengers (recognised by the brass chain and badge of the Greyhound, which each wears across his breast), who assist under the directions of the Serjeant-at-Arms in maintaining order among "strangers" in the House, and in carrying messages between members of Parliament.

The Serjeant-at-Arms is appointed by the Sovereign personally. He is supposed, indeed, to be merely lent to the House of Commons, but he may, by resolution of the House, be removed from his office for misconduct without the assent of the Crown. There is, however, only one such dismissal on record in Parliamentary annals, and it is so interesting in its details as to be well worth recounting. In 1675 an appeal from the decision in a civil action heard in one of the high courts, in which a member of Parliament was the victorious party, was taken to the House of Lords. But the Commons, jealous of their privileges, held that the prosecution of any suit in the House of Lords in which a member of the House of Commons was concerned, was a breach of privilege, and they ordered the counsel for the appellant, under threat of fine and imprisonment, not to plead at the bar of the Upper Chamber. The House of Lords, however, commanded the counsel to appear before them and plead, or suffer similar pains and penalties for disobedience; and preferring, evidently, to face the wrath of the Commons to the wrath of the Lords, the counsel decided to go on with the suit. Accordingly Sir John Churchill, who was the leading counsel for appellant, rose in the court in Westminster Hall to plead the cause of his client; and was immediately arrested by the Serjeant-at-Arms, acting under the directions of the Commons, and detained in custody in that official's residence at Westminster. On being informed of what had happened, the Lords at once sent "Black Rod" (who discharges some of the duties of a Serjeant-at-Arms for the Upper Chamber) with a peremptory demand for the release of the imprisoned counsel. In a weak moment the Serjeant-at-Arms (Sir James Norfolke) yielded to "Black Rod," and without having obtained the order of the Commons, gave Sir John Churchill his liberty. The indignation of the Commons in thus being worsted in their pretty little quarrel with the Lords was vented on the unhappy Serjeant-at-Arms. They peremptorily dismissed him from his post, and sent an address to the King to appoint another Serjeant-at-Arms in his place, declaring that he was guilty of having "betrayed his trust in not executing his office according to the orders and directions of this House."

One of the chief duties of the Serjeant-at at-Arms is to attend the Speaker. With the heavy Mace on his shoulder, he accompanies the Speaker to the Chair at the opening of every sitting; and at the close of the sitting, again carrying the Mace, he leads the way for the Speaker out of the Chamber, while his messengers in the lobbies cry out, "Who goes home?" He attends the Speaker in like manner when the Speaker is summoned by "Black Rod" to the House of Lords; but though he carries the Mace high on his shoulder through the lobbies that lie between the two Chambers, he humbly lowers it as he reaches the threshold of the Upper House, and leaves it outside so that it may not affront the imperious gaze of the Lords.

But only those who have been in the House of Commons on one of those rare occasions when some violator of the privileges of the House is brought to the Bar for judgment, have seen the Serjeant-at-Arms in all his glory. Parliament is a High Court of Justice as well as a legislative body. It can redress its own wrongs, avenge all insults to its dignity, and vindicate its privileges. Like all courts, high or low, it has the power to summarily punish disobedience of its orders and mandates, indignities offered to its proceedings, assaults upon the persons, or reflections upon the characters of its members, or interference with its officers in the discharge of their duties. The Serjeant-at-Arms can arrest, under the warrant of the Speaker, issued by order of the House, any person anywhere within the limits of the kingdom. In the execution of the warrant he can call on the aid of the civil power; he can, if he thinks necessary, requisition the assistance of the military, and break into a private residence between sunrise and sunset, if he has reason to suspect that the person he is in search of is inside.

Having secured his prisoner, the Serjeant-at-Arms brings him to the House of Commons. A brass rod, which is telescoped in a receptacle close to the chair of the Serjeant-at-Arms, is pulled out and stretched across the Bar, or line which marks the technical boundary of the Chamber. The sight of that glittering rod is then as thrilling as the spectacle of the judge fixing on his black cap to impose a sentence of death. Here the prisoner stands. To his right is the Serjeant-at-Arms, carrying the Mace on his shoulder. At the other end of the Chamber, standing on the daïs in front of the Chair, is Mr. Speaker, in his flowing silk gown, his face sternly set under his huge wig—a terror-inspiring figure on such occasions—delivering in the weightiest words he can command, amid the dramatic hush of the crowded House, the sentence or reprimand of the House, on the violator of its ancient privileges. The last occasion on which this spectacle was witnessed in the House of Commons was in 1887, when a youth named Reginald Bidmead was brought to the Bar in the custody of the Serjeant-at Arms, for having got up a petition to the House in reference to the coal and wine duties of the City of London, in which it was found by the Committee on Petitions that there were over 1700 bogus signatures. Mr. Speaker Peel did not impose any sentence of imprisonment on the trembling prisoner at the Bar, but administered to him a very scathing reprimand. "You will leave this House," said the Speaker, concluding his stirring address, "under its severe censure, and under the stigma of its strong disapprobation."

In former times it was compulsory for the prisoner at the Bar to receive his sentence kneeling. In February 1751, a Scottish gentleman named Alexander Murray (brother of Lord Elibank), who, in the course of a contested election at Westminster, under the very shadow of the towers of the House of Commons, spoke disrespectfully of that august assembly, was brought to the Bar to receive the sentence his audacity warranted. But he was evidently unimpressed by the crowded benches, by the Speaker (Mr. Onslow) standing erect on the daïs, or by the Serjeant-at-Arms with the Mace on his shoulder, for he refused to kneel though the Speaker sternly roared at him, "Your obeisancies, sir!" "You forget yourself!" "On your knees, sir!" "Sir," said Mr. Murray, "I beg to be excused; I never kneel but to God." "On your knees, sir!" again roared the Speaker. "Your obeisancies. You must kneel." But the proud spirit of the Scot revolted against this indignity. Down on his knees Mr. Murray would not go. "That," said he, "is an attitude of humbleness which I adopt only when I confess my sins to the Almighty." He was adjudged guilty of having aggravated his original offence by "high and dangerous contempt," and he was committed to Newgate. A committal to prison by either House lapses at the termination of the session, and so when Parliament was prorogued the doors of the prison had to be flung open to Mr. Murray. The House of Commons, however, did not think that three or four months' incarceration adequately purged the Scotsman of his audacious offence. Next session, therefore, the Serjeant-at-Arms was sent to his residence with a warrant for his arrest. But he had fled, and though a reward of £500 was offered for his apprehension he was never again captured.

Twenty years afterwards the custom of requiring prisoners to kneel at the Bar of the House of Commons was abolished. The last prisoner to suffer this indignity was a journalist—Mr. Baldwin, the publisher of *St. James's Chronicle*. On March 14, 1771, he was censured for publishing a report of the proceedings of the House, and was compelled to prostrate himself abjectly before the awful majesty of the assembly he had outraged. In 1772 a "Standing Order" was passed—inspired, as John Hatsell (the clerk of the House) ingenuously suggests, by "the humanity of the House"—by which it was ordered that all future delinquents should receive the judgment of the House standing. The Lords, however, have never formally renounced this usage by Standing Order. Warren Hastings was obliged to kneel at the Bar of the House of Lords on being admitted to bail in 1787 after his impeachment; and again, at the opening of his trial in the following year, he appeared kneeling, until directed to rise by the Lord Chancellor. "I can," he afterwards wrote, half pathetically and half indignantly, "with truth affirm that I have borne with indifference all the base treatment I have had dealt to me—all except the ignominious ceremonial of kneeling before the House." Even when he was called to the Bar to hear his acquittal announced by the Lord Chancellor, eight years afterwards, he had to undergo the same offensive and humiliating ordeal. The Lords, however, have not for many years required a prisoner to kneel at the Bar.

Persons of all sorts and descriptions, as the Journals of the House show, have been brought to the Bar of the Commons by the Serjeant-at-Arms for disobedience of the orders and rules of the House; for indignities offered to its character or proceedings, for assaults or insults upon members, reflections upon their character and conduct in Parliament, or for interference with the officers of the House in the discharge of their duties, and have been committed to prison, or censured by Mr. Speaker. Some very whimsical breaches of privilege have been brought to the notice of the House. A gentleman named Hyde, who tried to obtain admission to Westminster Hall to witness the impeachment of Warren Hastings, was rudely jostled out into Palace Yard by a police constable. Hyde had the constable served with a summons for assault. But the constable complained to the House, and Hyde was arrested by the Serjeant-at-Arms, brought to the Bar, and committed to prison, for a breach of privilege in endeavouring to bring an officer of the House to answer a charge before the ordinary legal tribunals of the land. But perhaps the most amusing instance was one in which a newspaper reporter figured. "Dick" Martin, a well-known and popular Irish M.P. in the "Twenties" (he it was who founded the excellent Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals), was greatly perturbed to find one morning in a London newspaper some passages of a speech he had delivered in the House on the previous night printed in italics. He complained to the House of having been misrepresented, and the offending reporter—who happened to be a fellow-countryman of Mr. Martin—was brought to the Bar for a breach of privilege. The journalist pleaded that the report was absolutely correct. "It may be," replied the indignant Irish representative, "but I defy the gentleman to prove that I spoke in italics!" The reporter was dismissed amid the laughter of the House.

But it is not alone to "strangers" who have offended against the dignity and majesty of the House of Commons that the Serjeant-at-Arms is a terror-inspiring personage. Even members of the House may have occasion to fear the dread touch of his hand on their shoulder. A member of Parliament arrested at the order of the Speaker was formerly sent, like "strangers" guilty of breaches of privilege, to Newgate, or to the Tower. But in the present Palace of Westminster, six rooms are specially provided in the Clock Tower for the accommodation of members of Parliament committed to prison by the Speaker, while "strangers" sentenced to imprisonment by the House are lodged in Newgate.

About half-way up the Clock Tower, and under the home of that popular London celebrity, "Big Ben,"—perhaps the best known public clock in the whole wide world—are the apartments which comprise the prison of the House of Commons. There are two suites of rooms, each consisting of two bed-chambers—one for the prisoner, and the other for one of the messengers of the Serjeant-at-Arms, who acts as gaoler—and a comfortably furnished sitting-room, about twenty feet long by fifteen feet wide. There is therefore accommodation for two prisoners and two gaolers in the Clock Tower, which has been found amply sufficient during the forty-five years the Palace of Westminster has now been built. It is, perhaps, well to mention to our new M.P.s that any number of prisoners above two would be lodged in less comfortable quarters in Newgate. The hint may at least tend to secure that not more than two members of Parliament at a time shall qualify themselves for the prison apartments in the Clock Tower.

Access to, or egress from, these rooms can only be obtained through the residence of the Serjeant-at-Arms, who is responsible for the custody and well-being of a Parliamentary prisoner. The apartments are by no means cheerless or comfortless. The windows command a view of the Thames and Westminster Bridge on one side, and of Palace Yard on the other, and though imprisonment under any conditions is an undesirable position, it must be said that in the Clock Tower it is deprived of most of its terrors. The prisoner may rise when he pleases. His meals are supplied from the catering department of the House of Commons, and he can have what he likes, but he must defray the expense. After breakfast he is permitted to take an hour's recreation on the Terrace of the House of Commons, accompanied by his gaoler and a police officer in plain clothes, and, if he chooses, he may repeat the exercise for the same length of time before dinner. And should his term of imprisonment extend over a Sunday, he may attend service in St. John's Church—the edifice, close to the Palace of Westminster, whose four stunted turrets look at a distance like dining-tables turned upside down—to which he is accompanied by his guards.

But there is one drawback, apart from the restriction on his personal liberty, to the comfort of the prisoner's quarters in the Clock Tower. That is the tolling of the quarters and the booming of the hours by the bells of "Big Ben," which the Rev. H. H. Haweis, the well-known author of "Music and Morals," has declared are, from a musical point of view, a disgrace to the nation. This certainly is rather rough on our dear old friend "Big Ben," but it is certain that, however impressive his chimes and his boom may be to outsiders, they are anything but musical to a prisoner in the Tower.

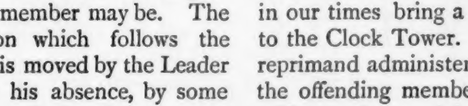
The last occupant of the prison was the late Mr. Bradlaugh, M.P., whose confinement there for twenty-four hours in 1880 was an episode in his exciting and long-drawn-out contest with the House of Commons on the Oath's question before he was allowed to take his seat as member for Northampton, to which he was first elected in the General Election of 1880.

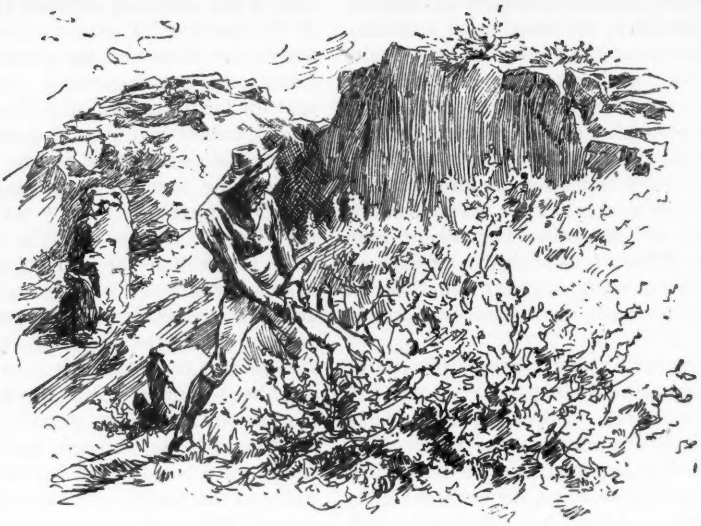
The practice of the House of Commons in recent times was to commit a person it has pronounced guilty of a violation of its privileges, to the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms, to be detained during its pleasure. The imprisonment generally continued until the prisoner expressed contrition for his offence, or the House resolved that he be discharged.

Similar contumacy on the part of a member of Parliament, nowadays, would hardly be visited by imprisonment. Expressions which are considered "unparliamentary," and therefore out of order, are allusions to debates in the House of Lords, or "in another place," as the Upper Chamber is usually referred to in the Commons; treasonable or seditious words; the use of the Queen's name insultingly, or with a view to influence debate; offensive or insulting words against the character and proceedings of Parliament; offensive personal allusions to members of Parliament; reference to matters pending judicial decision in the courts of law; and reflections on judges, or on other persons in high authority. The House always insists on offensive words being withdrawn, and on an ample apology being made by the offending member.

If a member's conduct is grossly disorderly, or if he refuses to apologise for an unparliamentary expression, the Speaker or Chairman orders him to at once quit the precincts of the House for the remainder of the sitting, and if he refuses to leave, he is removed by the Serjeant-at-Arms and his messengers. If suspension for the remainder of the sitting be deemed by the Speaker or the Chairman an inadequate punishment for the breach of order, the offending member may be "named." Formerly the process of naming a member was a vague terror, the consequences of which nobody knew, and, of course, all the more awe-inspiring on that account. There is a story told that a Speaker who was once asked what would happen if a member were named, replied solemnly: "The Lord in heaven only knows." But we all know now; for several members have been named within the past fifteen years. The Speaker or the Chairman simply says: "I name you, James Thomas Millwright," or whatever the cognomen of the offending member may be. The motion of suspension which follows the naming of a member is moved by the Leader of the House, or, in his absence, by some other leading member of the Government. It is simply and briefly worded. It runs: "I beg to move that James Thomas Millwright, Member for Peddlington, be suspended from the service of the House." It is at once put to the House or Committee, no amendment or debate, or even an explanation by the offending member being allowed. If the incident happens in Committee, and the motion is carried, the proceedings of the Committee are suspended, the Speaker is sent for forthwith, and the House resumes. The Speaker then puts the same question without amendment or debate, and if again carried, the member thus suspended must withdraw forthwith from "the precincts of the House," a term officially interpreted as "the area within the walls of the Palace of Westminster." It will be noticed that the period of suspension is not mentioned in the motion. But the Standing Order provides that for the first offence it is to be one week, for the second a fortnight, and for each further offence one month. Suspension, whether it be for a week, a fortnight, or a month, involves the forfeiture of the right of entry to the Lobby, the smoking and dining rooms, and, indeed, to any portion of the Palace, unless the offender is serving on a Private Bill Committee. Practically, the offender has ceased for the time being to be a member of Parliament.

The House has also the power to expel members. This punishment is only meted out to members guilty of gross criminal offences, and does not disqualify for re-election if an expelled member can get a constituency to return him. But to "name" a member is the highest coercive authority invested in the Speaker or Chairman, for dealing with disorderly conduct within the House. It should be a very grave breach of the privileges of the House, or very indecorous conduct within its walls, that would in our times bring a member of Parliament to the Clock Tower. A solemn and severe reprimand administered by the Speaker, while the offending member stood in his place in a House thronged by his colleagues, would probably be deemed sufficient, except in an exceptionally bad instance of disorderly behaviour. Thus has the office of the Serjeant-at-Arms been practically deprived of what must have been at all times an unpleasant and irksome responsibility.





"I laid hold of it"

UNDER THE TRICOLOUR

By P. de NANTEUIL

ILLUSTRATED BY MYRBACH

CHAPTER XXVI

MARTINE REAPPEARS

Immediately after M. Fournier had dismissed the crew, Alain told the story of Alexander in the forecastle, and was often interrupted by exclamations the reverse of parliamentary. Having told all the reader already knows, Alain added, "When we had searched everywhere and were certain that the English dogs had gone off with the brave young fellow, and after we had picked up the two wounded Englishmen whom the Captain could not leave to die in the hole where they lay shrieking, and just as I was about to descend to the boat, I saw a foot sticking out of some brushwood. I laid hold of it, and though the owner of it bit me, I hauled him out. As you guess, it was that abominable villain, Le Bœuf."

All the sailors present repeated "Abominable villain! the thought of him turns one's stomach."

"Well," continued Alain, "after I had fastened him tightly in the boat, we left that unfortunate boy, and you can believe me or not as you choose, but Captain Surcouf cried all the way back, and I cried to see him crying, and when I remembered the poor boy, so handsome and tall. . . . . Ah! if he had not been tall and handsome, even in the Captain's clothes, Alexander could never have made the English believe that they were running after the Captain. Now, if you others laugh in your sleeves because an old boatswain pipes his eye— What an old fool I am!"

The tears welled from Alain's eyes, and a comrade who also wept, said, "There is no shame in crying for Alexander, who was the best of comrades and not a bit proud when he became an officer."

When they had all dried their eyes very

emphatically, some one asked, "And what's to be done with Le Bœuf?"

"Le Bœuf," replied the boatswain, "recoiled, as it were, only to take a higher jump, for the lieutenant said to me, 'Hang him before sunrise. Take care only to have it over before the Captain comes on deck.' I said, 'We'll manage it, lieutenant. To what shall we string him up, if you please?' 'It doesn't matter to me,' said the lieutenant. So I said, 'He doesn't deserve to be hung at the yardarm of the mainmast. We'll haul him up to the top of the foremast, and even that's too good for him.' The lieutenant nodded his head. What do *you* think of it, my children?"

The sailors replied with one voice, "Sure and certain he doesn't even deserve the yardarm of the foretop."

And so next morning before dawn the unfortunate wretch, now crying, now heaping abuse on all who were present, was hung as the crew had arranged, while some Bretons, good Christians whom Alain had told off for the service, repeated the *De Profundis* for the soul of him about to die. Le Bœuf's last words were "*Mon Dieu!*"

Having hung for an hour, Le Bœuf was sent to "join better folk in the stomachs of the fish." Such was the funeral oration on this hardened criminal. But before it was pronounced, while a sailor was wrapping the body of Le Bœuf in his hammock, he noticed a dark blue design tattooed on the left forearm, "a queer-looking machine and some writing."

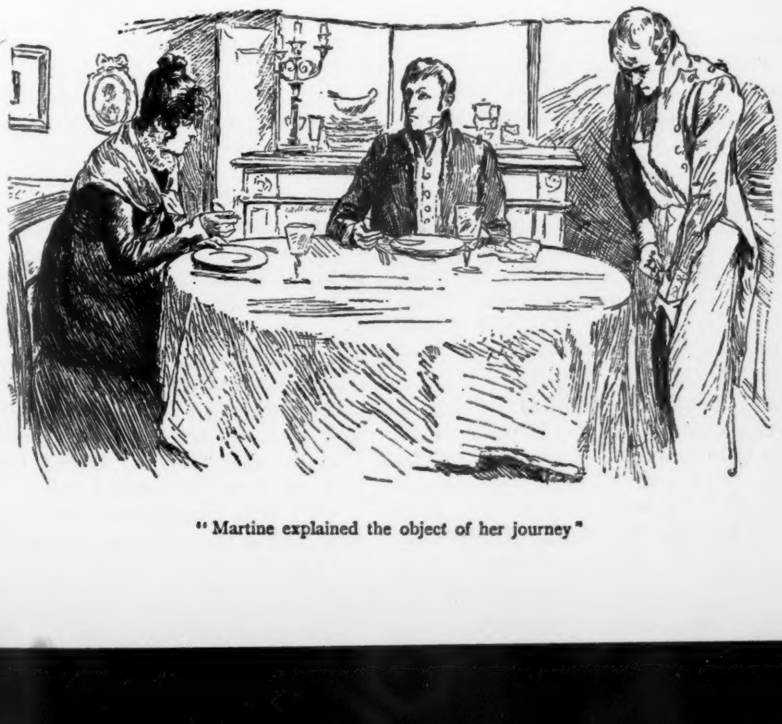
Not being able to read and wishing to know what it meant, the sailor asked an officer to help him. The following words were clearly decipherable in the middle of the design, "Year II. of the Republic, one and indivisible, fraternity, equality, or death, Anthyme Duclot, turnkey in the Lazare prison."

The "queer-looking machine," was, of course, a little guillotine.

The officer informed the first lieutenant of this discovery, who in his turn told the Captain. Surcouf ordered the whole matter to be recorded in the ship's books, adding that some day perhaps it might be curious to trace the past of this man.

About a week after the execution of Le Bœuf, the *Revenant* anchored once more off the Isle of France, the *Sussex*, under Lieutenant Drieux, having preceded it by forty-eight hours.

At Port Napoleon the enthusiasm reached delirium, the whole island being *en fête*. The praises of the bold privateer and of his exploits were in everybody's mouth, and people recounted improbable things, comparing Surcouf with La Bourdonnais and Bailli de Suffren of glorious memory.



"Martine explained the object of her journey"

Surcouf was much affected and returned the courtesies of the landsmen by giving numerous *fêtes* on shipboard. His pleasure was, however, much embittered by the memory of Alexander, and when he was alone in the daytime, or during his many sleepless nights, he saw in fancy the unfortunate youth sometimes breathing his last, left to die in the Seychelles, or heard him whispering in his ear, so as not to be heard by Alain, "Now I can make you once more believe in me. The risk is nothing if I atone for the past and save you."

Surcouf had yielded, but ever since regret had darkened his life. His character seemed to have changed; once frank and lively, he became morose and irritable. When difficulties arose between himself and General Decaen, Governor of the Isle, concerning his colonial property and his future cruises, Surcouf showed himself abrupt and overbearing. To be brief, after several fortunate cruises, and having taken some few prizes, Captain Surcouf returned to France with his officers and crew in the end of 1809.

At Paris, the Minister of the Navy, Decrès, admitted the claims of Surcouf and his crew regarding their shares in the prizes, and Surcouf, disgusted with the profession which inclination had led him to follow so often, broke his corsair's sword without having accomplished the task he had at first set himself. The joy of his enemies, on hearing of this resolution, was proof of the great damage they had sustained at the hands of this famous sailor.

Become a shipowner again, he defied the English cruisers with unheard-of good fortune as long as the war lasted, and thanks to the success of his enterprises he became enormously rich. Old Malouins, whom I once knew, told me a thousand examples of his wit, his generosity, and his abrupt manners which concealed his large heart.

Some of his officers and almost all his sailors followed his new fortunes. Some, however, and among them MM. de Grainval, Alain and others, entered or re-entered the Imperial Navy.

In the month of July 1812, Jean de Grainval, lieutenant in the Imperial Navy, commanded one of the gunboats which defended the strait of de l'Escant. Our story returns to him living on land in a small house in Flushing, a fortified town of Zealand in Walcheren. Jean was listening to the report of Alain, his scout on board the gunboat which he commanded.

Surcouf having renounced his profession, Alain had refused to listen to the proposals of other privateer captains; but, disliking the merchant service, and finding shore-life too tiresome, although he was comparatively rich, he followed the fortunes of Jean de Grainval. After a cruise to the Antilles under Admiral Miessiessy, and another in the Mediterranean under Admiral Gantheaume, they were ordered to Flushing in the capacity we have already mentioned.

Having made his usual daily report on the gunboat, which was under repair, the boatswain said, "We have fever on board. Laloë will have to go to hospital and so will Hérouville, a native of Fécamp, almost our country, captain; and here are the orders to sign, if you please."

"Very well. Give me pen and ink."

When he had signed, throwing his eyes mechanically on a paper lying beside the others, Jean saw written in a fair, round hand: "Martine d'Yport begs to be received by M. the Baron de Grainval."

Overcome with astonishment, he exclaimed: "Martine at Flushing! Have you seen her? When did she write this?"

"I have just met that lady, and she said to me politely: 'Monsieur, since you are a sailor, perhaps you can tell me where the Baron de Grainval lives, a naval officer.' And I answered: 'He is my captain, and I am going to his house. Will you come with me?' And she did, and I left her below in the kitchen with Pléneuf, who is just making a *ragoût* which does not smell half bad."

"Show this lady in, and tell Pléneuf there will be two at table."

"Ah, then she is really his countrywoman! What an odd business! A countrywoman at Flushing! Did you ever see the like?"

Speaking thus to himself, Alain rushed downstairs, and returned immediately, preceding the visitor, whom he announced in this fashion: "Here is Madame your countrywoman, sir, and I am off to the hospital to look after the entry of these two men." Then he shut the door behind him, while Jean ran to press Martine's hands in his.

"My dear friend, what a pleasure to see your face once more, and how it recalls my youth. Be seated, and tell me all. And first, this black dress?"

Martine sat down, and, after fixing her honest blue eyes on Jean's, she replied: "My uncle Vatteville died repentant, thank God, three months ago. I wrote you at the time."

"I never received the letter. I have had only one letter from you last year, in which you begged me to continue my search—alas! still without result—for your adopted son."

"He is found, Monsieur Jean."

"Thank God! What unexpected happiness! Did Captain Surcouf get upon his track?"

"No; Alexander himself sent me the news, and sad news it is. Since your return from the Isle of France I have had only one thought—to find out where the English have sent Alexander."

"Yes, Martine; you never could make up your mind to believe he was dead."

"No; a voice whispered to me that he lived, and that I should see him again. However, the years went past, and we learned nothing. It is just a week ago since I received a letter with many postmarks on the envelope. The letter had been seeking for me for two months. Here it is. Please read it."

The address on the envelope was badly written, and the words oddly divided as follows: "A mam'zelle Martine, chez le sieur Vat Ville à Y,port de Normandie."

This explained the long peregrinations of the missive. Much astonished that it should have arrived at its destination, Jean read:

"Portsmouth, England, May 19, 1812.

"MY DEAR MAMMA,—

"If this should ever reach you it is because my poor comrade, Louis Ravenac, a sailor of Bordeaux, has succeeded in escaping from the hulks where we are imprisoned together.

"It is likely, my dear mamma, that Captain Surcouf or M. Jean de Grainval will have told you all the events of my life, since I left you at Yport sleeping beside your dead aunt until the moment when a certain Green made me prisoner in mistake for our captain.

"I was disobedient, wicked, a liar, and I overwhelmed you with grief. But I am sure, in spite of it all, that you have never ceased to weep for and to love the child for whom you endured so much trouble.

"My dear mamma, this child has become a man who hopes to atone for the faults of the past. He loves you, and hopes to see you again. There is not a day in which he does not think of her who replaced his mother.

"I am less miserable here than most of the others, because the child of an officer has become my friend.

"Not understanding that the word of an officer is sacred, Ravenac wishes me to accompany him in his flight; otherwise he will stay where he is. I hope to succeed in persuading him that he ought to go alone because of his wife and children at home. For myself, I will submit to the destiny of my companions, to whom I am useful, thanks to the child of whom I have told you. Oh, Martine! if you knew the misery which most of the French have to endure in the English hulks!

"*Au revoir*, good, dear mamma; *au revoir* whenever it shall please God. Pray for your little Alex of long ago."

CHAPTER XXVII

ALAIN HAS AN IDEA

WHEN he had read the letter Jean returned it to Martine, whose face was flooded with tears. Jean's eyes also were wet, and he was deeply affected. A slight noise startled him. "What's that?" he exclaimed. Turning his head, he saw Alain, from whom a great sob had burst.

"It's me," said the boatswain; "it's me, captain. I came back to tell you that the two sick men are in hospital, and so I overheard. Oh! it wrings my heart. Poor, poor Alexander!"

Jean, addressing Martine, said, "This good man is my lieutenant, and you can speak before him, for he loves your adopted son. Alain, this is the lady of whom Alexander spoke so often, but I hear the breakfast-bell. You will breakfast with me, Martine, and during the repast you will tell me the purpose of your journey. Alain, have they laid for two?"

"Yes, captain; and I shall wait at table, for I don't want Pléneuf to hear your conversation."

While they breakfasted, Martine explained the object of her journey, which she had undertaken simply to ask M. Jean to help her to get to England. Now that she knew where Alexander was she would not have a minute's rest till she had seen him, comforted him, and helped him with her money and her friendship.

Jean imagined that Martine was ignorant of the difficulties, not to say the impossibilities, of such an enterprise, and did not understand what actual war meant, and how rigorously the prisoners in the hulks were isolated. He therefore began to explain these matters to her, when she stopped him with a gesture.

"I know all that," she said. "M. le Curé of Yport, who reads all the newspapers, acquainted me with it. But I shall set out all the same for England. I shall go; yes, and I am sure to arrive."

"But how? You would need the wings of a bird to cross the sea and land in England without being imprisoned and maltreated. Have you any idea how you are to get there?"

"No, none. When I had received Alexander's letter, I took it to the Curé, and the Curé sympathised with my desire. Not being able to help me, however, he said, 'I think that the Baron de Grainval may be able to direct you; he is a sailor and should know other sailors. He wrote you last from Flushing in Holland. So you must go to Holland, my daughter. A long experience teaches me that God always blesses the enterprises of the devout. I shall pray to Him for yours, and I have faith in its success.' I left that very evening, and posted as far as Amiens. Then I took the coach, for I could get no more horses. It seems that all the horses are on the road to Russia with the Grand Army."

"Yes, all, or almost all. Did anything happen to annoy you on the way?"

"Nothing at all. On the contrary; from Amiens to Antwerp I had excellent companions. But we are losing precious time. Tell me, what must I do to get to Portsmouth at once? Is it far from here? Do boats sail from Holland every day?"

"You say you know what is going on, and yet you are ignorant of the blockade."

"No, I know it is a thing to prevent the English, who are making war on us, from getting our wines, our corn—our merchandise, in fact."

"Yes, it is like that; and consequently it prevents all commerce, all communication, direct or indirect, between England and us. Only one man, Surcouf, could perhaps be of any real service to you. I am very sorry to say that, for my part, I can do nothing."

"How many days will it take me to go from here to Saint Malo? M. Surcouf writes me every three months from Saint Malo."

"At the very least two weeks."

"*Mon Dieu*, what a long time! Well, I shall start this evening. *Au revoir*, Monsieur Jean."

Martine had already risen. Her heart was in her mouth, and she kept the tears back with difficulty, for she was annoyed and terribly disappointed. She had hoped other things from M. Jean, who evidently cared very little for the friends of his boyhood.

Jean intercepted her, and, taking both her hands, forced her to sit down again.

"Look here, Martine," he said; "you mustn't leave me in this way. If you really wish to set out for Saint Malo, I shall go and find out about the means. A journey by post would be more rapid and less fatiguing. I shall seek out a carriage, and a courier; with money a courier can always procure horses. I have more money than I need, thanks to my share of the *Revenant's* prizes."

"Thank you, Monsieur Jean; but I too have money and my savings."

"Old Vatteville was rich, then? I always thought it, although he cried poverty."

"Yes, he left a good round sum, half of it to me, saying that it was compensation for the trouble he had caused me. But I refused to be his heir, and so did Noel, when he came home last month; for neither he nor I could separate from the money his unlawful gains. Ah! the people of Yport thought us a pair of fools on account of our refusal."

"Then where does your money come from?"

"From two old boatmen who came by it honestly, and M. Surcouf has been good enough to place it for me. He sends me the interest, which increases every year. Last year I received a thousand crowns, and I have them here in my belt in good gold Napoleons. You see, Monsieur Jean, I am rich enough to pay for even a very costly journey. Ah, *mon Dieu!* how I wish it was over!"

"Suppose that you should be able to land in England, how will you obtain permission to enter the hulks and speak freely with a French prisoner?"

"I do not know, Monsieur Jean. But let me once get there, and all will come right."

Interrupting Martine, Alain said, "I have an idea."

"What is it, monsieur?"

"I am not a monsieur, mam'selle; I am Alain at your service, and able to help you, too—in my own opinion."

"Explain yourself. Who prevents you? Go on," said Jean, much astonished to see Alain blushing, rubbing his nose, and swaying his body from side to side, as is the manner of bears and tars ashore, when they are embarrassed or intimidated, now on one leg, now on the other.

At last, looking down and cracking his fingers, Alain replied: "These things one doesn't care about saying before one's captain, because these things concern smuggling."

"Ah!" said Martine, in whom the word smuggling wakened painful memories.

"Ah!" echoed Jean with a frown.

"Yes, captain," rejoined Alain; "if you won't be annoyed I shall tell the whole story."

"Tell away. I won't eat you. Only I would rather that a good man like you should not be mixed up with smugglers."

"But I am not mixed up; it is Carneville who is mixed up."

"The pilot?"

"Yes, the pilot of the *Scheldt*, a good sailor and a capital pilot! Well, he hates the English, and when he has the chance, he goes to the Thames, and sells them Dutch beer and French wine, at a stiff price I can tell you; it is his chief pleasure in life to cheat those people. But he never brings away any of their goods. Oh no! he would not burden his conscience by enriching an English merchant."

"How do you know about this fine business of his?"

"Oh! sailors know a heap of things that their officers never hear of. You get into a conversation, and from one thing to another, you come off with several pounds of English tobacco."

"Then he does bring away tobacco sometimes, this honest sailor?"

"Only for himself and his friends."

"Master Alain, I find in you vices I would hardly have suspected."

"Ah, captain! you are not really so annoyed as that. It was neither you nor me who started this wretched blockade."

Jean smiled in spite of himself, and said, "Well, about Carneville?"

"If the north-east wind continues he thinks of going to-night to see if there are any French ships requiring a pilot, and perhaps he may go out to sea. One can never tell what he may do."

Martine understood, and clasping her hands, cried, "Oh! Monsieur Alain, my dear Alain, bring me to this pilot. I will give him his own terms if he will take me to England."

"Oh no! I shall make the bargain myself, if the captain will allow me."

Jean could not refuse permission, hoping all the time that the pilot would not accept Martine as a passenger. He was deceived in this hope, however; for Alain returned in an hour with the news that Carneville had consented.

"He will take Mam'selle Martine with him," said Alain, "for 500 francs, but he will not answer for the sea, nor for the English custom-house officers. Anyway, lest anything should happen, he wants the agreement in black and white. You see he is a Norman, and the Normans take precautions the Bretons would blush to think of. That is my opinion of the Normans."

"And where shall I find him?" asked Martine.

"You will embark to-night with your traps at a place I shall take you to—always if the captain permits."

"Yes, Alain, if Martine persists in this project, which seems to me ridiculous, and which I shall endeavour to dissuade her from attempting."

"I shall be here at eight o'clock to put myself at the service of Mam'selle Martine."

The boatswain withdrew, and as he walked along the quays he seemed to be in a very joyful mood. Martine and her project interested him greatly; he thought it anything but ridiculous, and quite worthy of a Breton. The old privateersman relished the idea of crossing the Channel, and envied Martine's chance of outwitting the English. "Women are the deuce when they like, and this one will bring back Alexander, I think. And won't I be glad to see again the handsome face and big blue eyes of the poor boy!"

The pilot of the *Scheldt* did not set sail till next day, and till the very last moment Jean endeavoured to dissuade Martine. She listened, and went on with her preparations. Having provided herself with a large shawl, sabots, a sailor's tarpaulin, a hood, and some eatables, she awaited impatiently the hour of departure.

In the meantime Jean and she talked of the past, of Yport, of the manor, and of the gipsies and their misdeeds. That reminded Jean of the death of Le Bœuf and the tattooing minutely described in the log-book of the *Revenant*. Neither he nor Surcouf had ever thought of informing Martine of these particulars, for they were quite ignorant of the interest they would have for her. So that Jean was much amazed when Martine exclaimed, "Anythyme Duclot!—he was my step-father. I had borne his name for a long time and thought myself his daughter."

"But at Yport they called you Vatteville, and so did your uncle, if I remember."

"Yes, as I lived with the Vattevilles, people called me by their name to my great satisfaction, for I had a horror of the name of Duclot. It was only on his death-bed that my uncle revealed to me my true name, Martine Vasseur. I am the daughter of an honest fisherman who was drowned, and who lived at Fécamp, where my mother was married, and married again, and where I was baptised. Duclot martyrised my mother, and he was very cruel to his prisoners. It was out of his hands that I saved Alexander. I have long lamented my birth. At Yport people knew nothing of my mother's second marriage, and consequently nobody could tell me the truth. My aunt, kept in fear by her husband, dared not speak, and as to my uncle Vatteville, my mother's brother, he kept me dependent on himself by threatening me with my so-called father, who would force me, he swore, to follow him, and take me away from Alexander. I was quite ignorant of the law, and never dreamt of inquiring. Then, when Alexander had disappeared, and my uncle had fallen into second childhood, I thought no more of the past. Poor Noel, how wretched he felt when he knew how worthless his father was!"

"Your cousin is a fine fellow. Last year he took another step up. He has been a captain for some time, and was decorated at Wagram."

"Yes, wounded all over, and with a great scar on his face. But he is still full of enthusiasm. Last month, at Yport, he consoled himself for his forced inaction by thinking of the battles and the glory of the Emperor. He said that before the end of the summer, we shall have conquered Russia. That seems to me rather a large slice."

"You know geography, then? Why, you are quite learned, Martine, and I am astonished that your education should have gone on so quickly, seeing it began so late and in village, too."

"At first I studied with the schoolmaster to encourage Alex, and then with the Curé, to keep me from brooding."

"Martine, have you any idea of your own worth? I admire you more than I can tell."

"Come, come, Monsieur Jean, you are laughing at me. I am only a poor peasant."

"With a heart of gold, and a sound head. You mustn't blush at hearing the truth. But to return to Noel. He is then full of faith in the Emperor, and on the road to Russia with the Grand Army?"

"Yes; he writes me, *en route*. But for my part, I don't like the Emperor; he makes too many weeping mothers. At Yport there is hardly a woman who is not in mourning. Do you remember our neighbours, the Hauvilles?"

"The father was a carpenter, with a large family?"

"Yes; seven boys and five girls. Well, the boys all went to the war one after the other, and were all killed in Spain or Germany! Is it not horrible!"

After a short silence, Martine continued, "I hear news of General Raimbaud from time to time."

"And I, too. The last was from Spain, which seems to be in a bad state politically. At present Raimbaud is, I suppose, in the Grand Army."

"Yes: Noel tells me that he and General Raimbaud are in King Murat's division. Ah! here comes Alain. Well?"

"Well, mam'selle, Carneville will take you if you are still in the mind to go. You must be at nightfall at the end of the isle of

Kadsand, where I shall take you in a small boat—not one of ours, captain; don't be uneasy; and I shall dress like a fisherman, so that you may not be mixed up in it, captain, if the coastguard interrogates us. But the coastguard will never see us, you may be sure of that. The Dutch coastguard are an odd lot; they are like moles and have no eyes; and yet they say the moles see well enough underground. It was a gardener turned sailor who told me that."

"Thank you, Alain. I shall be ready with my baggage when you come for me."

"Martine, it is madness!"

"On the contrary, Monsieur Jean, it is very sensible, and I shall succeed, with God's help, for God will help me; I am sure of it."

EZEKIEL, THE PROPHET OF INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY

By the Venerable W. M. SINCLAIR, D.D., Archdeacon of London

THERE is nothing in the history of literature more remarkable than the illustrious roll of the Hebrew Prophets. The human authorship of many of the narrative books of the Old Testament may be lost in obscurity; but here we have sixteen volumes, which, however they may be interpreted, are (with one or two exceptions where questions have arisen) of indisputable authority, of the profoundest interest, of genius that is quite unlike anything else that is of human workmanship, and in many places of unapproachable beauty. And they are not less noticeable for their extreme and venerable antiquity. The earliest of them, the pathetic Book of the Appeals of the Prophet Hosea to the Ten Tribes of Israel, rising often to a height of touching eloquence which still never fails to thrill the heart, dates from about 750 years before the birth of our Lord, a date as nearly as possible the traditional landmark of the founding of Rome.

If we begin the splendid line of seers with Samuel, and include those whose words we know, though we have none of their writings, then we have to recede four hundred years more, before the earliest dawn of Grecian history. If we start from a still further point in the dim distance, with Moses, the greatest of all these mighty teachers, we must convey our minds five hundred years backward again from the age of Samuel, and reckon the beginning of the line from nearly sixteen centuries before the Christian era.

To remember that there were these other prophets, named and unnamed, to the number of hundreds and even thousands, whose writings have not been preserved, is of supreme importance; because it is convincing evidence that the readers of the Hebrew race in each succeeding generation, and the men of learning and literature at special epochs of collection and revision, were not those types of stupidity, indifference, and uncritical insensibility and credulousness which some sceptics assume and presuppose. Of all the teachings of all the schools of the prophets which existed from the days of Samuel to the Captivity, sixteen only, after careful sifting and verification, have they determined to hand down to posterity as signally full of the divine Spirit of God. Even the magnificent visions of Ezekiel, the lofty, the pure, the uncompromising, ran a narrow risk of rejection from these careful censors. Until he was more fully understood, Ezekiel, in his firm and unhesitating insistence on the directness of the responsibility of the human soul to God, seemed to them, priest as he was, to run counter to certain aspects of the established sacrificial teaching. The Hebrews were the reverse of an uncritical race. Of all men, the writers of the Old Testament set the highest value on accuracy, veracity, and the painstaking and candid virtues. Of all men they denounce most severely hypocrisy, invention, and lies.

The Schools of the Prophets were numerous. They were like Theological Colleges in the Christian Church. We find them at the sacred cities up and down the country; at Ramah, Bethel, Gilgal, Jericho, and other places. We read of fifty students coming out from one of these schools at a time, to view the end of the national hero Elijah. But to belong to the prophetic order and to have the prophetic gift were not the same thing. There might be false prophets; there might be prophets uninspired, or prophets unimportant. Ezekiel has fearless passages of sublime and scathing denunciation against pretenders who prophesied out of their own hearts, who followed their own spirit, who had seen vanity and lying divination. The sixteen prophets whose books we have were selected by the Holy Spirit and by the Hebrew men of learning because they were specially endowed with the prophetic gift, as well as belonging to the prophetic order. There were hundreds of prophets living in the days of each of these sixteen; no doubt, it has been said, numberless compositions in sacred poetry and numberless moral exhortations were issued from the several schools. The sermons of Elijah and Elisha would be no less interesting to us than the wonders by which they were allowed to attest their calling. The works of sixteen alone have survived the process of selection. And it is because these sixteen had what their brothers of the different colleges had not, the Divine call to the office of the Prophet, and the Divine light to make them see. It was not enough to have been taught and trained in readiness for a future call. Teaching and training served as a preparation only; where the work of the cell and the study had been done, then, if the instrument was worthy, God's work began. Moses had his call at the bush that burned. The Lord called Samuel so that Eli perceived, and Samuel learned, that it was the Lord God who called him. Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Amos, each declare their special mission. And the call was not made merely once for all. Each separate prophetic utterance is a direct communication of the divine to the human spirit; it came by vision, or by the word of the Lord stirring in ear and brain.

What were the prophets to the people? * They were first the national poets of Israel. Music, versification, chants and hymns were a part of the studies of their Colleges. The Prophets that met Saul came down from their high place with a psaltery, a tabret, a pipe and a harp before them. Elisha sent for a minstrel to stir up the prophetic gift in himself before the three kings in the wilderness. David separated his great poets and musicians to prophesy with harp and with psalteries and with cymbals in the House of the Lord. Besides the hymns in Jonah, Isaiah and Habakkuk, most of the rest of these lofty outpourings of inspired souls breathe the spirit of genuine poetry.

They were annalists. Parts of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, Jonah, Haggai are history, direct or indirect. Most of the materials of the historical books are compiled from the histories of the different seers of different reigns.

They were emphatically preachers of patriotism, and their patriotism was the result of their ardent zeal for the fear and service of God. God was their ruler, the King only worthy of honour in so far as he was God's representative. The enemy of the nation was the enemy of God, the traitor to the public good was a traitor to his God. A denunciation of an enemy was the denunciation of what was evil, corrupt, impure, idolatrous; burning words for Jerusalem were words for the Kingdom and City of God upon earth.

They were preachers of true morality and spiritual religion. Where the teachings of the Law were taken in a formal and legal spirit, then it was the office of the prophets to hold before the eyes of their countrymen the true meaning of the will of God. "Your new moons," cries Isaiah, "and your appointed feasts my soul hateth; they are a trouble to me; I am weary to bear them; wash you, make you clean, put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil, learn to do well; seek judgment; relieve the oppressed; judge the fatherless; plead for the widow." That was their keynote. Every form of national sin and folly is rebuked in turn with withering directness by the great sixteen men of God.

Sometimes they almost superseded the law, as in the picture of the true fast in Isaiah, the explanation of Ezekiel of the sins of the fathers being visited on the children, the description by Micah of the whole duty of

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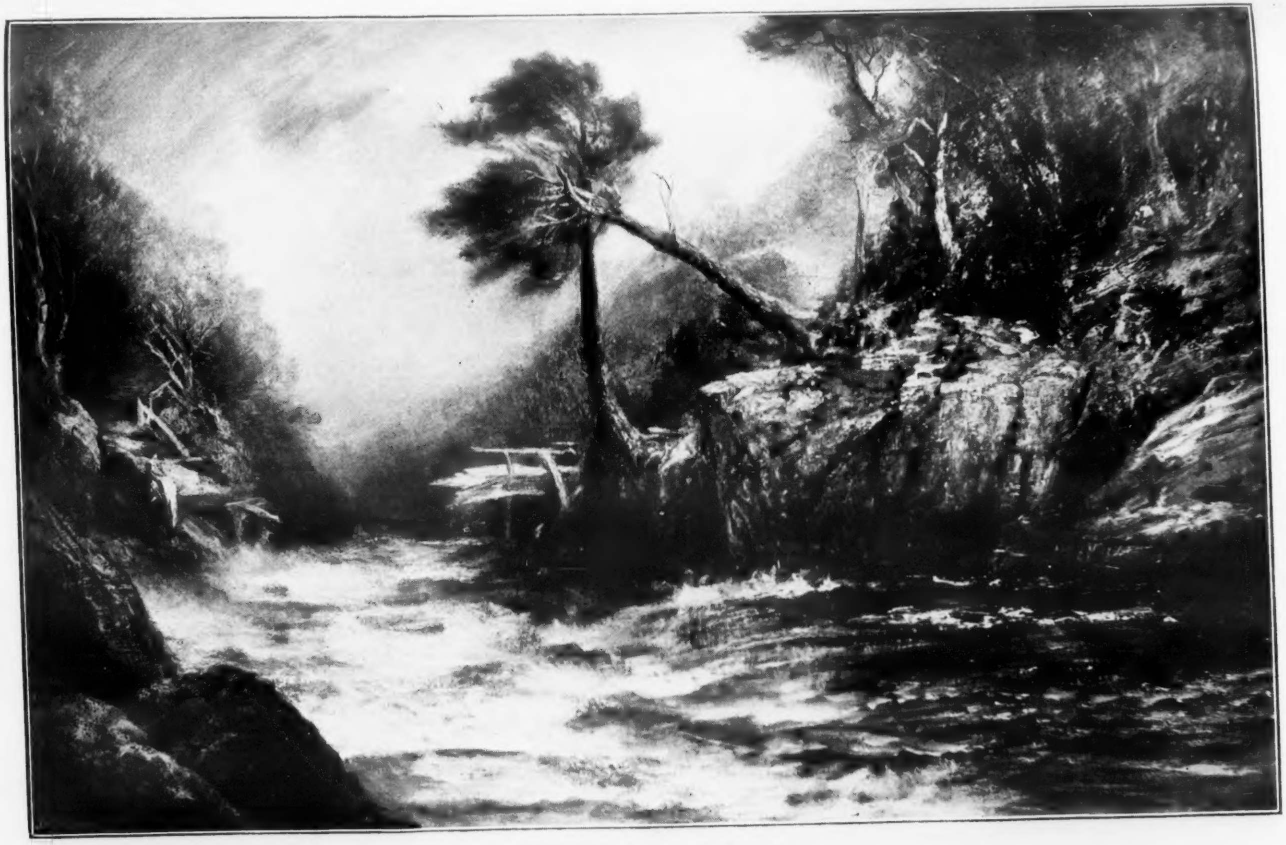
* *Cf.* Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible."



THE BROKEN BRIDGE

From the Picture by JOHN MAC WHIRTER, R.A.

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man as doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with his God.

Sometimes they were pastors of the people, receiving visits and giving advice.

Always they were a great political power in the state, wholly independent, without ambition, with nothing to fear, and strong in the safeguard of their religious character.

But they were more than all this. It was their most essential characteristic that they brought a message direct from God to man. In many ways the message came; but its principal form was in the prediction of future events for Israel and for the surrounding nations. This was the criterion between the true prophet and the false or the indifferent. And more than all, each in their different measure, they told the far-off glory of the true Israel that was to be, the ideal Servant of God, the Messiah; in a word, the Incarnation and Redemption of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Ezekiel, the priestly prophet, the teacher of Individual Responsibility,* is in one point the best known, but at the same time is probably the least read and the most neglected of the whole series. "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive." Those are the words of Ezekiel; that is the burden of his message; they are the words which Cranmer placed at the head of the English Prayer-book; they describe the true object of all religion. But few read or understand the magnificent images, symbols, and prophecies of this stern witness for God.

Towards the close of the long prophesyings of Jeremiah at Jerusalem, amidst the final crash and ruin of the monarchy of Judah under the short, broken and troubled reigns of the sons and grandson of Josiah, there was living, far away over the desert, in the fair and fertile country of Chaldea, by the cool streams of the river Chebar, about the year 595 before the birth of our Lord, a colony of Jews who had been removed in the captivity of King Jehoiachin or Coniah, the young grandson of King Josiah, and last sovereign but one of the monarchy, eleven years before the final destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar. The colony had kept up a government by elders, like the system under which they had lived in their own country; and conspicuous amongst these was Ezekiel.

Like Jeremiah, Ezekiel was a priest; but so absorbed is he in the pressing duties of his high vocation as prophet that we know little or nothing about his life. He gives us the dates of his visions and calls; and from the last of these we find that his mission extended over twenty-two years. During part of that time Daniel was living, and already famous; twice Ezekiel mentions him by name; so Ezekiel is a bridge between the last of the Prophets of Jerusalem and the Prophets of the settlement in Chaldea and of the Return. At the end of his heroic life he is said to have been murdered in Babylon by some Jewish prince whom he had convicted of idolatry. He was buried in a tomb on the banks of the Euphrates, built for him by the exiled king Jeboiachin; a lamp was kept there continually burning, and an autograph copy of his prophecies preserved.

But the important thing for us is not tradition about the details of his career; it is the splendour of his mind and genius. There is nothing anywhere equal to the prolonged glow of self-restrained scorn, pent-up, concentrated indignation, inflexible unhesitating confidence in the lofty, moral standard, and stern intensity of grief, which fire his pregnant words from beginning to end. No book of the Bible is more injured to the sense, more hardened in making itself understood, by our modern division into chapter and verse. The volume should be divided into two great halves, each extending over an equal period of eleven years; the one before, the other after the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar. Instead of chapters, we should have an arrangement by visions, symbols, predictions; instead of verses, lines, strophes and sentences.

Invaluable to the community of trembling exiles, still tainted with the disloyal traditions and habits which had brought the terrible punishment of expatriation, to a Hebrew so much more bitter than to any other people, must have been the stern and unconquerable energy of the lofty priest and prophet, who did not in the least shrink from calling them a rebellious house, impudent children, and stiff-hearted; who held up, one by one, each of their favourite sins and habits to scorn and rebuke in plain, fearless, piercing words of scathing, deliberate condemnation. Infinitely inspiring to them must have been the unswerving tenderness of his patriotism, the unhesitating loyalty of his devotion to the temple and ritual of their forefathers, which showed them that even amongst the vast halls of Assyrian palaces, rich beyond all their imagination in gorgeous symbols, of human dignity and power and brute strength combined, it was still possible to cherish as truly, as vividly, and with as absorbing a vehemence as in the ancient courts of David and Solomon, the pure and severe ideal of the one God, perfect in holiness and majesty, who loveth righteousness and hateth iniquity.

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* *Cf.* Stanley's "Jewish Church," and Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible."

Marvellously varied are his utterances. August visions, the mystic wheels, the sapphire throne, the amber fire, the rainbow brightness; the glimpses of the horrors of desecration which are being enacted in the last dismal days of Jerusalem; symbolical actions, similitudes, proverbs, poems, allegories, open prophecies: we pass from one to another with a singular depth of awe and interest. "Not only in his words, but in his acts, he was to be a perpetual reminder of the coming wrath of God. Now he might be seen portraying on an earthenware table all the details of the siege of Jerusalem; then again he would lie stretched out motionless for more than a year like one crushed to the ground under the burden of his people's sins. At other times he was to be seen stamping with his feet and clasping his hands in the agony of grief, or stirring a huge cauldron as if of his country's misery. Then again he would be ordered to fix the people's attention by acts most abhorrent to his nature and his priestly calling. He cut off, lock by lock, the long tresses of his hair and beard, and, one by one, threw them into the fire. He ate the defiled and filthy food which is only possible in the horrors of the extremity of a siege. And on the last day of the investment of the Holy City, the day on which his countrymen learnt months afterwards that it had fallen, he tells in pathetic, subdued language how his wife died; the desire of his eyes was taken from him; yet he was not allowed to show open signs of grief; the sorrow which was symbolised was all too deep for tears."

It is the call of his countrymen to spiritual repentance that is the noblest characteristic of Ezekiel. It is the spiritual aspect of his teaching that is of most permanent value. Ezekiel was called to fix the minds of his countrymen on the one great truth which underlies all morality and religion, the direct and immediate responsibility of the soul to God. "All souls are God's; as the soul of the father, so is the soul of the son; the soul that sinneth, it shall die." The Hebrews of the captive colony by the waters of the river of Chebar were not, on the one hand, to suppose that they were excused by their overpowering misfortunes or by the hard grip of circumstances from their high responsibility to the God of their fathers; nor, on the other, were they to be discouraged from making efforts after spiritual life by the fact that they seemed to be suffering from the idolatries and sins of a former generation. No matter what the circumstances and surroundings of life might be, each soul was in reality free to turn to God. He was the same gracious Lord, ready to forgive, to strengthen, to inspire, by the streams of a foreign and heathen land, as He had been on the hills of the Holy City. The mutual dependence of man on man, the control of the conditions of life, the cruel necessities of the age, the hereditary contagion of sin and misery, for these the Almighty will make full allowance; but they are no more barriers to His divine Spirit than are the threads of the gossamer to the sturdy ploughman as he strides forth to his morning work in the fallow. Each living soul is in a high and true sense independent of all others. We are not merely parts of a long chain of circumstances which cannot be broken; each must have the responsibility of living for himself and dying for himself; rather we should say of living and dying to God.

This is the doctrine bound up in the very idea of Ezekiel's mission. As in his own person, it has been said, he had exhibited symbolically the necessity of the judgment that was to fall on the nation at large, so he set forth in his own person the inalienable freedom of each individual conscience and will. In the pressure of famine and captivity without, and of corruption and idolatry within, the mere fact of so great a Prophet existing at all was a proof that the human mind and spirit could not be entirely crushed. No courage of patriot or sage delivering his soul to a generation of decrepitude amongst his countrymen could be a more sublime contradiction to all false doctrines of necessity, and the slavery of the human will and conscience, than the memorable language which describes the mission of Ezekiel: "*Thou shalt speak my words unto them, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear, and they shall know that there hath been a prophet among them.*"

No age, certainly not the present, has been without its signs of corruption, indifference and despair. More dangerous to us is such a time than to the captives of Chebar, because while they were braced up by exile and sorrow, we are unnerved by luxury and prosperity. Our moral atmosphere is poisoned by the deadly whisper that the human will is but a phantom, and that we are in reality the mere sport of our surroundings. We, too, live amongst many who are impudent and hard-hearted, a rebellious house; who say that God has retired from the government of the world, and that every vision faileth. Not for a moment will we believe it. We believe rather the great truth which is the mainspring of all nobility in human action, that the soul is free, and independent, and responsible directly, everywhere, and always, to Him in whom we live and move and have our being. "Son of man," said the glory of the Lord to Ezekiel, "stand upon thy feet, and I will speak unto thee." To us that same voice calls aloud. We have but to open our hearts to God, and the Spirit will enter into us, and set us on our feet, and we shall hear Him that speaks to us.

IN A NUT-SHELL

As he lay breathing heavily among the straw while the snow sifted through the chinks of the great door of the barn, the old Chinaman made his confession. How his father had wronged him, and whether he had fled or had been driven from home, I could not clearly understand; but he had reached one of the free ports, and had sailed for San Francisco. There by painful labour he slowly accumulated what to him was wealth. How he intended to use it he did not then know; but with money, what was there the heart lacked which could not be purchased? Ten years later Wong returned to China. I try to think that even in his own despite, something of the traditional filial affection, of the hereditary love of the family, the cradle-place, so dear to a Celestial, drew him back to his native village; for such a sentiment may exist alongside of an intense hatred and a fiery thirst for revenge. Even now he had no definite purpose; he only wished to stand face to face with the man who had wronged him—his father. But his father was dead; and already the streamers of red and white paper had been thrice renewed over his mother's grave.

Who can divine the strange and terrible shapes that evil takes in the soul?

Wong bought the ancestral house from his brother, and in it he lived alone. A terrible mode of revenge had dawned upon his mind, and here, where his baby footsteps had gladdened the heart of foolish father and mother, he set himself to realise it.

Every relic and memorial of his father was destroyed. The traditional rites and ceremonies were neglected; no slight or injury was omitted that could grieve the departed soul, which still remembers and loves, which hovers round the house of the earthly days and shares the joy and sorrow, the prosperity and affliction of the family.

In the stillness of the night Wong heard stealthy footsteps wandering through the darkened house, and the sound of heavy sighs and of a strong man's sobbing. This continued for several months; and Wong was satisfied, for he knew that his father was suffering. Then, week by week, the rustle of the footsteps grew fainter and more easily mistaken for the curious noises made at night by the furniture; and the sighing and sobbing became as it were those of one who has lost strength and is fast failing. And Wong was well pleased, for he knew that when the souls of the dead are no longer reverenced and remembered, they not only lose something of their essence, but also their sense of justice, and no loss is comparable to that.

This, too, continued for many weeks; and then all sound of footsteps ceased, and there was no more sighing or complaining. Wong sat, intensely awake in the darkness, listening for some sign of a presence. The next night, and the next, he kept watch; and still there was no token. Then he knew he had slain the soul of his father. He had avenged the wrongs of his youth.

Now that it had been done, it seemed a strange and terrible thing to realise that a figure, in his memory so vividly alive that shutting his eyes he could see it, had passed into the unseen, had dissipated to a vapour, had at last melted into nothingness. And with the father all the ancestors, all the ancients of the house from the beginning of time, had perished. This was more than he had intended. They at least had done him no wrong, and yet he had let their feeble lamps drift down the dark stream into the abyss. At this thought a great horror, a vague speechless regret, took hold of him. Even some compassion for the soul of the father who had begotten him was awakened in his breast. In the darkness of the night he called them back, he besought them to answer him, he pledged himself to honour and reverence them. There was no answer.

Then Wong left his home once more and for ever. Once more he sailed to the lands of the accursed, kept life in the flesh by sore labours, wandered an outcast and an exile, a childless man who had slain the many-centuried family from which he had sprung. The bitter cold had struck him down near our door, and the humanity he had outraged compelled us to afford him such succour as we might.

During the night following his confession he died. Before his end he started up and stared in a frightened way. "He looks as if he saw a ghost," said the nurse. Alas, a ghost would have been the most heavenly vision poor old Wong could have seen!

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So they lived till one wild winter season, when all the five-and-twenty winds broke loose at once, blew for three days and nights, and crusted leaf and blade far inland with the salt of the sea. On the fourth morning, in the golden hush of dawn, they found, cast up on the shore—what but a goddess, rosy and white and tall, crowned with gold and clad in marvellous colours? They knelt, and kissed, and worshipped; with reverent hands they bore the heavenly visitor and placed her by the greatest of their gods on a grassy mound which overlooked the sea. Of such alien loveliness they had never dreamed. They wreathed her with flowers and welcomed her with new songs, and their love of her was mingled with a new happy tenderness which cast out the dread of the "dead men" of their forefathers. Was it strange that the spring, "the hungry time," came more quickly than of old, that the fruits were more plenteous, the fisher's toil more prosperous, that the old cruel rites died out, and that year by year the island people grew more gentle and joyous and human-hearted?

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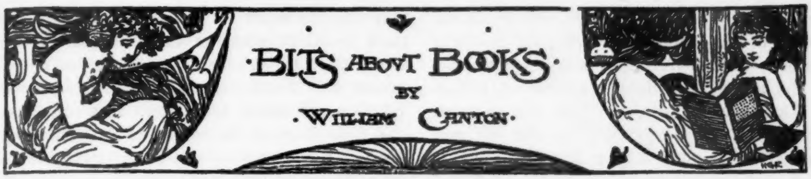

BITS ABOUT BOOKS

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"DOLOMITE STRONGHOLDS" is a model of what the record of an Alpine athlete should be.* It is brief, delightfully written, full of breath-catching interest; but it is about the most unholy book one can possibly read an hour before turning in for the night. He must, indeed, be strung with iron nerves whose sleep, after the eager perusal of these pages, is not one long nightmare of icy *couloirs*, interminable "traverses," and falls ten thousand fathoms deep, with a dislocating jerk at the end of the guide's rope to pluck him back to consciousness. Indeed, the dreamer will be fortunate if he does not wake up on the outer window-ledge or find himself glissading down the bannisters.

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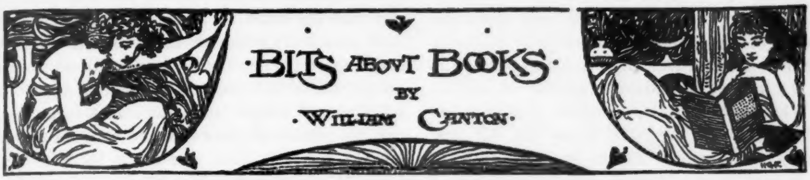

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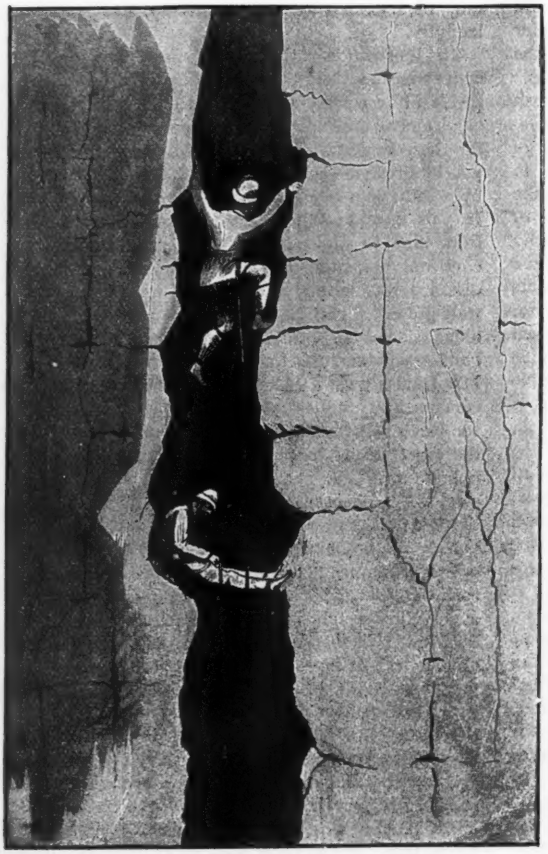
> "When no other way, pedestrian or vehicular,
> Is feasible to patience or to pride,
> A projecting rib of rock that's perpendicular,
> And like a thin-edged buttress may be tried—
> *Tutti:* May be tried!"



A "CAMINO, OR CHIMNEY

"Dolomite Strongholds"

If—to be serious—you attempt the Cinque Torri, as the outside is unclimbable, you will thread your way into the heart of the rock and swarm up the dark newel staircase in the interior. When you reach the top—an area of nearly half an acre, overgrown with dwarf mosses and lichen, and a delightful place of refuge for a hero in a romance—you can visit three of the separated rock-crowns pretty easily; a fourth you can reach by a sixteen-feet leap—" safe enough," Mr. Davies exclaims, "with a rope in case of a slip." I must admit myself beaten here; I never could get beyond fourteen feet seven on the flat, and in the circumstances, if I must choose a sudden death, I should prefer a more exhilarating way of "migrating from this light"—say a jump of ninety feet down a snowy mountain-side on a pair of Norwegian *ski*.

Just as Mr. Davies' book is one of the most interesting of records, so Mr. Whymper's guide to the Great White Mountain,* with its admirable maps and illustrations, is one of the most readable of touring manuals. With the help of a few cumulus clouds in summer, and a whirl of snowflakes in winter, the reader of these pages must be an indifferent poor creature, who cannot enjoy the "ice Alps in Savoy," to use Peter Martel's phrase, without stirring out of his own arm-chair; for the actual traveller, they contain not only all the information he can possibly require, but a great deal which he could not by any means have expected. Witness the curious story of the mediæval life of the Chamoniards under the grim rule of their Priors, and the account of the first attempts to ascend Mont Blanc. It is worth noting, *en passant*, that "Chamonix" is the common form of the name of the Valley both in the old documents and in the official maps of France, Italy, and Switzerland, and that "the monarch of mountains" has been known as Mont Blanc only since the year 1742.

Generation after generation, the people of the Valley appear to have looked up to the wintry heights without the slightest curiosity to search for a track to their summits. In the moving glacier and the thundering avalanche they saw their natural, or, it may have been, their supernatural foes. "As often as the bishop visited this region," one reads, "they begged him to exorcise and to bless these icy mountains. About five years before his death (1695), they sent a deputation to beg him to come once more, offering to pay his expenses, and assuring him that since his last visit the *glacières*"—this was the old form of the word—"had retreated more that eighty paces." In 1760, Saussure, a Genevan professor of philosophy "with a most decided *passion* for mountains," offered a considerable reward to any one who should discover a practicable way to the top of Mont Blanc; but it was not till 1775, fifteen years later, that the first serious attempt was made to carry off the prize, and eleven more years elapsed before Jacques Balmat, accompanied by M. Paccard, the village doctor, reached the summit on the 8th of August, 1786, "turned towards Chamonix, waving his hat at the end of his bâton, and saw through his glass that they answered him." On the 3rd of August in the following year, Saussure himself, glowing with his mountain passion, enjoyed at last "the pleasure of accomplishing the project which he had planned twenty-seven years before." An attempt was speedily made to assign the glory of the first attempt to Paccard, but while Balmat and Saussure are to-day standing in stone in Chamonix, the very name of the poor doctor who, with outstretched arms, watched his hat flying past the Petits Mulets into Piedmont, has been all but forgotten.

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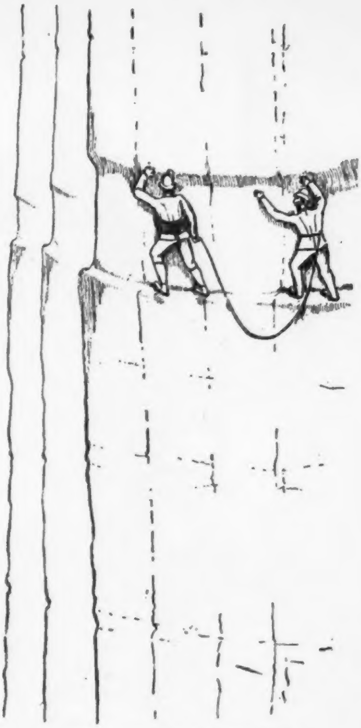
* "Chamonix and the Range of Mont Blanc: a Guide." By Edward Whymper. With illustrations and maps. John Murray. 3*s*. net.

Were it in human power to conjure up the dead past in its colour as it lived, we should doubtless catch glimpses of men and women in Chamonix long before Count Aymon of Geneva founded his priory; even long before the legionaries of Vespasian planted the boundary-stone found at Le Larioz. Who they were, and how they lived or died, we know not; they have left nothing to puzzle us or to set us dreaming. It is strangely different with that ancient and mysterious region to which we have given the brand-new name of Rhodesia, instead of the out-of-date Monomotapa.* Whether or not the ruins of Zimbabwe, with their massive walls and sculptured birds and primitive symbols of Nature-worship, mark the site of one of the Ophirs of Biblical times, there seems conclusive reason for the belief that they were once the stronghold of a gold-seeking colony of that strange race which erected the *nauraghes* of Sardinia, and trafficked for tin with the Cornish miners. A curious light, or rather an impressive twilight, is shed over the silent, many-centuried land in the chapters in which Mr. Wilmot has collected the results of a close research into the trading of Phœnicia and Arabia. The most attractive and the freshest part of the story, however, embodies the author's investigations in the Vatican and other archives. It is strange to think that between 1550 and 1700, Zimbabwe was familiar to the Portuguese, and that a Christian church existed among the huge fragments of the forgotten Phœnician civilisation.



THE LITTLE ZINNE TRAVERSE
"Dolomite Strongholds"

Those who see in the legends of the saints something deeper and truer than the mere childishness of superstition, will find few things more beautiful in the records of hagiology than the legend which sprang up after the cruel death of Father Silveira, the Kafir missionary and proto-martyr of South-east Africa. Sixty years after his martyrdom, the natives on the banks of the Zambesi told how the corpse of a white man, wearing a black tunic and fastened to a beam, had floated down the river and caught on a sand-bank; how tigers and other wild beasts had seized the body and carried it inland; how birds of exquisite beauty held watch on a great solitary branch of a tree, and the savage creatures of the forest kept guard in the dense wood. "The common opinion," says the old legend, "was that the man whose corpse was guarded must have been an excellent person, perhaps one of the minor gods." The narrative shows how the Portuguese were gradually driven back to the sea-fringe of the continent, and how once more the hordes of savagery, which had so often swept across the country in bygone centuries, obliterated the traces of Christianity.

I have left myself but scant space to speak of an attractive book of travel—the narrative of Mr.

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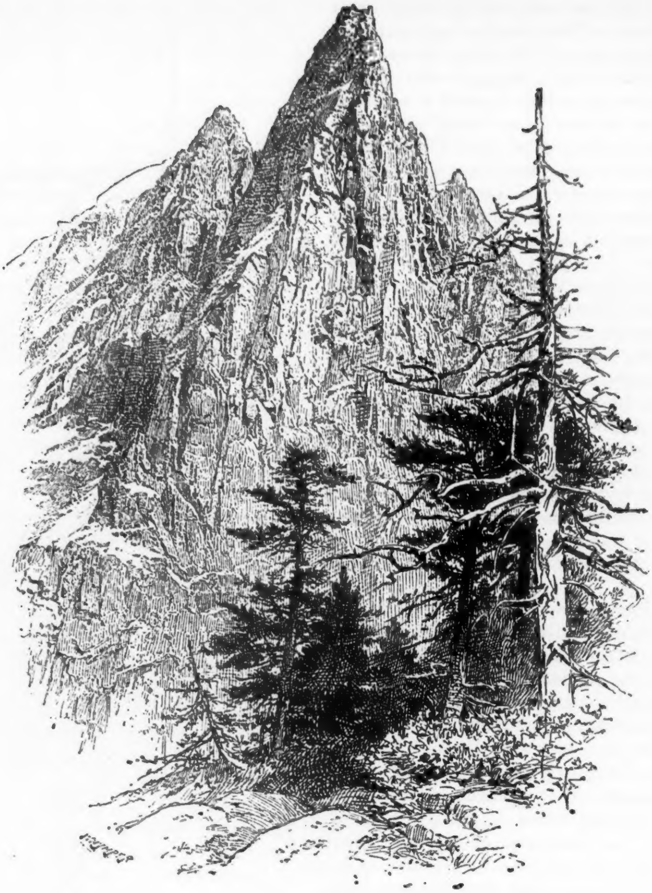
* "Monomotapa (Rhodesia): Its Monuments, and its History from the most Ancient Times to the present Century." By the Hon. A. Wilmot. With preface by H. Rider Haggard. Maps and plates. T. Fisher Unwin. 6*s.*



THE AIGUILLE DU DRU

"A Guide to Chamonix," &c.

Treacher Collins,* the oculist, who in 1894 was summoned to Ispahan on account of an affection of the eyes from which Prince Zille Sultan, the eldest son of the Shah, was suffering. There is but little new ground in Persia, but Mr. Collins sets forth the narrative of his experiences so brightly and pleasantly, that the book is well worth reading. Indeed, it is rarely that one sees so vividly the long track of travel which leads from Bushire to the City of Shah Abbas—the green plain of Daliky with its red and yellow poppies, daisies and anemones; the stony *kotals* winding up the mountains, and littered with the bones of mules and camels which have fallen a prey to the vultures; the wondrous cities of old time mouldering under the snowy peaks which seem to be imperishable; the blossoming gardens and blue domes of Shiraz; the ruins of Persepolis with its colossal sculptures; the bazaars of modern civilisation, and the curious picturesque figures which make the life of to-day appear to be a dream from the "Thousand and One Nights." A reference to the turquoise mines of Madan, near Mishapur, reminds me that, although Tennyson spells the name of the gem "turkis,"

> "Each like a garnet or a turkis in it,"

for every single individual who pronounces the word "turkēēs" there must be a score who call it "terk-woys" or "toork-was."

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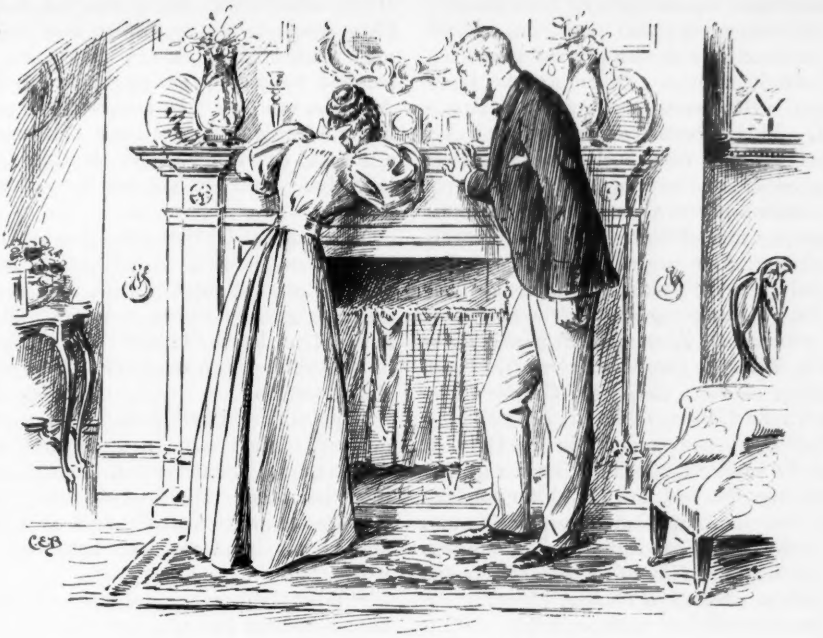
* "In the Kingdom of the Shah." By E. Treacher Collins, F.R.C.S. With numerous illustrations. T. Fisher Unwin. 12s.



"He followed and stood by her side"

CHARITY CHANCE

By WALTER RAYMOND, Author of "Gentleman Upcott's Daughter," "Love and Quiet Life" "Tryphena in Love," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES E. BROCK

CHAPTER XIII

CHARITY GONE

CHARITY was gone! Broken-hearted and purposeless she had crept home through the darkness to her little room over the porch and cried away the night. Her spirit was benumbed. But dawn came rising above the brim of the hill, daylight poured into the Coombe, and meadows and lawn glistened cold with morning dew. Another day was come. She bestirred herself to think what she must do. She must write to Graham. She seated herself at the table before the window and wrote him a letter imploring his pardon. She was unworthy of his love, had disgraced herself and him, had never deserved his confidence, and he must forget her. She had learned her own story, she told him, and should leave Babblemouth at once. Poor Graham! His goodness and fidelity touched her as she thought of her own inconstancy. She felt a tenderness towards the playmate of her childhood as she penned this farewell.

But where was she to go? No matter where, so long as she could earn her living out of sight of all who knew her. She must take the first thing that offered, no matter what.

It was very early, and no one in the house had moved. In idleness she had often scanned the columns of advertisements in

The Guardian, a paper held by Miss Graham in high estimation; and now she fetched the last issue from downstairs and set herself to search in earnest. Of money she knew nothing. Her wants had ever been anticipated. Vulgar considerations of cash lay submerged and unsuspected in a sea of unlimited credit, for payment of accounts looks almost poetic upon cheques of finest lithography and delicate tint. She quickly turned over the pages, but her eye first alighted upon the "situations wanted."

"*Lady Crowborough warmly recommends her governess. Thorough English, fluent French, German (acquired abroad), Latin, Drawing, Music, Singing, Calisthenics.—Miss R., the Library, Oldhurst, Berks.*"

Who would recommend her? Or what could she say for herself? With a sigh she turned over the leaf, but found no comfort. Here every accomplishment under the sun was wanted—"*Good temper, disciplinarian. Must be a lady. Care of clothes. Photo and particulars. Stratford Rectory, Hants.*"

She clenched her teeth in anger. What did they mean with their "*must be a lady*"? She could not answer that.

In the whole range was only one that did not exclude her in advance. Mrs. Cornelius Porter, of Forest Hill, required a nursery governess to take charge of five children. "*Must be experienced in teaching. Music essential.* £15 to £25 *according to qualifications.*"

This at least displayed openness to argument, perhaps to conviction.

In her quick impulsive way she seized her pen. It was the mere clutching at a straw in her last hopelessness, but she wrote, she shivered to see what she had written, it looked so fraudulent—and added she would gladly accept the lower sum on account of her inexperience. Then she stole out in the cheerless morning and dropped both letters into the red post-box in the garden wall. Having thus taken her fate into her hands, she became more composed. She threw herself upon the bed and slept.

Some hours elapsed, and with a start she awoke. The sun was shining full into the window, and a maid was tapping at the door. Miss Graham sent word she was not well, and did not wish to be disturbed. To be alone was a relief to Charity, and yet the message cut her to the quick. It was considerate, but it marked the fall. How much weariness before now she had read away! How much pain she had soothed by merely sitting by the bedside. And that was over. Her conscience groaned under a burden of ingratitude. It told her again and again how deeply the little cripple loved her. And she had lost the wish of her heart.

When at last Charity went downstairs the house was silent as a grave. Even the servants moved mysteriously, and cast inquisitive glances at her red eyes and pale face. They knew all about her like the rest of the world. Yes, the sooner she was gone the better.

Thus the miserable day passed—until evening. Then came a quick step across the hall, and, unannounced, Graham rushed into the room. His face was burnt by the sun, he was white with the dust of the road, and in his hand was the letter she had written him.

"What is the meaning of it, Charity?" In his resentment he could not wait for a reply. "What have they been saying to you? Who has dared to comment upon you? But I know what they have said. They have even hinted it to me; and some fool sent me an anonymous letter. Do they think I care what they say? Charity dear, if every tongue on earth were to tattle about you I should only love you the more. I know their gossip about Prentice. Of course you have talked to Prentice. There are very few to interest you in this place. I'm not half good enough for you, Charity, I know that. But I'm not such a fool as to listen to anything *they* say. Why, you can't do anything wrong or mean. You have a mind that won't let you. Charity, I think you are the noblest——"

"Oh stop! stop!" she cried, placing her fingers upon her ears. He had seated himself upon the sofa beside her, and now he laid his hand upon her shoulder. But she shrank away from his touch. She got up quickly and crossed the room. Her back towards him, she leaned against the mantelpiece, and burying her face upon her arms, she sobbed and sobbed.

Just as Miss Graham's delicate confidence, so her lover's absolute trust overwhelmed her with shame. He followed and stood by her side.

"Charity," he stammered, in a voice so

low that it was scarcely audible. "I—I don't know how you have learnt your—your story. You once asked me and I turned the question aside and told you I did not know. But I always knew all there was to know. I thought—I mean if you thought I did not know, and that could make any difference ——Charity, marry me at once. I have always known and loved you for yourself. Marry me now—before I go back——"

How manly and true he was! She had never glimpsed into the depth of his character, through the light-hearted carelessness of his life. But he did not understand how his words wounded and hurt her.

She raised her head, and looked him in the face with frightened eyes beseeching pity.

"I shall never marry you, Graham," she cried wildly, "nor any one. You will never see me again. I shall go away at once. I shall never come back. I shall hide my face for ever. And you must forgive and forget me."

Neither argument nor entreaty could avail against this torrent of passionate shame. Both were useless. His love itself forbade him to persist.

Then his disappointment turned to self-reproach.

"I shall never forget you, and there is nothing to forgive. It is my own fault. I made you promise me. I should have waited. I cared about nothing so long as you said yes. I was vain enough to think it would all come right——"

Her face betrayed the depth of her distress. Conscious of the cruelty of his words, he suddenly stopped. Then in a voice subdued and quiet he went on: "But you will stay with Aunt Helen. It shall not be difficult for you, Charity. I will go away—abroad."

There came a tap upon the door. Then it opened.

Miss Graham had heard him come into the house, and wished to see him at once.

"I will presently come back and speak to you, Charity," he whispered as he went away.

What would he say when he had learnt the truth? His generosity had bruised her so sorely that if he might only despise and cast her from his heart it must be a relief. She returned to the sofa and sat down and waited. He was so long that the time seemed endless. She began to wish for him that she might learn of Miss Graham. At last she heard his step upon the stairs. But on it went across the hall. The door closed behind him. He was gone. She felt as desolate as the marooned mariner by crime cut off from humanity, and left to perish upon a friendless shore.

On the second day came a letter in answer to her application. Mrs. Cornelius Porter accepted Miss Charity Chance's services at £15 a year, and requested that she would come at once. Again the message had been sent that Miss Graham would not rise to-day and did not wish to be disturbed. The girl did not know what to do. Her mind was made up. She had taken her life into her own hands and to-morrow she would go. This determination, without delay, she placed beyond recall. She found her train. She bade Jan Sprake despatch a telegram from Babblemouth when he went to exercise his horses. Then she wrote a line, telling Miss Graham what she had done, and asking to be allowed to see her once more.

The day she spent packing her one big black trunk. Never in her life had Charity been away even on a visit, and this was given her only to hold the superfluity of her wardrobe. The number of her possessions, now all at once laid open to the light, astonished and perplexed her. She did not know what to take. There were trinkets too, bestowed upon every occasion—at Christmas, at the New Year, and on the anniversary of the day they called her birthday. And the old pearl necklet fastened with such pride around her throat when she started for the ball at Babblemouth last winter. The tenderest sentiment lingered around these gifts. She wept that the little cripple's love had met such poor requital. But she took none of them. She instinctively determined what was really personal, and the rest she left. It was evening before she finished packing, locked the trunk and put the key in her pocket.

Late that night Miss Graham sent for her

The room was almost dark. One candle, in a tall silver candlestick, stood upon a table in the corner farthest from the bed. The curtains had been drawn, and the pillow, with Miss Graham's head upon it, was quite hidden from view.

Charity stood by the foot of the bed and waited.

"So you are going, Charity." The voice was slow and clear. Hundreds of times the girl had marked a like formal preciseness when some person not in favour unconsciously affronted the dignity of the little cripple. "And I may never see you again. I know that you must go. You could not stay and I could not bear to have you here. But I wish to say that I am sorry—sorry for the words uttered in the moment of anger. Don't speak—don't dare to speak to me, child. This going for a governess is an absurdity. You are no more fit to be governess than I am. They will turn you out in three weeks. But you have done it and so you must go. However, remember this, wherever you are, I charge myself with your future and you need have no anxiety. Beside the candle is an envelope. You will have to start by half-past nine, but I will see to that. And when you leave this—this *place*, I will think of something for you, if I ever can think. Take the envelope and leave me. Don't speak a word. I cannot talk any more. And go to bed at once and rest."

The girl was used to obey, and she stepped towards the table to do as she was bid. But in this thought for her future was no tenderness. Disappointment had dissipated the love and the delight, and only the sensitive pride and shrewdness remained. She glanced at the letter—addressed to "*Miss Charity Chance.*" From early childhood many a gift had come to her like this. It might be lying upon her pillow when she woke. Or she found it on the table when she went to bed. It was easier thus, for Miss Graham would hear no thanks. Had it ever before been anything but "*For my little one*," "*To my dear child*," and of late always, "*To dearest Charity*"? Doubtless the envelope contained money. Well, come what may, she would keep herself or die. She withdrew her hand and left the letter there untouched. Then without a word she went away.

On the following morning at the appointed time, Jan Sprake brought round the carriage to drive her to the station.

The fat horses crawled slowly up the hill. Charity glanced back at the little mansion, the lawn, and the shrubberies. But all were blurred and out of shape with tears.

She could not see the eager face peering after her between the blind and window-shutter. Nor hear the words, half lament and half appeal, which sobbed from the bosom of the little cripple:

"O Charity! Charity!"

At last the carriage turned over the hill-top.

And Charity was gone.

Her departure was a nine days' wonder in Babblemouth, and many and circumstantial were the stories hatched in the glowing imagination of that place. They sprang into sudden life—brilliant, startling, erratic, like dragon-flies in a summer sun. Miss Chance had come into the town to meet Mr. Prentice, as she had done every day for a month. He left hurriedly to catch the evening train. She rose in the morning early, posted a letter and ran away before the household was up. They met at Bath, and went on to London together. A commercial gentleman staying at "The George," who knew every soul on earth by sight, had seen them walking up and down on Swindon platform. This was a plain tale and found favour with prosaic mortals who drank beer in the little bar-parlour of the hotel.

A fiction more romantic told how Graham Poltimore waylaid Charity and Prentice together in the wood, fell upon Prentice, threatened to thrash him within an inch of his life if he dared evermore show his nose in the place and cast off Charity, who ran away in the night, leaving a letter imploring Miss Graham's forgiveness, but hoping never to see Babblemouth again.

This version, as being creditable to Graham Poltimore, was adopted for party purposes by the supporters of Mr. Poltimore-Briggs, until denied upon the authority of Jan Sprake, who drove Charity to the station. It was then found to have been a pure invention of the most dastardly character, set about to ruin the Poltimore-Briggs family in the eyes of the electorate.

It was then known to a certainty that Miss Graham turned Charity away from the house, and refusing food and comfort had taken to her bed. Poor Miss Graham! Very sad at her time of life—and so afflicted too. Well! she had always spent her money in the town, every penny of it. Ay, and just beginning to get about again. Every sympathetic tradesman who bent to customers across his counter under the burden of a large family repeated this story. Yet scarcely had the report quickened into healthy circulation, when the great carriage with the fat horses went rolling down the wondering street. Upon a cushion higher than usual sat the little cripple; and if her cheek was pale her head was more than ever erect.

When Charity disappeared beyond the horizon a smarting pride aroused Miss Graham's spirit. Through the dull aching of her loss came a sharp pang as she thought of Mrs. Mortimer. That the event had justified the warning given by that excellent woman made no difference at all. Unconsciously that proud little heart harboured the more resentment. Since Irene's death she had suffered no blow like this, and she summoned all her fortitude to show a brave face to the world. Her sorrow was deep—so much the deeper must it be buried. She rang for her hot water and dressed at once. And she wrapped Charity's departure in a tissue so fine that it cannot be deemed a fib.

"Put Miss Charity's room tidy," she said to the maid who was helping her downstairs. "Then lock the door and bring me the key. She may be away some time, and nothing shall be touched until she comes back."

"We must take great care of Miss Charity's myrtle, John, this winter," she told Jan Sprake when next he wheeled her chair round the garden. "I don't know what she will say if anything happens to it whilst she is away."

Such things repeated mystified the world. Outwardly she triumphed over herself, but in secret her courage failed. She pretended to herself "a little time, and things can be smoothed over," but in her heart she knew that Charity would never come back. She was angry and regretful by turns, because the girl had refused the parting gift. The evenings began to get chilly. There was no music in the house, and she had not the heart to read. She was nervous, and wrote to Poltimore-Briggs to hurry on the settlement.

Within a week Mrs. Mortimer's curiosity got the better of her pique. With absolutely no reliable information, for Graham told nothing, she could not even feel certain that the engagement was broken off. After all one must not cherish anger, and the mortification of pride is a Christian virtue. So she magnanimously marched over to Babblecombe at the head of her daughters, and was quite cordially received.

"I could not help coming, dear Miss Graham," she acknowledged with perfect truth, "when I heard you were alone. So I came early to have a long afternoon. And the girls wanted to ask, if it would not be too much trouble, if the tennis-net might be put up. They can mark out the court themselves quite easily."

It would be no trouble whatever, Miss Graham assured them. So the maid ran, the young man who worked in the garden helped, Jan Sprake muttered and perspired, and the thing was done.

"So Charity has gone away, they tell me," said Mrs Mortimer, settling down to be sympathetic.

"Oh yes," chirped Miss Graham, and she did not wince.

"But not for long I suppose?" The sweetness of Mrs. Mortimer became quite insinuating.

"It is not quite decided how long she will stay."

"You must miss her very much?"

"Yes."

The plucky little woman could not hide it all. In spite of herself the sadness would betray itself in her voice.

"Has she gone a long distance?" continued Mrs. Mortimer, greatly encouraged.

Miss Graham thought a moment before replying. Then she looked Mrs Mortimer quite frankly in the face.

"I am not quite sure whether—I mean, I have some little delicacy in talking about it—for the present that is. It was her own private affair and Charity decided for herself. There are occasions in life when one must decide for oneself. And this was quite sudden. She got a letter one day and went the next. She followed the dictates of her conscience, and I dared not influence her in the matter. But I do not think I must talk about it—just for the present."

"I would not hear a word for the world—not for the whole world," cried the agonised Mrs. Mortimer, dramatically, putting her fingers to her ears to deliver Miss Graham from temptation. "What can have happened," she was thinking to herself.

A brilliant thought illuminated her brain.

Four-and-twenty hours later the Prentice stories were laughed to scorn in Babblemouth, and it was freely asserted that Miss Chance had received a mysterious communication from her natural friends.

But now the disinterested character of Mrs. Mortimer's visit was to be revealed.

"However, it was not to ask questions that I came," she went on, hiding her disappointment in an artificial smile. "When I heard you were alone, I spoke to the Rector at once. I said—perhaps dear Miss Graham would like Theodosia to be with her for a while, to be company for her, and to read to her, and so on. And if you would, dear Miss Graham, I would do my best to spare her even if it were all the winter. I am sure she would be only too glad to do anything for your comfort."

A scarcely perceptible shudder shook that sensitive little creature. She did not accept the loan of Theodosia, but her thanks were profuse. She was not strong enough at present to entertain a visitor. It would be too dull for the poor girl—perhaps, a little later—she excused herself.

The dear girls came in glowing like tulips. They were hot, and filled the room. They were breathless and consumed all the air. Their superabundant health jarred upon Miss Graham's sensibilities. Yet they did nothing amiss, and said nothing whatever. She could not help comparing them with Charity. Charity was as strong as they, yet fifty Charities could not have been so obtrusive.

"Perhaps Miss Graham will allow you to come again," suggested their mother, when they rose to depart.

They came again. In a little while they came daily, and brought their friends. They went on playing, right into the winter, when the grass was wet and slippery, and they trampled down the Christmas roses searching for the balls. The lawn got bald in patches. "So bare as the back o' your han'," said Jan Sprake.

And the little cripple, with whom none before had ever dared to take a liberty, looked on in silence. She did not care about anything now Charity was gone.

CHAPTER XIV

TOUCHING THE SETTLEMENT

THUS the months passed until spring came, and again the meadows of the Coombe were studded with daffodils. But there was no longer any glory in their gold, and Miss Graham scarcely turned her head to look at them. A fear as dark as winter clouded all her thoughts and chilled her heart. She dreaded to hear that Charity had married Prentice; for dearly still she loved the girl, and her dislike to this man, to whom she had never spoken, was instinctive and deeper than prejudice. It worried her, too, that Poltimore-Briggs, being engrossed in public business, found no time to attend to her request about the settlement. This neglect irritated her the more since he had almost a personal interest in the matter. A gentleman, she told herself in her proud way, under such circumstances, would not lose a moment. She began to suspect him of purposely putting it off. Mistrust settled like a dust in the mansion of her mind, and to know it there hurt her self-respect. She worried herself with thoughts of taking the matter into her own hands by altering her will, and procrastinated through fear of hurting the feelings of Poltimore-Briggs. And she had no one to share the burden of this anxiety, for Graham had gone away.

The dread haunted her that "something would happen" before her wishes were fulfilled. At last she wrote to Poltimore-Briggs, telling him to take no further trouble. She had changed her mind, she said, and determined to leave not only the money as arranged, but the Babblecombe estate to Charity. It would not be long to wait.

He replied in haste that the business was already put in hand, and urging her to do nothing until she had seen him. He would come to Babblecombe in a few days, he promised. But weeks passed, and her wishes were still neglected. The early summer came, and she had heard nothing further.

One afternoon in June she was sitting out of the sun in the old corner by the yew-hedge. The Mortimers were not there that day. It was quiet, and she was able to think. The time for the garden party drew close upon her, and she was wondering what she would do. Every year since she came to Babblecombe had this great function taken place, without a break. But now she was weighing inclination against duty. She did not feel fit for it. She could not bear the fatigue. Yet responsibilities rest upon wealth and position, and she recognised her obligation to the neighbourhood.

Guests would inquire about Charity—and what was she to tell them? And if she did not have the party Babblemouth people would talk, and say she moped because the girl was gone. A dozen times she changed her mind and still came no nearer to a decision. Then her meditations were disturbed. The gate fell to behind an approaching visitor, and Poltimore-Briggs walked up the path.

She was aware of something unusual in his appearance. He had walked from Babblemouth and his boots were white with the dust of the summer road. That in itself was strange. For years she had not known him go so far on foot. And his face looked altered. It was thinner than formerly, and quite pale and drawn from anxiety and overwork. At once her doubts were changed to sympathy. He had managed everything so well for years, and now, when he was overwhelmed with cares, her thoughts had been ungenerous and unjust. She welcomed him warmly. For a moment she held his hand quite affectionately—then pointed abruptly to the seat by her side.

"I have been hoping to see you, Henry, for a long time," she said. "And now I cannot help feeling how kind it is of you to come."

He sat down slowly in obedience to her gesture. With one elbow upon his knee he leaned forward, and resting his forehead upon his hand looked down at the yellow gravel.

"I know, Helen. I have been remiss, I know," he stammered uneasily. "But I haven't been able to call my soul my own. Not for years—I mean for months—since I undertook this Parliamentary business. Otherwise your wishes would have received my first attention—as they always did, Helen——"

"Yes, yes. I don't know how I should have managed," she said warmly and with real gratitude. Her quick eye observed him attentively. His white waistcoat, always so spotless, was soiled with the dust, and there was a black mark from the rubbing of the long gold chain. "He knows he will lose the election," she thought, "and that is a blow to his pride." At the sight of his dejection a dead kindness revived—a tenderness of long ago, when a lover, spic and span, used to steal to the old house in Bath, at the hour when her father was from home. It seemed only yesterday. She pitied him. Life is so little, yet disappointment goes so deep. All that she understood, as in mute sympathy she laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"And you must not altogether blame me," he went on quickly in self-defence. "These lawyers are so dilatory. But I have looked over the deed at last. It will be ready to sign in a few days. I quite agree that you could do no less. I have made it that should she die without issue the money will come back to Graham, or his children if he have any."

"How wonderfully you think of everything!" she cried in admiration. And this was the man whom she had suspected.

"But I came over to speak about something else. I—I want you to do me a favour, Helen."

"Of course. Of course." In her contrition she was quite eager to grant him his request unheard.

He moved restlessly in his chair. He was so nervous that his hand shook like a drunkard's, and he kept swallowing as if something choked his utterance. Then, reassured by the readiness of her consent, he found his tongue at last.

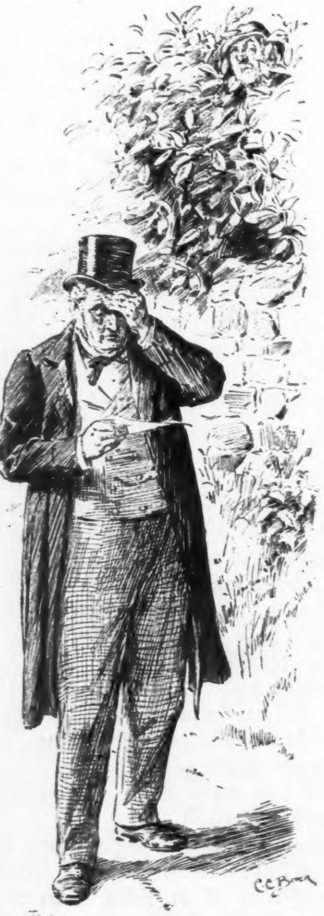
"Some years ago, I made a very bad investment. A speculation, in fact, which proved disastrous. Anybody might have been deceived. And since then I have been—eh—hampered—at times sorely hampered for—eh—ready money. And we have lived extravagantly, I own that. Mrs. Poltimore-Briggs and myself have never—well, have never got on. Everything would have been different if poor Irene had lived."

He stopped and sighed. Deep in his heart then was still the recollection of Irene. No misfortune could have recommended him to the pity of the little cripple like this one touch of sentiment.

"And you want money, Henry?" she cried quite cheerfully.

A gleam of eager expectation flashed across his face. He drew a long breath and sat upright as if in relief from a heavy burden. He became more himself and regained something of the large manner she had always disliked so much.

"The fact is, a man is pressing me at a very inconvenient moment. There is political animus without question. But that makes it the more incumbent to meet him without delay. I should prefer, if possible, not to postpone payment a day. Of course in a week or so when rents come in, and so on, it would be easy enough. But I will admit to you, Helen, candidly admit to you, my self-esteem—my—my pride will not permit me to ask a favour. If you could lend me a couple of hundred pounds—say until the beginning of next month when I pay you your dividends, you would do me a great service. I should be really grateful."



"Beside the laurel hedge he stopped"

His momentary elation had subsided and he leaned forward in anxiety for her reply.

Was that all, she thought, and felt quite glad to be of use. Yet to a vain man it must be hard indeed to ask.

"Of course, there is no difficulty about that. I should have had to get you to take care of it, so it is quite the same thing," she told him, laughing, to make light of his needless distress.

"Could I have it before the bank closes, Helen?"

Leaning upon her ebony stick she rose. "No. Don't move. I can go very well. Stay here in the cool and rest. I will go in and write you a cheque."

He watched her slowly pass along the path until by the steps into the drawing-room she stopped to rest. Then she turned towards him and asked, "Are you sure that will be enough?"

He hesitated a moment.

"Yes, quite enough," he answered hoarsely.

The time was endless until her return, and he kept glancing at the open door. His dejection had vanished. He had taken heart at her readiness to assist him. His head was raised, alert and listening for the slightest sound, but in his uncontrollable impatience he bit his nails to the quick.

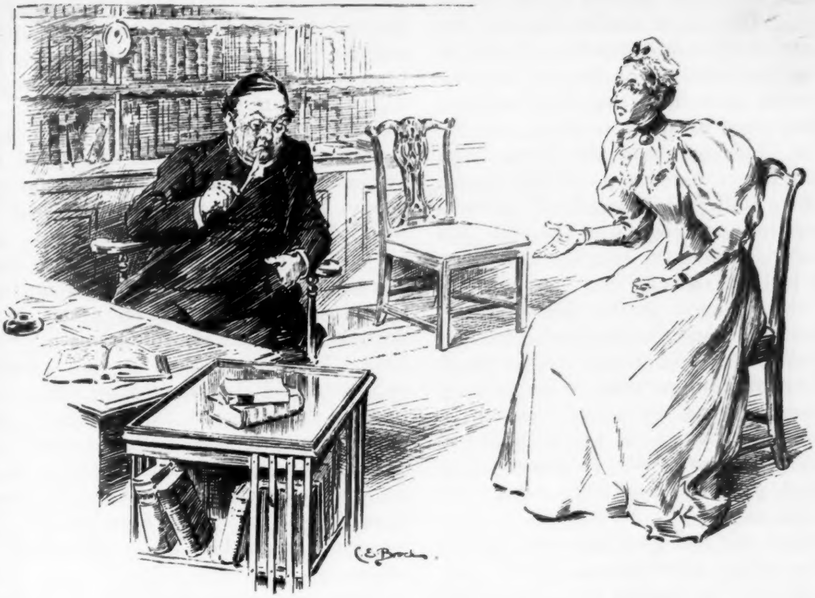
At last she came.

The serenity of human kindness smiled upon her face as she beckoned to him before cautiously descending the step. She had enclosed the cheque in an envelope. That looked so much less like lending money. She carelessly handed it to him between her long thin fingers.

"Come, I must not keep you."

Her tone was dictatorial, as it sometimes used to be with Charity. She did not give him time to speak, but taking his arm turned towards the entrance gates.

"I have handed over my hoard, so now until you bring me more I shall be penniless," she laughed gaily. Then her voice sank into a whisper, tender and confidential. "But make what use you like of it. What you have told me quite troubles me, Henry. It makes me feel that things have not been just. It is wrong, of course, but the very poor do not appeal to me like people who have been affluent and become pinched. That seems so painful—to be straitened



"I spoke to the Rector at once"

and pinched. I could never have lived if I had been driven to worry about pennies. But there is nothing to save for now. Graham will have plenty. Charity you have seen to. There is nothing wanting—that money can supply. And my little superfluity, I suppose, may make all the difference to you?"

They were at the corner of the house, and she stopped waiting for an answer to her inquiry.

But her kindness touched him. He looked quite dazed and could not speak.

"Will not that make it right? At least, whilst I am here. And then Graham is goodness itself."

She spoke so cheerfully, making the best of it to comfort a sad heart, that he made an effort to cover his confusion.

"God bless you, Helen. God bless you," he stammered with emotion.

She held out her hand quickly to prevent his thanks.

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

He was so deadly white and stared at her so strangely that she was filled with alarm. He staggered as he turned towards the gate.

Between the stable-yard and the Babblemouth road is a low stone wall, and above it a slanting laurel hedge. There a short distance away, Jan Sprake was trimming back pretentious shoots which pressed before their fellows.

"You are not well. You ought not to walk in the sun. Let me have you driven," she urged anxiously.

He shook his head in refusal. "I—I did not wish my visit known" was all he said. Then he waved his hand to her and was gone.

Jan Sprake peered down at him inquisitively as he passed down the road.

Beside the laurel hedge he stopped, opened the envelope Miss Graham had given him and drew out "a long leaf o' paper like." He was so close that Jan could have read the wording himself, if he "had but a-bin a bit of a scholard." His hand shook like an ague. The man cried like the rain.

"Poor Helen! Poor little Helen!"

Those were the words he muttered, Jan

could take his Bible oath of it, any day of the week. Then of a sudden he tore the paper into shreds and threw them fluttering upon the road-side. For many a summer day the tiny pink scraps lay there amongst the dusty grass in silent testimony to the truth of Jan Sprake's statement. And Poltimore-Briggs did not go straight home to Babblemouth. He turned off where a lane leads to the pathway over the cliff. Jan Sprake stood among the laurels and wondering watched him out of sight.

On the afternoon of the following day there rustled around Babblemouth a rumour so ridiculous that no one with any sense in his head could find patience to listen to it. Nevertheless, being constantly repeated, it grew and grew. It was said that bailiffs had been in the house of Mr. Poltimore-Briggs for a week past, and a sheriff's officer was aboard the yacht.

Certainly this had been kept marvellously quiet, but things will leak out at last. Servants will talk. A leading tradesman of the town first got wind of it, and without delay strolled mysteriously down to the house to present his little account. Mr. Poltimore-Briggs was not in. The man would wait. Mr. Poltimore-Briggs was away from home. The matter was of particular importance, and could Mrs. Poltimore-Briggs grant the favour of Mr. Poltimore-Briggs's present address? But Mr. Poltimore-Briggs had been called unexpectedly to London and his address was uncertain.

Before night the little town was all astir. It became known to all the world that Poltimore-Briggs, having laid hands on every penny he could get hold of, had absconded, it was believed, to Spain. And not an hour too soon. There was vague talk of money obtained by fraudulent representations, and it was no secret that a warrant had been issued for his apprehension. The place was in a ferment. Political opponents had always anticipated that something of the sort must happen, one of these days. Supporters, who for the most part were also creditors, declared that he was the last man upon earth of whom any one would have thought it. There were bets at "The George" as to how soon he would be taken.

Only one person remained in ignorance of these proceedings. Little Miss Graham, happy in the belief that she had helped him over his difficulty, was the last to hear.

The thing was altogether so unexpected and astounding that for the moment Mrs. Mortimer was mute.

STRAY NOTES ON THOMAS BEWICK

By MARGARET HOWITT

FOR upwards of a century the inimitable woodcuts by Thomas Bewick have instructed and delighted thousands of men, women and children; and his "Quadrupeds," "British Birds," and "Fables" have deservedly become standard works.

The secret of their spell is traceable to the fact that this eminent artist in black and white, the reviver of the art of wood engraving, and who was the son of a hardy Northumbrian yeoman, possessed a sterling independence of character that prevented him from ever stooping to a mere imitation of others and kept him true and vigorous in all he did or said. He was likewise endowed with keen observation, and was deeply versed from childhood in the formation and habits of birds, animals, and fishes, which enabled him to depict them with rare fidelity and felicity. Whilst feasting on each sight and sound of Nature, he was equally a close observer of his fellow-men and of a very sociable disposition; and it is to these latter qualities that we owe the innumerable charming tail-pieces to the separate fables and the chapters on animals and birds, which are living reproductions in miniature of the scenery and characters of his native district.

In this vignette sportsmen and hounds are hunting the frightened hare; in that, an angler with his flies and tackle muses on the banks of the Tyne; in another we see a fisherman slowly returning with his well-filled creel to his rustic cot from the Northumbrian coast; or we watch some old beggar wearily pursuing his solitary way. Quiet humour blends with pathos. We see unexpected encounters between bulls and country bumpkins, ganders angrily hiss on the village green, and curs quarrel and snarl.

Bewick's genius casts a charm over the most commonplace objects of country life as they existed in the north of England at the end of the eighteenth and the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Yet these simple, unpretending cuts can never become obsolete. They are too fresh, too suggestive to belong to mere ephemeral popular art. There is too much depth and meaning thrown into each stroke; all the accessories, such as the picturesque fragments of rock, the steep river-banks, the leafy brushwood, the old hollow trees, those forlorn rickety barns, those homesteads often embedded in ice and snow, those round-headed tombstones with the still legible inscriptions are one and all drawn too powerfully and effectively to be ever quite forgotten.

Crabbe in his poems has depicted for us the same features of human life as his contemporary Bewick; whilst Wordsworth has countless points in common with this great artist of Nature, who was seventeen years his senior.

Thomas, son of John Bewick and his wife Jane Wilson, and the eldest of their eight children, was born in August 1753 at Cherry Burn, a small farm in an elevated situation, on the south bank of the Tyne, some ten or twelve miles from Newcastle; and at that period belonging to the parish of Ovingham, although the village of that name lay at some distance on the other side of the river, and was inaccessible from the homestead whenever the water ran high.

"Cherry Burn has been the happy home of five generations of our family," writes Thomas Bewick's eldest daughter, Jane, to her correspondent, William Howitt, from West Street, Gateshead, May 18, 1841: "The new house built in 1828 is occupied by Ralph Bewick, a son of my late uncle, William Bewick. I wish his descendants may continue there in all time to come. The old thatched house now converted into stables, and of which the east end was lately pulled down, contained three apartments and a dairy or milk-house on the ground floor, with a chamber above. But in which of these my father was born I know not. I have often heard him speak of 'the little window at his bed-head,' and which he generally contrived to introduce into his vignettes of his native cot."

It was in compliance with the wish of this daughter that Bewick, after much hesitation and delay, made up his mind, in November 1822, to give her some account of his life, since, as he tells her, "it may at a future day amuse you, your brother and sisters, in your passage through the crooked as well as the pleasant paths of the world." He finished the manuscript six years later, a few days before his death, which occurred on November 8, 1828. It remained privately treasured by his affectionate children until the year 1862, when it was published, edited by Miss Jane Bewick; and to it was appended the cuts and vignettes intended for the "History of Fishes," a work which was left unfinished at the author's death.

In January 1866, the editress, writing to William and Mary Howitt, remarks: "I have lately learnt that the 'Memoir' is not known in literary circles." It was true; this honest autobiography did not meet with the full recognition that it deserved. Speaking in the name of herself and her sole surviving sister Isabella, Miss Bewick continues: "We have some thoughts of selling the cuts and letterpress of 'Bewick's Æsop's Fables.' This book is distinct from the 'Natural Histories,' and has long been out of print (which is a thousand pities), because we could make nothing by the sale. The remainder of the last edition 1824 went like a shipwreck, and copies are now selling for £7 17*s.* each. Æsop will never go out of fashion.

"My father bestowed much pains upon the letterpress, or rather the text; and I believe rewrote many of the applications. The first edition, notwithstanding it was badly printed, was all sold in six months. A lady of title sent to offer any price for a 'Fable,' but we had not one left."

Good work, however, is never thrown away; it may for a time be buried out of sight, but sooner or later it has its resurrection, and thus that of Bewick has duly come to light again. After the decease of Miss

Isabella Bewick, the last of the artist's offspring, in 1883, the Messrs. R. Ward & Sons, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and relatives of the great engraver, being the owners of the original blocks, printed for Mr. Bernard Quaritch of Piccadilly a handsome memorial edition of Bewick's most famous works in five large volumes; the fifth containing the autobiography, very carefully revised and edited by Austin Dobson, with exhaustive foot-notes.

Bewick had illustrated an earlier "Selection of Fables of Æsop and Others," published by T. Saint, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1784. It having become extremely rare, was republished by Messrs. Longman in 1871, embellished with a portrait of Bewick, and enriched with an admirably executed illustrated preface by Edwin Pearson; one of Bewick's most judicious and at the same time enthusiastic admirers. Of this work a new and revised edition appeared in 1878.

The Memoir of Thomas Bewick, written by himself, is interspersed with moral reflections on religion and politics, for whilst deviating from some of the formularies of the Church of England, to which he belonged, he possessed a deeply religious turn of mind, unselfish devotion to the highest interests of humanity, and a discriminating kindness to animals. Nor can I dismiss this point without referring to his last work, left unfinished at the time of his own decease, a pathetic and powerful design of a worn-out old horse. The print, which he entitled "Waiting for Death," was to have been dedicated to The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and to have served as one of a set of cheap embellishments for the walls of cottages.

He had written down the intended letterpress as early as 1785. This descriptive history of the horse began thus: "In the morning of his days he was sleek as a raven, sprightly and spirited, and was then much caressed and happy. When he grew to perfection in his performances, even on the turf and afterwards in the chase and in the field, he was equalled by few of his kind. At one time of his life he saved that of his master, whom he bore in safety across the rapid flood; but having, in climbing the opposite rocky shore, received a blemish, it was thought *prudent* to dispose of him." Then, after relating briefly the career of this thoroughbred, which had been successively the property of "a general, a gentleman, a farmer, a miller, a butcher, a higgler, and finally a maker of brooms," Bewick dramatically concludes: "A hard winter coming on, a want of money and a want of meat, obliged his poor owner to turn him out to shift for himself. His former fame and great value are now to him not worth a handful of oats. But his days and nights of misery are now drawing to an end; so that after having faithfully dedicated the whole of his powers and his time to the service of unfeeling man, he is at last turned out, unsheltered and unprotected, to starve of hunger and cold."

Next for a little space let Bewick speak to us of himself and his early childhood, prefaced by the remark that he, a high-spirited but tender-hearted boy, had from his babyhood been misunderstood and unappreciated by his simple parents, and his schoolmaster, the Rev. Christopher Gregson, curate of Ovingham. "When the floggings inflicted on me," he says, "had in a great measure begun to lose their effect, another mode of punishment was fallen upon; and that was, after the school-hours were over, to lock me into the church, where I was kept till the dusk of the evening. This solitary confinement was very irksome to me: as I had not at that time got over a belief in ghosts and boggles. Oppressed with fear, I peeped here and there into every corner, in dread of seeing some terrible spirit." ("Memorial Edition," vol. v. 21) . . . . "As a cure for my misdeeds, my worthy master, however, at length found out a better and more effectual way. He one day invited me to dine with him, and after showing me the greatest kindness, he followed this up in a friendly, plain and open way, by remonstrating with me on the impropriety of my past conduct; urging me at the same time, in such a persuasive tone, instantly to desist from it, that I felt quite overpowered with his discourse, and fell into a flood of tears. The result was, I never dared to encounter another of these friendly meetings; and while I remained at his school, he never again had occasion to find fault with me" (page 29).

He was a born artist, and remarks: "As I never knew for what purpose I had to learn Latin, and was wearied out with getting off long tasks, I rather flagged in this department of my education, and the margins of my books, and every space of spare and blank paper, became filled with various kinds of devices or with scenes I had met with; and these were often accompanied with wretched rhymes explanatory of them. As soon as I had filled all the blank spaces in my books, I had recourse at all spare times to the gravestones, and the floor of the church porch, with a bit of chalk, to give vent to this propensity of mind of figuring whatever I had seen. At that time I had never heard of the word 'drawing,' nor did I know of any other paintings besides the King's Arms in the church, and the signs in Ovingham of the 'Black Bull,' the 'White Horse,' the 'Salmon,' and the 'Hare and Hounds.' I always thought I could make a far better hunting scene than the latter. I remember once of my master overlooking me while I was very busy with my chalk in the porch, and of his putting me very greatly to the blush by ridiculing and calling me a conjuror. My father also found a deal of fault for 'misspending my time in such idle pursuits'; but my propensity for drawing was so rooted that nothing could deter me from persevering in it; and many of my evenings at home were spent in filling the flags of the floor and the hearthstone with my chalky designs" (page 7).

It being found impossible to break this habit of delineation in Bewick, he was wisely apprenticed at the age of fourteen, then a stout active lad, to Richard Beilby, an engraver, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. By Oct. 1st, 1774, he had served his term of apprenticeship and was free. Later on he became Mr. Beilby's partner, and was allowed to take his brother John as his apprentice.

He says: "With him I was extremely happy. We lodged together. He rose early in the morning, lighted our fire, blacked our shoes, dusted the room and made everything clean for breakfast as well as any servant-girl could, and he sewed and mended his own clothes, and, to crown all, he was constantly cheerful, lively, and very active, and my friends were his friends. As soon as I thought my brother might be able to work his way in the world, I gave him his liberty, and he set off to London. . . . . He was as industrious in London as he had been with us, and had plenty of work to do" (pages 110–112).

"While my brother was my apprentice, he frequently accompanied me on my weekly visits to Cherry Burn. He was then a clever springy youth, and our bounding along together was often compared to the scampering of a pair of wild colts. These journeys commenced while I was an apprentice. I then mostly went and returned the same day; but when I became my own master for many years, 'in summer's heat and winter's freezing cold,' I did not miss a single week. These visits continued regularly from 1777 till 1785, in which year my mother, my eldest sister, and my father all died" (*vide* pages 113, 114).

The following in a letter from Miss Jane Bewick to William Howitt may here be added: "My father erected a gravestone to the memory of both his parents, but when it was broken in two, it was removed at my father's request to the spot where you saw it under a bur-tree (elder-bush) in the garden at Cherry Burn. A new stone was at the same time put up in the churchyard, on the left-hand side of the path leading to the porch. My uncle had leave to use the back of the stone for the names of his family departed.

"The vignette at page 161 of the 'Fables,' is the date of my grandmother's death; it is a memorial-stone, with the words

'DIED,
20 FEB.
1785.'

Another tombstone introduced as a tail-piece at page 176 of the 'Fables,' is the day my grandfather followed her.

'DIED,
15 NOV.
1785.'

I may perhaps add that the lines: O God of infinite Wisdom, Truth, Justice, and Mercy, I thank Thee,' at page 152 in the same book, my dear father once told me, composed, with the Lord's Prayer, his only prayer to the great Disposer of Events."

On April 20, 1786, Bewick had married Isabella, daughter of Robert Elliot, a farmer at Ovingham, who had been his schoolfellow, and for a number of years his secret choice. It was a very wise one. He had long made up his mind not to marry while his parents were alive, that he might bestow on them his undivided attention; he now became the best of husbands to a most excellent wife. They resided at the Forth, Newcastle, in "a low, old-fashioned building," which had a long garden extending to the old town wall; and in sight of the ancient semicircular bastions known as the Gunner Tower and the West Spital Tower. Bewick, we are told, "was an enthusiastic florist, and especially fond of roses. His garden was a never-ending pleasure to him."

Meanwhile his beloved brother John, suffering from overwork and close confinement in London, had returned with a supply of blocks to be executed by himself.

"I remember quite well," writes Miss Jane Bewick to William Howitt, June 15, 1841, "my uncle John arriving at the Forth in the summer of 1795 in ill-health. He brought us children a number of pretty little picture-books, most of which we still have. From our house he went to Cherry Burn, and afterwards removed to the brick-house (as it is called) in Ovingham (where my grandfather Elliot had farmed), where his sister, a widow, then lived; and there, on December 5th of the same year, he died. He was buried close to the west end of the steeple of Ovingham Church, the tablet being placed there to his memory by my father. My aunt, Jane Bewick, was also buried within the enclosure 1825. Her name, I think, was placed on the new stone to my grandfather's memory. I mention these things because it was a trait in my father's character to pay particular homage to the departed.

"The finis to the 'Fables of Æsop and Others' is an exact representation of funerals as they are solemnised at Ovingham; a psalm being generally sung as they go along. From the portrait in the left-hand corner of this vignette of a well-known character on two sticks, the leafless trees; the white gloves and ribbons of the mourners, indicating the obsequies of an unmarried person, I should suppose that my uncle John's funeral is there represented. The women seem to sympathise with the scene, the very dog goes slowly along, but the drunkard in the background makes no pause in his vicious indulgences.

"My uncle died of consumption. I remember going with my mother and aunt, Jane Bewick, in a chaise to see him.* The snow was on the ground, the hedges beautiful with bright red berries. When we were coming away, my mother bade me go upstairs and bid my uncle farewell. I did so and entered the room with feelings I had never before experienced, and to this day remember his look and the hollow tone of his voice. I have heard my mother say that he himself selected the psalm sung on the occasion of his funeral. The book is in the hand of the person who goes before the coffin in the vignette."

Bewick, referring to this younger brother, speaks of his having been extremely quick at his work, and says: "He had sketched the designs on the blocks for Somerville's 'Chace,' to these I put the finishing hand after his decease. . . . . I hope, when my 'glass is run out,' to be laid down beside him."

This wish met with fulfilment in November 1828, when he was interred beside his wife, his parents, and his brother John. Finally, C. W. Bigge, Esq., of Linden, the lay rector, acceded to the request of his children, and permitted them to enclose that portion of the burial-ground with railing.

Bewick had an only son, who was born in 1788 and christened Robert Elliot. "My dear little boy," as he terms him in an early letter to his wife, and in which also he refers to his three daughters as his "little darlings." None of these four children ever married. Robert, who suffered from delicate health, was educated by his father to be an engraver, and taken by him into partnership in 1812; but whilst an accurate and conscientious artist, he never attained to the eminence of Thomas or even of John Bewick. Up to his death in 1849 he resided with his sisters in their modest home in West Street, Gateshead, and which was a shrine dedicated to the memory of their illustrious father. Cherry Burn was likewise a hallowed spot to them, to which their hearts tenderly clung. To admirers of their father they spoke readily and fluently of their early reminiscences; for as Miss Bewick says in a letter that lies before me: "There is a kind of mournful satisfaction to talk of those things to any one with a heart to understand our feelings."

Elizabeth, the youngest sister, died in 1865; the eldest of the family, Jane, tarried on to become with her sister Isabella remarkable specimens of Northumbrian longevity, dying at the respective ages of ninety-four and ninety-three.

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* Miss Bewick was born April 29, 1787, and would consequently have then been in her ninth year.

"My dear friend," writes the youngest, Miss Isabella, to Mary Howitt, from 19 West Street, Gateshead, May 17, 1881,—"The first duty I have to perform is to answer your welcome letter, and to say what true pleasure it gave to my dear sister, and how she determined to answer it, but, alas! a stroke of paralysis put an end to her wish, and a second attack rendered her speechless, and with her eyes fixed on my face and my hand tight grasped in hers, she expired on April 7th, her countenance showing plainly her sorrow at leaving me in so desolate a condition. She was buried at Ovingham beside my father, mother, brother and sister. And when my poor frail body is summoned hence, the old churchyard is to be shut up and made into a garden.* It is a comfort to me that my dear sister had no ache or pain, her countenance was placid and sweet. Her coffin was covered with beautiful flowers sent by kind neighbours, who had green-houses, and the ceremony was most impressive, a suitable hymn being sung by a choir of boys. The company was large from all parts.

"Now, my very dear Mrs. Howitt, excuse my dwelling upon this sorrowful subject, as it will ever be to me. How I lament the distance between us [the hundreds of miles between Northumberland and Tyrol], and as I am much alarmed at the dimness of my eyes—also my hearing is very bad—I must conclude with every good wish."

Then follows this touching postscript: "I am alone in the world, but I will do my best."

For two more years the venerable writer was perfected in suffering here below. Then her release came. The loving spirit of Miss Isabella Bewick winged its flight on June 8, 1883.

A few more words and I have done. Bewick's father had the colliery on Mickley Bank or Common, and he himself knew intimately from boyhood each pitman, together with all the neighbouring cotters and their children, whom he justly recognised as "A bold peasantry, their country's pride." Many characteristic traits and anecdotes of these hardy inhabitants of the Northumbrian fells can be read with interest and diversion in his oft-quoted memoir. I will therefore conclude with an unprinted fragment, worthy to have emanated from any one of the honest original characters which Bewick depicts for us, and it is here introduced in the style of one of his quaint and racy tail-pieces. It is a miner's description of the visit of her present gracious Majesty to Polberrow mine; and with other valuable letters was fortunately saved from wrapping up butter and cheese upwards of forty years ago.

The note is dated September 1846, and runs as follows:

"I received a letter from Mr. Edwards to say as how that Prence Albert was a coming to our main the next morning—thinks I what *can* the Prince be a coming to our main for? And I cudn't slape for the night for thinking what I shud say to the Prence, and what the Prence wud say to me. Well in the morning sure nuf we saw the chay a coming, and who shud be in it but the Queen so well as the Prence! There was a stoan wall between and the men went to it, and twas down in a minute—in less than no time—and they come on and the Queen got out o' the chay and ran about in the wet grass like a Billy! says she to Mr. Tailor something, but I don't know what, but says he to me—'Is it saaf for the Queen to go into the main?'—'Saaf' says I, 'yes saaf as the rock o' gibralter so the drams was brought footh and some strawe thrawn into one and some green baize after it and the Queen skipped in like a lamb! And I do b'live I touch'd her!

"She did not like it tho' where twas wet, but when we come on so far as we cud to the west load, we got out and walked, and when we go to the Load the Prence took the pike and thraw'd to like—like a man! and he got a bit o' oor 'this' says he, 'is from the west Load so I puts it into my left Pockat,' and then we went to the East Load and the Prence took the pike again, and got a bit o' oor 'this' says he, 'is from the East Load so I puts it into my right Pockat,' and as they was a coming out, says the Queen to Mr. Taylor, 'what's that there *blue* thud I do see.' 'Bless'ee Ma'am,' says he, 'that's the light o' Day.'

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* The population of Ovingham having greatly increased, a cemetery was made a few years ago, and the old churchyard was reserved for the interment of persons having a right of sepulture therein. The parish has also been divided, and Cherry Burn included in that of Mickley, to which it naturally belongs, both lying on the south bank of the Tyne.

"P.S. 120 miners was ready to cheer them as they drove off (all red like Ingians from the red oor o' the main) and we *did cheer* to be *sure* as never was afoor!"

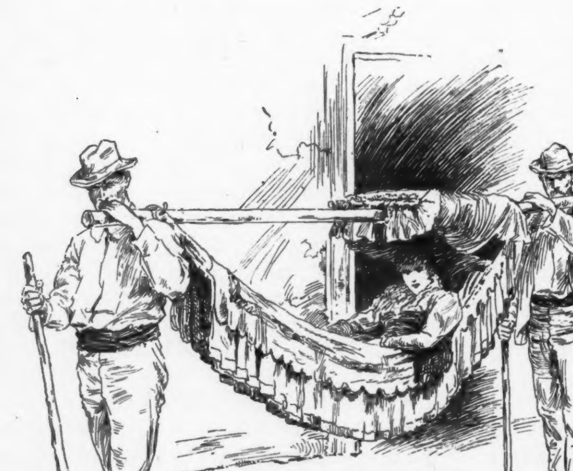
IMPRESSIONS OF THE CANARY ISLES

By HANNAH LYNCH

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR TWIDLE

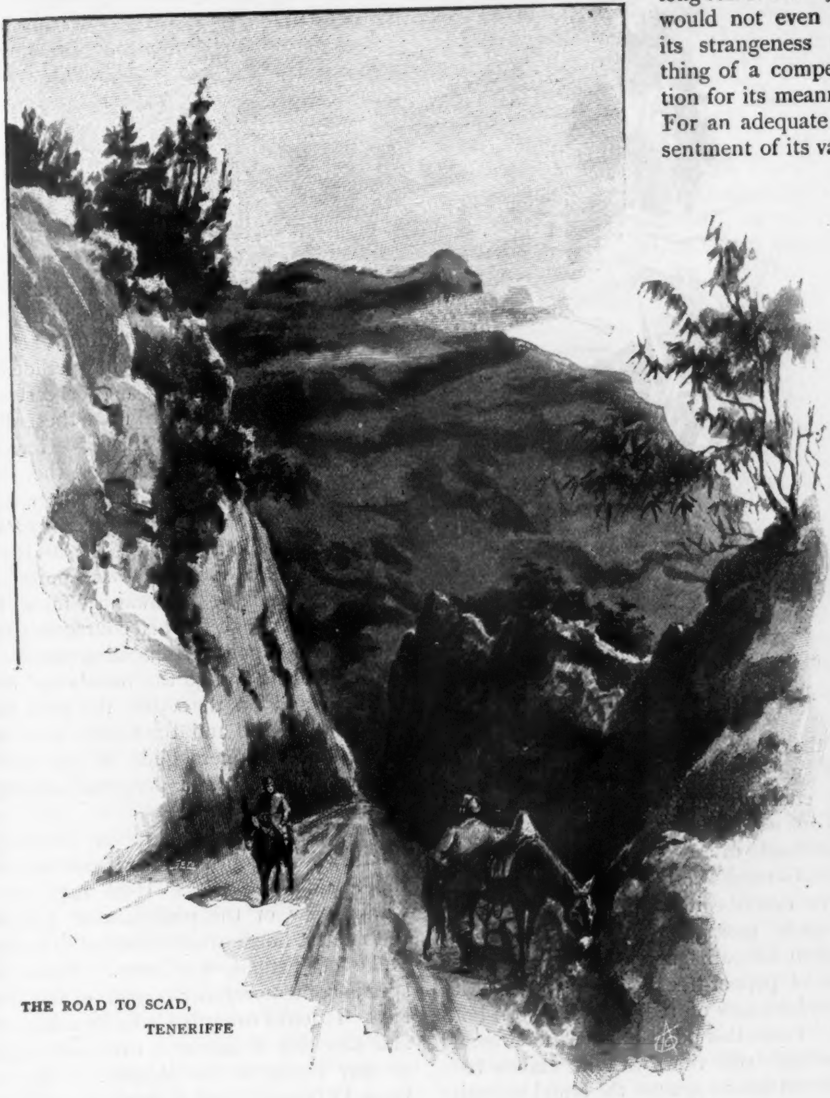
I. TENERIFFE

THE little steamer, *Leon y Castillo*, that plies twice a week between Las Palmas and Santa Cruz de Teneriffe, selects the best of all hours for a first glimpse of that picturesque island. You leave a stuffy little cabin and go on deck for a whiff of invigorating air to find land upon the forward horizon heavily revealed between two twilights—the shadowy blue of night, and the cheerless brown of the wide mysterious dawn, lit by the waning moon and the brilliant morning star. It is a revelation of miraculous beauty. The harbour looks like the entrance to a dim paradise, made up of the loveliest mountain-lines against a sky of lilac promise, with life asleep along the shore. On one side the unearthly glimmer of a tired moon drooping to extinction; on the other, the penetrating fulgence of the steady star; and between the land of mountains and deep ravines, peak beyond peak, fold upon fold, to this furthest altitude of snow-hooded Teide, emerging with all the mystery of Nature's simplicity out of the silence and peopled gloom of night.



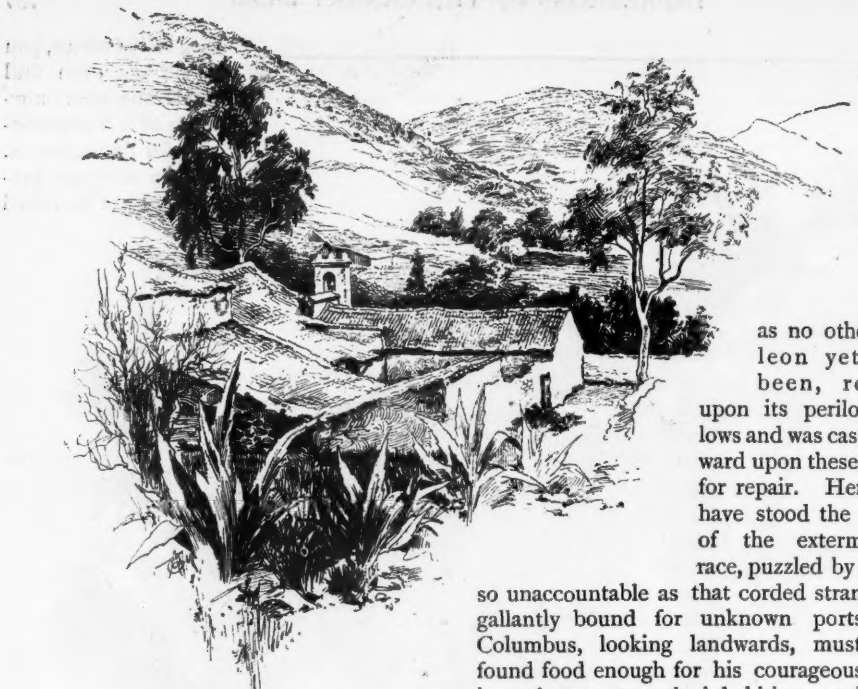
HAMMOCK-BEARERS, TENERIFFE

A little pier shoots out upon ocean's marbled plain, and the movement of boats and dusk-hued sails getting ready to meet the steamer seems as vague and dim as the stir of a shadowed under-world. The beauty of land wears an aspect of cold and strange remoteness. But when the boat has rocked you across the slip of troubled purple, from whose waves the foam slides backwards as from blocks of shining granite, the romantic charm vanishes. You have a vulgar little town instead of a vision of high-arched streets that throw wide banks of shadow along rivers of blinding



THE ROAD TO SCAD,
TENERIFFE

light, of picturesque plazas and lovely patios. You have been carried on the crests of the labouring waves to a sordid quay, where coated ruffians loaf in quest of coin and gossip, without as much as a red sash or embroidered jacket or cloak among them. By-and-by, when the sun is up, and you go forth to examine the place, you are further surprised with its ugliness. But for the magnificent girdle of mountains of the deepest purple and the long roll of ocean, you would not even find its strangeness anything of a compensation for its meanness. For an adequate presentment of its varied encircling features you should, after you have looked at Nelson's captured flag in the cathedral, mount the belfry stairs, and there you will see a picture of wide and rocky barrancos, brilliant bits of green spaces, palms and camels accentuating the wild majesty of the mountains, enfoliaged plazas, the high-road to Laguna curving upward round broken meadows, here and there a pretty garden, and Gran Canaria outlined



LA LAGUNA

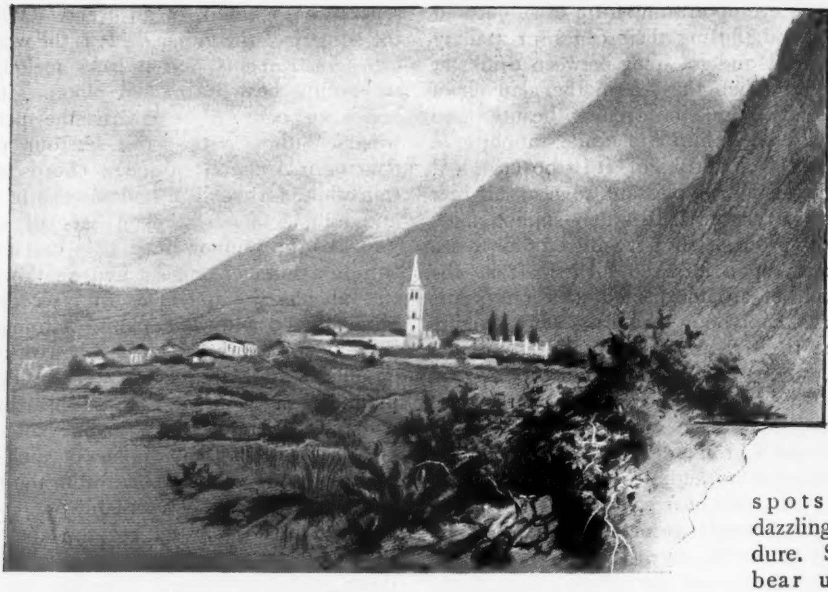
upon the pure sky like folds of soft cloud. Below ugly little lanes invite inspection under enchanting names, such as *Calle de la Luz*, *Calle de la Cruz Verde;* and the street of Castille leads to a dull plaza in front of the Captain-General's establishment (the imaginative describe it as a palace), and from here queer passages skirt the under line of broken hill-paths, and lead to a charming avenue of pepper-trees and oleanders, with high under-edges of red geraniums on both sides. From this point Santa Cruz presents a coquettish side view, with its Italian bell-towers, red-brown against the liquid intensity of blue, and an attractive edge of foliage along the rim of the terraces, while the red tiles and white walls under the open fan of the palms are not without a note of quaintness. Away to the verge of the heavens, a wavy world, with its violet and sullen moods, with none of Mediterranean's inland charm: none of its soft white bloom of mist, nor its gem-like glitter, nor its pearl-hued hours of melancholy. Out there lies the travelled highway, the old Spanish main. The *Santa Maria*, bearing its precious burden, captained as no other galleon yet had been, rocked upon its perilous billows and was cast windward upon these shores for repair. Here may have stood the leader of the exterminated race, puzzled by a sight so unaccountable as that corded stranger so gallantly bound for unknown ports, and Columbus, looking landwards, must have found food enough for his courageous mind in conjecture upon the inhabiting people. On one side come and go the vessels for South America, and on the other the great liners for New Zealand and the Gold Coast, while yachts and schooners glide in and out the insular sea-roads in a perpetual shifting of masts and sails.

The life of the plaza is unchanged, whether you sojourn on the Peninsula or in the Spanish colonies. Here may you sit within view of the pink-painted fort, and the modest house where Marshal O'Donnell, Duke of Tetuan, was born. Santa Cruz speaks contemptuously enough of the Peninsula. It looks towards Cadiz in sullen envy, and says that it has sent over men as great as any produced in Madrid. "We sent them O'Donnell, and they made a Duke of him, but they might just as well have made him Regent as that fool Espartero." It also sent Pérez Galdós, the popular novelist, and now the fishermen of the Canaries call their boats by his name or the names of his favourite heroines. Not that they have read his books, but they regard him as having placed the haughty Peninsula under an obligation to them.

At all hours the plaza has its tale to tell. When the light is fading out of the heavens, you may sit and watch the manœuvres of the conquering officers pacing up and down, with their eye upon some form of subjugated womanhood, flirting their canes or trailing their swords and gossiping between drinks at the café. Then the sea, in the glamour of sunset, takes on its evening beauty, and mystery creeps into the crude sapphire of the sky. On band nights it is too crowded, though it is always pleasant to hear laughter and social chatter, and watch smiling faces go by in groups. But it is best of all to see the plaza upon forsaken nights. Take the occasion of an unexpected invasion of the drama. Everybody who can afford it goes to the theatre, an edifice of mixed pretensions, where a musical conductor misconducts an inefficient orchestra, and raps out a thin bass accompaniment on a cracked piano, and a prompter irritates the gallery to mutiny by a too audible performance of his duty, while rows of female heads show in the boxes, elaborately decorated, smiling above the flutter of the eternal fan. Those who cannot afford this distraction, shut themselves up in their houses, prisoners of pride and their neighbours' opinion; for Santa Cruz is as proud as any hidalgo in decay. It would not have its poverty detected. You have the place to yourself. A new moon curls like a shred of silver upon the shadowy blue, and the warm and lucent stars shed a twilight above the town lights. Forms and profiles as they move about are oddly revealed, and the scene looks mediæval enough to be a legend or a mystery. You will see a man pass with the bright lining of his capa showing upon his shoulder with operatic grace, and the contrast of dusky beard and pallid cheek suggestive of Almaviva and other beguiling heroes of lattice and lute. Reality is clouded as if by perfumed dust blown from star to star upon the salt-laden breezes of the sea. So warm is the air, so subtle the scent of brine, so illusive the quiver of the stars and the white shaving of a moon swimming in indigo, that if you happen to be neither blighted nor bored, you are ready enough to count yourself on the rim at least of the garden of Hesperides. Then should the hoarse thrum of a guitar come, carried upon the night wind from the pier below, where the sailors sit, rapping its amorous, unmelodious, insistent notes at judgment, with its thin sweet muffled charm, you are jerked into fancy's enchanted forest upon a sentimental thrill of senses in the blink of an eyelid. What is the sorcery of the guitar? It is the woodenest of instruments, and it lacks melody, yet we cannot hear it in cool blood. It possesses no body. Yet it has the peril of wine. Without art, it can set our pulses dancing. A couple of rough chords and a thin whine for treble, a hollow echo of wood and nimble fingers, broken bars of sweetness like the rainbow-hued bars cast by the sun on a summer tempest and swallowed in the valley of the waters as they recede and are gathered into mountains. Strange for the modern ear to sit on the plaza of a dull Atlantic island, and listen to that crude and plaintive staccato, and those heartbroken chords, with their indescribable half-animal and hysterical charm. Some of the queer scraps of song seem to come from the throat of a sixteenth-century Spaniard.

After musing by starlight on the plaza, your duty is to awake in the twilight of dawn, and then you will taste the untainted freshness of the air blown from Teide as an intoxication. This is the best hour for driving. Let your route be Orotava, that blest spot upon God's earth. You will be fronting the hills, after a cup of chocolate, by the time the sun has got well above the sea-line, and melted all the pearly lights in a blaze of colour. Mountain rolls beyond mountain, a shimmering revelation of upper worlds, of naked chasms, of wild fastnesses, and solitudes seemingly untravelled by the foot of man. From Santa Cruz to Laguna, the old capital of Teneriffe, there is little to note. The foliage is scant and mean, with touches of silver where the sharp breeze in its vagabond course tears over the fields.

Laguna looks empty and cold; with moss-worked pavements that ring hollow to the tread of hoof. It wears a sad reminiscent air, as if it clung to the memories of capa and mantilla, and resented the infelicitous introduction of modern raiment among the wandering dons. There is something plaintive and engaging in these forsaken cities, and Laguna, now used as a summer abode for the people of Santa Cruz, up among her hills, has the proud consciousness of being her rival's superior in beauty and nobility of aspect, even in her dismantled condition. She at least has handsome decorated doorways and picturesque arches, and wears her



REALEGO ALTO, TENERIFFE

air of fallen state with dignity. Close by you have the aromatic life of the woods, and the softening wonder of an opaline mist formed by the hot air of the coast breathed upward to this marshy eminence, and condensed to a thick veil which you can watch descend steadily and roll away over the plain. The trade-winds blowing round Laguna are changed from west to east; thus you will within an hour be suffocated at Santa Cruz and chilly up at Laguna. The Merced in the wood of Obispo outside Laguna is a spot almost as famous as the lovely valley of Orotava. To wander here is to drink deeply of bliss in an earthly paradise. Can this have been the spot of the garden of Hesperides? From this point begins the faint blue bloom of the eucalyptus upon the landscape, like a summer haze, and with it you are launched into the heart of the picturesque. Teide shows its dark peak under a hood of snow, and upon its rounded shoulders lies a mantle of broken snow-lines, Should there be a cloud, it will catch it on the wing, and leave it as ragged against the white spurs as a beggar's cloak. Away and around it, in violent contrast, the under hills make a girdle of sombre beauty relieved by spots of dazzling verdure. Some bear upon their bluffs gashes of red earth, as crimson as the blotches on the dark shoulder of a wounded bull. The sea and sky are of a blue so soft and misted by the summer heat as to look like an interfusion of lights making a wall of liquid azure along the precipitous shore. Through this veil the sail of a boat shows, its brilliant whiteness subdued to silver, and you can scarce tell if it be a thing of earth or sky. For sound there is the song of the ocean, and the birds fling notes as thick as spray against your ear from the roadside trees. You breathe every vigorous and delicious odour from the pinewoods that wander up the mountain-sides; the perfumed shrubs and underwood of the ravines, and the paradisaical wilderness about you of heliotrope, roses and sweet-peas that grow in Nature's hedges of tropic bloom.

If you are not of an exploring cast of mind, and have an aversion for the physical labour of scaling peaks, you may, at the villa of Orotava, repose contentedly, perched between the upper altitudes of this forested mountain-side, with the Port at your feet. Here may you dream amid every effect of loveliness; encircling hills, divinely formed and most divinely clad, with the frown of grey and purple rocks, the smiles of the pleasant fields, so lucidly green, the splendour of vegetation and gardens, any of which might have been the fitting home of our first parents; savage torrent-beds with armies of radiant flowers encroaching beyond the verges of their gloomy depths; enchanting paths under trees that the sunlight falls through in pools of glory upon the shadowed ground; glades and thickets, and ever in view the eternal ocean as glittering and purple as the Ægean waters.

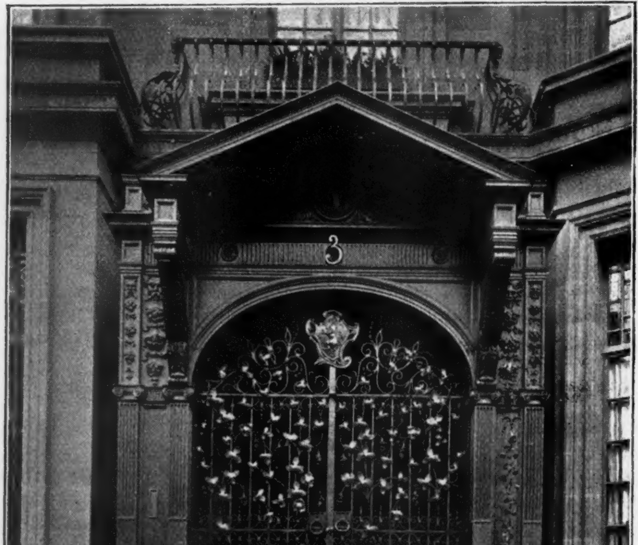
The Peak itself from this point of view does not strike the imagination as one of the world's wonders; and the luxuriant orchards of the villa, and friendly solitude of the scented and open forest close by, speak with more eloquence to the indolent vagabond than Teide's tale of convulsed rocks and lava-blackened and burnt earth. The villa is built on the slope of a hill, in a network of gardens and orchards like an Italian town. It is clean and pretty and picturesque, and the moss-sown streets wind up and down, always open to the eye of the flowers and the boom of the ocean. It has its own engaging note, if it lack both castellated and Moorish suggestion and the exquisite glow of colour that charms us in old Southern towns. It smiles mirthfully in its sunlit slumbers, and wears a fine hint of nobility in decay. Instead of historic columns, it offers you the hills, alive with the life of the woods, fragrant with Nature's sweetest scents, and aglow with all her precious hues. And beyond the sharp dip of its base, through fields of corn and maize, in a tangle of rich vegetation, it shows you the long roll of foamy surf. It breathes content from earliest dawn till night turns the dusky woods to impenetrable shadow. Along the valley-way it invites you out of its bright little streets, through a succession of enjoyments. If you happen to be a first-class traveller, it points to the palatial hotel below at the Puerto, which, like Teide's peak, is an insistent note in the landscape.

There is, of course, the usual rivalry between the Villa and the Puerto. The Port looks up the hill, sniffs from a distance of two miles, and asserts that the Villa is unhealthy. The Villa glances down at the Port in pity, and points to its upper hills as a sanative background. If the wiles of both appeal to you, you may build yourself a brand-new mansion along the lovely carretera which winds down from Villa to Puerto, and there be as happy as a grateful heart will permit. One ostensible eccentric from overseas has labelled his caprice with an inscription that greets the eye as a foreign tongue: "This is the house that Jack built." The natives speak of him as Don Juan, and stare to find you do not instantly recognise him for an acquaintance from the description. It would be waste of breath to point out that, except the man in the legend, not a living soul could be traced as simple Don Juan. In his native land Shakespeare himself might walk in undisturbed incognito as Mr. William. The people here are the friendliest I have ever met. Peasant women, whom I stopped to talk to, led me through some marvellous orchards and gardens, and gathered me stacks of flowers. I might have lived upon natural scents so thick with them was the air I breathed in my hotel room. I sat among roses, carnations, and heliotrope, in strange places, amongst wide-eyed foreigners, and, to please them, told the tale of my voyages. Men came out and joined us in wonder, and said *caraye* and *ave Maria purissima*, and then they gave me cheese and coffee, and, weighted with my burden of flowers, somebody was sure to insist that I should go and see another garden down the carretera. It was delicious to break away, through acres of maize, with the tassels shaken against your cheek, swing in under the laden boughs of the fruit-trees, and move to spare the royal bloom of the pomegranate; jumping silver rills that make their own beds along the plantations as they trickle down from the hills.

I know nothing more cheering to the vagabond than this readiness of friendship among the common people. Go where you will abroad, you may shake the hand of beggar, loafer, peasant and cottager. All have the same free and hearty welcome for you. They seem to delight in outlandish acquaintance, and if you happen to be a woman, you instantly appeal to their better selves. Here, as elsewhere, I have kindly memories of people whose names I never knew, and who did not know mine. I remember driving by diligence with a brave and heroic-looking young gentleman beautifully clad. He wore long boots, radiant linen, velvet breeches, a short, smart jacket, and a wide-brimmed hat. Men of breeding might go as far as his native village to acquire his perfect manners. Wondering who this picturesque and operatic young man might be, I afterwards questioned the diligence driver (a rascal I had reason to suspect of stealing my bag with all my things, and the wonderful bargains in Orotava lace and embroidery I had driven), and learnt that he was a village butcher. So with all the tradespeople here. I wanted to match some stuff sold me by a woman of Orotava down at Santa Cruz, and was informed I should apply to Don Pablo or Don Pedro, and then to Don Nicholas of the Puerto. Surnames are suppressed—every one is still as well-born as they were on the Peninsula in the days of Lope da Vega and the German ambassador, who, asking for a servant's credentials, was presented with proof of his descent from a Gothic king.

AN EDINBURGH HOUSE AND ITS OWNER

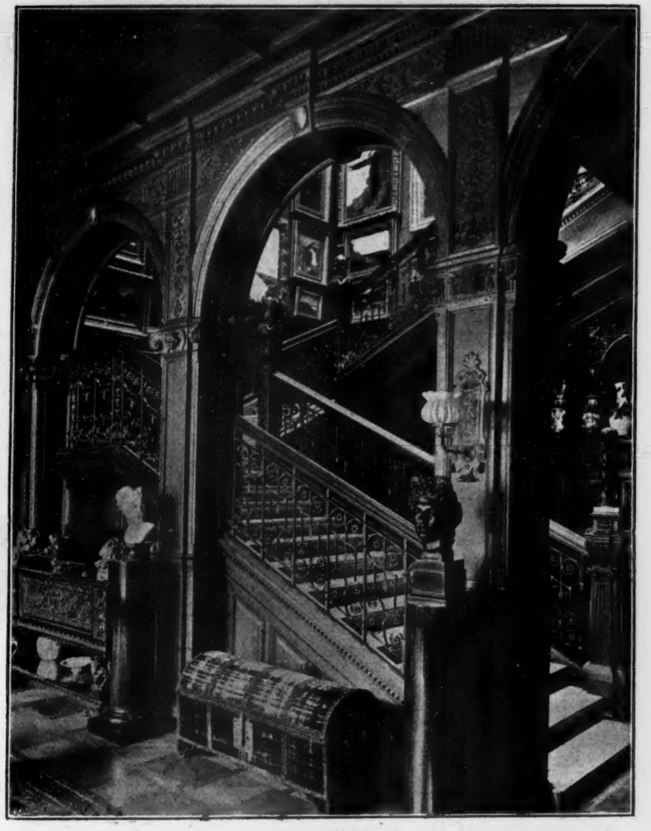
By the Editor



(From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow)

OLD ITALIAN WROUGHT-IRON GRILLE AT PORCH

"EH, but I am thankful to be back to civilisation and the *Scotsman*," was the pious exclamation of the skipper of an east-country yacht when, after some weeks of knocking about among the Hebrides, he found himself in Oban, heard the whistle of a steam-engine, and, above all, got a full supply of his favourite newspaper. The *Scotsman* has been more than an able provincial journal; it has been a Scottish institution. There are other able journals in the northern kingdom, such as the *Glasgow Herald*, but the *Scotsman* has a peculiar *cachet*—it is stamped with an individuality which is unique. The Scottish people, especially in the eastern counties, have long regarded it as oracular, although they do not always follow the oracle. One knows the reverence with which the typical Englishman views the *Times*, and how he spreads out the sheet, as if it were the national ægis, when he finds himself abroad and amid uncongenial surroundings. He assumes an increased air of pompous confidence when he is able to quote its dicta. *Bos locutus est*, John Bull has said it, who dare refuse assent? A somewhat similar deference is paid to the *Scotsman* by its countrymen, but it is in a kindlier vein, for there is generally the expectation of something humorous and "spicy" when attention is drawn to its columns. The feeling awakened is a mixture of what would be kindled by the union of the *Times* and a certain infusion of *Punch*. When it was under the memorable editorship of the late Alexander Russel, this was specially the case. If there were any critical political matters on foot, but more frequently if there had been any outburst of religious fanaticism, then the "leaders" were sure to be of so racy a character that peer and peasant talked of them for a week, and each *bon mot* or adroit thrust became the cause of broad grins and loud laughter wherever men congregated. These traditions have been wonderfully maintained, so that even yet one catches the same type of crisp and witty commentary which was characteristic of Russel. It is a style which is in a sense *per se*.



(From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow)

HALL AND STAIRCASE

Mr. John Ritchie Findlay, of whose beautiful house in Edinburgh we give some illustrations, is usually distinguished as "Findlay of the *Scotsman*"; and not without reason, for his life and fortunes have been identified with the history and prosperity of that journal. The nephew of two of the chief founders of the paper, he was for more than a quarter of a century an active member of its staff, has always held a certain literary connection with it, and, better still, is the chief shareholder in its valuable property. The *Scotsman* was started in 1817, and owed its origin and success principally to Charles Maclaren and the two brothers, John and William Ritchie, all long since deceased. The political condition of Scotland at that time was so deplorable that we can scarcely credit its existence. No man dared to oppose the oligarchy, headed by Dundas, which held the country in thrall by means of unblushing jobbery and unscrupulous straining of the law. To the present day the memory of those evil times lives in the political antipathies of the masses. The occasion which led to the establishment of

(From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow)

DRAWING-ROOM

the *Scotsman* was characteristic of the period. Mr. William Ritchie had written an exposure of the mismanagement of the chief hospital in Edinburgh, but such was the state of the Press that no newspaper would insert it, in case of incurring the displeasure of those who represented Government, and who had their supporters in every office of trust. So intolerable did this oppression appear to the gentle, cultured, and brave spirit of Charles Maclaren, that he consulted with a friend as to the desirability of establishing an independent journal, which might speak out moderately and firmly on public questions. William Ritchie and his brother John were taken into confidence, and although none of them were men of wealth, nor had they as yet formed a party, they determined at all risks—financial, political, and personal—to make the attempt. When the first sheet was issued, it gained a circulation which, while it was commensurate with their expectations, appears now ridiculously small. A newspaper which could command only three hundred subscribers would be now regarded as a failure. It was not so then, for the price of all newspapers was what would now be considered exorbitant. Newspapers were subject to a Government Stamp Duty of fourpence on each copy, and the price of the small early print of the *Scotsman* was tenpence. The *Scotsman* from the very first assumed a moderate, reasonable, and determined tone. It was not revolutionary, but eminently sober, and yet, to quote from its own columns, "the alarm among both friends and foes caused by the *Scotsman* on its first appearance, would be incomprehensible now to any one who is unable, as the present generation is, to appreciate the stagnation of the atmosphere in which that breeze began to stir. Enemies were enraged, and even friends were alarmed. 'The authorities' watched eagerly for any stumbling, and any man mingling with firm determination less of coolness and caution than Mr. Maclaren, would undoubtedly have come into collision with the law—strained

(*From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow*)

DRAWING-ROOM

as it was then by the executive, by judges, and judge-packed juries." So much was this the case that, when in after years Mr. Maclaren found himself an honoured guest of sheriffs and judges, he recalled with astonishment the change that had taken place.

Mr. Findlay is the grand-nephew of William and of John Ritchie, who then, along with Mr. Maclaren and two or three friends, founded the *Scotsman*. His interest in the newspaper is thus hereditary, and he may regard with pride the part which it has played in the history of the country. He is himself a man of culture, and has written more than one monogram, notably one on De Quincey, displaying fine literary taste and skill. That taste is very evident in the house which he built for himself in Edinburgh.

The first object which arrests the visitor is the exquisite wrought-iron "grille" which closes in the porch. It is of Italian workmanship, with an ornamentation so delicate as to form a delightful study. "It shows the value of such an object-lesson in art," he tells you, "for when first put up it was a treat to see the number of working people and others who came to admire it." One of the distinctive features in Scottish town houses as contrasted with those across the border—especially in London—is the space given to the entrance-hall, and to the width and solidity of the stair. As a rule, in the ordinary London house the halls and staircases are confined, and the latter frequently of wood. There are few houses, even of a third or fourth class, in Scotland in which there is not a fairly wide stone stair, and a roomy entrance lobby. The hall in the house we illustrate is peculiarly beautiful; the stair rises in broad low steps of Ceppolino marble. The rest of the house is in similar good taste, especially the library, which reminds one of that in Abbotsford.

Mr. Findlay has done more than surround himself with beautiful objects, for he has presented the nation with the magnificent National Portrait Gallery, of which Dr. Rowand Anderson is the architect, and which

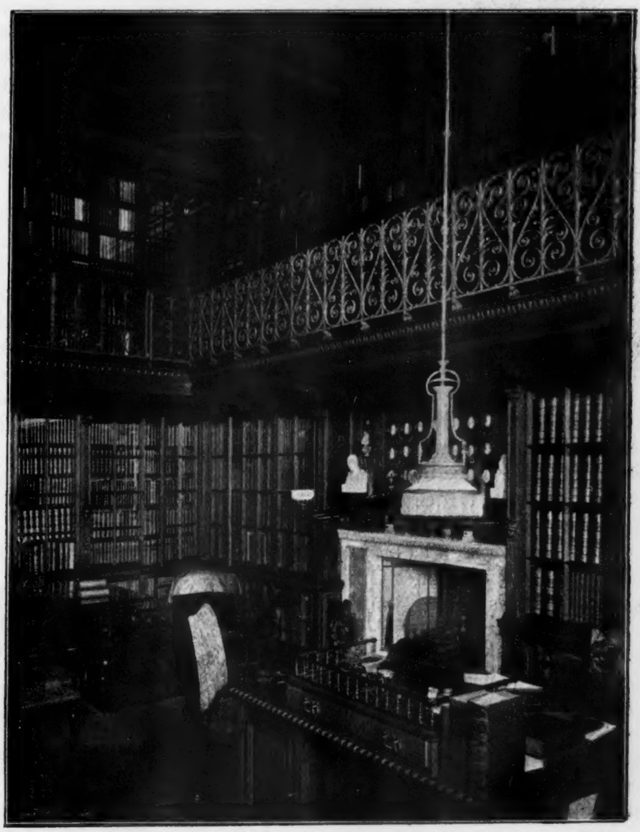
(*From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow*)

DINING-ROOM

is familiar to all visitors to Edinburgh, with its fine Venetian Gothic architecture, and its dignified interior. He at first desired his gift to be anonymous, but when the gallery was opened in 1889, by the Secretary for Scotland and representatives of public bodies interested, the name of the donor was formally declared. On that occasion, the late Justice General Inglis gave an interesting account of the genesis of the enterprise, and quoted from a curious correspondence, which had taken place thirty-five years before, between Carlyle and David Laing, as to the desirability of creating a Portrait Gallery. Carlyle's letter is worth quoting here:—"In all my poor historical investigations it has been, and always is, one of the most primary wants to procure a bodily likeness of the personage inquired after; a good *Portrait*, if that exists: failing that, even an indifferent if sincere one. In short, *any* representation, made by a faithful human creature, of that face and figure, which *he* saw with his eyes, and which I can never see with mine, is now valuable to me, and much better than none at all. . . . . Often I have found a portrait superior in real instruction to half a dozen written 'Biographies,' as biographies are written—or rather, let me say, I have found that the portrait was a small lighted *candle* by which the Biographies would for the first time be *read*, and some human interpretation be made of them; the Biographical Personage no longer an empty imposition, phantasm, or distracting aggregate of inconsistent rumours—(in which state, alas! the usual one, he is *worth* nothing to anybody, except it be as a dried thistle for pedants to thrash, and for men to fly out of the way of)—but yielding at last some features which one could admit to be human." Characteristically, Carlyle valued collections of art as far beneath representations of men by portraiture—"It has always struck me," he added, "that Historical Portrait Galleries far transcend in worth all other kinds of National Collections of Pictures whatever; that, in fact, they ought to exist (for many reasons of all degrees of weight) in every country as among the most popular and cherished National Possessions—and it is not a joyful reflection but an extremely mournful one, that in no country is there at present such a thing to be found. Scotland at present is not worse than other countries in the point in question, but neither is it at all better; and as Scotland, unlike some other countries, *has* a History of a very readable nature, and has never published even an engraved series of National Portraits, perhaps the evil is more sensible and patent there than elsewhere. If Scotland is the first to set an example in that respect, Scotland will do honourably by herself, and achieve a benefit to the world." All this has now been accomplished, not only in Scotland but in England, for the great National Portrait Gallery recently completed in London, forms a magnificent fulfilment of Carlyle's hopes.

The Gallery in Edinburgh already contains a deeply interesting collection of portraits, but from its very nature it cannot be expected to attain completeness at first. Every year will add to its treasures, and it may be hoped, in this instance as well as in that of the London Gallery, that possessors of portraits of remarkable personages, of whom no representation has hitherto appeared on their walls, will recognise the National Galleries as the proper places for their preservation, and also the places where the greatest public benefit can be enjoyed by their exhibition. There are many blanks in the Scottish Gallery which one would like to see filled. There is a portrait of Forbes of Culloden, the great Lord Advocate during the '45, but, strange to say, there is none of Prince Charles Edward, whom he opposed, nor even of "Bloody Cumberland." The earliest portrait of Royalty is that of the romantic James V., whose adventures when he went "a rovin', a rovin' in the night," often alone and disguised, live in many a popular song and ballad—some of them attributed to his own royal pen. He was one of the best of the Stuarts—kindly and venturesome—and it is interesting after reading the "Lady of the Lake," in which he is immortalised, to turn to the dark old panel picture which perpetuates his features. There are only two other purely Scottish monarchs represented—the pedantic James VI. and his mother, the hapless Mary.

There is something inspiring and informing in the array of great men by which one is surrounded in such a place. It stirs patriotism,



(From a photograph by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow)

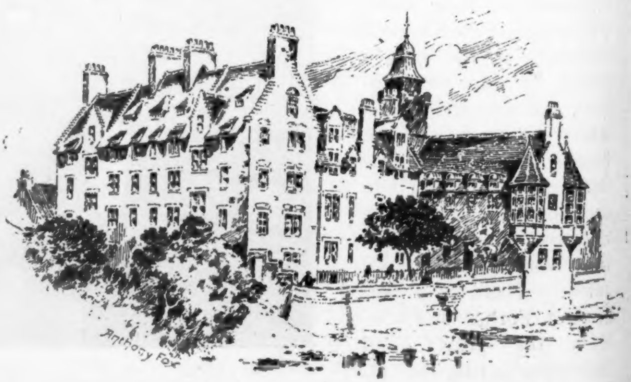
LIBRARY

SCOTTISH NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

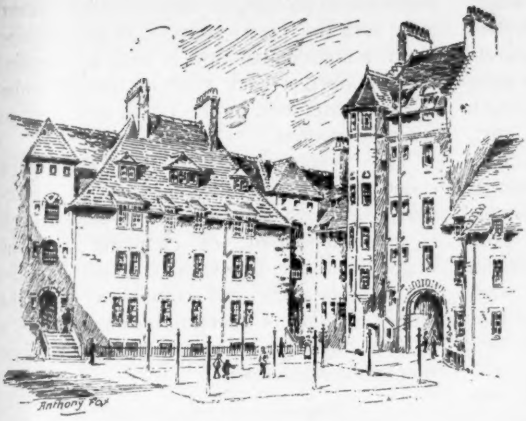
and, as Carlyle says, it affords a certain key to the story of their lives. Not to speak of the portraits which are familiar, like those of Burns and Scott, it is deeply interesting to study the likenesses of such men as David Hume, Raeburn, James Gregory, Thomas Reid, James Watt, Cockburn, and Jeffrey and Christopher North, and such-like. During a brief hour we live through the life of a country, and see epochs revived in the men who represented them. But the requirements are almost as much in evidence as the acquisitions; and we can only hope that the gift of this noble Gallery will lead to its enrichment with as full a representation as possible of the great men of the past, as well as of the present and future.

Another work, entitled to be called "public," has to be put to Mr. Findlay's credit: for while it was primarily undertaken to prevent a possible eyesore being erected near his home, it has developed into a remarkable group of picturesque buildings, and also into what is practically a series of model dwelling-houses for the industrial classes. The back windows of his house look across the Valley of the Water of Leith, in which stood a few years ago a cluster of houses which, from their insanitary condition and the character of some of the population, might have been worthily termed a "slum."

Circumstances led to the acquirement of the whole property by Mr. Findlay, and with the assistance of Mr. Sydney Mitchell as architect, who designed also the house we illustrate, there rose, on the site of the former semi-ruinous buildings, the present "Well Court, Village of Dean," a notable cluster of gabled houses enclosing a central court, with an ecclesiastical-looking hall skilfully wrought in at one of the angles, the



WELL COURT



IN THE COURT

whole being of a delightfully warm tint, with red tiling. The hall is capable of holding 200 people, and is used for entertainments and lectures on week-day evenings and on Sundays for various religious services, under the superintendence of the Parish minister. There are in all seventy-five dwellings grouped together round the court, thirty-five having two rooms, twenty having three rooms, and twenty-five with superior accommodation, several having bath-rooms in addition to the conveniences of various kinds supplied to all the rest. All the buildings have been constructed with the strictest regard to sanitation, and the result, as it is the reward of the owner, has been immunity from all epidemic disease. We know of no finer specimen of what can be done to supply houses for the working-classes that are not only comfortable, but which from the beauty of the architecture must exercise an elevating and refining influence upon life. The enterprise has been conceived with as much sagacity and practical wisdom as it has proved an illustration of fine taste, and of helpful philanthropy.

A similar combination of practical wisdom with a generous, personal interest in the people, characterises Mr. Findlay's management of his fine Highland estate of Aberlour, to which he has recently added Craigellachie. It is a pleasure to notice the development of industry and the tokens of content and prosperity which are everywhere in evidence; and, still better, to mark the kindliness of the relationship in which he and Mrs. Findlay—who is a grand-daughter of the famous Scottish lady of the olden time, Mrs. Hunter, of St. Andrews, of whom a sketch will appear in an early number of GOOD WORDS—stand towards their tenantry. There is no "Crofter Question" there.

THE "SWEET CIVILITIES OF LIFE"

BY LADY MAGNUS

KING DEMOS in these days is so obvious, the people lisp in numbers in so new and so universal a sense, that the modest claims of the minority, be they of men or be they of morals, are apt to be overlooked. Law protects the larger obligations and Providence is, we know, on the side of the big battalions. But what for the remainder, the insignificant and of small account, the very flotsam and jetsam among men and morals, which are left to the irresponsible care of custom and of conscience? The morals at any rate, it is to be feared, fare but badly; and so on behalf of some of these unconsidered trifles, and in the spirit of the economist who counsels us to take care of the pence, we take up our pen in appeal. For in conduct as in cash, bank-notes to our credit give no assurance of a comfortable sufficiency of small change; and experience proves it possible, without transgressing any one of the Ten Commandments, to be a daily and most aggravating sinner.

The opportunities are so many. Our staircase thoughts alone, the smiles we wish we had smiled, the pleasant words we might have remembered to say, these by themselves make a veritable Jacob's ladder of regrets for such of us as care to climb. For even if it come to a question of amendment, such minor failings find us, for the most part, in the mood of Naaman the Syrian, restlessly ready for penance or for pilgrimage, but turning away in a rage from so simple a prescription as an every-day cure! And the Jordan, too, is so close. There is not even about such daily discipline the paragraphic possibilities which an order to take the waters at Arbana or Pharpar would have about it.

Punctuality, for instance. It is so very small and prosaic a virtue. One falls to wishing often that that "courtesy of kings" might be adopted as a morality by meaner folks, or even that any considerable contingent of loyalists would give it the sincere flattery of imitation. As it is, to wait, to be waited for, to keep waiting, to be kept waiting, repeats itself in as many irritating forms as a Hebrew verb. Why trouble to be exact in an appointment if it be only a sister, a cousin, or an aunt who waits? Why rouse oneself to answer that dinner invitation to-day instead of next week? And if no pleasanter prospect tempt us meanwhile, why not come late and go early, and permit ourselves to look bored if we feel so? Why forbid our eyes to wander from the ancient mariner who holds us in close converse if a younger, or a fairer, or a more interesting fellow-guest attract them? Social lapses such as these, it is to be feared, are common to all but the very best of us, and probably the failure points to nothing more serious than a lack of imagination and a somewhat limited point of view. It may well be that the sundry small sins of this sort which we commit can be charitably set down to our intellectual deficiencies; for whilst to do unto another as you would be done unto is a moral effort, to do unto another as *he* would be done unto implies a certain distinct amount of mental power and imaginative faculty also. He who listens with his ears and not with his eyes does not, it may be, realise the shy discomfort of his, perhaps plain, perhaps elderly neighbour; the careless correspondent cannot summon up the vision of a hostess *en déshabille*, contending with that worst of all arithmetical puzzles, an undetermined dinner list; and the pretty young lady in a picture hat at a matinée has not, it may be certain, ever dreamed a back view of herself under the circumstances, or she could not look so serenely content.

The "sweet civilities of life," as Dryden called them, are mostly reckoned as "manners," but such of them as are robust enough to be independent of changing fashions might, we think, lay claim to a higher title. "And how's the old complaint?" is the cheery formula of greeting indulged in by a famous physician of our acquaintance when one of the numerous

"Brooks that see but one moon"

meet him on tour, or at table d'hôte, with an effusive recognition that unluckily is not mutual. The kindly inquiry, conveyed too in a tone of the tenderest interest, saves the situation; it covers the good doctor's forgetfulness, it soothes the self-importance of the patient, and probably even does as much good as a prescription to the "complaint"! A "sweet civility" of this sort, set in the cross currents of the social whirlpool, seems really to "suffer a real change," and to be transfigured from an hypocrisy to a minor morality.

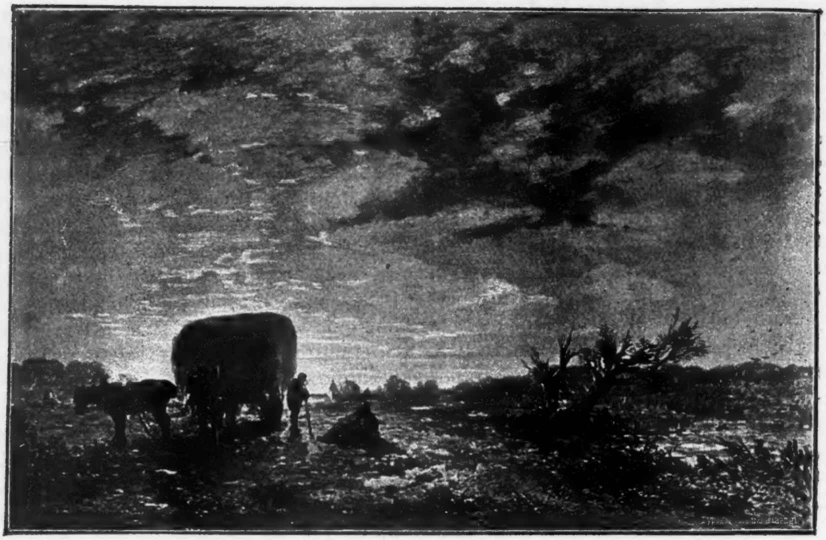
Yet such changes, it must be confessed, are confusing, and to add to our perplexity there are some among the minor immoralities which undoubtedly masquerade, and in smart disguise of scented note or honeyed speech almost persuade their perpetrators that if not virtues they are, at the very least, compliments. These are they which beg invitations of worried hostesses for entertainments which the beggars subsequently rail at as overcrowded. *L'art de fair tenir un salon* tends unquestionably to become a lost art, and this especial form of sinning as surely contributes to its extinction, for in view of the crowd which is thrust upon her, many a hostess literally throws up her cards and consents to be "at home" to her friends with no attempt at selection beyond alphabetical lists, and with no effort to entertain her guests beyond a limp hand-shake and a more or less limited order on an universal provider.

Wrapped in the like flattering and fluttering disguise, a more delicate and more dishonest specimen of the masquerading immorality will present itself now to the actor in a request for a box, now to the author in a petition for a presentation copy. That box and book are property, that actor and author are respectively owners thereof, and that there exist recognised channels for distribution are prosaic facts that do not seem to occur to these gracious mummers.

So many variations in the moral currency are as puzzling as bimetallism, and the inevitable differences due to time and circumstance in the exercise of the "sweet civilities" are scarcely less than in case of the precious metals. It was, for instance, cause for rebuke to the Corinthians that they suffered fools gladly; to the British, in our dining-rooms and drawing-rooms of to-day, it might often be accounted a counsel of perfection! And not the fools alone, but the poor remnant left of good, comfortable, commonplace folks get suffered sadly, not to say contemptuously, nowadays by all the superior people who crowd them out. These stupid clever ones, crammed too full to rattle, shining too seriously to sparkle, too enlightened to give light or sweetness, too polished to be polite, full to overflowing of fads, scientific and philanthropic, riding their hobbies as hard as their bicycles, commit countless immoralities of the minor sort, and sin daily and deeply as hosts and as guests. And women are the worst offenders. We have known a representative lady, young and learned, and good-looking, in her crushing superiority to the mere every-day man by her side, to sit perfectly mute throughout a long dinner, and the superiority, after all, was only mistaken by the poor gentleman for sulkiness! "I really can't be bored," she pleaded, when taken to task for her bad manners, and the quiet rejoinder of "Really! why not?" seemed quite to surprise her. And yet if one thinks of it, why should one be free to cast aside the burden of boredom more readily and roughly than any of the other burdens to which flesh is heir? We, indeed, should be inclined to count for righteousness a pleasant bearing of such burdens as the bores and the blunders one comes across, and reckon a cheerful endurance of them as high up among the minor moralities.

It is to the smaller virtues that the small ills and the small illnesses of life make their appeal, and the people who smile with a headache, and who smile at a bore should, we think, be forgiven if even it could be proved against them that they had never been interviewed, never written a novel, never sat on a committee or a bicycle. A habit of courtesy of course counts for much, and something should be allowed for an occasional break of continuity in the inherited and acquired instinct for "sweet civilities." The fault comes —and how caused who shall say?—even unto the hitherto faultless, and in a moment the grace of listening and looking as if one liked it, is gone, and the charm of "considering the poor" in the sense of their social limitations is lost.

Yet would it be fanciful if, in deference to "science," we traced the whole consequent crop of minor immoralities to one germ? Such an origin of species, it is to be feared, would be condemned at once, for we should find it not in the presence of an ubiquitous bacillus, but in the paradoxical absence of the germ! We should put it all down to a lack of humility, and argue that it is the out-of-proportion view of oneself, of one's own powers and one's own claims and one's own rights that is accountable for most of these small sins of omission and commission. A critic the other day, in one of the reviews which ought to have known better than to insert such impertinent folly, presumed to speak of Thackeray's "oppressive books," and of that great writer's "enslaved mind" and "clumsy hand." This is of course an extreme example, and a literary one too (save the mark); but it serves in its silly and dense assertiveness to illustrate the attitude of mind and manners which becomes in so many social directions mildly yet offensively immoral. And if this up-to-date criticism may stand as typical of the small sins of society, we may perhaps be permitted to give its converse from Jane Austen. Conventions change and fashions, but the minor moralities of good manners endure, and this is the prescription for them in Elizabeth Bennet's summary of her sister Jane's characteristics: "To be candid without ostentation or design—to take the good of everybody's character, and make it still better, and say nothing of the bad."



(From the picture by J. Donald. In the collection of A. J. Kirkpatrick, Esq.)

AUTUMN

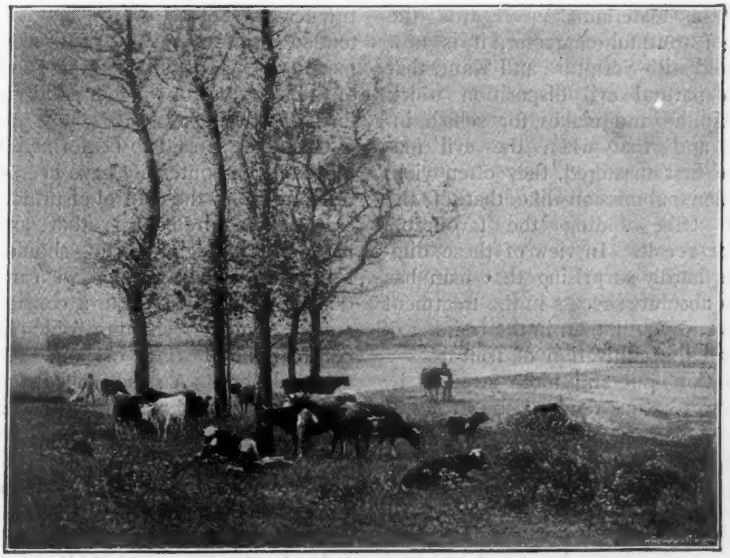
By VIDA BRISS

Feel sad in autumn? Faith, not I!
Life is too thronged, too brief, to waste a sigh.
Why sad? Because the tumbled woodlands moan,
  And, yellow and brown,
  Oak leaves and elm leaves flutter down,
And the last summer birds have flown,
And the red-bosomed robin pipes alone
  Between the plumps of rain,
And all things seem to grieve and to regret—
  In passionate inarticulate pain—
Sweet dawns and dreamy days and suns for ever set?

'Tis but our childish fancies which invest
Nature with our unrest.
There is no pathos in the falling leaves;
  No sorrow in the rain or wind.
Why should the year not close
As gaily with the snow as with the rose?
  'Tis but the inveterate primeval mind
Which dreams that Nature feels like man and grieves.

Nay, rather were not *this* a mournful thing?
  Conceive the year reversed;
  The seasons, last made first,
Worked backward thro' the summer to the spring;
Snow sifted; dead leaves caught,
  Whirled, red and yellow, back to branch and spray;
Changed with the magic ease of thought
  To emerald coverts of an August day;
And thro' the wondrous hours
The ripe fruit soured, then turned once more to flowers,
The flowers to buds, and these again withdrawn
Some starry night of May or April dawn;
And flake by flake with them
The dwindling leaves close crumpled to the stem,
Till every tree stood bare,
And in the biting February air
We saw the snowdrop, lastling of the year,
Shut in the wintry drift, and disappear!

Autumn would surely then
Be the miraculous season among men;
But who would care to sing
The dolour of the retrogressing spring—
The spring which gave no more, which but withdrew
  Within an icy bosom
  The blue-bird's piping and the apple-blossom,
And all the hope the old glad order knew.



(*From the painting by L. Japy.*)

CHARACTER-BUILDING

By Professor W. P. PATERSON, B.D.

CHARACTER is without doubt the most valuable product in the world. That there is nothing equal or like unto it in value is the burden of some of our Lord's most solemn sayings. And of modern definitions of the chief end of man, probably the most common after the all-comprehensive formula of the Shorter Catechism, is that one which sets forth the building of the character as the sovereign duty of the earthly life.

But if the worth of character is inestimable, or rather since it is inestimable, the making of it is of all arts the most difficult and the most backward. It is difficult because of the diversity and variability of the raw material: while the worker in metal has a substance to deal with which can be depended on to act under uniform treatment in a uniform way, the worker in human nature, as the mother or teacher may be called, has to do with individualities in which the unchangeable elements are variously blended, and whose behaviour under any particular discipline cannot be accurately forecast. The difficulty is aggravated by the refractory nature of the material. As regards the formation of youthful character, it is now generally held with Scripture and Kant, that there is a natural evil disposition which resists discipline and makes for selfish indulgence; and that when the evil tendencies are first mastered, they often yield only a sullen submission like that of the conquered tribe biding the favourable moment for revolt. In view of these difficulties it is hardly surprising that man has had far less absolute success in the treatment of children and youth, than in the training of animals and the cultivation of fruit-trees—an observation put still more strongly by Goethe, in words thus rendered by Professor Blackie:

> "How from the seed the plant may aptly grow,
> The gardener is the proper man to know,
> But how a youth shall grow into a man,
> Each trains himself as best or worst he can."

Still less surprising is it, that at a later stage of life, comparatively few possess sufficient energy and earnestness to attempt any considerable improvement of their character, but are content to remain as they are, and to move forward on life's unhalting march along the line of least resistance.

When we speak of the formation of character, it will be generally understood in what sense the word is used. Literally it denotes the impression stamped by a hard on a susceptible substance—as by the die upon the coin or medal; and secondarily it describes the sum of the qualities conferred by the gift of Nature, by which species is made to differ from species, or one member of it from another. Applied to human beings, it may either mean, to recall the Autocrat's famous distinction, the opinion which his neighbour holds of a man—his reputation, or the opinion which God holds of him—his unflattered and unmisrepresented self. When it refers to the man, not as he appears, but as he is, it occurs in three senses; in the widest, it may stand for individuality which we all possess, more specially for a clear-cut strong personality which is much rarer, and lastly for a personality in which goodness is paired with maturity and strength. Of these three senses of the word, what is here intended is of course the last—what Christ meant when He spoke of the good treasure of the heart out of which a good man brings forth good things.

Character is said to be formed when the inner and the outer life have been effectively brought under the control of principle. The essential requirement is that an habitual mode of thinking and acting should be established, in virtue of which we can be fairly depended upon to make a consistent right response in every situation which involves a considerable testing of our moral and spiritual fibre. A good man, it is true, and not least a saintly man, may be convicted of grave occasional inconsistency, but there remains a sufficiently palpable distinction between failings which represent an exceptional declension from our general endeavour and attainment, and those which give to our being its dominant and abiding complexion. The unformed character, on the other hand, is in the main the slave of impulse and the plaything of circumstance; and while it may occasionally witness, by spasmodic efforts and self-sacrifice, to a reserve of strength and nobility, it writes its record and its condemnation in a life which is haphazard, confused, and self-contradictory. To illustrate the contrast by the most serviceable of analogies, we may liken the formed character to a commonwealth in which the reins of government are tightly held in the hands of the best; the unformed, to a state in which the worst elements of society bear rule, or in which there is an incessant struggle between rival factions, issuing in revolutions and periods of anarchy. Not less suggestive is another ancient analogy, which, comparing the world without to the world within, teaches that as it was the duty and destiny of man in his tenancy of this earth to gain dominion over the creatures, so it is his calling to settle affairs in the realm of the soul by establishing the supremacy of conscience over the appetites and passions. And with a similar conception of thorough self-government as the essence of character, St. Paul speaks of bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ.

Character, now, which is recognisable as habitual goodness, appears in higher and lower forms according to the number and nature of the moral habitudes. There are indeed almost as many types as there have been earnest races and moulding religions, but practically there are only two which seriously claim our attention as ideals. The first is the natural type of virtuous character. This comprehends mainly the essential qualities needed for playing the part of a good citizen in the various spheres of the home, the workshop, the market-place, and the state. Of such qualities the Greeks selected four as forming the staple of character—courage which guarded the country against the foreign foe, temperance which ensured health, justice which protected life and rights, and wisdom which was the general condition of well-being and progress, and indeed of the other virtues. The second type is the Christian character, which on the one hand absorbs, on the other transcends, the natural type. That it absorbs it, is generally admitted, though attempts have been made to prove that the moral qualities, which to the Greek formed the backbone of character, do not fit into the Christian ideal. In the teaching of Jesus there is repeated insistence on the necessity of the highest form of courage, viz., moral courage. Not only is just dealing recognised, but injustice is mercilessly attacked, while temperance is commended in the various shapes which it assumes betwixt the two extremes of moderate indulgence and rational self-sacrifice. Wisdom alone has lost some credit as a virtue. That the Greek ideal has been assumed into the Christian, that a man, whatever his professions, is in plain English not a good man if he does not habitually exemplify temperance, integrity, and moral courage, is a truth at present requiring special emphasis; for while these must ever be the foundation of character, without which there can be no superstructure, we have been in some danger since the emotional revival in literature and religion, of supposing that beautiful feelings cover all defects in practice. And insistence on the elements is all the more needed among ourselves since the virtue of temperance has been shaken both by the excitement and the wealth of the modern world, while the commercial spirit has made serious inroads on the constitutional integrity of the Anglo-Saxon. In what respects, now, does Christian character, while bound to assimilate, transcend the natural type of goodness? The answer is threefold—by manifesting a wider and stronger love; by assuming a new attitude towards personal suffering, and by consistently taking account of the Father in heaven. The love which has its source in the Christian character is wider in its scope, in that it seeks to embrace, not only the fellow-countryman, the friend and the relative, but the sufferer as such, the stranger and the enemy; deeper, in that it acknowledges no limit to self-sacrifice. The new attitude towards personal suffering is, that it is not met in a spirit of repining or of proud fortitude, but that it is endured in patience and hopefulness as knowing that it comes, not to curse, but to bless. And, above all, the Christian type includes a habit of seeing and trusting God, a settled trust in His redeeming love, a constant recognition of His guiding and strengthening hand in our life, and a dependence on His grace. In brief, Christian character adds to the four virtues the three graces of faith, hope and love. Or, as it is imaged in Dante's vision of the journey of the Church's triumphal car:

> "Three nymphs
> At the right wheel came circling in smooth dance,
> The one so ruddy that her form had scarce
> Been known within a circle of clear flame;
> The next did look as if the flesh and bones
> Were emerald: snow new-fallen seemed the third.
> . . . . At the other wheel,
> A band quarternion, each in purple clad,
> Advanced with festal step."

From this general account of the staple of character we pass on to the supremely important question as to how it is to be formed. As has already been hinted, the difficulty of the task depends to a considerable extent on the nature of the original endowment, or temperament. The original differences are, of course, enormous: there is the weak and quick temperament, which may be compared to a mountain burn, the weak and slow, like the same stream on the levels, the strong and quick, which resembles a great river in the rapids, and the strong and slow, which the river images as it majestically sweeps between its broad banks towards the sea. And besides the vast natural inequalities in the matter of feeling and will, there is also very great inequality in respect of the inherited moral tendencies, or the equipment derived from race and family for use in the service of the soul. The individual heritage is, however, not the hand of destiny. To change our metaphor, the greatest advantages of temperament are no more than stones, which must be made use of in rearing the structure, while the less favoured souls may at least find material to make bricks that will serve for the building.

To proceed: the forces necessary for the making of character are two—discipline and inspiration. If character is correctly defined as a sum of moral habits, it is obvious that use must be made of the discipline of repetition, which is the instrument by which habits are formed. The general habit of fidelity to principle, and its exemplification in particular virtues, must be learned by practice. Hardly less than the skill of the painter, or of the musician, the good man's consistency in thinking nobly, feeling sympathetically, and acting justly, is the result of perseverance. Obviously, however, to secure the highest results more is wanted than discipline. A rigid home-training is sometimes followed by a sharp reaction when a young man is emancipated from its restraints; nor does the discipline of the prison, rigid as it is, usually produce a radical improvement in those who are subjected to it. It may be added that it does not appear that the strongest and noblest characters have been produced where the discipline of the Church has been most searching, operative, and sustained. To make external discipline effective, and to furnish a motive for self-discipline, there is needed another power which we may call inspiration. There must be a power to touch the heart as well as to constrain the will. And this inspiration may come from various sources. With the child it ought to spring from the affection felt for a parent or teacher; at a later stage it will often be generated by reading—especially of biography, by the influence of friendship, or by contact with generous enthusiasms in circles of public life. Not dissimilar in kind, but of vastly greater possibilities, is the inspiration derived from the vision of perfect goodness in the person and life of our Lord—whom to see has been for thousands to love Him, and whom to love has been to feel constrained to that imitation which is love's mother-tongue.

The principal applications of the theory of character and its formation are three—to the training of the child, to mission-work among the depraved, and to self-improvement. We now proceed briefly to look at the essence of the theory in its bearing on these problems.

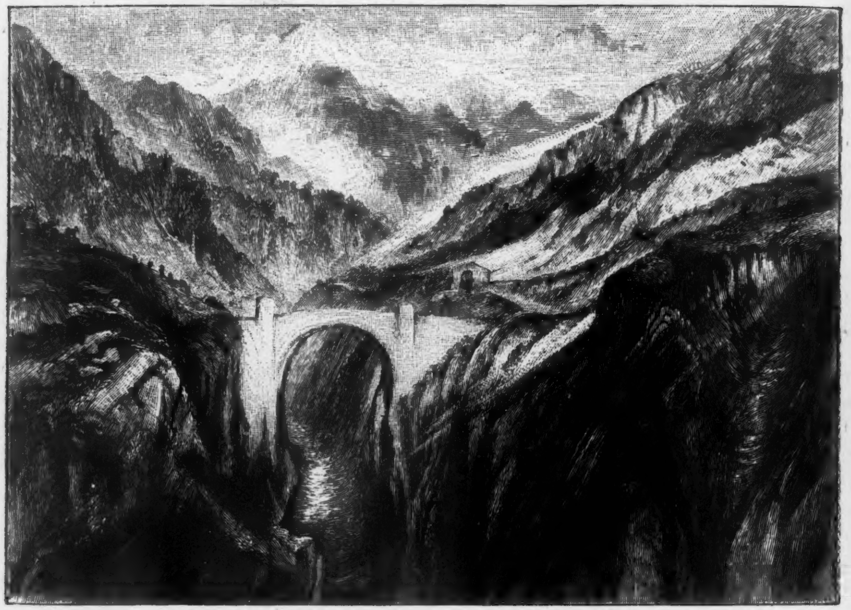
As regards the moral education of children, the gravity of the case may be expressed by saying that children do not possess character, and that it does not evolve of itself. Their life wants the note of unity or consistency which is the indispensable feature of character, or if it be under any rule, it is the demand for the immediate gratification without regard to higher or more remote considerations. And this being the spirit of the child-life, it may be expected that, in the absence of pressure from without, the child will develop into a man or woman that is only a child of larger growth—to whom the temptation of the hour or the day will appeal with irresistible persuasiveness. "He that hath been used to have his will in everything," says John Locke, "as long as he was in coats, why should we think it strange he should desire it, and contend for it still, when he is in breeches?" For the introduction of the rule of higher principles into the child's chaotic life we have three agencies. First in order is the school, the moral influence of which is often under-estimated; for while it is far from being an ideal school of virtue, it constitutes a great moral discipline, apart from specifically religious instruction, by forming habits of punctuality, work, and in general self-denial. The opportunities of the Sunday School are so imperfect that the main hope of the teacher must lie in the attempt to engage the affections by the knowledge of Christ. The great opportunity is in the home, combining as it does the possibilities of sustained discipline with unequalled access to the child's heart. The general duty of the parent is to be to the child in place of a character, while as yet its character is unformed—to be to it for a will when duty conflicts with inclination, for a larger and more generous heart which prompts sympathy and checks malice, and for a religious nature which dictates reverence and prayer. And where this is done faithfully, by example as well as by precept, and in a spirit which secures love as well as obedience, there is good ground to hope that what was begun under compulsion will be matured in voluntary self-subjection to conscience. The parent will make way for character.

The problem of character-building is further raised in a highly interesting form in mission-work, where Christian effort takes in hand degraded and ruined types of human nature. To the Christian, these are of special interest; for, apart from the claim of their misery, they were much in the thoughts of Christ. Further, there is nothing more certain than that Christ regarded them with special hopefulness. Why is it, then, that the number won back from a life of degradation is so small in proportion to the effort put forth? It is not that the Gospel is not believingly and fervently preached in the waste places. It is not that it has lost its power to find its way to the sinner's heart. The explanation must be, that there is rarely any provision for following up religious impressions by a discipline that enables the repentant sinner to maintain the ground that has been won, and to gather strength for further progress. To give the Gospel a fair chance among publicans and sinners, there is needed the subsequent discipline of a Christian labour colony, or at the least a congregation in which brotherhood is a reality.

In conclusion, we may briefly refer to the duty of improving, and seeking to perfect, average Christian character. For such progress the first requisite is self-knowledge. Such knowledge is much rarer than might have been expected, owing partly to the fact that we are disposed to allow our virtues to eclipse our failings, partly to the fact that many of our faults can, with a stretch of charity, be construed as virtues. To attain to self-knowledge we may test ourselves by the code of the virtues and graces, or, what is most impressive, make large sections of our past life pass in review before the mind's eye. The second requirement is self-discontent, which will often result from this survey, or spring from contact with lives before which we feel dwarfed and humbled. Having thus discovered where our lives fall short of the pattern shown in the mount, let us set ourselves to amend them in dependence on divine grace, beginning at the worst place. To prayer and perseverance all things are possible—the eradication of the constitutional tendency, the breaking of the ancient habit, the power of pausing and deliberating though circumstances provoke and the blood boils. Even sympathy can become a habit to the cold and selfish nature, if a resolute effort be made to follow stricken souls that need it with heartfelt counsel and self-sacrificing help. If the usual order is that we try to serve those whom we love, it is also a law of human nature that we conceive an affection for those whom we have first tried to serve.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this: it is for God to give inspiration, for us to form habits. In this we are fellow-workers with God. And so the word of St. Paul is fulfilled: "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you." But mostly we have need of the inspiration of the Holy Ghost.

"Oh! may Thy Spirit seal our souls
And mould them to Thy will,
That our weak hearts no more may stray,
But keep Thy precepts still;
That to perfection's sacred height
We nearer still may rise,
And all we think and all we do
Be pleasing in Thine eyes."



THE RED GORGE. NO. 72

THE WATER-COLOUR ART OF TURNER

By THOMAS SULMAN

SECOND PAPER

"No sketches first, no studies, that's long past,
I do what many dream of all their life—
Dream?—strive to do, and agonise to do,
And fail in doing."

BROWNING.

ONE striking note of Turner's art is economy. Herbert Spencer says most wisely that nobility in art is the maximum of result attained with the minimum of effort. Turner is sometimes absolutely miserly in his reserve. He sketches in a sort of swift pathetic despair of expressing all he saw before him.

It is as if he said, "Oh! that I could tell you the mystery before me now, the creamy folds of that cumulus cloud; how nobly carved are the fissures of that ravine, or the way that pine wood straggles embracing the hillside! I have but a moment, this must suffice, one day I will paint it all."

In our engraving, called by Mr. Ruskin "The Red Gorge,"* this rapidity is pure magic; it is the quintessence of observation. A few dragged touches of cobalt and antwerp, and lo! a mountain range swathed in mists, and a glacier gliding into the valley. Provoking in its slightness, the sketch goes straight to the heart of the scene's beauty. Why one line should be noble and another so nearly like it weak, why character should stamp one pencil's vibration with majesty and another's with vacuity, it would need a Diderot to expound; but so it is. Those alone who have copied or engraved from Turner know the grandeur of line in these compositions; alter them ever so slightly and some dignity passes away. The artist idealises by abstraction; selecting from Nature her noblest quality. In studying such a rocky chasm as the "Via Mala," which we have engraved, this idealism is seen in every touch. The graphic vigour with which the weathered crevices of the mighty precipice and its foaming torrent beneath is given, stimulates us like a clarion. Here, as in the "Red Gorge," Turner has used the pen like an etching needle, in the one case dipping it in pure scarlet.

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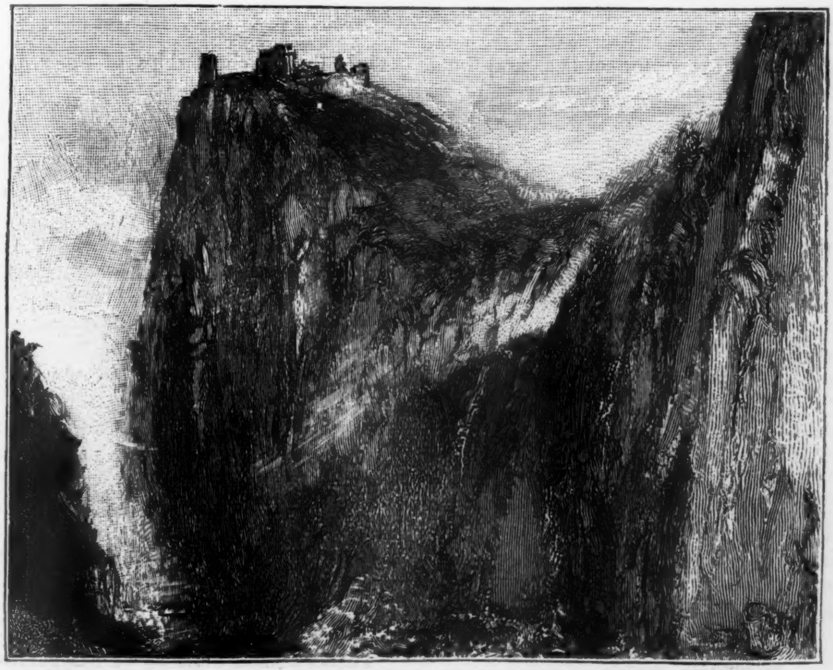
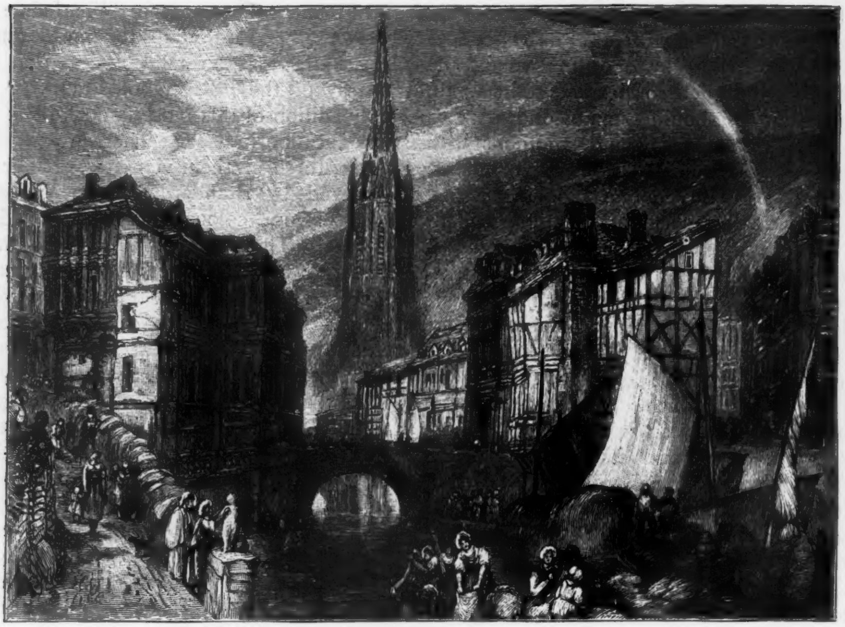
* I have received from the eminent alpine painter, Mr. Alfred Williams, of Salisbury, the following note on the topography of these two sketches of Turner: "This (No. 72) is not the well-known 'Devil's Bridge,' but another on the same route near Amsteg, often called the 'Little Devil's Bridge.' The towers at each end of the bridge are additions. In the 'Liber' series there is a grand view of the same spot, with shattered fir stumps in the foreground. The other (No. 73) is more easily recognised. You know the 'Via Mala' leads from Theusis to a spot where the 'Splugen Pass' goes one way and the 'Bernhardin' another. If you walk from Theusis you soon see to the left a castle on a very steep limestone cliff. After passing the first tunnel, if you look back you will see Turner's point of view. I made a sketch there myself once. Then, of course, the castle and crag are on the right. I have forgotten the name of the castle, but with this clue any guide-book will tell you."

If it is our good fortune to possess an etched proof of a "Liber" plate before mezzotinting, this quality of line is an enchantment. The rock in Wharfedale just below the Strid is perhaps the finest example; he has drawn it several times. What shall we say of the "Rivers of France"? An early edition of this most famous book is an art education in itself. There are sixty-three plates, three of them vignettes. They were engraved by Brandard, Miller, Wallis and others, from coloured drawings made by Turner. These drawings are shown at Trafalgar Square in sets of twenty at one time. The rivers are the Loire and the Seine. They comprise castles, cathedrals, cities, bridges (often two bridges), sailors, shipping, every kind of weather, every hour in the day. We follow the diligence by road winding under white poplars by the streamside; or look down on the mazy doublings of the Seine from a height, or across the tumbling breakers at Quillebœuf.

To study these, the engraved book in hand is highly instructive. Turner greatly altered his effects after proofs. It is said of him that he would show his engraver black



THE VIA MALA. NO. 73



HARFLEUR. NO. 110

and white crayons for choice, and would proceed with either to correct the plate, and restore the lost unity. The drawings are mostly on blue or grey paper with bright body colour effects. The book was published in 1833 and 1835. Mr. Ruskin says they are "of the very highest quality. It is impossible to have a drawing containing more of all that is best in Turner than the Havre. The subtlety of gradation of grey light from behind the fort to the left; of the shadow at the edge of the fort itself, of rosy colour from the dark edge of the lightest cloud, caused by the striking of the rainy sunshine on its local colour. . . . . It may be copied ever with advantage, never with success."

We have chosen for illustration, No. 110, a view of Harfleur, not engraved for the "Rivers of France." "Harfleur," says Mr. Hare, "was once a place of great importance, but is now silted up with sand." The spire was built under English rule.

> "C'est le clocher d'Harfleur, debout pour nous
> apprendre,
> Que l'Anglais l'a bâti, mais n'a su le défendre."

Once the merchant ships of Spain and Portugal landed here their cargoes free of duty. So late as the sixteenth century the ships of Harfleur sailed beyond the tropics. Looking at this delightful sketch, we think again, how much local colour and picturesque mediævalism have passed away since Turner was there. In mere dress, where are the frills and striped jupons of the women; the pig-tailed postillions and the bargees? In the narrow streets, the timbered and plastered old houses with their steep tiled roofs, encrusted with dormers and chimneys, are grown fewer and the life less warm and gay since Turner painted it all in the "twenties."

The subjects of Jumiéges, Rouen, Montjen, Lillebonne, Quillebœuf, were especially lovely. The vignette of the "light towers of the Hève, engraved gloriously by Cousens, is a great favourite; so is "La chaise de Gargantua," with its lightning flash illuminating the giant's seat, while a sudden gust roughens the near river. An amusing instance of Turner's naïve audacity of exaggeration may be seen in his two views of the castle of

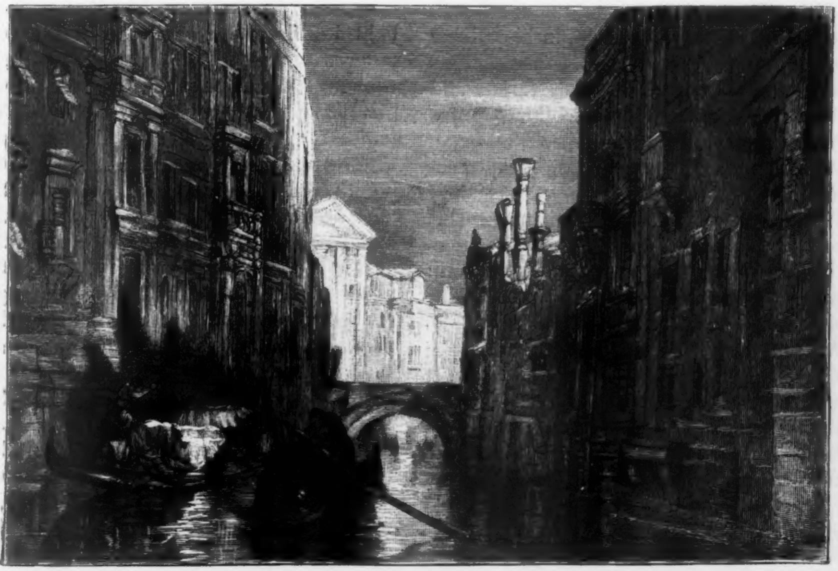
Amboise. In one view the castle walls are at least 200 feet high, and the bridge is a low causeway; in the next the view is taken from a boat beneath the bridge which towers high enough to dwarf the famous château of Anne of Brittany—but both are provokingly fine. It is often said that Turner's colour is not that of beautiful France; to me it seems felicitously so. Always, however, excepting the occasional vivid schemes of colour he indulged in. For he can be both exasperating and wayward beyond defence, as when he paints foregrounds of carmine melons and hot amber and bituminous leafage, or when he piles horizon upon horizon, cataract behind cataract, in irritating repetition as in his Daphne in Tempè.

We must here find room for one Venice subject. Let it be No. 357—"Canal near the Arsenal." Bluest of skies, columned palaces whiter than alabaster, with black gondolas moored at the portal, where the ripples wash each carved threshold, giving gay reflections in the green crystalline water. The windows bound with Byzantine ironwork, and the mighty cornices above half meet over the narrow canal.

> "Of old the residence of merchant kings,
> The fronts of some, tho' time had shattered
> them,
> Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
> As though the wealth within them had run o'er."
> ROGERS.

Here the draughtsmanship is so perilously slight, not a line is vertical; balconies and mouldings, careless of vanishing points; but so subtly suggestive is the grace of composition that to correct them would only irretrievably injure the whole. Turner's thoughts, says Mr. Ruskin, to the end of life, were continually hovering between Venice and the lake of Lucerne.

To sum up, these exquisite drawings display two faculties in which Turner will ever be unequalled—his amazing artistic memory and his manual dexterity. Let him have seen in early life some attractive scene, it may have found its only record in the slightest pencil sketch. Ten years afterwards it may blossom into a lovely water-colour, and ten years later still into a majestic oil picture. For instance, the "Ivy Bridge" appears first in this collection as a simple pencil study. Later on it became the exquisite water-colour, No. 556, in our Gallery (engraved in 1821).



VENICE, CANAL NEAR THE ARSENAL. NO. 357

Last of all it appeared as the great oil picture painted for Mr. Bicknell, of Herne Hill. The splendid richness of the final work had lain dormant in Turner's memory for years. Nothing seemed to fade from it; he could elaborate any part of his subject into an utmost refinement of multitudinous detail. In our National Gallery there is an oil sketch of "Chichester Canal." A central view of a straight-banked waterway, in itself prosaic and uninspired. Years afterwards he painted it with all his strength,* and it became a *tour de force*. The surface of the water recedes for miles. The bush-fringed banks have a refinement and luxuriance perfectly inexhaustible. The evening mists are rising, but the poetry of the scene is enchanting. He seemed able at will to evoke all the vividness and detail of a first impression. Systematic students of Turner know that this is no general reminiscence, but a startlingly exact mental record. Some little incident of the first impression, such as a starfish on Calais sands, is repeated in the exact spot years after, showing with what unfading permanence the brain had retained the scene. In fact, not only had he no need of exact records, but they really "put him out!" So richly stored and so exact was his memory, he could trust it absolutely till the hour when intellect itself gave way. But to the very last, like Titian before him, he could still cover the canvas with dolphin-like dying beauty. The second surprising faculty these drawings reveal is their amazing variety and dexterity of execution. Where other painters show mannerism, with Turner there is an extreme simplicity and directness of technique that disarms criticism.

He rarely sponged, scoured, or tricked his paper, but his brush was subtle and resourceful beyond description. In handling he still remains by far the greatest of water-colour painters.

At last, however, the question must be faced: Can landscape stand alone? Can it enlist the widest art interests of men? Scott did not think so; nor Burns—nor Wordsworth himself. Turner did not think so. Human life and destiny always prevail. Even in his famous "Liber" of bleak Hindhead, where the solitude seems absolute, you see what at first seems a minute scratch on the copper; taking a glass you start to find it is a man hanging in chains on a gibbet less than one quarter of an inch high. I have said he quoted Milton, but his favourite poet is Ovid. Mr. Thornbury tells us one of the books of his boyhood in Maiden Lane was a tattered copy of the "Metamorphoses"; and a splendid use he made of it. Ovid is the sponsor of most of his classical works. The genius of the two men was closely akin.

He had strongly the patriotic bias, and was proud of England's naval supremacy. At times, too, he touched profound tragedy. His mighty wreck of the "Minotaur," is harrowing in its intensity. The broadside roll of the giant vessel the minute before its disappearance in the abyss, the crowds of the helpless lost eddying in their agony, fill us with terror and pity. Later in life, he painted "The Slave Ship." It is the part he took in the anti-slavery movement. Its stormy sunset seems to be crying "blood!"—"blood!" and indicting our common humanity. We in England shall not see this picture again; the Americans have snatched it from us.

But oftenest his message is peace. He delights most in sunlight and splendour, or if storm, it is storm nearly spent. The last lightning flash, while a near vivid spire is relieved against retreating gloom in dazzling sunlight. Or perhaps it is a seascape, where the heavy purple billows are curtained in tempest, except just in the zenith, where a window in heaven is opened and the star of hope peeps through. Was Turner's a happy life? Art had for him great consolations; but if we compare him, as we began, with the author of "The Excursion," and of the "Ode to Duty," the judgment goes against the painter. The poet was anchored, the painter was heathen—capable, no doubt, of sudden heroisms and feats of princely generosity, but often sordid, sensual, and sad. Religion alone can consecrate the artist. The greater the powers, the more blessed the discipline. "Unless beyond himself he can erect himself, how small a thing is man!"

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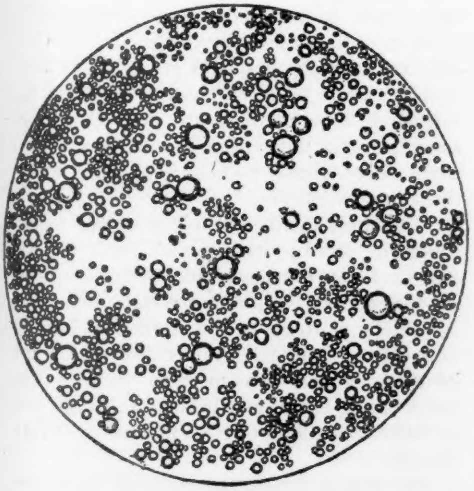
* Exhibited at Burlington House in 1894.—Lord Leconfield.

MILK

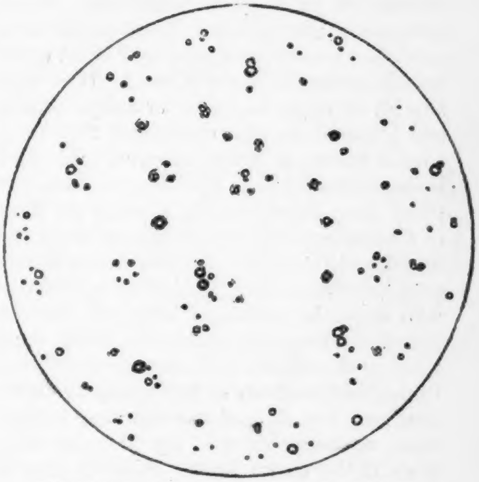
By C. M. AIKMAN, D.Sc., F.R.S.E., Author of "Milk: Its Nature and Composition"

ALTHOUGH we often hear the statement that milk is the only perfect food, it may be doubted if many people have ever taken the trouble to ascertain the reason of its excellence as a food. From the economic side, too, milk is a very important article of diet: over five hundred and sixty million gallons are annually sold off the farms of Great Britain, an amount representing a monetary value of more than fifteen and a half millions sterling. Indeed, the total value of the whole dairy produce of the country amounts to nearly thirty-two and a half millions sterling, or one-sixth of the value of the whole amount of agricultural produce sold off the farms of the United Kingdom. It is, therefore, not unreasonable to suppose that the nature and composition of a food of such enormous importance should possess deep interest for all.

To the naked eye milk appears to be simply a white-coloured liquid. Under the microscope, however, it is seen to consist of a comparatively colourless fluid, containing a large number of various-sized globules of fat swimming about in it. The opaque white colour which milk presents is chiefly due to these globules, the withdrawal of which, by skimming for instance, leaves the colour of the milk of a much less opaque white. But even if we remove all the fat globules from milk—an extremely difficult task—it will be found that the fluid thus obtained is not entirely colourless, but still retains a slight turbidity, due to a certain portion of solid matter suspended in it. This solid matter in suspension consists of some of the mineral constituents, which are not in solution, along with a portion of the nitrogenous matter.



MICROSCOPIC VIEW OF A DROP OF MILK × 670 (KIRCHNER)

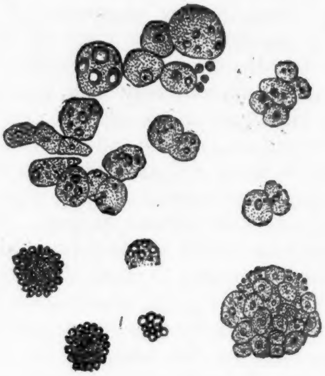


MICROSCOPIC VIEW OF A DROP OF SKIM-MILK (KIRCHNER)

A study of these globules has presented to the mind of the scientific investigator several interesting problems. It need scarcely be pointed out that they are very minute, and a glance at the accompanying illustration will show that their size varies considerably. While the largest are about six and a quarter times the size of the smallest, the diameter of the former does not exceed the one forty thousandth of an inch, and that of the latter the one six hundred thousandth. A considerable difference exists in the size of the fat globules present in the milk of different species of animals; and, even in the case of the milk of the cow, it will be found that different samples, especially if they represent the milk of different breeds of cows, exhibit a very considerable variation in this respect. When we say that a pint of ordinary milk may contain ten billions of these globules of fat, some conception of their minuteness will be afforded.

Now it is known that the fat in these globules is in a liquid condition. Why, therefore, it may be asked, do these globules not coalesce and form a solid layer of fat when milk is allowed to stand at rest? If we take any fat, of either vegetable or animal origin, and shake it up with water, and thus form what is known as an emulsion, we shall find that on allowing such a mixture to stand for some time, the oil separates out in the form of a homogeneous layer on the surface of the liquid, and the water is left in a comparatively pure state underneath. This does not happen with milk, for although most of the fat globules do rise to the surface, many—and those of the smaller size—remain distributed throughout the body of the liquid, no matter how long it is allowed to stand; and furthermore no coalescence of the globules takes place in the cream layer. Another singular fact is the difficulty we experience in separating milk-fat, in a pure state, from milk; it is almost invariably mixed with at least small quantities of another important constituent, viz., the casein or curd. These peculiarities suggested the theory that the fat globules are surrounded by a membrane composed of casein, and it has therefore been supposed that the coalescence of the globules, when milk is churned, is due to the rupturing of this delicate membrane. Careful and elaborate research, however, has totally disproved this theory. The reason why the smaller fat globules do not rise to the surface is because they are weighted down with minute quantities of such of the other constituents—notably the casein—which are present, as has been already pointed out, in a state of suspension. It is possible also that the formation in milk of a body resembling blood-fibrin, which, it is supposed, takes place immediately after the milk leaves the cow's udder, may also help to account for this state of matters. The liquid condition of the fat, on the other hand, is simply due to the isolation of the fat globules. It furnishes an example of what is chemically known as "superfusion."

Sometimes other bodies are seen when milk is microscopically examined. If, for example, we take a drop of milk, obtained from the cow's udder, shortly after calving, we shall find, in addition to fat globules, certain grape-shaped bodies. Milk of this kind shows such a striking difference in its composition from ordinary milk that it has had applied to it a different name, viz., *colostrum*, and these grape-shaped bodies, which are characteristic of this kind of milk, have been called "*colostrum* corpuscles." They are four or five times the size of the ordinary fat globules, and resemble in appearance white blood corpuscles, from which, according to some, they are derived. The accompanying illustration represents the appearance of these bodies, magnified some three hundred times.

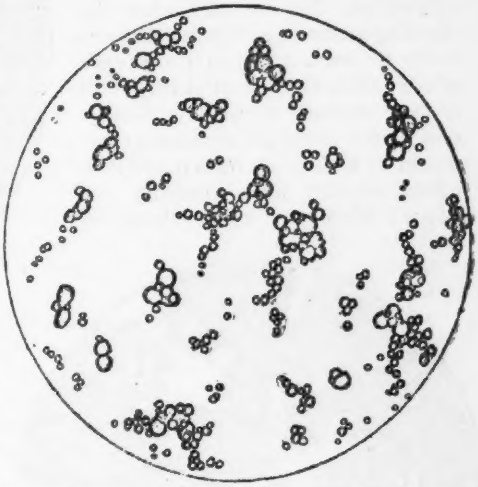


COLOSTRUM BODIES × 300

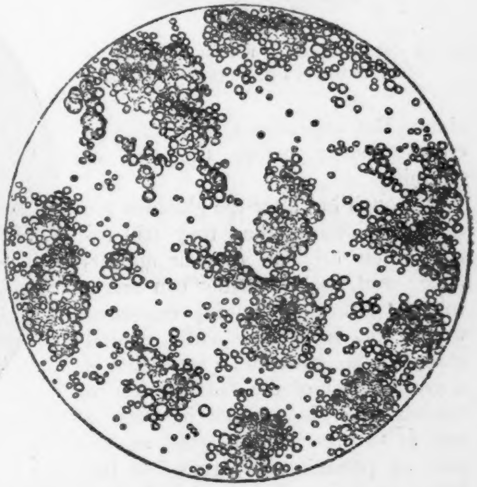
Milk-fat is distinguishable from all other kinds of fat by its complex and highly characteristic chemical composition. Most of our readers are aware that fats are made up chiefly of three bodies, stearin, palmitin, and olein. Milk-fat, while chiefly made up of these bodies, contains also some seven other kinds of fat, and it is to the presence of these that butter owes its fine and peculiar flavour.

Fat may be considered the most important constituent of milk, since it determines its commercial value, and constitutes its most important product, butter. The total value of the butter manufactured for sale by the farmers of Great Britain amounts to eleven and three-quarter millions sterling; and even this enormous sum does not represent the total value of the butter used in this country, for large quantities are imported from abroad. Much attention has accordingly been devoted to the different methods of separating the fat from the milk, with a view to converting it into butter. It is possible, of course, to obtain butter by directly churning the milk, but it has always been regarded as more convenient to concentrate the globules in the form of cream, and then to churn the cream. An important question is thus raised: How can we best effect the separation of cream from milk? The older methods consisted in allowing the milk to stand in variously shaped vessels till the cream rose ready for skimming, and experience soon showed that a more speedy and complete separation of cream from milk took place when the milk was cooled. But even in the most favourable conditions this required the lapse of many hours, and the problem of saving time was solved by the introduction of the "separator," which is now used in all large dairies. The idea was first suggested in 1872 by a German engineer, William Lefeldt; and the first machine was made in 1874. Great improvements were introduced by a Swedish engineer, Dr. De Laval, in 1879; and from that date the apparatus passed into practically universal adoption. The separator, in its simplest form, consists of a drum in which the milk to be separated is placed, and the drum is then made to revolve at a very rapid rate. As the fat in the milk is of lighter specific gravity than the rest of the milk, it is speedily separated by the action of centrifugal force, in the form of a thick cream layer, which is then ready to be removed. By this means the time required is about one-twentieth of what it was under the older methods, while at least 20 per cent. more fat is obtained.

It may be well here to say a word with regard to the popular belief that the richness of milk in fat is indicated by the thickness of the cream layer which forms on its surface when it is allowed to stand. Within certain limits no doubt this notion is correct, but it should not be held too rigidly, since circumstances determine very much the concentration of the cream layer. Sometimes a very rich milk may throw up a very thin—yet at the same time a very concentrated—layer of cream; whereas, on the contrary, a poor milk may throw up a comparatively deep layer of cream, in which, however, the fat globules are not so concentrated. A great deal depends, therefore, on the circumstances—such as the nature of the vessel, &c.—under which the milk is allowed to cream. The object of churning is to effect the coalescence of the various minute globules of fat in the milk; and experience has shown that if the milk or cream be allowed to slightly sour first, churning is more satisfactorily effected. This "ripening" of the cream, as it is called, before churning, has also an

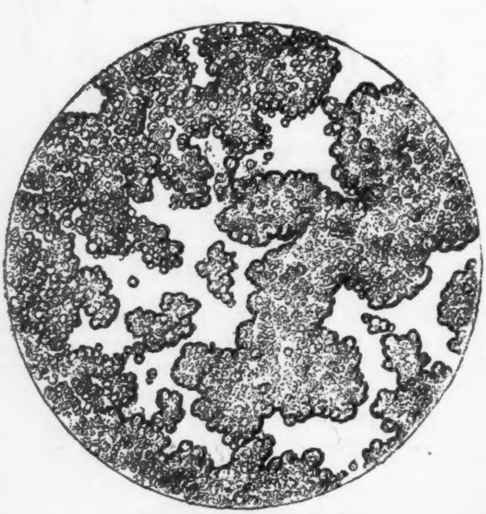


DROP OF CREAM DILUTED WITH WATER (KIRCHNER)



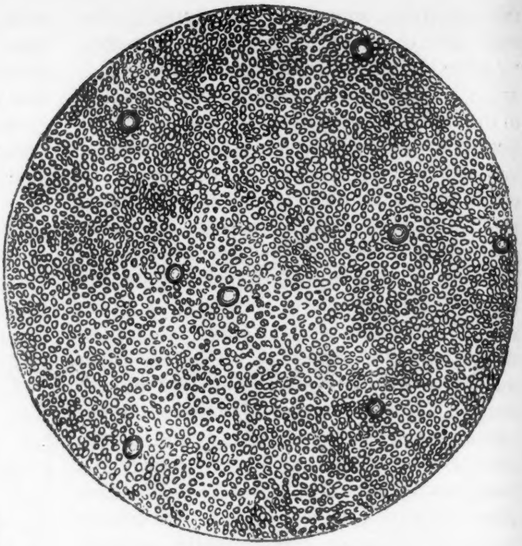
DROP OF CREAM, UNDILUTED (KIRCHNER)

important effect on the subsequent flavour imparted to the butter—a point of no little importance. The accompanying illustrations show the nature of the changes the fat undergoes in the process of churning. In the first we have a drop of cream considerably diluted with water, as seen under the microscope, five minutes after the churning process has begun. Already, it will be seen, a certain coalescence of the globules has taken place. This is more marked in the next illustration, which shows the appearance presented by a drop of cream (undiluted) fifteen minutes after churning has begun; while the third illustration shows the appearance of a drop of cream shortly before the end of churning.



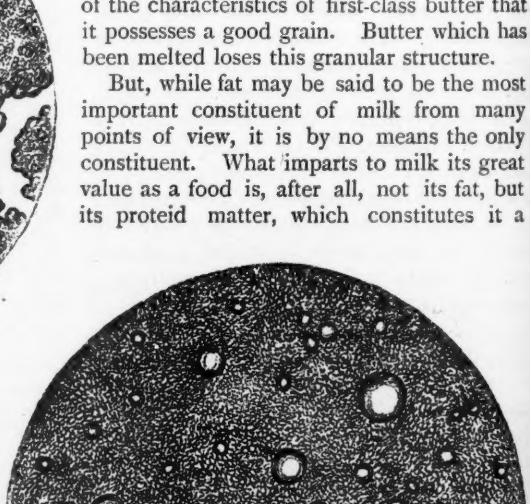
DROP OF CREAM SHORTLY BEFORE COMPLETION OF CHURNING (KIRCHNER)

Although in butter the globules are united to one another, they still exhibit their original granular appearance; and, as the reader can see, a minute portion of butter, examined under the microscope, will exhibit this granular structure. Indeed, it is a great object of the butter-maker to manufacture his product in such a way as to preserve to as great an extent as possible the "grain" of the butter, as it is called; and it is one of the characteristics of first-class butter that it possesses a good grain. Butter which has been melted loses this granular structure.



BUTTER × 350 (BELL)

But, while fat may be said to be the most important constituent of milk from many points of view, it is by no means the only constituent. What imparts to milk its great value as a food is, after all, not its fat, but its proteid matter, which constitutes it a



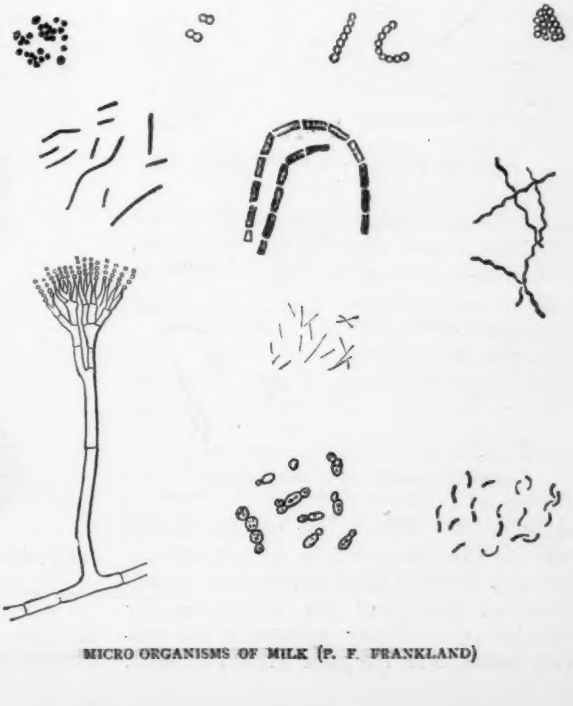
OLEOMARGARINE × 350 (BELL)

"flesh-forming" food. This proteid matter consists chiefly of the casein—the "curd" of milk when milk spontaneously becomes sour, or when it is curdled by the addition of rennet, as in the manufacture of cheese. The plainer kinds of cheese, more especially skim-milk cheese, are almost exclusively formed out of this casein; but the richer cheeses, more especially the so-called "fancy" cheeses, so largely manufactured in France, such as Roquefort, Camembert, Gorgonzola, Gruyère, &c., contain large quantities of fat in addition to the casein. In casein we have one of the most concentrated and valuable of nutrients, and it is this fact that makes cheese a most concentrated food. Prolonged investigation has been devoted to the exact form in which casein is present in milk. It is obvious that it is not in an insoluble form in fresh milk, otherwise it would be visible to the eye in the form of curd. It would seem highly probable that it is combined with one of the mineral ingredients of milk, viz., lime, in which combination it forms a colloidal or glue-like mass. When an acid body or rennet is added to milk, this body is decomposed, and the casein is separated in the solid form. The decomposition of this compound substance is effected in sour milk by the formation of lactic acid formed by the fermentation of another constituent of the milk.

And this leads us in conclusion to say a word on the effect produced by the presence of bacteria in milk. This subject is one which has only recently engaged the notice of the scientific investigator, and as yet our information is incomplete. Microbes have been shown to be practically of universal occurrence, and it is therefore not astonishing that we should find them in a liquid so admirably adapted to support life as milk. But prepared as we are for their presence, we have been somewhat astounded by their abundance. There are few samples of milk, which have been kept under ordinary conditions for an hour or two, which do not contain hundreds of thousands of these minute organisms in a single drop; in fact, in a cubic centimetre (about the one-sixteenth of a cubic inch), the gigantic number of five hundred and fifty-seven million five hundred thousand have been counted. In this latter case the milk had been kept for twenty-four hours at a temperature of 77° Fahr., that is, under conditions of a most favourable nature for their multiplication, which takes place in such circumstances at an astonishingly rapid rate. It is for this reason that milk which it is desired to keep fresh should be kept as cool as possible; for at low temperatures these microbes do not develop at all.

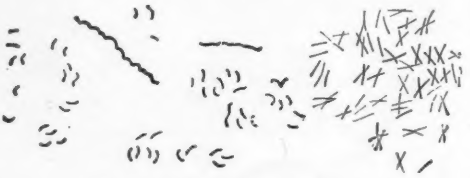
Already considerably over two hundred different kinds of bacteria have been described as infesting milk. Many of them possess little interest, since we are unable to ascribe to them any important functions. A few, however, are concerned in the important changes which milk undergoes when kept for some time, and play an important part in the manufacture of butter and cheese, by converting milk-sugar into lactic acid, and thus leading to the ultimate coagulation of the milk.

Of the lactic ferments we have a great



MICRO ORGANISMS OF MILK (P. F. FRANKLAND) number of different kinds. They are important agents in imparting to butter its desired aroma and flavour; and a striking example of the services which bacteriology has been able to render dairy-work is afforded by the practice, adopted in many advanced dairy countries, of furnishing the dairyman with pure cultures of these lactic ferments, for the ripening of his cream preparatory to churning. The introduction of this method, it is held, secures a uniformly good quality of butter, and obviates the risk of the introduction of bacteria of an undesirable nature which give rise to rancid flavours in the butter. Even more important is their influence in the ripening of cheese. Science has not yet advanced so far as to be able to furnish the cheese-maker with "pure cultures"; but this will doubtless be soon accomplished.

Unfortunately, the action of some of these micro-organisms is far from beneficial; and it is a fact, now well known to every one, that milk often contains those deadly pathogenic bacteria which give rise to such malignant diseases as consumption, cholera, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, and diphtheria. In order to guard against this last danger, the public are often warned to boil milk before use. Boiled milk, however, is very distasteful to many people, owing to the peculiar flavour which is thus generated in it, and which is probably due to a slight development of sulphuretted hydrogen. An almost equally valuable precautionary measure is the process known, after the great French scientist, as *Pasteurisation.** This consists in heating the milk at a temperature which, while high enough to destroy disease-producing germs, is yet not sufficiently high to impart the objectionable boiled flavour. To the action of micro-organisms must also be attributed the strange so-called "diseases" to which milk is occasionally liable. Some of these consist in the formation of strange colours or coloured patches in milk which has been kept for some time. The development of blue, yellow, green, violet, and red colours in milk are well-known diseases, which have been traced to the action of pigment-forming organisms.



DISEASE GERMS (P. F. FRANKLAND)

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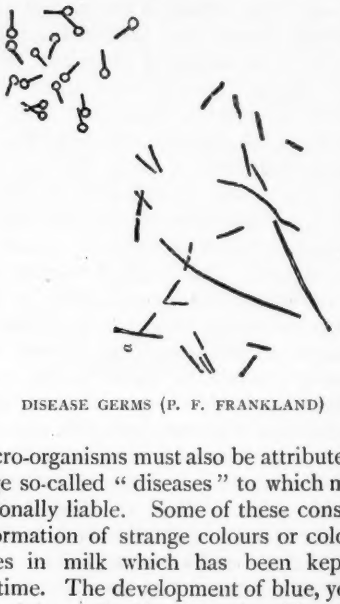
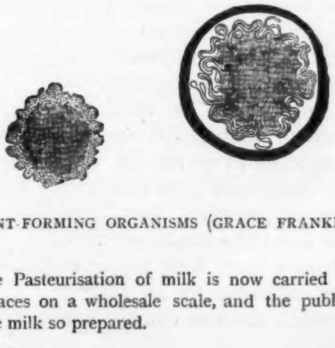


DISEASE GERMS (P. F. FRANKLAND)

We have pointed out that milk contains



PIGMENT-FORMING ORGANISMS (GRACE FRANKLAND) fat, casein, and milk-sugar. We may add that it also contains a certain amount of mineral food ingredients. Indeed, did it not possess these latter, it would be incapable of acting as the sole food of infants, since a supply of mineral matter is essential for the maintenance of life. The percentage of these different ingredients is, on the whole, pretty uniform in different samples of cows' milk, though, as we have noted, the amount of fat varies considerably. Some breeds of cows, such as the Jersey and Guernsey, give a milk very much richer in fat than other breeds; indeed as wide a variation as 10 per cent. in fat has been found in the milk of different animals. So far as it is possible to fix an average, the fat may be said to amount to three and three-quarters per cent., the casein to three and a half per cent., the milk-sugar to four and a half per cent., and the mineral matter to three-quarters per cent.; the total amount of solids being twelve and a half per cent., the remaining eighty-seven and a half per cent. being water.

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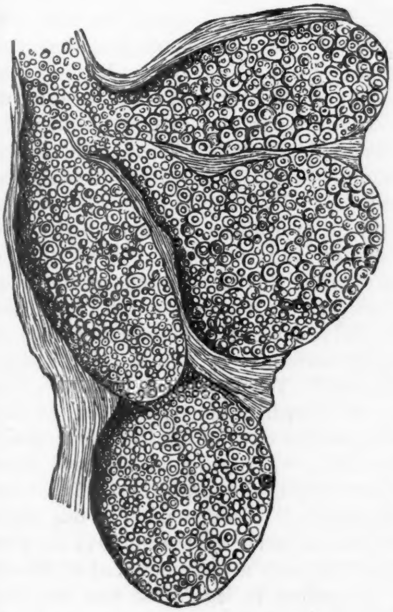
* The Pasteurisation of milk is now carried on in many places on a wholesale scale, and the public can purchase milk so prepared.



GLAND ALVEOLI OR POUCHES IN WHICH MILK ORIGINATES × 200

Milk, then, contains all the necessary constituents of a complete food, but an additional point in its favour is that the necessary nutrients are all in an almost completely digestible form, the fat alone being probably not quite digested.* It is digestible in milk and butter to the extent of 96 per cent., but in cheese only to the extent of 95 per cent. The fat in margarine is inferior in digestibility to butter fat.

EPITHELIAL CELLS OF ALVEOLI × 600

The exact method in which milk is formed in the milk-glands is yet far from being clearly demonstrated. The older view which, however, has long been exploded, although it may still linger in the popular mind, is that milk is simply a sort of filtered blood, the milk-glands acting as the filter. The view now accepted is that milk is rather the product of the decomposition of the epithelial cells which line the *pouches* or *alveoli* where the milk is formed.

EPITHELIAL CELLS OF ALVEOLI × 600

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* It is well known that some people cannot digest milk. Why this should be so is hard to understand. It is, however, not an isolated example of the familiar adage that "one man's meat is another man's poison."

NOTABLE DOGS OF THE CHASE

THE SCOTCH DEERHOUND

ILLUSTRATED BY R. H. MOORE

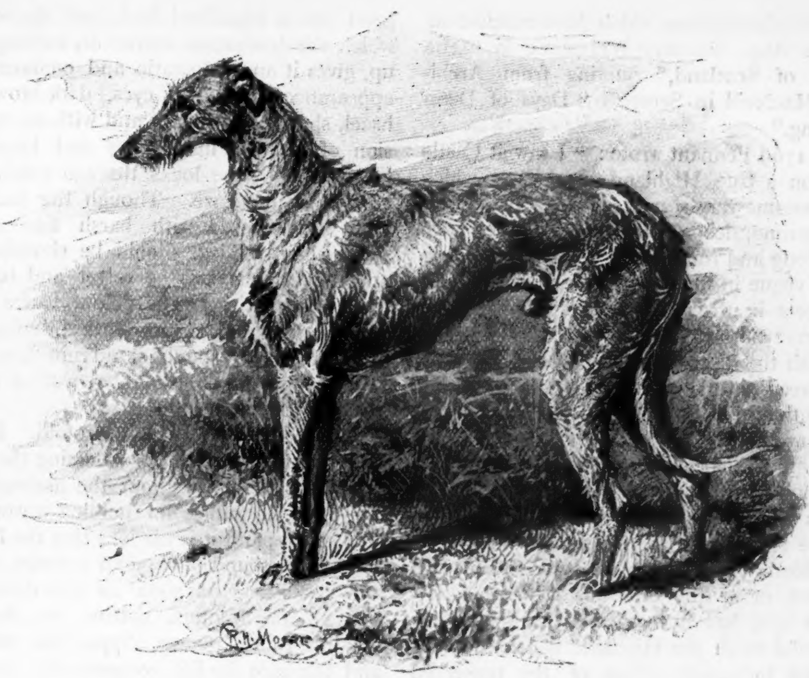
THERE is no breed of dog known to modern kennels round whose name gathers greater romance, such distinguished Scottish traditions, or more of the personal history of kings and chieftains, than the deerhound. It is before all others the hound of courtly and knightly association.

The mastiff is of course the English dog *par excellence*, famous in story, and holding up, as supporter, the coat-of-arms of many a noble house and great captain in war. Shakespeare uses the mastiff as the synonym, for its reckless courage and gluttony for fighting, of the English soldier. But its older name of Talbor or Alaunt is no longer in use, nor is the breed now trained to take its place in the fighting line of armies. It has declined from the historic glories of Agincourt and the days when it fought for St. George and Merry England, to the humblest of its uses, and is now in the nineteenth century the ideal guard and watch-dog of the house and property.

But the deerhound, even though once called the greyhound and the wolfhound (and even now in Scotland sometimes the staghound), was always, virtually, the same breed that it is at the present day and used for the same purpose—the hunting of the stag in the Highlands of Scotland. Thus in Pitscottie's "History of Scotland" we read that in 1528 "The King desired all gentlemen that had dogges that war guid to bring theme to hunt in the saidis boundis quhilk the most pairt of the noblemen of the Highlandis did, sich as the Earles of Huntlie, Argyle and Athole who brought their deir houndis with theme and hunted with his majestie." So that for some four hundred years, though other names may have intervened or over-lapped, the deerhound has been the deer-hound.

At one time no castle hall was without these stately retainers, and whenever kings made their progress through the kingdom, there were deerhounds in the royal train. For hunting the stag has been the sport of British princes from times beyond history, and there is room for believing that this hound, as we see it now, is the same as that of Arthurian story, and that Cavall "King Arthur's hound of deepest mouth" was that which we call to-day the deerhound. The dogs with which Fingal hunted the bear and wolf and stag in the mountains of Morven were no other than those which in our own day Prince Albert used when stalking in the Highlands. Both her Majesty and the Prince Consort greatly admired them, and possessed some noble specimens of the breed so characteristic of the "true and tender" north which they loved so well. In the Windsor register, now so admirably kept at the Home Park kennels, there is no record of the earlier dogs, but in her Majesty's "Leaves from the Journal" we read (1852) how they "heard Solomon give tongue, and knew he had a stag at bay." And in a beautiful painting by Morley of about the same date, we have a portrait of Hector, another of the Prince's deerhounds. Then again, there was Bran, described in 1850 as "a magnificent hound." This noble animal, we read, "stands over thirty inches in height at the shoulder, and is supposed to be the finest specimen of the breed in existence." Twenty years later we read, "a grand breed existed, or still exists, at Windsor, and they were highly esteemed by Prince Albert and her Majesty." Twenty years later still, we chance in the Sandringham Stud-book upon the entry of the birth of Borish, whose dam was by Caird, "a deerhound of Lord Tankerville's strain, the property of her Majesty the Queen." So that this fine dog has held its place of pride for the whole of the present reign, not only at Balmoral, but at Windsor.

According to legend, it was the dog of Ossian, the Scottish poet-prince of the third century, son of Fingal, King of Morven, and in his day the boar and wolf were the quarry that the chiefs of the Highlands went out to kill. Macpherson's "translation" of the poems of Ossian is overrun with "grey dogs" and "long-bounding dogs" that are everlastingly chasing "the dun sons of the



THE SCOTCH DEERHOUND

long-bounding roes." Some of these deerhounds are mentioned by name—"swift-footed Luath" and "white-breasted Bran." "Call," says Fingal, "call my dogs, the long-bounding sons of the chase. Call white-breasted Bran and the surly strength of Luath. . . . . Blow the horn that the joy of the chase may arise; that the deer of Cromla may hear and start at the lake of roes. . . . . The shrill sound spreads through the wood: the sons of heathy Cromla arise. A thousand dogs fly off at once, grey bounding through the heath. A deer fell by every dog: three by the white-breasted Bran. He brought them in their flight to Fingal that the joy of the King might be great." Bran was matched by the king against Phorp, the dog of the Sutherland chieftain, and in the forest of Sledale the trial came off, but without decisive results. So the two dogs were set upon one another, and Phorp was killing Bran, when the Sutherland chief suggested interference. "Let each of us take away his dog"; but Fingal refused, upon which the other claimed the victory for Phorp. Furious at this, Fingal with his "venomous paw" seized Phorp by the throat, and with his right hand, which was charmed, tore out the dog's heart. The spot, Leck-na-con, "the stone of the dog," between Chyne and Wildonan, is said to be the scene of this Ossianic adventure. Bran was so much injured in the fight that he died in Glen Loth on the way home, and was buried there, and a great cairn, now existing, called Cairn Bran, is popularly supposed to mark his grave.

There are in the churchyard at Meigle a number of sculptured stones on which are figures of dogs which, it is said, bear "a close resemblance" to the deerhound. Chalmers is of opinion that the date of this sculpture is as early as the ninth century. Gesner in his "History of Quadrupeds," published in 1560, gives drawings of three species of Scottish dogs which he informs us were furnished by Henry St. Clair, Dean of Glasgow. These drawings are said to represent the three different species of dogs mentioned by Bocce in his "History of Scotland," published 1526, of which the deerhound is one. This drawing, though a rudely executed woodcut, is full of character and coincides with the descriptions which have reached us of the dog. So says Whinstone in "The Dogs of Scotland," quoting from Archibald MacNeill in Scrope's "Days of Deer-stalking."

In 1769 Pennant wrote: "I saw at Castle Gordon a true Highland greyhound which has become very scarce. It was of a large size, strong, deep-chested, and covered with very long and rough hair. This kind was in great vogue in former days, and used in vast numbers in their magnificent stag-hunts by the powerful chieftains."

With the disappearance of boar and wolf, the breed naturally declined from its earlier strength and size until at the beginning of the present century we find the "Encyclopædia Britannica," speaking of the deerhound as "very scarce." Soon after came a revival in its favour. St. John in his "Wild Sports of the Highlands" (1846), says: "The breed of deerhounds, which had nearly become extinct, or at any rate was very rare a few years ago, has now become comparatively plentiful in all the Highland districts, owing to the increased extent of the preserved forests and the trouble taken by the different proprietors and renters of mountain shootings, who have collected and bred this noble race of dogs regardless of expense and difficulties." For, as of yore, it was recognised as the best of dogs for bringing the red deer to bay and pulling down the wounded, and the breed that was then dwindling in height and length was soon restored, by crossing with the Russian Borzoi, the wolf-dog of the Pyrenees, the bloodhound and perhaps other varieties, to the dimensions of "the Irish wolf-hound." What writers in the fifties of the present century meant by this they would have been puzzled to say, as the Irish wolf-hound was then extinct; but at all events the deerhound, as revived by crossing with other breeds, was a truly noble beast, possessing in the highest degree the qualities and virtues of courage, endurance, speed and strength. Every inch indeed of this splendid dog bespeaks its sterling value as a beast of the chase.

Deep-chested, but fine in the loins, where the body is simply bands and knots of muscle, it has straight, strong-boned, flat-sided legs that end in round, close-set feet, with well "knuckled-up" toes. The deep, flat neck, immensely muscular, springs from between the shoulders in a fine arch. The long, lean head has a high-bred look, and the way in which the deerhound carries it, looking well up, gives it an aristocratic and commanding appearance; while its eyes, dark-brown or hazel, should be brilliant and with an expression of peculiar intelligence and keenness, heightened by the locks through which half-concealed they gaze. Though the face and body are covered with harsh and rather shaggy hair, the legs should be short-haired, and the ears as soft as velvet and turning over at the tips. The colour varies from sandy and light grey to dark brindle, and a perfect hound should stand not less than thirty inches at the shoulder, with a rather greater girth of chest.

Its use in sport was really twofold. In the one case it was used for coursing the deer from first to last without the assistance of man; in the other, for holding a wounded stag at bay; and it is obvious that the former required a hound of superior courage, speed, and strength. As soon as the deer were sighted, the hunters, getting as close as possible to the quarry, slipped the hounds, and the race for life commenced. On the roughest ground the hard-footed, strong-legged dogs could hold their own with the stag, while on the flat they overhauled it. Wherever the chase went the hounds stuck staunchly to it, and when within seizing distance would sometimes spring at the leg in order to encumber and confuse the stag, and thus get a better opportunity for making good the later spring at the neck. Should the stag stand at bay, the hounds, if of courage, would often make the fatal mistake of a front attack, and pay for their valour with their lives or dreadful wounds. But if they overtook their victim in its flight and attacked it from behind, the hunters would come up to find the deer dead and the hounds unharmed. So, too, in stalking, the over-courageous dog was certain to meet with fatal or very dangerous injuries if it attacked the stag when head on. Their duty, however, was not to do this, but to keep the wounded animal where it was, and by their baying lead the sportsmen to the spot. So for this purpose, the more intelligent but less courageous collie cross was often made use of. To give two extreme illustrations of the feats of which each of these varieties of the deerhound is capable, it is said that on one occasion two half-bred dogs, Percy and Douglas, belonging to

Mr. Scrope, kept a stag at bay from Saturday night to Monday morning, and that a single pure-bred deerhound, the famous Bran, pulled down by itself two unwounded stags, one carrying ten, the other eleven tines. These are of course the "record" performances, and serve to show to what a pitch of speed, strength and courage on the one hand, and of intelligence and endurance on the other, the deerhound can be brought.

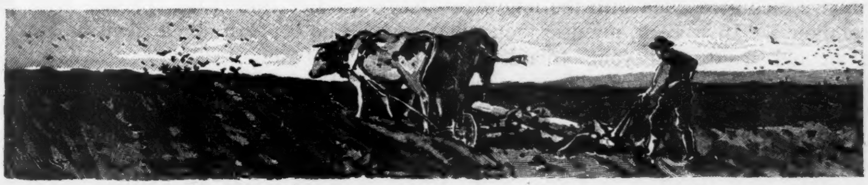
"A most perfect creature of heaven, of the old Northern breed, deep in the chest, strong in the stern, black colour, and brindled on the breast and legs, not spotted with white, but just shaded into grey, strength to pull down a bull, swiftness to cote an antelope." So, by the mouth of the knight of Gilsland, speaks the Wizard ot the North of the deerhound. Indeed, to Sir Walter's magic pen, this grand breed of ancient lineage and chivalrous association, owes much of its latter-day popularity, for who has not heard of Maida? Yet, oddly enough, this famous hound, presented to the master of Abbotsford by Macdonell of Glengarry, did not answer in description to the picture that Scott draws, as is evident from Landseer's painting, for he was white except for a grey saddle, extending into patches on the thighs and a grey patch on the head. Nor was he of the true deerhound type, for his father was a Pyrennean wolf-dog. But all the same, Maida was a splendid dog, and above the ordinary stature. He died when he was eleven, and it is said brought on himself premature old age by the excessive fatigue and exercise to which his natural ardour inclined him, "for he had the greatest pleasure in accompanying the greyhounds, and although from his great size and strength he was not at all adapted for coursing, yet he not infrequently turned and even ran down hares." Maida's grave is at the gate of Abbotsford, and on the slab is the figure of a deerhound and beneath it the lines:

> "Maida, tu marmoreâ dormis sub imagine Maidæ
> Ad Januam domini. Sit tibi terra levis!"

The deerhound, as everybody knows, was a very favourite subject with Landseer, and in his great pictures representing Highland scenes many noble specimens of the breed have been made immortal by his brush.

Yet another change has come over the Scotch holdings, for the immense forests and sporting estates of the past are to-day subdivided and leased out in portions, and in some of the leases it is expressly stipulated that deerhounds shall not be used either in coursing or stalking the stags, for nothing frightens deer so much, and drives them so far off for so long a time as being hunted by dogs. "Deer which have had a regular rattling from staghounds rarely return to the ground whence they were coursed." But though disappearing from many scenes of which it was once the foremost and most picturesque feature, the deerhound is increasing fast as a household pet and personal companion. Its admirable character and beauty commend it for such honourable place, and though it may lose, in luxury, in muscle and in harshness of coat, it is, and will always be, one of the stateliest of dogs, and one of the most faithful and gentle friends of man.

St. Bernard



UNDER THE TRICOLOUR

By P. de NANTEUIL

ILLUSTRATED BY MYRBACH

CHAPTER XXVIII

MISS HARRIET HOWELL

IN London, in the largest room of a red-brick house situated in Harley Street, several people were seated beside an open window.

These people, whom we have not met since they sailed away from the Isle of France some years ago, were talking, or rather one of them spoke while the others listened, it must be admitted, with a very restive air.

Thinner and more dingy-looking than before, Lady Mary engrossed the conversation.

Sir James Howell, who had grown fatter, dozed with a pleased expression on his face, digesting a copious lunch. There was not a wrinkle in his fresh cheeks, and no more than traces of grey in his fair hair, which was slightly powdered.

A little apart the four sons of the baronet, now grown to man's estate, and very tall and strong, glanced every now and again at the door, each one thinking, "If I could slip out unperceived I would go and smoke a cigar in the hall." Sometimes they would all turn their eyes at once on Miss Harriet, who would reply with a gesture of her hand and a slight shrug of her shoulders, which meant "Indeed, my dear boys, I daren't propose it: better wait for a favourable opportunity."

At the same time Harriet seemed to be giving the required attention to her aunt's sermon, which concluded with the following peroration.—"In a word, my dear, you will die an old maid, and your friends will rejoice with me to see your wilfulness punished in that way. Answer me now! Why don't you answer? Ah! you would tax the patience of a saint!"

Smiling, and speaking sedately in her musical voice that revealed a touch of irony, Harriet replied, "At twenty-three one is not yet classed among the old maids; at the last levée, at any rate, nobody seemed to look on me in that light. As to answering, did you not order me to listen without a word?"

"Both remarks are quite true," said the four young men in chorus. A mistake, for their mother immediately put them in their places, saying, "Archie, your partiality for Harriet is worse than idiotic; and yours, too, Arthur. Has she not refused her hand to both of you, declaring that nothing in the world could make her marry one of her cousins?"

Arthur, who was generally the spokesman, replied, "You can't blame a woman for not marrying you. Harriet loves us like a sister, and we return her affection like brothers."

"Yes, we do," said the other three.

From her pretty rosy fingers Harriet threw a collective kiss to her defenders, and the irascible lady was about to begin nagging again, when the butler entered the room, and said to Miss Harriet as he handed her a letter on a salver, "If you please, ma'am, the lady who sent this is waiting in the hall."

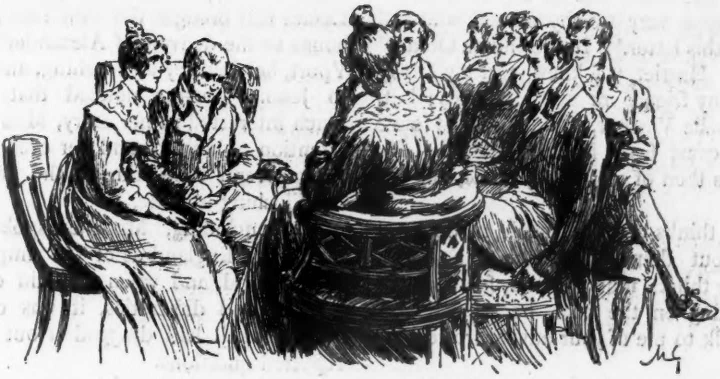
When Harriet had read the letter she said to the butler, "Simpson, show this person to my boudoir, where I shall come to her."

As Harriet was about to follow the butler, her aunt said, "Some beggar doubtless. Show me the letter, will you? I have some experience in these matters; no one ever dupes me. Besides, you have no more than time to dress."

"I shall not show you the letter," Harriet replied; "and I am certain it is not from a beggar. Let me pass, please, and give yourself no concern, for I shall be ready in time."

Straightway Harriet left the room not at all put about by the angry look on Lady Mary's face. As soon as she had closed the door behind her, remembering that her cousins were inside defenceless, she turned back and said, with barely more than her head within the room, "Archie, Dick, William, Arthur, come here; I have something I want you to do."

The young men darted from the room so



"Several people were seated"

quickly that their mother had no time to interfere. On the staircase Harriet said to them, "My dear boys, be off now, and smoke."

The four gentlemen hastened to follow their cousin's advice, remarking, "What a jolly girl she is, and no mistake!"

Harriet's visitor was a woman of about thirty years or less, modestly but very neatly dressed in the manner of the English middle-classes at that time; her cheeks were fresh-coloured, her large blue eyes bright and frank, and her mouth and nose somewhat large like her hands and feet. Her small black hat sat well back on her light yellow hair. As she scanned her rapidly Harriet thought, "Here is one who will not try to deceive me, and whose face pleases me very much."

Then she said in French, "Be seated, Madame, and tell me frankly what I can do for you, and the name of him who sent you to me. Are you an *émigrée?*"

"Oh no!" replied the stranger, "and not a lady, but a humble peasant, and my name is Martine Vasseur. I come from Yport in Normandy. The friend who had the goodness to give me that letter knew you in the Indies."

"Ah!" said Harriet, leaning forward as if to get something on the table, but in reality to hide her face.

"He is called Jean, Baron de Grainval," said Martine. "He is now a lieutenant in the Imperial Navy and commands a gunboat at Flushing in Holland."

Harriet looked up and said to her visitor very sweetly, "Go on, my dear; and be certain that I am interested."

"It is a long story that I have to tell," rejoined Martine; "and I am afraid I shall tire you."

"Not at all. Is M. de Grainval well? He has not forgotten me, then. When did he speak of me? How did he know that I still live with my uncle? Can you give me some light on these points?"

"Yes, Madame. M. Jean—I call him so, having known him when he was very young—told me that he learned from an English prisoner of war that you still lived with your uncle. He spoke of you last week. Then, after using all the arguments he could think of to prevent me from setting out from Flushing, he went with me to an inn, where I waited for the pilot of the *Scheldt*, and there he said, 'Martine, since you are so foolhardy, go, and perhaps I will come to England to help you, although I have little hope of your success.' Then M. Jean asked for paper, pen, and ink, which were not obtained without difficulty—he had to use the blank page of a Bible—and wrote the letter which I brought, and which you have doubtless read, Madame."

"Yes," replied Harriet; "and as he has not signed that letter, it was clearly in order not to compromise you in case you should be arrested, for in the meantime a French name sets our blood boiling. Listen to what he has written: 'A friend from the Indian Ocean begs Miss Harriet Howell—not to be gracious; she could not be anything else—but to help a very worthy person who will hand her this letter.' In the Indian Ocean," continued Harriet, "I knew, and my family knew, many friends or acquaintances; but, Mademoiselle Vasseur, I imagined at once that you came from M. de Grainval. He still thinks then of us—of my uncle, and my aunt?"

"If he thinks of your friends, he does not speak about them, Mademoiselle; but I believe he thinks much of you, for while we were waiting on the boat, he seemed very glad to talk to me of your adventures on the sea."

"Repeat some of what he said, if you remember it, my dear friend."

"He said to me: 'If you have the happiness to meet Miss Howell, you will see that she is as beautiful as she is intelligent and good. You will tell her that for four years I have not passed an hour without thinking of her, and that her name mingles in all my prayers. You will tell her also that I have had news of her from a prisoner of war, an English officer on parole in Paris.' M. Jean told me the name of the officer, but I cannot remember it; it was a difficult name for a Frenchwoman to keep in her head."

"Never mind. Go on, my dear friend," said Harriet, whose face was all glowing, and whose eyes were filled with tears.

"M. Jean was able to oblige that officer, your friend, in softening the rigours of exile. I believe, Mademoiselle, that M. Jean was about to charge me with a commission to you when the pilot arrived."

"My dear, you may count on Harriet Howell. M. de Grainval was right to send you to me, and when you return to France, you will tell him that I have not forgotten him either, and that I am deeply touched by his remembering me, and by his mark of confidence. Now, you must have some refreshment. Are you hungry or thirsty? I am quite angry at myself for not having thought of it before."

"Thank you, Mademoiselle, but I am neither hungry nor thirsty."

"In that case, speak, and rest assured of my liveliest interest."

Encouraged in this manner, Martine told, as succinctly as she could, the history of her life as far as it had crossed that of Alexander's, from the day when the gaoler of Saint Lazare had brought the baby into their little house to the delivery of Alexander's letter in Yport, her journey to Flushing, and her visit to Jean. Martine noticed that, although much interested in her story, Miss Howell's attention redoubled, and her eyes filled with tears several times during the narration of the Flushing episode.

In concluding, Martine spoke of her journey to England as of the simplest thing in the world, and when she did confess its dangers and difficulties, it was only when Miss Howell had dragged it out of her by repeated questions.

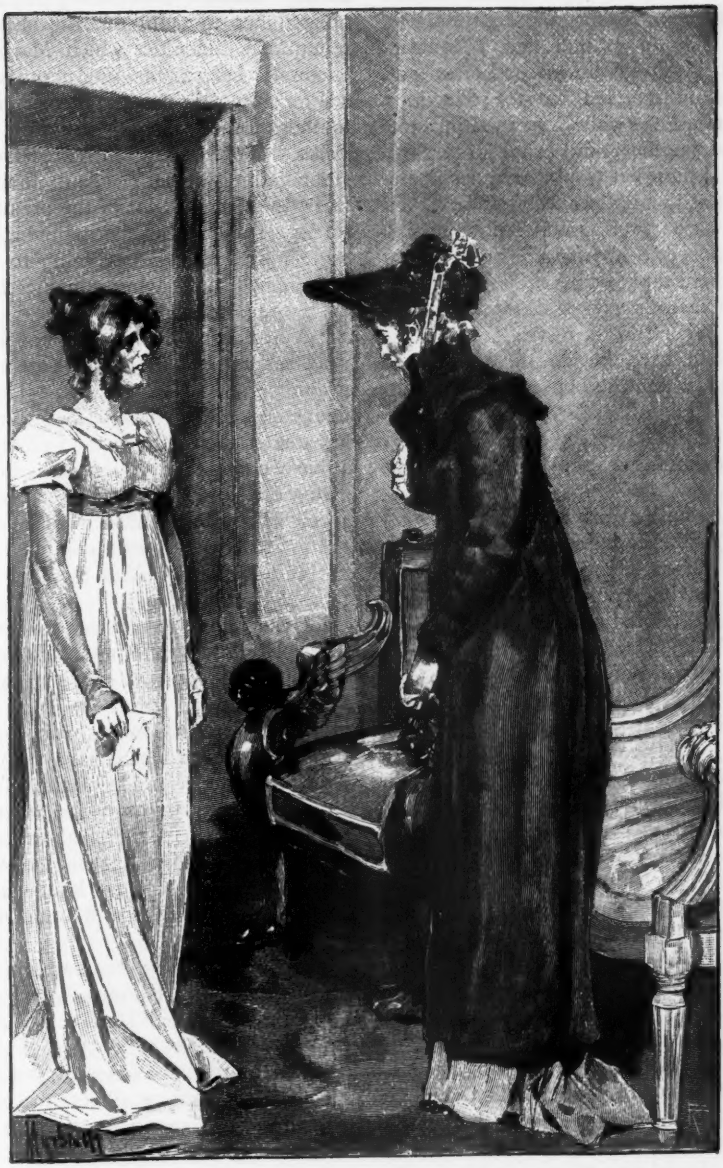
A violent gale had driven the ship far out from the English shore, and a frigate had chased it for some time. They then experienced much difficulty, because of the rough sea, in the attempt to touch at Gravesend, at the mouth of the Thames. At Gravesend a red flag was hoisted to the mast of the brig, and an Englishman, dressed as a fisherman, came on board, and remained till they came to London.

When they arrived at London the pilot said to Martine: "Pay me if you are contented, but I do not demand anything, for I am contented with you, because you are brave and calm. I would never have imagined that a woman could have been so brave and calm, and not even sea-sick."

"I paid him," said Martine, "more than his bargain, because he had been very kind to me. I was very much troubled how to proceed, when the man from Gravesend sent the pilot to me with a message. He would take me wherever I wished to go in London for two pounds—that is, fifty francs—and would lodge me at the rate of a pound a day, if I would promise not to speak a single word in my native language—to play the mute, in fact."

"Yes," interrupted Harriet, "my countrymen include all French people in their hate of Napoleon. But that man asked an exorbitant price."

"So I thought, but I was too glad to find some one able to show me the way without my having to say a word. I accepted his terms, and lived in his house for two days. Either with him, or with his wife, a low coarse woman, I was led about the streets without any intention of taking me to my destination, as I perceived at the end of the



"'Oh no,' replied the stranger, 'and not a lady but a humble peasant'"

second day. Well, as I had noticed some gentlemen all dressed alike, with bâtons in their hands——"

"Policemen. Go on."

"This morning, after the man and his wife had been paid their money, and more than they had agreed to take, I made up my mind to leave them, and finding an opportunity, I went out unobserved. By good luck I came to a thoroughfare where there were many shops and carriages, &c. There I stopped at the first policeman who seemed to me to have an honest face, and showed him the address written on the envelope of my letter, signing to him that I couldn't speak. Happily he understood me, and walking before me, led me to your door. Oh, Mademoiselle! while I was waiting here for you, how my heart did beat! If you had not received me what would have become of me? Still at the bottom of my heart I felt it would turn out well. Was I not right?"

"Yes, indeed, dear friend. You are now safe from these rapacious swindlers, to whom I should like to say what I think of their conduct. Where do they live?"

"Far from here, beside the river, in a sort of field, where the houses are very ugly. That is all I know."

"Have you left anything with them?"

"Yes, my things; but I had very little with me."

"I am astonished that they did not assassinate you, a stranger and unknown. They counted likely on plundering you gradually, and then leaving you. Here you will be protected and treated as my friend."

"Oh! Mademoiselle, you confuse me—a peasant, the friend of a noble lady!"

"Your heroism is nobility. But I forget my toilette—not begun yet. We dine today at Lord Castlereagh's. I shall leave you in my room, and my maid will be at your service. Do not refuse to let her wait on you, as you are to play the rôle of an exiled lady formerly an acquaintance of my mother's."

"Mademoiselle, I shall do all you wish as long as I am here. But I can stay only for a few hours."

"A few hours! And where are you going, then?"

"To Portsmouth, Mademoiselle. I do not wish to lose a single day in going to comfort my adopted son. I shall start tomorrow. The pilot told me that Portsmouth is only thirty leagues from London. By post it should not take more than eight hours—nine, if the way is hilly. I have money enough to pay for horses, a courier, and everything necessary. Perhaps one of your servants would take me to a posting establishment. How I wish I knew your language. I shall learn it if, unfortunately, I do not quickly obtain Alexander's liberty."

As she listened, Harriet thought of the phrase in the Gospel, "Faith removes mountains." However, her strong practical sense obliged her to point out the almost insurmountable difficulties which Martine would encounter before obtaining permission—she, a Frenchwoman, neither the sister, nor the mother of the prisoner—to go on board the hulks. Would she even be received by the commanding officer? And then Harriet knew the wretched lot of the prisoners; but on that subject she charitably kept silence, and she was already beginning to congratulate herself on having convinced Martine, when the latter replied:

"You seem to be right; nevertheless, I shall set out to-morrow. Please do not let it annoy you. Listen to me. The man of Gravesend and his wife wished to rob me; I got out of their clutches and found you. If I have come thus far, it is because God, giving ear to my prayers, will aid me further. I believe it firmly. Mademoiselle, your eyes tell me that you approve of what I say."

"I do, indeed. Kiss me, and count on me. I have an idea."

Having tenderly embraced Martine, confused with such an honour, Harriet ran to her dressing-room, where her smart maid waited for her.

"Hardy," said Harriet, "in my boudoir there is a lady whom I love very much—a Frenchwoman, a noble victim of the war. You will treat her as if she were my own sister, and attend to her slightest need."

"Does she speak English, ma'am?"

"No, but she is very intelligent, so are you, consequently you will understand each other easily."

Much flattered by the compliment, Hardy promised to do her best to satisfy the noble stranger, adding, "Doubtless Lady Mary knows of this visit?"

"No, Hardy; she knows nothing about it, and I do not mean to tell her until to-morrow; so you mustn't gossip about it with my lady's maid."

"Oh, ma'am! I never was given to gossiping with Roberts—grumbling, crusty old thing."

"But you needn't talk ill of her, all the same. Dress me now quickly and do your best: I wish to look very well to-night."

On returning home at midnight, Lady Mary, Sir James Howell, and Miss Harriet took tea with some people whom they had brought with them from Lord Castlereagh's, then the Prime Minister of Great Britain. The company had been very select, including the Regent.

In brilliant spirits, talking and laughing gaily with everybody, Harriet did the honours of her aunt's *salon.*

It chanced that the aunt was in very good humour, her vanity having been deliciously flattered because the Regent, the Prime Minister, and many eminent people had conversed with Miss Howell; and because the Regent had said to her, Lady Mary, as they were leaving Lord Castlereagh's house, "Lady Howell must feel it a great happiness to chaperon a young lady so lovely and *spirituelle.*"

Now, thought the lady, Harriet can no longer refuse the hand of Lord Heathfield, the Regent's favourite.

When their guests had gone, with the exception of an old lady and gentleman, and two young ladies, one of the latter said, "Harriet dear, I am curious to know what his Royal Highness and Lord Castlereagh said to you; I confess that a phrase which I overheard aroused my interest very much."

Fingering her handkerchief, Harriet replied in a somewhat tremulous voice, "I asked a favour first of Lord Castlereagh, and then as he bluntly refused, I applied to the Regent."

"What favour, Harriet?"

"The pardon of a prisoner of war, at present in the hulks at Portsmouth."

"Goodness gracious, Harriet! And did you obtain it?"

"Alas, no! I obtained a slight favour, however, which will oblige my uncle and me to leave London to-morrow morning."

Sir James Howell sat up, and stared with startled eyes. He was about to speak, but waited until he should hear the opinion of his wife. First, however, one of the young ladies said, "Where do you go to-morrow, Harriet dear?"

"To Portsmouth, dearest Maud," answered Harriet, not yet able to look at her aunt.

Lady Mary sat speechless with surprise and indignation; while the old lady, foreseeing a domestic storm, prudently withdrew, taking her husband and her daughters with her, very much to the disgust of the latter.

Left alone with her husband and niece, Lady Mary exclaimed, "What new maggot is this? Do you take me for a stupid aunt in a play that you treat me as if I were nobody in my own house? And what do you propose to do at Portsmouth, if you please?"

Concealing her anxiety, Harriet replied, "I intend to comfort this poor prisoner of whom I have just spoken. In refusing the pardon of this unfortunate officer, after he had spoken with Lord Castlereagh, and the first Lord of the Admiralty, his Royal Highness asked me if he could not oblige me in any other way. To which I replied, 'Would his Royal Highness deign to permit the relation of the officer in question to visit him in the hulks?' Uncle, you will accompany me, won't you? Then, I do not despair of obtaining more from the amiable Regent. The amiable Regent, whom I, for one, don't love, replied, 'I shall at once sign the necessary authorisation, and I envy the happiness of the prisoner who is to receive so charming a visitor.' Here is the paper, read it uncle. 'For Madame Vasseur, Sir James and Miss Howell,' signed, stamped, and initialled."

"And pray," said Lady Howell, "is this Frenchman a sailor? I'll wager he is."

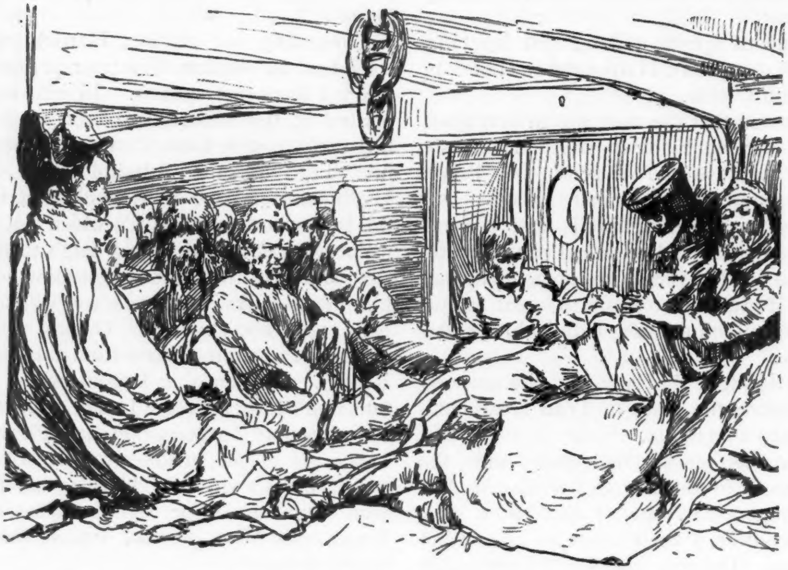
"A naval officer, dear aunt. You have said it, and I won't deny it."

"How dare you defy me? Harriet—Miss Harriet, you are—the English language does not contain words strong enough to qualify your conduct; and I prohibit my husband—you hear, Sir James?—I prohibit you from accompanying such an impudent huzzy; and if she goes, my doors will be closed on her for ever—do you hear?—for ever and ever."

"Perfectly, Madame. I shall go and live with my dear parents, whom I have deserted too long. Remember, please, that when I reached my majority you implored me to continue under your roof."

"Did I know that you were allied with a Frenchman? for you wish to ally yourself! I can now read you through and through. What a recompense for my care and self-sacrifice! Oh! James, James, protect me from the insults of your niece."

"Poor dear uncle," thought Harriet, looking at him and his very visible embarrassment out of the corner of her eye. Sir James, who adored his niece, was very much afraid of his wife; but to the astonishment of the one, and the deep indignation of the other, he took the part of the former.



"On board the *Juno*"

"No, Mary," he said, "no; I cannot protect you. Besides, you are not attacked. On the contrary, it is you——"

"James!"

"There's no James about it. Harriet, I will go with you, and—and support you: but let me say, that, although I esteem the character of the Baron de Grainval, who once saved your life, I am not altogether well pleased to see you about to compromise your reputatiou by visiting him in the hulks at Portsmouth. Such a visit is equivalent to a promise of marriage. Have you considered this, my dear child?"

"Dear uncle, you are a treasure. Do not be troubled. I am not going to see M. de Grainval, because, thank God! M. de Grainval is not a prisoner, but in command of a ship in Holland; and I have had no news of him since we parted until this morning, when a worthy woman came claiming my assistance upon his recommendation. This woman is the adoptive mother of a young officer whom I never saw in my life."

"Ah! That makes a difference. Mary, you see how appearances have deceived you. You must be friends again, Mary, Harriet."

"I wish it, uncle dear. Aunt, will you kiss me? You must make the first advance because in this point you were wrong."

Her aunt approached her cheek to Harriet's mouth; but she was all trembling still, and Harriet saw that the peace, on one side at least, was a patched-up affair.

When she was alone with her worthy husband, Lady Mary resumed the discussion, and as she could not dissuade him, she pointed out that it was likely to rain, and that the ways would be foul. Who, then, would be certain to have an attack of gout? Why, the poor Baronet, the victim of his foolish indulgence.

Sir James made a grimace, and looked at the barometer with a distressed air. However, he persisted in his resolution. Then Lady Mary predicted not only gout but a severe cold on the chest.

Next morning Lady Mary sulked in her own room, all the more angry that the wind had turned and the sun was shining in a cloudless sky. Before the house a post-chaise waited. Soon Sir James, Harriet, and Martine took their seats, with Hardy beside the driver. Then as they drove off the four cousins, who had helped the travellers into the carriage, called out, "A good journey, and good luck!"

CHAPTER XXIX

No. 309

In the roadstead at Portsmouth, at the mouth of the river, several floating prisons were anchored in a row.

One of these prisons, the *Juno*, once a noble three-decker, had sailed on every sea, and fought gloriously in the Indies under Admiral Hughes, and at Aboukir under Nelson. Now, too old to sail, a dismasted formless hulk, it rotted beside other ships of war, whose vanished glories are told in the annals of the sea.

Breton sailors assert that ships have souls. In that case the souls of the *Juno* and of her sisters in misfortune must have shed bitter tears.

The lower battery and the orlop of these dismantled ships, about forty feet long and thirty broad, were occupied by the prisoners. Imagine seven hundred men sleeping, eating, festering in this confined space, into which light and air were admitted only by the portholes. The forecastle was the only promenade, and even there the prisoners were not allowed to walk every day. The caprice of a lieutenant alone decided whether or not those unfortunate Frenchmen should be allowed to breathe freely for a short time. Sometimes the prisoners were sent up when it rained. Then, drenched to the skin, they had to dry themselves as best they could.

The food was insufficient and always detestable. Merchants, who were allowed to come on board, sold provisions and clothes at exorbitant prices. An absolute equality of misery reigned upon the hulks; no difference was made in the treatment of officers, soldiers, or sailors.

Each hulk was generally commanded by a naval lieutenant. One or two under-officers and five soldiers completed the garrison.

The captain of the *Juno*, Peter Hare, an old Navy lieutenant who had once been before the mast, cherished an irrational hatred against the French, because his two sons had perished in the wars, one at Trafalgar and the other at Toulon. To avenge his sons was Hare's only thought. Dismissed from active service on account of his disagreeable character, he asked, and obtained, the post of captain of one of the hulks. Unfortunate indeed were those placed under him. He showed himself ten times worse than his colleagues, for in giving way to acts of ferocity, he imagined that he was performing a sacred duty. This harsh man, however, loved a child passionately, his daughter, a frail creature whose life hung by a thread. Hare complied with all the caprices of Elsie. For her he softened his harsh voice, for her he behaved as if he had pity for beggars and poor French prisoners, and Elsie believed her father to be very good, for nobody dared undeceive this frail plant marked for death.

One morning in a very large room, formerly an admiral's *salon*, situated in the quarterdeck of the ship under the poop, Hare was reading reports and signing orders for punishments. As he wrote his face assumed a fierce and cruel aspect. Suddenly the pen fell from his short shaggy fingers while his eyes changed their expression entirely, as he looked up at a pale little girl who entered leaning on the arm of an old nurse.

"Elsie," cried her father, "Elsie, how imprudent, the wind is so sharp! Janet, why have you allowed Elsie to go out this morning?"

"I couldn't prevent her, captain," replied Janet. "She cried, and the doctor said that nothing is worse for Miss Elsie than crying."

"Why did she cry? Have you been opposing her in anything?"

Without allowing the nurse time to justify herself, Elsie said, "Janet has not been bad, but me. I wished to see my friend; I have not seen him for three days, and I am afraid he is ill."

"He is not ill," rejoined the captain. "And he might be very happy here if he liked."

With glowing cheeks and blazing eyes Elsie cried, "But he does not like. How could a prisoner be happy in the midst of so many criminals? Oh! Father, send for him! I shall not breathe freely until I have seen him."

"Very well, Elsie, you shall have your own way," said the captain, ringing a bell. An instant after a sailor received the following order:

"Conduct Number 309 into the small room of the poop, and tell him that Miss Elsie wishes to see him."

"Yes, captain," replied the sailor, adding, "Captain, the lieutenant begs to inform you that two visitors are on board furnished with a regular permit to see a prisoner. Here is the gentleman's card."

Hare took the card and read aloud, "Sir James Howell, Bart., and Miss Vasseur, with a permission from the Admiralty to see freely, but under proper supervision, the prisoner of war, Alexander, formerly under the French privateer Surcouf."

A visit to a prisoner was a thing very rarely authorised. The captain was turning over in more ways than one the card of the Baronet, when, with hands clasped, Elsie cried, "Father, oh father, this will make him so happy, let this lady and gentleman come in, I beg you. I wish to see them, father, I have a pain in my heart to-day."

Her father could never resist this last argument; besides, it was necessary to receive the Baronet in order to make certain that the permission was really what it purported to be. Elsie hid herself behind the curtain of the gallery, and the sailor received orders to introduce the strangers. When they had entered the large room, after the customary salutations, Sir James Howell presented to the captain the official despatch which had been obtained by Harriet.

Nothing was wanting, as Hare saw at a glance, and addressing the sailor who had accompanied the strangers, he said, "Conduct these two persons into the room below the poop."

"And me too, father, can I not see him to-day?" cried Elsie, coming out of hiding, ready to cry, and all a-tremble.

As they had not yet seen the girl, hidden behind the half-drawn curtain, Sir James and Martine looked on her with surprise.

Replying to their look, Hare said, "My daughter Elsie is an invalid, and, I fear, very much spoiled. The prisoner whom you wish to see saved her life one day when she fell into the water. Since then they have been great friends, and she was just about to go and see him. Now, however, she can wait."

"Oh, father! Oh, sir! Oh, madam! Please, please let me go with you. I will be so quiet in a corner, and not say a word. He seemed so sad, so tired, the other day. Please, do say yes."

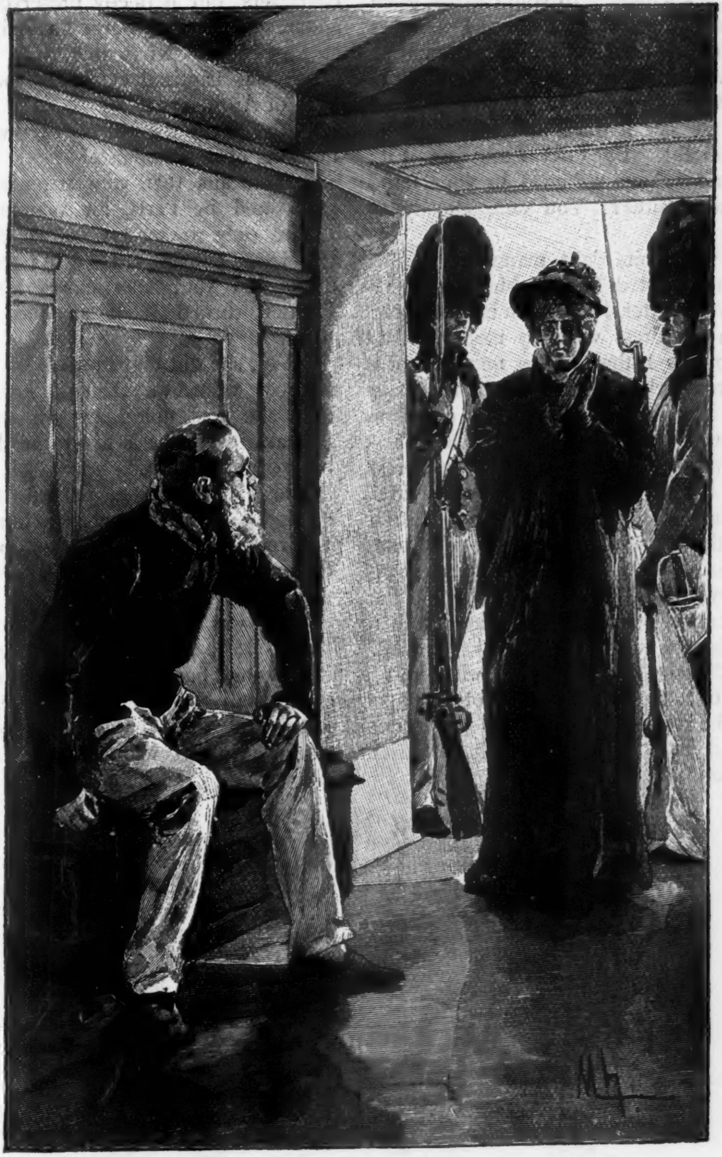
When her companion had translated Elsie's words, Martine was seized with compassion for the little invalid, and said: "Let us take Mademoiselle with us. I consent with all my heart."

Elsie understood, and threw her arms round Martine's neck. Following the sailor, the two strangers and the little girl left the room, and climbed the stair to the poop. Then they entered a very small apartment, before which two armed soldiers mounted guard. Within, a person was waiting seated on a large chest. Sordidly dressed, very tall and very thin, with shaved head and a long yellow beard, this person straightened himself suddenly, and without replying to the affectionate greeting of Elsie, began to tremble and stammer, while the sailor said: "That's the man you asked for."

All at once Alexander, for it was he, uttered a cry, and knelt before Martine. Then, shaken by a great sob, he murmured: "Oh, mamma! Oh, Martine! Oh, my dear, dear mamma! Do you not know me? But you have come to comfort me, my dear mamma!"

As he spoke, with his great blue eyes lifted upon hers with the old expression, Martine recognised her Alex, and weeping, she raised him up and pressed him to her heart, whispering in his ear those sweet words which only the tongues of mothers can say to their beloved children. Elsie was quite overcome. Sir James, standing somewhat apart, wiped his eyes, and then, not wishing to be disturbed by such emotions, he took the little girl out on to the poop, and there employed half an hour in talking with her.

When they had become more calm, Martine and Alexander sat down and talked, at first spasmodically. At last, having mastered their emotion, Martine made her adopted son acquainted with the events of her life from the time he deserted her, and Alex told his whole story as we know it, very simply. Having acknowledged the faults of his childhood and of his youth, he said: "My last adventures and this prison I look upon as expiatory. The feeling of duty done has often consoled me, but I needed so much to see you again, mamma. May God bless you for coming! When you have returned to your own country, the memory of this happiness will give me strength to wait in patient resignation for the hour of my deliverance."



"A person was waiting seated on a small chest"

Martine replied: "But I will not leave you. If I cannot take you away with me, I shall stay as near you as possible. Do not object, my dear child, my resolution is unchangeable."

At that moment, Sir James, who was within hearing, said, in very bad French: "My niece may succeed. Miss Vasseur, tell the prisoner about the jewel."

"Ah!" said Martine, "my feelings have

made me forget all about it. Listen—but I must go back a little. In your clothes, when we escaped from Saint Lazare, I found a little jewel. Your mother, whose name I never knew, had put another round your neck. My stepfather took possession of that; I only saw it once, and it seemed to me magnificent. But I never told you of it; why should I have wakened in your mind hopes and desires? You were already so restless."

"You were quite right, mamma."

"When I started for Flushing on the receipt of your letter, I took with me the cross, sewed in my dress with my money. And then I confess I thought no more about it till yesterday, when as we drove along Mademoiselle Harriet asked me many questions about you. I remembered the jewel then, and showed it to her. Mademoiselle Harriet admired it very much, and in looking at it closely she discovered a little crack. Searching for the cause of this, touching it here, and pressing it there, she found a secret spring, by means of which the cross opened in two, and she showed me some words in French letters, which Sir James has copied."

"Yes," said Sir James, drawing out a pocket-book, from which he took a paper. "Yes," he repeated; "I copied the inscription, and here it is. Read it, Monsieur Alexander."

Alexander read, engraved in very fine characters, but perfectly preserved: "Alexander, son of Prince Serge Paulovitch Varzof, and of Marfa Nivrovitch, wife of Prince Serge, was baptised at Saint Roch, on the 13th of April, 1791."

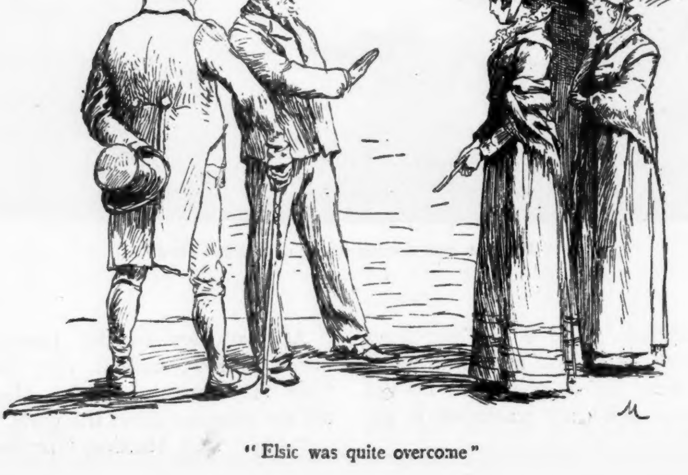
"Ah!" said the prisoner; "what is the meaning of this, mamma?"

"It means that your parents, assuredly guillotined in Paris, for people left Saint Lazare only to mount the scaffold, sewed this jewel in your dress. As soon as she discovered your true name, Mademoiselle Harriet turned back at once with her maid."

"Yes, she did that in spite of my remonstrances when we changed horses, saying that she was going to see the Russian Ambassador. She is a very headstrong girl, but very intelligent."

Alexander, smiling, replied in English: "I speak your language, Sir James Howell. I learned it here in order to act as interpreter for my poor friends. Oh! What's wrong, my little Elsie?"

Elsie was weeping with her face in her hands. She had great difficulty in explaining through her sobs that her friend being a prince and the son of a prince, would go away, and that she would never see him again. Oh! It was too terrible to think of!



"Elsic was quite overcome"

While the Baronet and Martine looked with compassion on the little child, who, young as she was, exhibited the sorrow of a grown person, Alexander took Elsie on his knee, and said to her:

"Be comforted, Elsie, I shall never leave my companions in misfortune. When I go it will be when we are all free."

Then Martine felt sick at heart. It was not well done to deceive a child, at least; but was Alexander sincere?

Meanwhile Elsie smiled again, and quite unconscious how cruel was the desire which she expressed, she said: "Papa says that the war will last a long time yet, and I'm sure I hope the French will be prisoners for a long time."

At that moment a sailor came, and very gruffly informed No. 309 that time was up, and that the visitors must retire, with permission to return every day at the same hour if they chose.

Alexander pressed the hand of the Baronet, and thanked him warmly: then he kissed Elsie and Martine.

"God bless you," said he, to the latter. "I revere you for all the past, and for what you have now done. Till to-morrow, dearest mamma."

Martine was going to reply when two soldiers led Alexander away. Elsie rejoined her nurse, and without seeing the captain again the two visitors withdrew.

Martine passed the evening in prayer for the success of Harriet's enterprise, in order that Alexander might be rescued at once from the hulks.

A PARADISE OF PEASANT LORDS

By JEAN CARLYLE GRAHAM

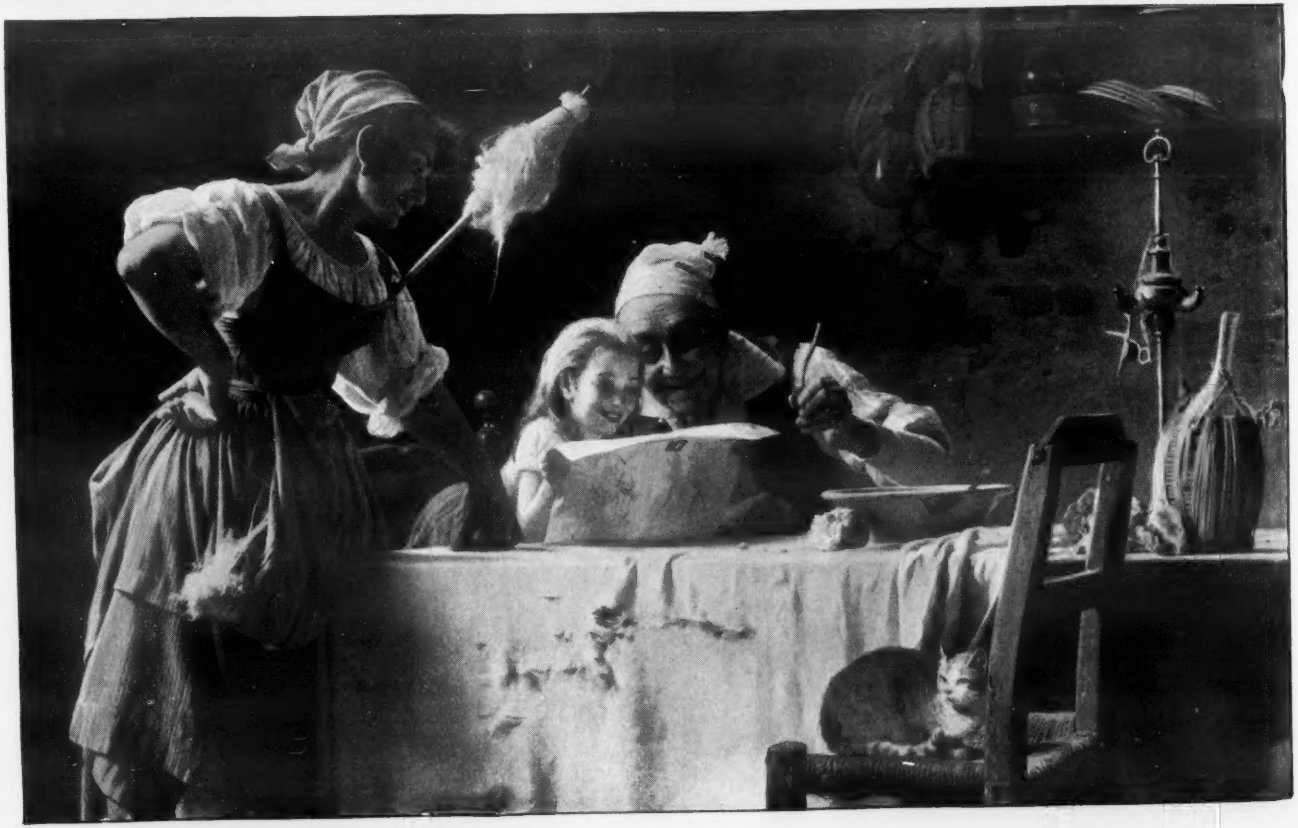
SOME 1600 feet above sea-level, in the heart of the Western Pyrenees, lies the Vallée d'Aspe. Close to the Spanish frontier, guarded by jagged pics, warmed by a bounteous sun, lulled by crooning rills, and tinkling bells from mountain flocks; it is a pleasaunce for gods; a fertile fief for man. Into the valley slips, in a series of thin cascades, the "gave," to fill the Bassin de la Fonderie (where is a long-disused foundry of ancient Gaul), and thence in sinuous emerald shallows it foams through gorges of marble and "nioure" (patois for porphyry) over variegated pebbles in patches of grey rock-sand; to taunt at the frowning Pont d'Esquit; to spread in the basin of Accous, where the valley widens to a plain of five kilometres by three; and then fed by numberless tiny torrents hurrying from the heights, it frolics past the Pont d'Escot and Oloron, and loses itself in the Adour, which bears it to the Atlantic in the Bay of Biscay. In the ramparts of the valley dominate three pics, sharp-toothed and menacing against the rich blue sky. To the south-east, Pic d'Aspe, more than 6000 feet in height; to the east, Sesque, yet higher, with an almost perpetual cap of snow; and to the west, the monarch of that group, the demon-haunted Pic d'Anie, whence, as the peasants tell, come storms that roar and flash, and winds that shriek and swirl each time the fiends are enraged by the sight of a tourist in their haunts! From these three snow-cisterned domes flow all the tributary streams of the "gave"; and near these streams or beside the many oozing springs, on wooded high plateaux, or on shelterless flats below, are set the peasant hamlets. Isolated farms are few. The Aspois congregate in hamlets beneath the round green "monds" that lean against the giant crags, any one of which monds would make a Grampian for a Scot.

The surface of the Vallée d'Aspe comprises about 48,942 "hectares," of which 1000 are absolutely sterile, and inhabited by "isards," bears, wolves, and vultures. Sloping from these wastes are forests and communal pasturages, on which latter heights—in extent some 27,035 hectares—the peasants herd their goats and sheep, camping out until November, when they descend to the herbage on the monds and by the gave; and later still, they go to the plains of Béarn, where they have an ancient chartered right, won by service as frontier guards against the Moors and Spaniards, of pasturage from St. Gregory's Day to Pentecost, and from St. Michael's to St. Martin's.

Of forest, rich in beech and pine and oak and fir, there is a stretch of 14,071 hectares, of which 7,989 are under the sole administration of the State and the remainder delivered to the Communes on payment of a tax. From these forests comes all firewood for the homes, and as the forest is high and far, the cutting and gathering of wood is a lengthy, arduous and dangerous task, which goes on from the spring melting of snow to the autumn fall. Men go up and cut the trees into lengths, and women and boys, and even little girls, mount asses and mules and fetch the tied bundles of wood, chaining them to wooden saddles with horned panniers that are formidable to meet on narrow paths. In the forest there are foxes, "sangliers," badgers and martins; also weasles and a species of ermine, and various kinds of snakes. Roedeer patter through the glades, and ringdoves coo in piny arcades, and blackcocks call over open gorse and heath. The "paysannes," who are often there alone for days, have visions of elves and goblins, and weave curious legends to charm the hearth when idle days come round. From December to March the men have nothing to do but lounge about their snowy streets in blouse and sabots or "espadrilles," hands tucked for warmth within the crimson woollen sash that serves for vest. No amusement is known save the gatherings in the "Débit de vin et de Tabac" of each hamlet, where they drink sour wine and shout patois politics for hours; while the women are knitting and sewing and scrubbing and cooking and beating flax and grinding wheat, and chattering volubly across from house to house of the various evils of this idle time. Happily the idleness is shortlived. The snows soon go, and then the vines are pruned, the potatoes set; the ploughs are busy. In May the maize and beans and "cuos" (patois for pumpkin) must be sown. Of course the wheat has been some centimetres above ground before the snows began to fall. Of cultivated land, the Aspois possess 2962 hectares of rich meadow, yielding under a simple system of irrigation with little gates into mountain brooks, an exquisite verdure of various sorts of "tréfle," and grasses and herbs, and flowers galore; while the 2080 hectares of tillage, *scratched* over by ancient-looking wooden ploughs and small squares of criss-cross twigs set with nails, that answer for harrows, produce fine crops of maize and wheat, rye and barley, oats, beans, "sarrasin," potatoes, and golden cuos that stare amongst the maize and twine their pale green arms about its shining stems and feathery crust-brown blooms. There are also textiles, flax and hemp, in patches of bluest green, but these are few and lessen as years pass on. The Aspoise paysanne no longer spins and weaves linen for her "corbeille" as in days gone by. The valley has its cloth stuffs brought from far. The railway reaches to its very gates, and soon the lines will run to and through these "Pyrenees" to Spain. Already there are whispers that click of future gold! Among these grim, still pics lie treasures yet untold. Iron, copper, silver, argentiferous mercury, manganese and lead. And sulphurous springs among the rocks. Here frown red "massifs" of marble and porphyry, and there gleam white blocks of alabaster awaiting a sculptor's hand. Then quarries of homely slate: the Aspois' houses are roofed with slate; so are the lonely "granges" on mountain pastures. Débris of slates is carried up in boxes on asses' backs to mend steep paths before these same boxes are filled with "fumier" for women's *hands* to spread upon mountain fields.

The Aspois will one day be rich. Will he then, as now, be the contented owner of ten hectares and two cows?

This valley is unique. There has never been a "seigneur" nor a great proprietor within its bounds. Here is a collection of communities who have held small holdings in undisturbed possession through generations upon generations since Roman days. And what is the result? A big, lean, often exceedingly handsome race. Probably because none but the strong survive the hardships of their lot. These men, women and children need be strong, for they must work, if they will live, in the fields from dawn to dusk, and often from dusk to midnight in the house. You see women working like mules,



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THE COMIC PAPER

From the Picture by P. Saltini

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bearing loads upon their backs that would fill a goodly barrow. You see girls carrying on their heads, with seeming ease, huge baskets of fruits or grains or roots from far fields to the "grange." Such a maid, with the walk of a queen, sandalled and uncorseted, will poise, without spilling a drop upon her gaily kerchiefed head, an Ossaloise "crûche" full of water from the spring, and pace with it to her home at the end of the village-street.

They must needs be hardy, for they have to feed on food a British farmer would give to his pigs alone. The great "marmite" of brass that simmers over the burning logs on its iron stool contains but water and vegetables. For supper, where there are cows, this diet is varied by milk with lumps of "mestura" (maize bread) to stir in red earthern bowls. In late spring, when eggs are many, not worth the trudge to market at Bedous (the commercial town of the valley), one has an "omelette aux fines herbes" as a treat. No meat, save an occasional salted "cotelette" from the one porker that is killed and cured in January to last till January comes round again. Then the bread. Sour, dark, heavy; baked fortnightly in the huge beehive-like oven that projects from the wall of every upper story. And the wine. Acid, thin, but pure; pressed from the family "vigne" in that quaint winepress that may have stood in that ancestral dust when the Saracens swarmed through the valley on their way to Charles Martel. And then, the home. One in which a British farmer would not lodge prize fowls. A perch between the cowhouse and the loft. The family dwelling, raised by the forefathers of Jeantou and Clémence, is of this fashion. Its site as near as possible to spring or stream, its walls as thick and solid as rock, built of "cailloux" from the gave, set in cement to the depth of an English yard. You enter through the barn, where on the earthen floor repose the beasts. Cow, ass, mule, goats, pigs, knee-deep in ferns, well-soaked and odorous!

Above his "bétail" lives their lord, in a great "salle," open-raftered, blackened with wood smoke, lighted by one window, deepset and seldom opened. The chimney is a cavern, and huge are the logs that smoulder on the stone step which is the hearth, and huge is the marmite over them, around which the women gather, and from which they eat, in the intervals of serving the men, who, to the boy-baby in his "maillot," alone are privileged to sit at table, and feed from glazed brown earthen platters and bowls. Above the hearth projects a broad long shelf, beneath are seats of state; the hospitable "paysannes" toast their guests! From the rafters hang in shining bossy yellow bunches the drying heads of maize—grandest of ceilings.

Around the salle are sleeping closets, with wooden box-bedsteads piled with home-made beds of maize-husks and mattresses of combed-out wool. Each closet has its "glace," its "armoire," heaped with ancestral linen, some of which will not be used till Clémence, her sons' wives, and their sons' wives rest in the cemetery behind the church where all were wed. Each bride adds to the hoard. Above the salle is the "grenier" full of grains, roots, fruits, straw, and rats. In this mansion live the "paysan," his wife, his sons, his daughters and sisters (till they marry), his sons' wives and children, all in contented year-long toil and comparative health, in spite of odours from the barn and from the cast-out garbage in the runlet in the street, by which the long-legged, loose-skinned pigs lie *smiling* in the sun, till hunger drives them galloping, tails tightly curled and flapping ears, to fields of "tréfle" to grunt and root, till some one spies and chases them on to the monds. The pigs must earn their living like the rest. "Jauntoo" is lord of his womankind and pigs and cows. He makes them work and pay their utmost price. For distraction to the work there is the annual village fête, when Jeantous and Joseppes put on their mond-bleached Sunday shirts, their Sunday dark full "blouses," their "bérets" of dark blue set gaily on one ear, and go to meet Clémences and Francines in Sunday frocks of black, loose-jacketed and straight, whose sole adornments are the white silk kerchief tied below the well-cut chin, and tight white cotton stockings on trim cord-sandalled feet; to dance on the clean-swept "place" before the church-door, the wildest athletic measures, in which Clémences are swung overhead each time the pipes and fiddles pause! This annual joy, with an occasional interment to attend, all cloaked and hooded in black; or a wedding that goes on for days of uproarious fun and feast—is the sole distraction of Clémence. Jeantou has his "café," and his "vingt-huit jours," when off go blouse and béret, on go "képi" and "paletôt"; Jean shoulders his sack or his yellow valise, plentifully bedews with tears his relatives of both sexes, and hies to his garrison town to pick up the ways of "militaires"; to feed on gamey "caserne" veal; to flirt with city coquettes (alas! Clémence); to march, a "territorial reserviste," with the plod of a sabot well-crusted with soil of the "pays." Meanwhile Clémence works on at home, guides ox-plough, fodders cattle, winnows grain on breezy hillsides in a sieve held high against the wind, does her "grande lessive" with a bat on the river-bank, rises early, couches late, and is a gaunt wrinkled spectre of her handsome girlhood at five-and-thirty years of age.

And Jeantou is a gentleman, Clémence a gentlewoman, despite the hardness of their life. Courteous, stately, hospitable, bland. And no one in the valley starves. The poorer proprietors are all in debt to their richer kin, but they pay in work. There is work for all who survive a dangerous infancy. If small Jeantoulin is so well advised as to enter the world during "la mois morte," he feeds and lives; but, should he cry his first cry with birds in spring, there comes a morning when he cries in vain. His mother is off on his fourth day of life to the fields. He lies in his wooden cradle on the hearth, and the old dame past field work, who fills the marmite and tends the "marmot," and knits by both, feeds him with soup, and nothing but soup (his father's cows are for ploughing, or market, not for infants' use), and some bright day, poor Jeantoulin is packed with flowers and leaves of "buis" in a white-wood box, tucked under his elder brother's arm, and away down the street behind M. le Curé in his cloth of gold and white, and the choristers in black cassocks and white lace surplices, and the great silver cross, and the tall white "bougies," chant, chant, with the women in their long black shrouds wiping decorous eyes in sorrow at his fate; and Clémence sighs and says: "The good God orders well." For Jeantou has no food for superfluous mouths, Jeantou cannot extend his domains, Jeantou cannot enlarge his house. He has no landlord to improve for him, nor even to repair.

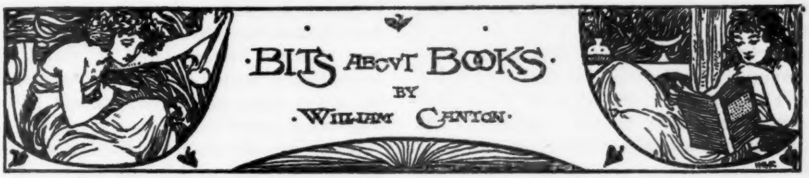
The population of the valley has much decreased of late. In 1841 there were 11,823 inhabitants in the Canton d'Accous. At the census of 1891 their number was 8,437. The hamlets are honeycombed with ruins; and when you ask why no one clears away these tottering walls that menace passers-by, the answer is, with shrug and outspread hands: "Well, who will pay for clearance? Who has time to clear?" Again, you follow a long rough road that ends at a gate, traversing many fields. This road is soft and netted deep with holes "to break a leg of mule." You ask why no one mends it, stones being plentiful? Jeantou sets one finger by his handsome nose, "This road belongs to seven; which will mend *his* portion for the six to use?" Jeantou wastes no cash; has none to waste.

Yet he pays taxes to the State; for, "Look you, the State teaches my infants free." The State keeps the "route Nationale" as a garden path from Atlantic to Mediterranean shores. Jeantou of Aspe, in 1890, paid the State in registration fees 38,346 francs: by direct taxation yielded it 56,191 francs, and by indirect taxation brought about 38,460 francs. And Jeantou pays the Church her dues, as yet; "For, look you, M. le Curé must live. And one may be married in church—Clémence prefers it. Also one must be buried decently—one's mother would weep." And there it ends.

He prays and works and dies, this small holder of the Vallée d'Aspe. He keeps *bare life* beneath a southern sun, by dint of toil from dawn to dark, on ten or twenty hectares of land responding abundantly to his hand, with a scarcely perceptible amount of bad weather in his splendid year.

Can we expect our "Hodge" to solve the problem of British *civilised* existence in our isle of sea-fogs and factory smoke, on "three acres" of soil that needs all the resources of science to make it produce at all, beneath the watery gleams three hours a day that we are pleased to call our summer sunshine?

Note.—For all particulars not falling under personal observation, I am gratefully indebted to "L'Église Reformée de la Vallée d'Aspe" (a book interesting on historical and statistical as well as theological grounds), by my good friend M. le Pasteur Alfred Cadier, of Osse (Basse Pyrénées).



·BITS ABOUT BOOKS·

BY

·WILLIAM CANTON·

THE new edition of the poetical works of William Morris* sets me dreaming of the brilliant spring morning on which I first opened a book of his. It must have been, I think, the first edition of "The Life and Death of Jason," which had been published a year or two before, in 1865. As my canoe drifted down from Twickenham I read canto after canto till I came to the loss of Hylas, and then it seemed impossible to leave the sweet dreamy song of longing with which the sea-nymph lulled him to his doom:

> "I know a little garden-close
> Set thick with lily and red rose,
> Where I would wander if I might
> From dewy dawn to dewy night,
> And have one with me wandering.

With the rest I fleeted a golden time in the quietude of Richmond Park. It was all a long while ago, for I was barely out of my teens, and a jingle of rhymes had power to convert an acre of trees into the forest of Arden or the wild woods of Broceliande. And what a strangely different literary world does that now seem compared with ours of to-day.

Does my memory mislead me, or was it in truth "Festus" which in those primeval years was the *magnum opus* to which we youngsters lifted up eyes of admiration and discipleship? Little cause for wonder if it were so, for had not Tennyson himself declared his unwillingness to express his full appreciation of the mighty drama lest he should lay himself open to the charge of extravagance? At that date the Laureate was doing little beyond a few striking poems in the magazines, and his latest effort, "Enoch Arden," notwithstanding a score or so of memorable lines, had not struck us as being of much account. Longfellow had just given us a thinner and less interesting volume than ever before, "Flower de Luce." "The Angel in the House," "Lucile," Woolner's "My Beautiful Lady," and a volume of Jean Ingelow were among our latest acquisitions. Little of Browning, despite the publication of the three volumes of his collected works, had yet reached us, and we had not heard of Robert Buchanan or Alexander Smith. But a new voice, an irresistible magical voice, was filling what appeared to us to be the dawn of a more splendid epoch with such music as had never been heard before in these islands, and the choruses of "Atalanta in Calydon" rang through our hearts till the world took a fresh colour and buoyancy from their superb cadences. The art of great story-telling, of romance and saga, had come back to us in "Jason"; in "Atalanta" we learnt the possibility of a lyric rapture, a glamour of words,

(*Elliott & Fry, photo., 55 Baker St., W.*)

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS

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* "The Poetical Works of William Morris." Library Edition. Ten volumes, 6*s.* each. Longmans, Green & Co.

a passion of rhythm, which hitherto we had never imagined to be within the scope of the English tongue.

As I look back one or two matters strike me as somewhat curious. For example, how hard it was to make a large poetical reputation in those days. Masterpieces appeared in the magazines and attracted but little attention. Collected into book-form, they were criticised with an almost incredible *nonchalance*, and met frequently enough with half-hearted praise or coldly courteous reserve. The great men of to-day were nobodies then, and our freelances spoke with a frankness only equalled by their lack of discernment. The poems which are now a part of English literature were then, almost line for line, the identical poems as we know them to-day, but somehow the world could not give them their true value till they had

> "Orbed into the perfect star
> We saw not when we moved therein."

Were some one now to write what was then written of the great singers of the last thirty years, it would be howled down in derision, if even an editor were found intrepid enough to publish it. Another matter is the great change, which we began to perceive about that date, or a year or two later, in the methods of poetry. Swinburne on the one hand had initiated, on a large scale, a new departure in technique; form, beauty of words, magic of phrase, melody of rhythm became objects and ends in themselves. On the other, Tennyson had given vogue to the idyll, which might well, in many cases, be termed the miniature epic. In spite of "Sordello" and "Jason," "The Spanish Gypsy" and "Aurora Leigh," the full-blooded, large-leisured narrative of adventure was doomed. Later poets, it is true, worked still on the big canvas, but do we not see in the small volumes and the scrupulous workmanship of to-day the results of these two great poetic forces?

During all these years Mr. Morris's works seem to have lost little of their charm. If they are in any degree less readable it is because we are more in a hurry than we used to be, and these poems were never the poems for a railway run between the city and the suburbs. For perfect enjoyment they require the long summer days among the hills or the long winter evenings by the fireside. That they do afford so much enjoyment is singular, when one reflects on it, for they contain little to hearten one in the great struggle, or to steel the enduring will against mischance or disaster. Yet the sweetness and beauty of the stories he tells—the old famous legends of East and West to which his genius has given a grace, and a colour, and a tenderness unequalled—somehow conceal from us the melancholy, one might almost say the hopelessness of life, which runs through them all in a sad yet not too painful undertone. Consider the "argument" of "The Earthly Paradise":

"Certain gentlemen and mariners of Norway, having considered all they had heard of the Earthly Paradise, set sail to find it. And after many troubles and the lapse of many years came old men to some western land, of which they had never before heard; there they died, when they had dwelt there certain years, much honoured of the strange people."

Is not this the world's dream, the world's disappointment, the world's saddened and resigned old age, from the beginning of time? Storm and vigil and homeless seas, many troubles, years of wandering and disillusionment, and nowhere any vision of the happy shore. Is not this the interminable tragedy of the heart of man? One thinks of the "Lotos-eaters" of Tennyson, but the aged men, whitened with the salt of many years, are no lotos-eaters, weary of action, content to lie in the hollow land of the afternoon. And again, one thinks of the "Ulysses," the joyous, resilient old age, "strong in will to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield;" but these gentle-hearted Wanderers have lost all the spring of life, all the hope and energy of conviction. And their poet is as sad and hopeless as themselves:

> "Of heaven or hell I have no power to sing,
> I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
> Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
> Or bring again the pleasure of past years,
> Nor for my words shall you forget your tears,
> Or hope again for aught that I can say,
> The idle singer of an empty day.
>
> * * * * *
>
> The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
> That weighs us down, who live and earn our bread,
> These idle verses have no power to bear.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
> Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?"

No, nothing here can console or strengthen human sorrow. Beautiful old myths and sagas, they are but the day-dreams of the dead; they cannot make death a little thing, they cannot dry a tear of actual grief or loss. Is it not strange that, noticing all this so clearly, the poet should have sought no solace in the belief of an unearthly paradise, of something beyond

> "The long long day of the darkness and the end of
> worldly work."

Mr. Morris has taken Chaucer for his master, and though as a story-teller he follows closely in his footsteps, it is curious that he so completely lacks his genial humour and that lightness of heart which give such freshness and piquancy to the "Canterbury Tales." He lacks, too, Chaucer's sharp characterisation, and his brevity and firmness of outline. On the other hand, I question whether even Chaucer himself can furnish so many delightful vignettes of landscape or incident. What, in its way, could be more delightful than this?

> "His gathering sight
> Showed him outside two damsels, pail on head,
> Who went by singing to the milking-shed;

And meeting them, with jingling bit and trace,
Came the grey team from field; a merry lad
Sat sideways on the foremost, broad of face,
Freckled, and flaxen-haired, whose red lips had
A primrose 'twixt them!"

Nothing, it seems to me, could be more exquisitely tender than the return on a tranquil autumn evening of the wanderer who had been in fairyland, in "the land East of the sun and West of the moon." It is simple as the speech of a child, but as one reads the heart is full of an indefinable longing:

"Most fair to peaceful heart was all:
Windless the ripe fruit down did fall,
The shadows of the large, grey leaves
Lay grey upon the oaten sheaves
By the garth-wall as he past by."

He reaches the carven porch, blows the horn, and enters. His brothers are seated at table; he sees his father half-rising with a silver cup in his brown hand, and by his side his mother gazing up timidly at the new-comer with the memory of her lost son in her eyes.

It is not my purpose to attempt an estimate, or even a survey, of Mr. Morris's work. Such a task ranges over too wide a field to be lightly undertaken. But, indeed, no criticism would give a true conception of the beautiful and delightful stories of "The Earthly Paradise," the epic completenes of "Jason," the magic of the lyric poems in the volume entitled "The Defence of Guenevere," to say nothing of "Sigurd," "Poems by the Way," and the translations beyond this, that Morris's "Odyssey" and Conington's "Æneid" are the only poetical versions of the two famous epics which I have been able to read with genuine pleasure.

In the little sheaf of verse which Stevenson sent home some months before his death,* there are some few leaves which, I think, will become the heritage of all who shall speak our English tongue for many generations to come. It is yet too early to look for a sober and frank appreciation of Stevenson's genius, but when the day arrives I am rash enough to think that it will be the opinion of those whose province it may be to judge, that, notwithstanding many exquisite snatches of song, his authentic instrument was prose and not verse. So far as the volume before me is concerned, I need not go beyond its covers to illustrate my meaning. Let the reader turn to the poem addressed to Princess Kaiulani. It is kindly and graceful, nothing more; but how alive with feeling, with the thrill of the master of prose, is the note with which it is prefaced: "When she comes to my land and her father's, and the rain beats upon the window (as I fear it will), let her look at this page; it will be like a weed gathered and pressed at home; and she will remember her own islands, and the shadow of the mighty tree; and she will hear the peacocks screaming in the dusk, and the wind blowing in the palms; and she will think of her father sitting there alone." How few of the travel-songs, despite their accomplishment of verse, sink down into the heart like these direct and perfect phrases. It is not strange that this should be so. For the longing for home, the yearning for the old red hills, the highland country-places

"Where the old, plain men have rosy faces
And the young, fair maidens'
Quiet eyes,"

had taught him how his "little maid" would feel when, far away in Scotland, she sat and thought of her island and her banyan-tree. Indeed, this hunger for home seems to have been almost a cry in the last years of Stevenson's life.

"O to dream, O to awake, and wander
There, and with delight to take and render,
Through the trance of silence,
Quiet breath."

His Vailima letters testify to his longing for the old mother-land, and it was that passion which, when he read the dedication of "The Stickit Minster," inspired the most poignant lines he ever penned:

"Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain
are flying."

Many of these songs of travel strike one rather as experiments in poetic workmanship than as the reflexes of serious moods. But if the quaint little lyric, "Let Beauty Awake in the Morn," be no more than a recreation in verbal melody, "To the Muse," with the charming simplicity of its "one corner of blue heaven" reflected "in our clear well of words," seems intended to convey an indication of his own modest pretensions. It is in these pages that we find two poems which, so far as I can remember, are unequalled in earnestness or religious emotion, in a vivid sense of the mystery and perplexity of existence, in the whole range of his writings. The first, "If this were Faith," has something—I say it without any shadow of disparagement—of the stirring bugle-call of Browning. It is the cry of faith from a man who does not know that he has any faith, the impetration of one who is not aware how near he is to the invisible Heart which he invokes. I quote but a single passage:

"If to feel, in the ink of the slough,
And the sink of the mire,
Veins of glory and fire
Run through aud transpierce and transpire,
And a secret purpose of glory in every part,
And the answering glory of battle fill my heart;
To thrill with the joy of girded men,
To go on for ever and fail and go on again,
And be mauled to the earth and arise,
And contend for the shade of a word and a thing
not seen with the eyes:
With the half of a broken hope for a pillow at night
That somehow the right is the right
And the smooth shall bloom from the rough:
Lord, if that were enough?"

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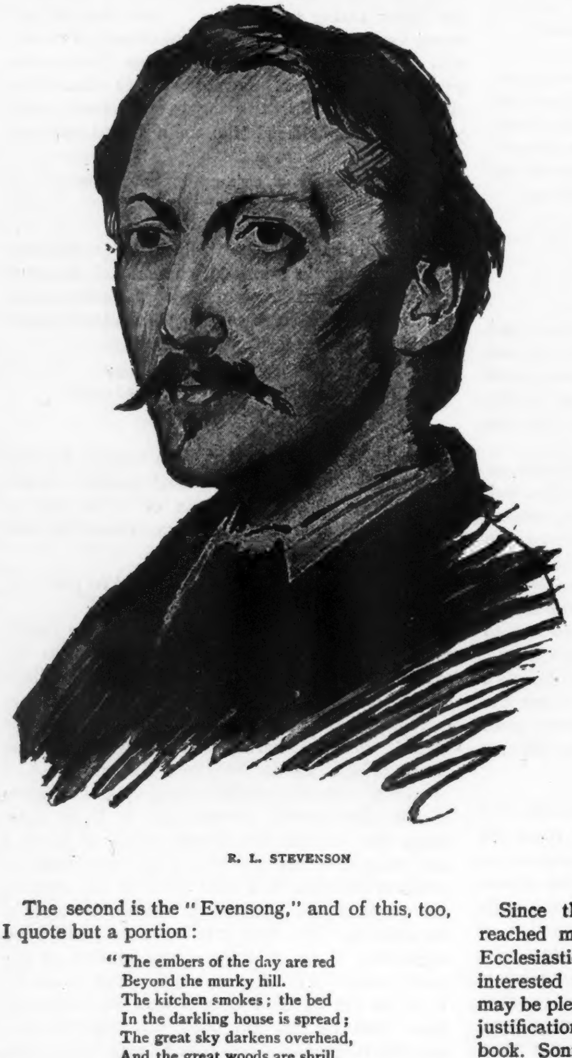
* "Songs of Travel and Other Verses." By Robert Louis Stevenson. Chatto & Windus. 5s.



R. L. STEVENSON

The second is the "Evensong," and of this, too, I quote but a portion:

> "The embers of the day are red
> Beyond the murky hill.
> The kitchen smokes; the bed
> In the darkling house is spread;
> The great sky darkens overhead,
> And the great woods are shrill.
> So far have I been led,
> Lord, by Thy will,
> So far I have followed, Lord, and
> wondered still."

These are poems that go home to the heart, and such poems live for generations.

Professor Knight's admirable edition of Wordsworth has now reached the sixth volume.* Two more will complete the "Poetical Works," and these will be followed by the prose writings, the letters, and diaries. With its characteristic portraits and charming vignettes this is the ideal edition for a lover of books, especially for a lover of Wordsworth. As I have already mentioned in these pages, the various changes which the poet made from time to time in his text are brimful of interest from a literary point of view, while the numerous footnotes and elucidations give the poems an atmosphere of life and personality so delightful that one cannot but wish that all the great singers were edited, as far as might be, in a similar fashion. In the present volume I notice at the close of "Yarrow Visited" a subtle and finely-expressed passage of criticism by Charles Lamb; but surely there must be few who agree with him that "Yarrow Visited" is "far superior" to "Yarrow Unvisited," or that the latter "has but one exquisite verse in it, the last but one, or the last two." To me it has always seemed that the last stanza of "Yarrow Unvisited"—the reflection, in days of sadness or weariness or care, that there is at least one lovely unseen spot in the world to dream of—is one of Wordsworth's most tender and beautiful thoughts:

> "If care with freezing years should come,
> And wandering seem but folly,
> Should we be loth to stir from home,
> And yet be melancholy;
> Should life be dull, and spirits low,
> 'Twill soothe us in our sorrow,
> That earth has something yet to show
> The bonny holms of Yarrow."

Since these lines were written vol. vii. has reached me. In glancing through the series of Ecclesiastical Sonnets with which it opens I am interested to find that a line from Wordsworth may be pleaded, by any one who cares to plead, in justification of the title of Mr. Alfred Austin's last book. Sonnet xxvii. on the descendants of "Alfred, king to Justice dear," begins as follows:

> "When thy great soul was freed from mortal chains,
> Darling of England! many a bitter shower
> Fell on thy tomb."

For a' that and a' that "England's darling" applied to the old warrior king cannot be regarded as felicitous or even congruous.

With the two dainty volumes—"Demeter" and "The Death of Œnone," the People's Edition of the works of Lord Tennyson is brought to a completion. No *format* could be more companionable than that of these prettily bound and beautifully printed shilling booklets.

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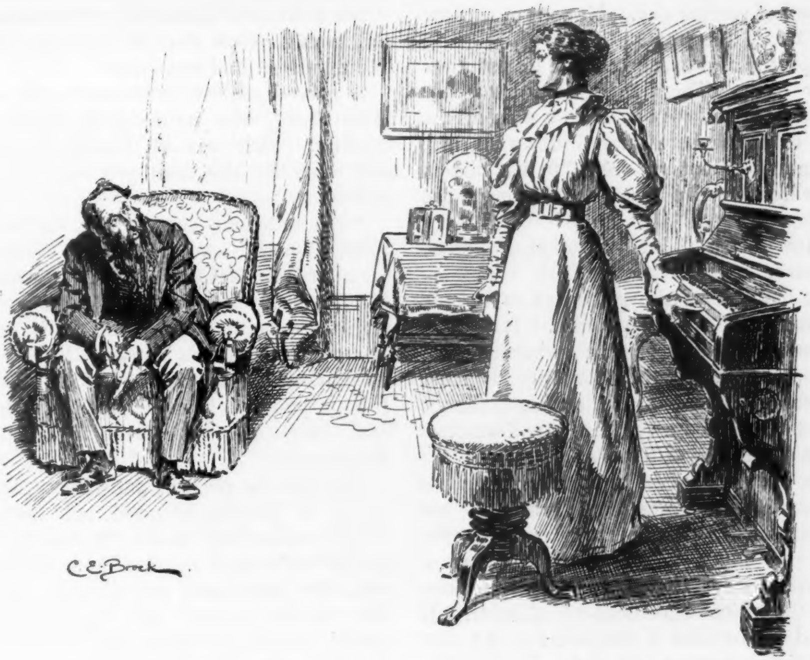
* "The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth." Edited by William Knight. Vol. 6. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 5*s.*



"Now, do you *really* like classical music, Miss Chance?"

CHARITY CHANCE

By WALTER RAYMOND, Author of "Gentleman Upcott's Daughter," "Love and Quiet Life," "Tryphena in Love," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES E. BROCK

CHAPTER XV

AS NURSERY GOVERNESS

A LONG room covered from floor to ceiling with a yellow, varnished, washable paper, except in one corner, where delinquent finger-nails had picked bare patches before Charity came. How the wall glistened behind the solitary gas-jet jutting out above the mantelpiece! The flame was naked, the children having long ago smashed the globe, which had not been replaced. And it had to be kept low, being liable to flare and run wild when turned up. But everything in the place was bare, except the spiritless little fire fast sinking to dust and ashes behind the bars of an iron fire-guard. Maria, the housemaid, had forgotten to bring up more coal.

It was late at night. The children were long ago in bed and asleep, and Charity had been sitting up at work. Her supper, sent upstairs on a tray, remained untouched upon the little ink-stained table by her side, just where Maria had banged it down some hours before, when she flounced in and flounced out, slamming the door behind her as a protest against waiting upon anybody who got no more wages than herself. That was the knell of parting day. Nobody ever came near Charity after that.

Dispirited and exhausted, she leaned back in her chair. The light glared upon her face. From the opposite wall a map of the world in hemispheres stared down at her, shining and binocular. She lifted a pile of papers from her lap and placed them on the table.

"How poor it all is!" she cried, and burst into tears.

The ugliness of the place was as remote from her mind as the antipodes. It was the last moan of a struggling swimmer who, overcome with fatigue, consents to sink. The whole course of her miserable existence since she entered the service of Mrs. Cornelius Porter passed through her mind.

She had now been a nursery governess for months, and was accustomed to her duties. At first, to her inexperience the thing was hopeless. But from the day of her arrival she grappled with her difficulties with the grim fierceness of despair. It seemed to her that if she failed to fill that place there was no other for her in the world. And a quite extravagant success rewarded her efforts. Before the second week was out Mrs. Cornelius Porter, a middle-aged matron, well nourished, and of the finest Britannia-metal, intimated to Miss Chance that with a little closer attention to the darning she was likely to give every satisfaction.

They were a prosaic race these Porters, and their days were all alike.

They breakfasted at half-past seven in order that Mr. Porter might catch a train. Upon this point Mrs. Porter waxed sentimental to the verge of poetry. If the children were not there they would never see their father, and that was so sad. Daily at this hour, expectant and somewhat overawed, they were ranged around the table. At a quarter before eight Mr. Porter appeared, late, hurried, and inclined to be irritable. He glanced hastily at the great gilt timepiece upon the mantelshelf.

"Eight minutes and a half," he muttered morosely, "if the clock is right."

"The clock is always right," retorted his wife, and it was a dogma for which she would have died.

"Always?"

"Always!"

He swallowed his boiling coffee, bolted his roll, flashed across the little domestic heaven like a meteor, and was gone.

A nervous, sallow little man, with a long black beard, who returned at eight in the evening. That was all Charity knew, for only once had she been privileged to speak to him.

"You will take supper with us to-night, Miss Chance," exclaimed Mrs. Porter on the afternoon of Charity's arrival, "and see Mr. Porter. Afterwards, perhaps you will play us something. We are both anxious about the children's music. You noticed *music essential*, I have no doubt. Oh! and I hope you don't mind making your own bed. Any other little thing I will mention as it arises."

The girl was nervous and uneasy, and the ordeal of playing haunted her through a silent, melancholy meal. It was to be a test of her ability, and feeling it to be such when the time came she played with care. The familiar sonata was like company to her in the strange place, but she rose from the piano dissatisfied and in doubt.

"Now do you *really* like classical music, Miss Chance?" asked Mr. Porter in that confidential tone which invites and deserves a candid reply.

Charity pledged her word to it.

"Well, I don't know," he reflected. "I like something a little gay. What's the use of music, except to take you out of yourself after a day's work, and liven you up a bit? Now, classical music always makes me feel unwell."

"We have a little music on Sunday afternoons, Miss Chance," put in Mrs. Porter in fulfilment of her promise to mention little things that might arise. "Mr. Porter is at home, and it is nice for the children to come down. Now you would like to go upstairs."

Charity did not see much of Mr. Porter on those occasions. She played hymn tunes by the hour whilst the children sang. But the head of the house, hidden in a silk handkerchief, reposed on a red sofa-cushion and restfully slept.

Charity had never seen people like these. Sometimes their destitution in the perception of everything that made life beautiful to her was more pitiful than the sight of poverty.

The atmosphere of the house oppressed her like a nightmare. The children overwhelmed her with a weight of care under which she could scarcely breathe. They broke everything. They hurt themselves and each other. They quarrelled and cried. They were more mischievous than goblins, without the mirth. And when she had struggled with all her might, the goodwill of Mrs. Porter came like a last straw added to her load.

With the desire to be kind, that most respectable matron became inquisitive.

"And how many years did you live with Miss Graham?" "And where is your own home, Miss Chance?" were amongst the friendly inquiries with which poor Charity was plied.

For some time the discomforts of her new position had no power to deeply wound her. She hardened herself against everything with the great thought that Prentice had promised to write. As the days passed and nothing came, she became more wildly expectant. She studied the table of "inward mails" and listened for the postman's knock. Surely it would come now. Other letters delivered at Babblecombe were sent on, but the one so madly desired was not amongst them. She became a prey to all the fears and doubts that love can conjure out of longing and disappointment. He had changed towards her. Found out her story and changed before she went to him. How else should one so emotional, so sensitive to the slightest word, remain unmoved by her deep humiliation? She might write to him under cover to Messrs. Pickering and Co. his publishers. She fetched his book to find the address upon the title-page. Then she grew proud again. He had parted from her with no word of love or help or kindness. He was angry with her boldness in rushing to him so eagerly, and disgust upon the instant changed so sensitive a man. Or perhaps prudence had made him silent. He was poor—had not means to marry; and in a calmer moment became wise. With that thought again she loved him tenderly. He would never change, and her heart was his through all eternity.

At last the hope of hearing from him waned. Then in the after-supper solitude she fell to taking up the threads of her old life. But the strands were all ravelled and tangled. Nothing remained unbroken but the slender story she had tried to weave in the leisure of her girlish happiness, and that lay at the bottom of the great black trunk untouched by fate or fortune. She thought of it and brought it to the light.

Now she read with other eyes and saw with deeper insight. What she had written was but idle fancy-work, beside the gorgeous fabric woven in the loom of human life. It was a village tragedy and the story held and fascinated her as at first. But when she wrote she had not understood. Passion and shame had come—crushing self-abasement had fallen upon her since then. A hurricane had swept away the rose-clad walls that sheltered whilst they shut her in from the world. And she stood alone—nothing, unless she could be something of herself. A hope, familiar of old in the dappled sunlight of her hillside bower, revived within her. She would make something of that story. In growing excitement she rose and paced the narrow little schoolroom. Her brain was in a ferment, her soul on fire. Yes. She, the nameless, base-born foundling, would win herself a name.

Not a moment must be lost. She drew a chair to the table and sat down before the sheets, all faultlessly copied in the days when time was plentiful and she had little to do.

The opening chapter was poor indeed. But she would improve that. Her fingers burned to begin at once. She fetched the ink, and pen in hand set to work to read. All night through she went on, scoring, interlining and blotting out until only here and there the girlish penmanship, like the pale face of a prisoner condemned to death, peered through the prison-bars of her ruthless alterations.

She laid aside the pen and burst into tears to see what she had done. So this, like all the rest, was nothing. It would be far easier to begin afresh. With a heavy heart she put it all away until another night. But from that time forth, the expectation of these silent hours triumphed over the drudgery of the day, and she was never lonely and never without hope.

She worked with such eagerness that the story grew apace. It held her imagination with a force so vivid and irresistible that her real life passed like a dream and this fantasy assumed the boldness of reality. It was interwoven with her deepest emotions. Not that she confided to the page the secrets of her heart, but the romance of it glowed with her passion for Prentice, and the tenderness was a recollection of her love for the little cripple, and to the misery her own pride and shame gave bitterness.

Last night with a thrill of joy she finished. To-night she had read it from beginning to end. Now she turned round to her dusty little fire, and in spite of herself the words sobbed up from the bottom of her heart:

"How poor it all is!"

In her enthusiasm she had hoped so much. It was to redeem her from drudgery—to make her worthy of Prentice—to prove the little cripple's kindness not all in vain. She had resolved to send it to Prentice's publisher. But what avail to send it anywhere? No one would look at it. It was poorer than before, and with this hopeless difference, that then she altered without hesitation and now, for the life of her, she did not know what more to do.

Nothing more could be done, and she cast the papers from her in disgust. Suddenly the door opened, the portly figure of Mrs. Cornelius Porter, magnificent in a brocaded evening wrap, sailed into the room. "You are sitting up very late, Miss Chance," she said severely. "I saw the light in your window as we came in, and Maria tells me you always sit up half the night. It is quite impossible you should do your daily duty, unless you retire at a reasonable hour and take proper rest. I must request that by eleven, so long as you remain in this house—not later than eleven—your gas shall always be turned out."

There was an assumption of superiority in the tone which Charity had never before noticed. Vulgar the woman had always been, but good-natured enough and even kind. Now she stood there large and arrogant. The very glance which she threw down upon the girl was an insult.

"I had something to do for myself, and no other time to do it," returned Charity coldly. "But now it is finished."

The answer sounded rebellious and did not please Mrs. Porter.

"I think I ought to tell you, Miss Chance," she went on, with the satisfaction which a small soul lodged in a comfortable body takes in the contemplation of its own virtue, "that I have heard a great deal about you to-day. A gentleman who visits Babblemouth regularly on business has told us all. He says you were the talk of the town. He even saw you himself at Swindon Station."

"He is mistaken," interrupted the astonished girl; "I have never in my life been to Swindon."

"At Swindon Station," repeated Mrs. Porter, with louder firmness. "In what class of company I should be ashamed to say. You can read for yourself in yesterday's paper. Then no further comment of mine will be required. I need not add that you can scarcely expect to retain a home in a respectable family."

With this withering sarcasm Mrs. Cornelius Porter left Charity to her perplexity. There was more of Cornelius than Porter in the dignity of her bearing as she passed out of the schoolroom door.

"Swindon Station," the girl kept repeating. "What does she mean by Swindon Station?"

If an apparition had broken in upon her midnight vigil, she could not have been more bewildered. An awful suspicion crossed her mind that an evening's entertainment must have resulted in the incoherency of Mrs. Porter. The thought was so horrible that for the moment Charity forgot she was again a waif. Anything to get away from such people and such a place. In desperation she got up, packed the re-written story, poor as it was, and addressed it.

She left it ready upon the table. In the morning she rose earlier than usual, and ran out with it to the post. Her heart sank within her as the packet fell with a thud into the letter-box.

But Mrs. Porter's words, "You can read for yourself in yesterday's paper," kept ringing in her ears as she hurried back to the house. She would go into the dining-room and see what that meant. The fire was as yet unlighted. She was fortunate enough to rescue the newspaper from the scuttle of Maria, and she glanced at the headlines as she carried it upstairs.

The Prentice Case.

Breathless she stopped beside the landing-window to read. It was a suit brought against the poet by his wife.

"Married! Impossible! A lie begotten

of envy to besmirch the reputation of a man of genius."

With this cry of passionate and indignant denial she threw down the paper in angry refusal to learn evil of one she loved. It was like listening to a tale behind his back. Then that was why she had not heard. How could he write under the weight of this great trouble? How deeply this must cut his pride! Yet she must read to learn how much he suffered—to hear his refutation and delight in his triumph.

She picked up the newspaper and carried it to her schoolroom. There was still time to spare before the day began, and she glanced down the long columns, and eagerly turned to read. But as she went on she grew sick at heart. The print became dim before her eyes. It was a tale of heartless desertion, and in spite of herself the woman's misery forced itself upon her sympathies.

"But they were unhappy, unsuited to each other," she cried, in contradiction to herself. "It was pitiable, but they were wise to part."

Then Prentice came into the witness-box, bantering with counsel. He treated the matter lightly, and was witty merely for effect. He, who had talked so sadly of human woe, as if the weight of all humanity oppressed his soul, went through the tragedy of his own making grinning like a comedian. The words of Miss Graham came back to her—that underneath the folly of genius, was soul or passion or a great heart. And this man had none of these. Her illusion was dispelled. She could not look at this and longer believe in him.

And for him she had forfeited an affection which had enriched her life. Then his love was all the world, but now in the moment of her disenchantment, how she longed for the tenderness of her one friend—the friend who had given everything—the benefactress who, deceived and disappointed, turned away her face in shame. She wanted to make amends. If she might only say, "You were right, but I knew no better then," and feel just once, in understanding and sympathy, the pressure of the little cripple's cheek against her hair, she could take heart against the world's vulgarity. There came to her an impulse to go back—just for one day—to give her gratitude expression and implore forgiveness——

The shutting of a door at the other end of the passage broke in upon her thoughts. In a few weeks she would be homeless. It would look like beggary even to write to Babblemouth at this moment. And she was only Charity Chance, after all. She hastily laid aside the paper. She had loitered too long, and already the steps of Mrs. Cornelius Porter were creaking down the stairs.

It was now the early spring, and Charity once more found herself face to face with the problem of how to earn her bread. She was to leave in the summer. "That will be the most convenient, and give both parties time to look around," explained Mrs. Porter, thinking only of herself. "And anything that I can say as to your competency, Miss Chance, I shall be very pleased, I am sure." At once the girl began to scan and answer advertisements. But the time was too far off, and no one ever applied to Mrs. Porter.

Now that the manuscript was gone, her evenings were lonely indeed. The little group of phantoms vanished from her hearth. Their story faded into the forgotten past. She had no hope that any one would print it, but to write had been a relief, and out of the ferment of her emotions a new fable began to take shape in her imagination. Then again she forgot her troubles in work.

Yet her mind was alert with expectation. She looked for no great tidings, nevertheless as days grew into weeks and no answer came, she became conscious of the depth of her disappointment. She began to fear. The parcel might have gone wrong. Perhaps it was lost. Perhaps unsolicited it should not have been sent, and therefore, being useless, had not been returned. She realised that it was nothing, and yet she was consumed with anxiety.

One evening, having laid down the supper-tray, Maria loitered.

"There's a letter, Miss Chance, came last week. It was left in the kitchen. I meant to bring it up, and then I forgot it. I hope it isn't any difference, I'm sure."

Fully determined to demean herself no further, Maria withdrew in haste.

The publisher's device was upon the envelope. So there was to be a verdict after all. Now that the time was come, although she had no hope, her agitation was so intense that her trembling fingers could not break the seal. Then with sudden nervous energy she tore it open.

The contents were very brief, but glancing over the letter her eye caught in snatches the whole pith of the matter.

"*Prepared to undertake the publication of the same . . . . of course with an author's first work it is not possible to offer . . . . royalty of* 10 *per cent. upon which we would pay a small sum—say £*20*—upon account*."

A commonplace communication sure enough, yet one which read with all the wealth and wonder of an Arabian romance. Twenty pounds! Now that she had earned it herself, it was a mine as inexhaustible as the Indies. Her imagination ran riot over the magnificence of the sum. And royalties run on for ever. The occasion justified a revel, and she took it in elementary arithmetic. Twenty pounds! She had re-written the book in six weeks. She would finish the new one by June. Twenty and twenty make forty, and then her stipend. She would walk out into the world worth fifty pounds. Then she would take a room, and write, and write.

But the latter portion of the letter was still unread.

"*Should you accept these terms, please reply without delay, as we should like to print at once, to publish in our series during May.*"

And a week had elapsed! They might refuse to stand to their offer now. At once she wrote a letter of acceptance, loaded with apologies. They replied with a printed contract. Then proofs showered down upon her. Revises followed like the April rain. At last came that early copy of the first book, a joy like the gladness of a new spring. She turned it over in her hand, and a thrill of pride leapt within her bosom. She, the nameless waif, was about to justify her being.

CHAPTER XVI

THE END

CHARITY had taken apartments—two rooms the size of cupboards—in a little street near the residence of the Porters, and here she worked in peace. Her only luxury was a daily paper, which she searched for a review. The purchase was an excitement, like drawing from a lucky-bag, but once or twice she drew a prize. They were praising her, she found, in terms sometimes extravagant, which pleased her none the less. But work and solitude began to tell upon her. She wanted to speak to some one. This feeling grew so strong that at last she determined upon an expedition. She would call upon her publisher.

It was a hot July morning, and she walked down Paternoster Row.

The firm of Pickering and Co. announces itself in letters of blazing gold, which he who runs may read, and without difficulty she found the house. She entered a sort of warehouse, where a clerk was writing at a desk, and asked if Mr. Pickering was disengaged.

"What name?" inquired the youth, shortly.

"Miss Chance."

His manner changed. Alighting from his high stool with alacrity, he requested Charity to "step this way, if you please," ushered her upstairs to a waiting-room, invited her to take a seat, and assured her Mr. Pickering would not be long.

She waited some minutes, and the time seemed endless. Mr. Pickering probably cherished no great desire to see her. She began to wonder at her temerity in calling, and to wish she had not come. Two large etchings adorned the wall, and she got up and stood looking at one of them. Then the door behind her opened. She turned round quickly, and was face to face with Alfred Prentice.

"Charity," he cried with rapture, just as when he met her unexpectedly in the wood. "How glad I am! I was going to write, and came here to-day to be sure of your address."

As he stepped towards her she recoiled with aversion from his outstretched hand.

At once he stopped. His manner changed. But trouble had taught her much. A finer sense had replaced the freshness of her inexperience, and when he spoke again she could feel the vanity at work beneath his words.

"I wanted to congratulate you upon your book. It is fresh and sweet. A new note. Delicate, passionate, and shy, like the whisper of some woodland bird. Yet fierce in its relentless grip on an inevitable human destiny."

His voice sank into a whisper as he spoke of the bird he did not specify, and he clenched his fists and crushed the tragedy of all humanity between his set teeth.

Then he thought of himself, and became low and mellow as of old.

"But above all, I felt something due to you, and still more to my own heart. When we loved each other so madly, and I would have carried you away"—he raised his hands towards heaven to show how far he would have carried her—"the greatness of your soul overcame me. You showed me the crime I was committing, and the inevitable consequence. I knew my weakness, and at least had strength of mind to flee. Your story touched me deeply. I saw your soul suffering the burden of another's wrong, and my heart melted with pity. I could not write. Then, the sorrow of my own poor life was thrown open to the world. Ah! sad, sad! All is sad!"

Moved by the picture of his own magnanimity, he was quite overcome. His eyes filled with tears. Unable to proceed, he turned away and covered his face in his hands.

The girl took one quick impulsive step towards him. Doubtless he loved her whatever his misfortunes, and love demanded sympathy at least. Then the recollection of his coldness to her distress rushed into her mind. He could never have loved her. With sudden insight she perceived that this man deceived himself, and had no stake in human life. Imagination and he played a game of chance with mere words for counters.

Recalled to himself by her movement he came towards her.

"Please do not speak to me, Mr. Prentice," she cried, impatiently. "The past is gone and better forgotten."

Her tone was so angry and contemptuous that it hurt his pride, but the smart of the injury completely restored him. He continued to explain himself.

"Then your book came into my hand. Again I was about to write when I read of the terrible affair at Babblemouth. I dared not intrude upon your sorrow at such a moment——"

"What do you mean?" She interrupted him.

He looked at her in astonishment.

"Is it possible you have not heard of Poltimore-Briggs?"

"I have heard nothing."

At once his manner became quite commonplace. He had no emotion to expend on a mere historical fact.

"He committed suicide by throwing himself over the cliff. The jury brought in an open verdict, but his affairs were in an awful state, and everybody knows what really happened. He had been living on the money of your little crippled friend for years. He was her trustee, and spent every penny or lost it in speculations. They thought he had run away. That yacht we sailed in was seized and sold. They found his body by the rocks where we lay becalmed after he had been gone a week."

"Mr. Pickering will see you now," said a voice beside her.

The clerk was standing by her elbow. She had not heard him come into the room. Like a person hypnotised and obeying a suggestion, she followed him along a passage, and was shown into an office. As she entered, a large man with red hair rose from his chair behind a table strewn with books and papers, and greeted her most cordially.

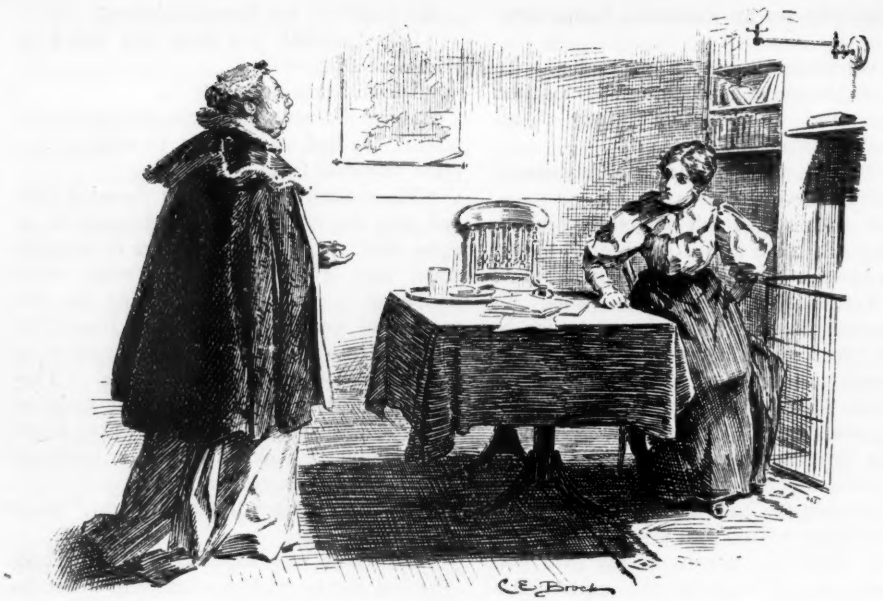
"How do you do, Miss Chance? I am most happy to make your acquaintance. You want to hear about your book. Well, I am glad to say it is going well—fairly well. We've pushed it in every way—advertised it heavily—almost too heavily, perhaps." Here he smiled benignly. "And it has been well reviewed. You would like to see some notices."

He laid upon the table before her a large volume into which press-cuttings had been pasted.

It should have been a moment of eager anxiety and triumph, but Charity could not read a word. Mr. Pickering was there as large as life. She saw him. She heard clearly every word he uttered, and she stared upon the open page. But she was not there at all. This was all a dream. The real Charity was far away at Babblecombe with poor Aunt Helen, deceived and penniless! What could become of her in such a situation?

Mr. Pickering stood rubbing his hands.

"And what are you doing now, Miss Chance?" he asked with friendly condescension.



" 'You are sitting up very late, Miss Chance,' she said severely "

There was a pause whilst the question pierced its way through her preoccupation. A minute later she remembered having heard it, and replied in haste:

" I am finishing another book."

" We shall be very pleased indeed to see it, Miss Chance."

He nodded his head, and in smiling expectation awaited her reply.

But Charity did not answer. How could poor Aunt Helen support the want of those requirements which wealth had always provided. That was the thought which kept her dumb.

Such reticence on the part of a budding authoress was rare. A suspicion crossed the mind of Mr. Pickering that Charity must have been approached from elsewhere.

" Of course, Miss Chance," he explained in quite a lordly way, " we can do much better for you with a second book. We should increase the royalty *and* the advance. Of this I am quite sure, no one in the trade could do better for you than we."

Still no response. Nothing but a direct question could win a word from Charity.

" We might be able to run it in our magazine." He went on now very serious, and stroking his fat chin. " On consideration, I think we should like to look at what you have done at once. If it is suitable, and we give you, say, a hundred pounds for serial publication, and then——"

The girl looked up with disconcerting suddenness.

" How quickly could you let me know ? " she asked.

" In the course of a day or so we would communicate our——"

She gave him no time to finish his sentence.

" I will fetch it at once and bring it to you. I hope there will be no delay. I am going into the country. I will give you my address."

She glanced at the table. He handed her paper and a pencil and she wrote: *C/o Miss Graham, Babblecombe House, Babblemouth.* Then before he could cross the room to open the door for her she was flying down the stairs.

" Somebody has made that girl an offer," he muttered to himself. " I should really like to know how much they have said."

But Charity had only one thought—to bring her precious manuscript and get to Babblecombe as quickly as she could. She looked for no train. She made no plan. But hurried thither and back, and at last must wait an hour upon the platform before she could depart.

She would return, and throw her arms around the little cripple's neck, without words or explanation, trusting only to the abiding power of their love. And she would keep her in poverty. And pay the debt of many years. And tend her as no hireling hands can ever tend.

It was evening when she reached the hilltop and once more looked down upon the little mansion in the coombe. How quiet it all was. Not a leaf of the ivy stirred. There was no one in the garden and Jan Sprake was not in the yard.

She had brought nothing home, and above the cottages she stopped the hired fly she had taken at the station and got out. She would rather walk down unobserved.

The door was open and she went in as if she had but come back from the town. She wandered across the hall and into the drawing-room. The French window was closed and fastened, and the place had the close air and wore the dusty look of a room not used.

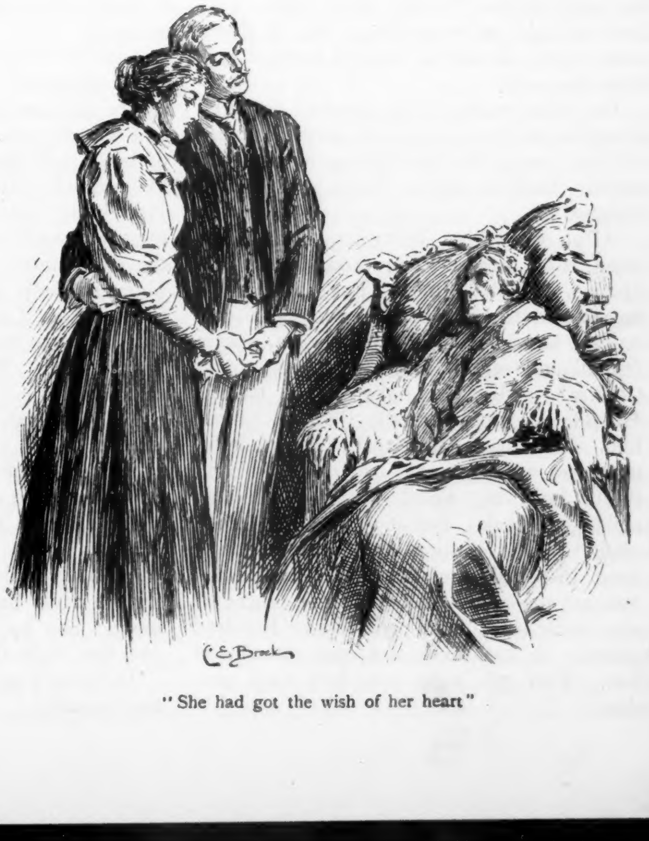
A spirit of change and disaster brooded everywhere. The things remained unaltered—but something had fled. No open book lay upon the table, no paper had been dropped in haste upon the floor. And the chairs stood back against the wall, lacking significance.

She heard a sound—a man's step hastening out of the house. She ran back, just in time to catch sight of the departing figure of Bibberly, the bluff, fox-hunting, local practitioner, whom Miss Graham regarded with contempt bordering on abhorrence. Then Aunt Helen must be ill—ill indeed to submit to his presence. How carefully he closed the door to make no noise.

She went upstairs and listened. She was afraid this suddenness of arrival might be ill-timed and she did not know what to do. From the room where Miss Graham used to sleep came a low moan.

Charity stealthily opened the door and looked in. The little cripple lay upon a low chair beside the open window. The evening breeze bulged the white curtain and fanned her face. Her cheek was yellow like parchment, and bloodless like death. Yet her senses were alert, for the shrewd grey eyes, brighter than ever and very large, glanced round as the quickening current of air told her that some one was silently entering the room.

At once they glistened with delight. She had gone too far upon the journey of life to feel surprise. She tried to beckon with her finger as of old.



"She had got the wish of her heart"

Charity ran to her.

"I was just thinking of you, child. Kiss me, Charity. Put your hair against my cheek. I knew you would come. Graham has been reading to me, Charity. Charity, you have it all, dear."

She quivered with excitement. In the intensity of her feeling her voice broke into a whisper.

The girl did not understand.

"Don't you remember what I once said. Soul, or passion, or a great heart. Graham has been reading to me—the book—my book—for I made you, child. He was sent for when the—when the trouble came, and he stays here for the present. He sat up with me last night. I made him go and lie down. I cannot sleep because of the pain, and the maid has run in for the draught. The Mortimers have gone to a garden-party to-day and so I was alone. I was thinking of you. I knew you would come."

She paused, and gazed into Charity's eyes with such affection that the girl could not speak.

"It will be a very short time now, Charity," she said sadly. "I am quite ready, and have thought of everything. But I don't want to go. I want to stay—I want to stay more than ever."

Her thin hands firmly clutched the girl's shoulders, as though upon the secure stability of that young life her drifting spirit could anchor itself to earth. Then she became resigned.

"But everything is arranged, and my mind is at peace. The thought of John Sprake troubled me. For when the horses had to be sold, what was he to do? And he had been here twenty years, always faithful and safe. But what do you think, Charity? He has taken the George Hotel! I wrote to the justices about him. He has been really a wonderful man, so steady and saving. I can't think how he saved it all on fifteen shillings a week. But it was such a relief, child." One illusion at least had never been dispelled, and she smiled upon the girl as she went on. "Charity, there is the house and land, and seven hundred pounds in the bank that was not drawn out. That will keep you, just keep you, dear."

Suddenly she summoned all her energy. She raised herself in the chair. She spoke and pointed in the old way that Charity had never dared to disobey.

"Go and knock at Graham's door, child. Tell him to come at once."

Graham came in haste. He and the girl stood side by side, and through the window shone the last glow of the evening sun. It astonished Charity to see how greatly he was changed. A new ruddiness of travel was on his face. Trouble had hardened his will and given character to his features.

"What did you want, Aunt Helen?" he said tenderly.

Miss Graham looked at them, and the old desire came back. One last gleam of romance flashed from her departing soul, vivid as the momentary streak of flame that sets on fire a western cloud.

"Marry," she cried, "marry at once. There will yet be time. And I shall see the wish of my heart."

He turned towards the girl in doubt. Even if she would marry him, could he dare to take advantage of the weakness of this moment.

"Marry!" repeated the little cripple with wilder urgency.

The girl saw his hesitation. He was poor and unfortunate. The disgrace and death of his father must for ever overshadow him like a cloud. She could understand all that. Her heart went out towards him with a force of love it could never have known in the old summer days. She could comfort him, and help him—yes, and earn money for him, too, if he would only ask her now. But the time was past. She also had lost an illusion. Nothing could bring back that.

As he looked, the light of love came into his eyes.

"Charity," he whispered quickly, "we have never broken it off."

"We have never broken it off," she echoed.

With a smile of satisfaction the little cripple sank back exhausted and said no more. She had got the wish of her heart, and that night she slept.

In the cold grey of early morning she passed away content.

They were married that summer in the little church beside the cliff looking down upon the quay, where Charity was left a waif. No one ever knew whence she came. They sold the little mansion, and left Babblemouth at once, and no one asked whither they went.

Her signature is on the register, and that is all.

That was the last of Charity Chance.

THE END

COUNTESS DE GASPARIN

BY MRS. WARRE CORNISH

THE Countess Agenor de Gasparin was born in 1813. Her death last year revived echoes of a voice whose note was very distinct for some of us in the sixties; former readers of GOOD WORDS may remember certain studies of life among the French Vaudois translated here under the titles of "The Near Horizons" and "Vesper," which brought them into relation with a new and arresting page of French life, bearing the impress of a very perfect faith and a very perfect art matured together in a corner of the Jura Alps.

This countrywoman of Amiel, whose "ideality" (to use his great word) was not less than his, and who appealed to the French by the charm of her style and form, was the daughter of M. Boissier, of an old Vaudois family, brought up in an ancient manor house, which she often pictures for us amongst the mountains, lying west of the head of the lake of Neuchâtel. There live the descendants of the French persecuted race, whose character and traditions were to be the subject of her narratives. The society that gathered about le Manoir is described by Countess de Gasparin in four volumes entitled "La Bande du Jura;" a fraternity of friendship and travel composed of robust men of thought and science, and women like herself "peu utilitaires," and given to contemplation more perhaps than is Frenchwomen's wont. Her brother, M. Boissier, was the well-known botanist. At the age of twenty Valérie Boissier married the husband her heart had chosen, Count Agenor de Gasparin, a man of letters, whom she adored, and after whose death, in 1874, she lived in complete retirement, though still in vigorous health, for twenty years. Out of this somewhat rarely complete experience came the work entitled "Christian Marriage," crowned by the French Academy, according to the custom of that revered assembly to encourage works conducing to public morality. In 1858 Countess de Gasparin published "Les Horizons Célestes" anonymously; a work which brought comfort to thousands of the "dear bruised reeds" of all countries. It is not to this work, however, that we shall give much consideration to-day. The modern world has no need to ask how much we owe to this or that writer, if men and women of all sects have brought to their requiems a more reasonable and natural mood of thought than prevailed forty or fifty years ago. It will be sufficient to say that in her outlook on death the bold Frenchwoman broke through a heavier tradition than that weighing on any other country, to hold out her hand to American and English writers who have struggled for at least liberty of imagination and phantasy in the region where it used to be most denied—that of the life after death. Such overflowings of the heart are their own pledges of hope. Their symbolism can but expand that of the Bible.

But "Les Horizons Célestes" was followed by a series of prose idylls, "Les Horizons Prochains" and "Vesper," which at once occupied the attention of critics. Sainte-Beuve first revealed the name of the author in two of the *Nouveaux Lundis*, January 1 and 8, 1865. In these studies the great critic compared two representative French women of letters: one the Catholic and the almost classic Eugénie de Guérin, whom we first knew in England through Matthew Arnold's beautiful essay; the other the Protestant, the modern spirit, our author with her religious passion, her "bold realism," her "expression vierge," as Sainte-Beuve wrote describing these studies of country life.

The last volume was published in 1888, under the title of "Dans les Près et sous les Bois." This author's titles never tell us anything; but the reader should study this new series of prose idylls to find the seal set on Sainte-Beuve's description:

"In all the country walks over hill and dale Madame de Gasparin has described for us; amid all the scenes of working life about which she has written—the vine-dressers, herdsmen, foresters, tile-bakers, all the Jeans and Jacques of the neighbourhood she has brought before us, she has written the *Golden Legend* of Protestantism (*la légende dorée du protestantisme*). M. de Rémusat, in speaking of Madame de Gasparin, has been struck by seeing how much her works differed from her descent, and how little the talent of the author resembled her opinions and her primary beliefs. It is the contrary that strikes me. I seem to recognise at every moment in her the emancipated Genevan, the Calvinist full of imagination. It is new wine in old bottles; the bouquet, the aroma is rough, and whilst the talent dares and originates, the sect restrains. Who is this singular person?"

We give Madame de Gasparin's answer appended to this essay, as it reveals her to us at the height of her fame. After speaking of her admiration of both the De Guérins, she says:

"And now forced I am to tell you what I think of the Madame de Gasparin of the *Constitutionnel*. As for her books, let us leave them on one side. Yet I thank you for judging them with much indulgence. . . . . But!—this *but* will make you smile—but I am not at all the courageous person, joyous to excess, ready for battle, the strong woman built up in vigour, as you believe! And truly, tell me, is it not so?—have you not yielded involuntarily to the pleasure of opposing the somewhat crude, somewhat stiff Protestant, in her sound coarse moral health, to the Catholic so full of grace and carelessness, unconsciously touching by her timidity; retiring, wild and shy (*effarouchée*), suffering perhaps, but full of charm (*toute pénétrée de charme*)?

"Do not think that I wish for one ray of her sweet aureole! Ah! no, but permit me (it is my way you know) to burst the mould in which you have enclosed me. The evil, the suffering of life, is not unknown to me . . . . I weep often, and if I have been able to break through my disposition to dream and utter that which leads to action, it is because the faith accessible to all has sustained me."

What then was the literary form through which this writer, having found her faith, and singing "because she must," and "as the linnets sing," appealed to so many likely and unlikely minds?

It is a form which we are only now beginning to study in England—the prose poem. In France it has been brought to perfection by the modern school known as Impressionist, of which Pierre Loti's "Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort" is the best known example. In treatment also, Madame de Gasparin is an impressionist; free from didactic aim, loving air, naturè and liberty, she is resolute in finding the equivalent word for her clear and native impression.

"Why," she exclaims, at the close of "Philémon et Baucis," a study in the volume called "Vesper"; "Why have I drawn just as they presented themselves to me these scattered passages of life with their far-reaching perspectives? They are not pictures, scarcely sketches; say rather lights thrown on an old wall by the fantastic flame of a fire of twigs. What do they teach? Where is the moral?

"Alas! nowhere. I am not a utilitarian, as you know. I have followed my memory where it led. I have seen once more humble faces lit up by humble joy. I have communed again with robust natures that were well defined for life, well suited to emphatic candid enjoyment; and the reflection has projected itself, I know not how, upon the page."

Here is an impressionist who brings no picture, not even a sketch, nor the Dutch painter's mirror nor the modern realist's held up to life. No; the poetic emotion has kindled the vivid firelight, and in it live the shadows on the wall, without traditional or conventional dressing up, but as in life and with all the vitality of art.

If Madame de Gasparin starts forth with

any theory it is that there is an artistic sense in most of us, and accordingly to that sense she appeals—to "that mysterious singer who lives within us and sometimes accompanies with ideal melodies the most vulgar details of the most prosaic life; that inward eye which sees the gold of the dawn or the glade of the forest, whilst our bodies are moving from our club to the tailor's, from our house to the stores; and breathes poetry into life." Again, it is "that inner improvisation which seems to respond to the hidden as we carry our ill-disguised *ennui* through our too artificial life, and repeats the echo to the soul; wild harmonies; words that, in your moments of fine common-sense, when you feel your money growing in the funds, you will treat as vague nonsense, and yet which charm you and soothe you, and transport you into serene regions where you would wish to live and where you would wish to die. You are the author, not I. I shall stammer; your genius will sing. I may well let you fall half-way; your genius will bear you along further than you knew where to walk."

And then we follow her by mountain paths to dwellings in the valley, or solitary huts by the fir-wood, where the Lisettes and Jacques of Béranger's tongue live by the light of the lives of the Old Testament Patriarchs, and where old traditions charm and old customs survive among citizens of the French Republic, and we feel the power of the mountain and the power of the Bible and the mystery of nature. For the art of the sincere Christian is sincere, and she faces the dark side of the struggle with nature. These are her favourite themes; but sometimes it is the hard mediocre life of the mean Parisian poor she pictures, or the sordid village existence, where the inner life awakes here and there "royally" by contrast. Sometimes it is to the Evangelical secret's working that Madame de Gasparin brings all her art matter, to some very familiar, to others of the dreamy and mysterious. She thinks it is both. She does not preach; she records what she has seen and passes on. She infects us with her sympathy for the *cœur desherité*, with her courage and *bonne humeur*, that salted ingredient of French prose which, coupled with fine observation, is akin to humour.

In examples of all this we think Madame de Gasparin at her best in "Vesper" (which can be obtained for 1 franc 25 centimes). Take at random two stories which are placed together in this volume, "Les Coqs de Madame Alfred" and "La Fleur Rouge." Here is the description of Madame Alfred—poor, a widow, and a cripple.

"Do not picture to yourself an angel; nothing less than that. A terrible little creature is she who lies propped up under her white bed curtains. Very pretty in her pallor, with the nose and mouth of a little Greek head, bright eyes, a forest of black hair: its crisp waves half lift her cap; and beneath this feminine face that would fain laugh at all things (*volontiers rieuse*) there is I know not what irrevocable coldness that takes away your breath.

"She has cleverness; it proceeds from extreme decision of character, a dry, exact point of view, a resolute will. She has broken with conventions. There are spirits that misfortune emancipates. . . . Her room is like her, turned to the north, full of light, not sunny, and over the mantel there is a pair of pistols. Madame Alfred had a husband whom she loved, and who is dead; the pistols were his. No other souvenir of him."

We are told that her mind is "mathematical and in revolt, eternally placing before itself two terms of equation—her own innocence and the cruel absoluteness of God who crushes her—eternally resolving in favour of her own pride."

"She has no weakness for herself; a spoilt child, she keeps in absolute misery and entire solitude all the caprices, all the dryness, and also all the grace, sometimes even the fantastic benignities with which queens ot fashion cheat the *ennui* of their boudoirs!"

One of her singularities is to keep a pet cock, depriving herself to feed the voracious bird. The cock dies. He used to crow in the night; he made the night seem less long; now she would hear him no more. But we must pass over the story and the purchase of another cock—a very wicked one—by her visitor, and the description of the cock merchant and all the attractions of his merchandise, and quote only this:

"I placed the cage on her bed. 'Don't touch him, he is ferocious,' I said.

"Madame Alfred did not hear me. She had opened the cage; she had taken the cock in her arms; she considered him. The bantam, fascinated by the radiance of that pupil more brilliant (*éclatant*) than his own, bent under it with a little guttural cooing. An instant passed in mute contemplation; you would have said that the recollection of her great black dead cock kept Madame Alfred undecided. All of a sudden, drawing the bantam close with a rapid gesture to her face, 'There, I'll love you!' She looked at me, covered him with kisses, and let him fly. Then drawing from under her pillow a bit of needlework she showed it me triumphantly. 'For you! I made it with these.' She held out her paralysed fingers. I took those poor hands. 'It is good to love each other, isn't it? Thank you for every stitch made with your pain.'

"Madame Alfred laughed, but in her dark eyes I saw a tear. It swelled, it fell, it wetted her cold face. God places such in His vessels."

We have mentioned Madame de Gasparin with her countryman H. F. Amiel. Admirers of the "Journal Intime" should study the next story, "Crimson Flower," to find an airy fantasy symbolising what Amiel aspired to all his life; that "impossible adventure which comes when we seek it least, the miracle of seeing through and beyond life."

It came to her on an idle day, a morning in June, when the haymakers were in the field, the nightingale calling from the wood with that fervour of song which silences all other sound.

"When she had fired all her rockets, scattered her bouquet of stars, in strains of defiance and triumph or litanies of love, she ceased as suddenly as she had begun. There was a moment of absolute silence. Then a willow wren whispered a few syllables, a linnet tried her note, the blackbird whistled, but nervously as if to recover his voice; then a fluting and a piping, a medley of joyous sounds, a dance of sparks in the air; and I, I know not how or why, I began to dream of the 'Crimson Flower.'"

She knew the flower of old; she had seen it as a child, looked for it in her girlhood. She chooses now the paths she loves to describe, "poor little despised paths which plunge under the coverts, are lost in the clearing, unravel their loops between the meadow and the stars, which lead nowhere, to nothing authorised, nothing legal, not to the school, nor to the pulpit, nor to the Sorbonne"; contemplating "the immense vault above, the hum of tiny creatures below, their golden scales, their brilliant plumes, their mysterious dances, ferocities of giants in atoms that are hardly visible, Herculean labours which a breath destroys." But she does not find the Crimson Flower. The butterflies and the gilded dragon-flies dazzle her eyes. Her senses, her emotions, her thoughts do not guide her in the quest; and, overwhelmed with discouragement, she ceases to search for the symbolical flower.

She comes upon a peasant girl who has left the haymakers to nurse a secret grief in the wood. The short dialogue that follows is full of grace in the original. Slowly and shyly the story of love, disappointment, humiliation, is told. The knot is hard to untie. And instead of dreaming about the flower, she begins to think how difficult life is in youth, what a paradox it is that we grow happier in spite of disillusion, even should we have seen our loved ones die.

Sublime inconsequence! at that moment the crimson brightness flashed in the grass at her feet. She clutches the flower, but she dares not look upon it. And whilst she holds it, the flower stirs, throbs, throws out new purple petals, takes wings, escapes, mounts in a ray of gold into the azure depths, soars a moment, and is gone.

Before, she had taken the world by its outward and sensible side: now by its inward and spiritual. The world, rough or smooth, was transformed by the power of that emotion.

Perhaps it is only the power of description, the careless grace, the abstention from all precision or pointing of the moral, which fascinate us in this story. Perhaps it is an attempt to narrate the unnarratable; but we may at least claim for Madame de Gasparin, that in making the attempt she does not forget to charm.

In her last published volume (1888) the pressure of the age weighs more heavily upon this writer's vivid happiness in nature: happiness which "we require energy to seize"; "without which we cannot prepare for death." She maintains that the effect of this age is to have *tired* our souls. "The thirst for the ideal has become a fire burning itself out. The divine sources are dried up." We recommend as an example of Madame de Gasparin's personal and natural way of presenting such problems, the story entitled "Les Bucherons."

We are now in the heart of the mountain and feel its power over us, as do the woodcutters themselves, if we will believe the author. The peasants (she tells us) when they go, twice a year, *faire le bois* on the steep slopes of Suchet, do not talk of the clear streams, the stars, the fresh scent of the woods and the sentiment of nature. But when in the summer mornings the peasant sees the moon grow pale and the Alps lift themselves out of the twilight, as he trudges to his early labour in the meadow; or when he rests on his scythe and looks round him among the sights and sounds of the morning sunshine, his silence says more than any words. "From these great silences is born the love of country." The Jura peasant in exile will not describe to you his forests and mountain rills and meadows; but he suffers from the monotony of lowland life: *il s'ennuiera d'eux.*

The writer's enthusiasm for the refreshment and primitive life of the mountain infects us. But the mountain which feeds and sustains the physical and moral life of rich and poor is also "the mountain which kills."

"When the tall pines fall in the spring, the mountain, mighty and opulent, shows no resentment—all through the summer he waits. But in autumn, when the pines, stripped of their bark, are sent hissing down the timber slides to the valley, he takes his revenge on the murderer of his forest. Death comes to the woodlander on the mountain when the avalanche of pine-trunks rushes down its sides, crushing and breaking down all before it, hurling blocks and boulders to right and left with a roar as if the Devastator himself were passing. The woodman stands aside, sheltered behind a rock. The torrent of timber may overwhelm man and shelter together, or, if he ventures out too soon, some belated trunk, gliding silently down the smooth track to the ravine, may sweep him away. So many have fallen thus, that one more victim of the pitiless giant only recalls those who have gone before; and the dead seem to join the train of bearers."

Joy and pity solicit at once for our love, on the mountain, but then begins another contest, transferred to the heart of Jeanne, the woodcutter's widow.

Alone, when her neighbours will leave her, her apron over her head, bowed together, she crouches by the hearth. "When all is at an end for us, our limbs sink, our joints relax: lower, lower still. It seems as if the earth which has engulfed our love, draws us to herself and absorbs us. We feel a yearning to return to her bosom; then surely all will have been said and closed.

"But no! nothing has been said. All stirs and wakes, all rebels within her. Under that poor apron burst forth the battle, the terrible revolt against annihilation. Nevermore! Nevermore! insisted the Destroyer.

"But the soul, when it has wandered long in the wilderness, consumed by the aridity of the frightful desert; the soul, when it can struggle no more, turns to God. *God alone has pity which does not wound.*"

None of all this is presented to us with the resignation and restraint of the Catholic. Our author dreads too much patience; it partakes of the "fatigue of the age." Her heart, full of charity, feels a capacity for endless combat. Her own provision of courage is so sufficient for the pilgrimage that she will find the "gates of Eden" even here amongst men and mountains. But however strong her own faith in the Word which lifts up, in the cottage of Jeanne silence alone brings the thoughts which appease.

The other studies in this volume have the same personal note, whether she leads us on a botanising expedition, or to the *clos des ruches* (bees and bee-keepers have several good chapters here) under the blaze of the conquering sun, or to the cairns of primeval Helvetians, or again to the Suchet mountain, the banks of the river Orbe, and the ancient city of Orbe, with its Roman and Burgundian towers, its glittering domes and steeples; whilst the Alps shimmer in the east.

These are the scenes of her father's Manoir, the ancient home of her race. Here most of her books were written. But Madame de Gasparin ended her life at Rivage near Geneva. In the retirement in which she lived after her husband's death, she there remained still in touch with the large French Protestant world of thought. A few friends only were admitted to her society. One of them has described her: "Her face was aged, but youthful in its vivacity. She wore a band of white tulle, tied under the chin. All who were admitted to her in those years, we are told, keep a tender remembrance of the noble and lovable woman. They will see her framed by the open window, and with the background of her old-fashioned garden and the view of the blue lake and the great snows beyond. The conversation of the recluse showed an astonishing acquaintance with the world in which she had ceased to live. Modern painters particularly interested her, and no subject was new to her."* Another friend wrote at her death: "At one time Madame de Gasparin might have said with Wesley, 'My parish is the world,' but her humility was as great as her zeal. Always well informed, always watchful, feeling all the heart-beats of humanity, the generous Christian knew how to uplift and carry forward; but she was not afraid to write a book of boldness on 'Certain Faults of Christians To-day,' in 1887. A Christian before all things, but a cultivated Frenchwoman in taste, she desired that the family of God in the world should conquer by breadth and amenity. Therefore she was not afraid of attacking the methods of the Salvation Army in a book which drew forth loud protest."

But lovers of literature, we think, will remember Madame de Gasparin by her prose idylls, with their vivid, natural touches, which bring to her conviction all "the prestige of beautiful, simple things" (as she writes), and for ourselves we would take leave of her far from the discussions of Geneva—on the mountain side contemplating the depth of the forest, and looking with her for the Crimson Flower.

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* M. Marc Dèbrit in the *Journal de Genève.*

THE HOUSE OF LORDS AS A COURT OF APPEAL

By MICHAEL MacDONAGH

THE House of Lords looms large in party controversy, and volumes have been written about its functions as a branch of the legislature. But there is one aspect of the House with which the public, generally speaking, is unfamiliar, and that is when it sits as the Supreme Court of Appeal from the Courts of Justice of the United Kingdom. The House of Lords is the ultimate resort of the suitor who feels that an injustice has been done him by the decision of any of the law courts. In such a case its judgment is final and irrevocable.

Every peer has, in theory, the right to take part in the proceedings of the House of Lords whether it sits as a Court of Appeal or as a branch of the legislature, but lay peers have long since ceased to interfere in the appellate jurisdiction of the House over the judgments of the law courts. These functions have practically, since the Revolution, been solely discharged by law lords. But by an Act passed in 1824 every lay peer was bound to attend the House when it sat as a Court of Appeal, at least once in a session, under a penalty of £50. Three lords constitute a House for judicial as well as for legislative purposes; and the object of the statute in compelling the attendance of lay peers by rotation was to secure a quorum for appellate business. The Court often consisted of the Lord Chancellor or some other law lord and two lay peers, but the decision of the appeal was left entirely to the law lord. The lay peers were simply dumb figures brought in to comply with the Standing Order which requires the presence of three lords before business can be proceeded with. They were not permitted to take any part in the determination of the matter heard before them.

It was not a satisfactory condition of affairs which thus left to one lord the final decision of the important question, whether the Court of Justice from which the appeal was taken was right or wrong in its judgment. But that was not all. The High Court of Parliament was said to be open to every one who felt aggrieved by the verdict of a law court. There is something noble and inspiring in this idea of Parliament being ever ready to redress any injustice that may have been committed in the administration of the law; but what a mockery and a delusion it

(*A. Bassano, photo., New Bond Street, W.*)

LORD HALSBURY

proved to the suitor who on appealing to Parliament to correct the errors in law of the Lord Chancellor in the Court of Chancery, found Parliament represented by the very same judge by whose judgment he felt he was sorely wronged.

Several unsuccessful attempts were made in recent years to remedy this state of things before a satisfactory solution was found. With a view to strengthening the legal element in the House by increasing the number of lords who had been judges of the High Courts, the Queen, on the advice of Lord Palmerston's Government, in 1856 revived the dignity of life peers, which had been long in abeyance, and created Sir John Parke, formerly one of the Barons of the Exchequer, Baron Wensleydale "for and during the term of his natural life." The House of Lords, however, decided that the title did not carry with it the right to sit or vote in the House; and a hereditary peerage had to be conferred on Baron Wensleydale before he could take part in the appellate business of the House.

So matters remained until 1872, when Lord Hatherley, the Lord Chancellor of Mr. Gladstone's administration, brought in a Bill to abolish the appellate jurisdiction of the Lords, as well as of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council which hears appeals from Colonial law courts, and to create instead an Imperial Supreme Court of Appeal. The feeling among the lords was strongly against any invasion of their ancient privilege to revise on appeal the judgments of the courts of law, and the Bill consequently had to be withdrawn. But in the following year Lord Selborne—who succeeded to the Woolsack in the same Administration on the resignation of Lord Hatherley owing to failing eyesight—introduced another Supreme Court of Judicature Bill, which passed both Houses. The Lords had now surrendered by Act of Parliament their ancient appellate jurisdiction. However, they soon regretted their action, but not too late to recall it. Before the Act could come into operation feeling turned against it, and it remained a dead letter. In 1876, Lord Cairns—then the

(*A. Bassano, photo., New Bond Street, W.*)

LORD HERSCHELL

Lord Chancellor of Mr. Disraeli's Administration—introduced the Appellate Jurisdiction Act which is now in operation. By this statute the appellate jurisdiction of the Lords was restored or rather preserved and their efficiency as a Court of Appeal improved.

The House sitting as a Court of Appeal was formerly constituted, as we have seen, of one law lord and two lay peers. The Act of 1876 provides that at least three law lords shall be present at the hearing and determination of appeals. Law lords are of three kinds:—(1) the Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, for the time being; (2) peers of Parliament who have held high judicial office—that is, have been Lord Chancellor of Great Britain or Ireland, or a judge of one of the superior courts of England, Ireland, or Scotland; or a Member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; and (3) four Lords of Appeal in Ordinary.

The Lords of Appeal in Ordinary were specially created by the Act to assist the House in the discharge of its judicial functions. The qualification required of a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary is that he has held high judicial office for not less than two years, or that for not less than fifteen years he has been a practising barrister in England or Ireland, or a practising advocate in Scotland. There is a salary of £6000 a year, and the rank of a baron for life, attached to the office. A Lord of Appeal in Ordinary also receives a writ of summons to sit and vote as a peer in the House of Lords, sitting as a branch of the legislature; but his dignity as a Lord of Parliament does not descend to his heir.

The Lord Chancellor and, in his absence, the senior law lord present, presides when the House sits for the hearing of appeals. Lay peers may attend if they please. Indeed, there is nothing in the Constitution to prevent them from voting when the time comes for the House to decide whether the appeal shall be dismissed, or the decision of the Court below reversed. But the hearing of appeals, as well as the decision, is now left entirely to the law lords.

(London Stereoscopic Co., photo., Cheapside, E.C.)

LORD DAVEY

An appeal to the House of Lords may be made from any order or judgment of the Court of Appeal in England, the Court of Appeal in Ireland, or the Court of Session in Scotland, in a civil suit. Before the case has reached any of these courts, it must, of course, have been heard and decided in another tribunal, so that the question at issue has been the subject of a judgment in at least two courts—the court in which the suit originated and the Court of Appeal—ere it comes finally before the House of Lords. If the party who has lost in the Court of Appeal has his faith in the justice of his cause still unshaken, or is advised by his counsel that the decision of the courts is against the law, he may obtain from the House of Lords a definite, fixed, and final judgment on the legal point at issue. This unquestionable interpretation of the law by the highest legal luminaries of the land is an expensive luxury. The appellant who seeks to have the decision of the Courts below reversed or varied, must give, as security for costs—should the decision of the House of Lords be against him—his recognizance or personal obligation to the amount of £500, and the bond of a surety for £200. The respondent, or the party who defends the judgment of the Court of Appeal—which has been given in his favour—is not required to give security for costs, but if the decision of the House is against him, he may be required to bear a portion of the expenses of the appellant.

(*Russell & Son, photo., Baker Street, W.*)

LORD MACNAGHTEN

But giving security for costs is not the only preliminary required of the appellant. An appeal to the House of Lords is brought by way of petition. It must be addressed "to the Right Honourable the House of Lords," and set forth that it is "the humble petition and appeal" of So-and-so, praying that the judgment in such-and-such a case "may be reviewed before her Majesty the Queen in her Court of Parliament, in order that the said court may determine what of right and according to the law and custom of this realm, ought to be done in the subject-matter of such appeal." The petition must be printed on parchment, and the reasonableness of its prayer must be certified by two counsel, who have either appeared for the appellant before the Court of Appeal, or propose to plead for him before the House of Lords. Forty copies of the respective cases of the appellant and the respondent, which form the subject matter of the appeal, printed in clear type on quarto sheets, and bound in book form, at the expense of the appellant, must be lodged with the petition in the office of the House of Lords; and it is also required that ten copies of the book are to be bound in purple cloth for the use of the law lords.

The House of Lords sits as a Court of Appeal—unaffected by the prorogation or even the dissolution of Parliament—on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays throughout the legal year, if, of course, there is business to be done, from half-past ten in the morning till four in the afternoon. The public are admitted to the House. It is, however, seldom that a visitor, inspired solely by curiosity, makes his way there, and yet it is a very interesting experience. The House of Lords sitting as a Court of Appeal is, in its composition, its procedure, and its environment, utterly unlike any other Court of Justice in the land. The Lord Chancellor enters the chamber at half-past ten in his long flowing robe and full-bottomed wig. He is preceded by the Serjeant-at-Arms, bearing the Mace on his shoulder, and by the Purse-bearer, carrying the gorgeously embroidered satchel which is supposed to hold the Great Seal, of which the Lord Chancellor is the Lord-keeper. The Lord Chancellor takes his seat on the Woolsack, and the Mace is placed behind him to indicate that the House is sitting. The proceedings of the House always open with devotions. When the House meets for legislative business, prayers for the Queen and for light and leading in the deliberations are recited by one of the bishops. Similar invocations are now read by the Lord Chancellor, and the responses are given by the other law lords.

But the doors of the chamber have not yet been opened for the litigants and their counsel. Besides the Lord Chancellor and the law lords, the only persons present at devotions are the Serjeant-at-Arms, one of the three clerks of the House, who take minutes of its proceedings, orders, and judgments, and the Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod. After prayers, the clerk reads the title of the first case on the list. "Call in the parties in the case," says the Lord Chancellor to the Yeoman Usher, and the doors are thereupon thrown open. The lawyers, litigants, and general public assemble at the Bar, which is marked by a low oak partition running across the chamber immediately inside the portals. In the centre there is a sort of pen, enclosed by a light rail, in which the Speaker stands when the Commons are summoned by Black Rod to the House of Lords; and here the counsel for both the appellant and the respondent and their solicitors instructing them are accommodated. At the other end of the chamber is the throne on which the Queen sits when she opens Parliament in person, but its beauties are now veiled by a red cloth covering. In front of the Throne is the Woolsack, a large lounge without any back or arms, upholstered in scarlet leather. In the centre of the floor is the clerks' table. At each side, running up from the floor to the wall, with its wainscot of carved oak, are five rows of scarlet benches divided by two gangways. The windows at each side are of stained glass, representing the ancient sovereigns of the realm; between them are dark-tinted effigies in stone of the mail-clad barons of Magna Charta, and the roof is a mass of gold and colours. It is a superb chamber—a fitting place, indeed, for the Supreme Court of Appeal.

The Lord Chancellor comes down from the Woolsack when the doors of the chamber are opened, and takes his seat at a temporary table, spread with a scarlet cloth, placed between the Bar and the massive table which is used by the clerks. The other law lords sit on the front benches close to the Bar, each with a small movable table before him, containing pens, ink, and paper, and the purple-bound book in which the proofs on which the rival parties in the suit respectively rely are given in a clear and compact form. Unlike the Lord Chancellor, their lordships are without wigs and gowns, and in ordinary morning attire.

The case opens at once. No preliminary objections of a technical nature or applications for adjournment are allowed. Such points are previously dealt with by a committee of the House called the Appeal Committee, which is appointed at the opening of every session to relieve the House, sitting as a Court of Appeal, of the work of seeing that the Standing Orders have been complied with by appellants, and of dealing with respondents' objections to the appeal or applications for an extension of time. There is no bustle and no excitement. Gravity, dignity, and decorum reign supreme. No witnesses are examined, and there is no jury.

Browbeating is therefore unknown in the Lords, and dialectic sparring between opposing lawyers would be undignified and ineffectual before the highest legal luminaries in the realm.

An absolute rule of the House is that only two counsel can be heard on each side. The lawyer addressing the House stands at the centre of the Bar, and lays down, in a placid, conversational style, the facts of the case, and the points of law on which he relies for a verdict. There is no hurry in this grave and solemn tribunal. Counsel leisurely unfolds the case of his client, or supports it, and his long and apparently interminable address is listened to with unwearied patience and the closest attention by the law lords. The calm serenity of the atmosphere of the House, and the cool, dispassionate deliberation of the Judge, soothe you, even if you be an anxious and excited party in a case; but, all the same, I hope the only capacity in which the reader will ever enter the House of Lords, sitting as a Court of Appeal, is that of lawgiver, or else of a casual visitor.

Judgment is not delivered at the close of the arguments. Knotty legal problems, or delicate and difficult points of equity, are always involved in these Appeals, and plenty of time is therefore taken by their lordships to consider their verdict. When at last their lordships have made up their minds, the agents in the case are informed of the day on which the House will deliver its decision.

The chamber does not display on the day of judgment quite the same aspect that it wore on the day the arguments were heard. The law lords are again sitting on the front benches close to the Bar, with their little tables in front of them; but the Lord Chancellor is now on the Woolsack. In a moment he rises, and advancing to the clerks' table, reads from a manuscript his judgment, concluding by moving that the order or verdict appealed from be affirmed, altered or reversed, as the case may be. He is followed by the other law lords, in the order of precedence, each in like manner reading from a manuscript, reasons justifying the decision at which he has arrived. It will be noticed that all begin their addresses with the phrase "My lords." It is another of the fictions of the House that they are not Judges delivering judgment in a case, but members of a deliberative assembly stating in debate the reasons why the House should take a certain course on the question before it.

When all the law lords have spoken, the question is put in the same form as if the House were sitting for legislative purposes. If the Lord Chancellor has arrived at a decision hostile to the appellant, he says: "The question is that this Appeal be dismissed. As many as are of that opinion will say 'content'; and of the contrary opinion 'non-content';" and he adds "the contents have it." As a rule the law lords come to the same conclusion in an appeal. But should there be a difference of opinion, judgment is given according to the views of the majority. The Lord Chancellor finally declares, "The judgment of the House is that this Appeal be dismissed, and that the appellant do pay the respondent's costs in the Appeal."

The judgment thus pronounced is the judgment of the whole House, and it is entered as such on the Lords' Journals. It defines and fixes the law. It is the last word on the tangled legal point at issue. The fiat is irrevocable.

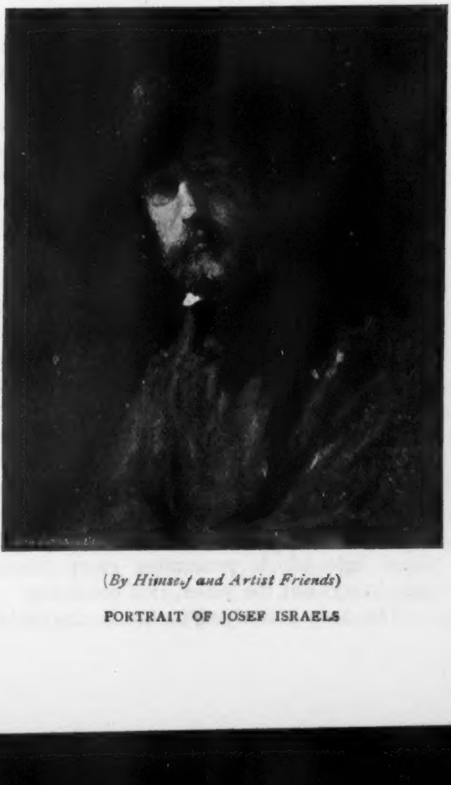
PRIVATE PICTURE GALLERIES

THE COLLECTION OF JOHN FORBES WHITE, Esq., LL.D.

IT has been well said by the great French critic Bürger (Thoré), that a private collection is an exact index of the artistic tastes, feelings, and convictions of the collector. Nowhere is this theory more evident than in the interesting collection formed by Mr. John Forbes White, of Dundee.

Although on leaving his gallery in Aberdeen, Mr. White had to dispose of several of his larger canvases,* still a perfect store of art treasures is to be found in Mr. White's present home.

Here we find work of artists of all schools, the varied techniques and treatment making



(*By Himself and Artist Friends*)

PORTRAIT OF JOSEF ISRAELS

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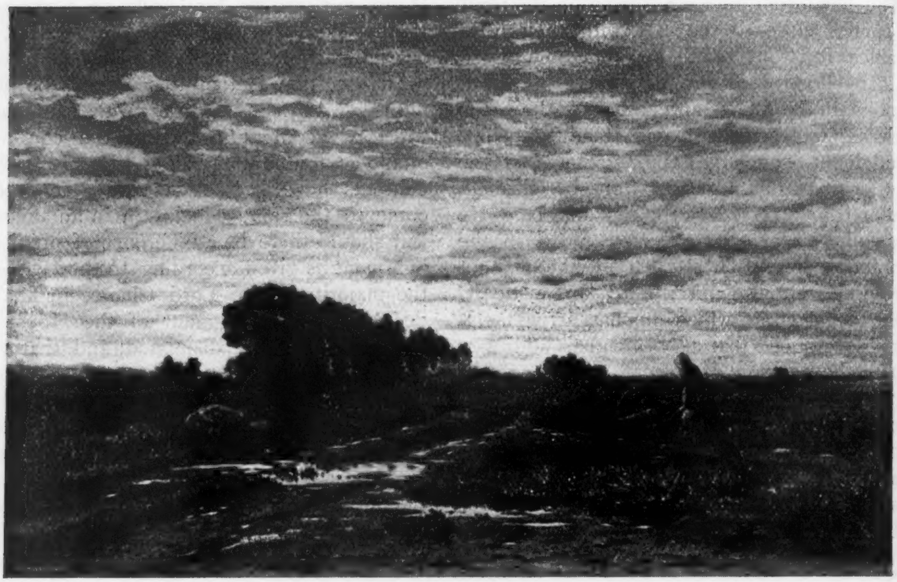
* The "Souvenir d'Italie" by Corot, and "The Farmer's Daughter," by Orchardson, now find a permanent home in the Glasgow Corporation Gallery, being part of the magnificent gift of the family of the late Mr. James Reid; the fine landscape by Roelofs was presented by Mr. White to the Aberdeen Art Gallery; while Sir George Reid's "Whins"; William Stott's "Le Passeur"; James Guthrie's "Highland Funeral;" the well-known flower-piece by Diaz, and others went to enrich private collections.



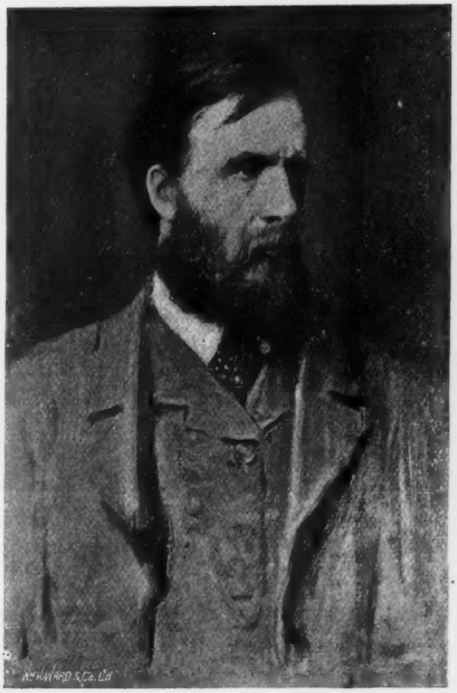
(*By A. Mollinger*)

"DRENTHE"

one harmonious whole, and demonstrating clearly the sympathetic insight and critical knowledge of the collector.

Mr. White early showed a love for Dutch art. In 1868 he brought to Scotland the first "Josef Israels," a charming picture of a Dutch fisherwife gazing out to sea—and since then his love and admiration for Israels' work has never diminished. His finest example of this artist is the beautiful interior, "The Anxious Family." The painter's work must come from the heart if it is to touch the heart. Israels throws himself into the life of the people with a rare intensity of sympathy and feeling, and draws one into the secrets of their daily joys and sorrows. Here we feel hushed in the presence of the quiet despair of the wife, and long for the return of the breadwinner. The children sit with spoon in hand, an elder girl gazing, like her mother, through the window. The dog looks on expectantly. The interior is dark and mysterious, yet there is a fine subdued light which penetrates every corner, and brings out the sober, rich colouring.

The deep underlying pathos in this and in many of the pictures by Israels has led to the opinion that he must be a sombre, melancholy man. No one is more averse to this criticism than Israels himself. "I am not *triste*," he exclaims—and indeed no one could be more sparkling and gay than the great Dutchman. He can understand and paint for us in a charming way the fisher-children as they play with their toy-boats in the pools on the sea-shore. He can see the joy and brightness of young life, as well as the toil and sorrows of manhood and age. In all his work there is sentiment without sentimentality. When Opie was asked by an inquisitive youth, "With what do you mix your colours?" he replied, "With brains, sir." Israels could answer for himself, "With heart, sir." But the charm of Israels to artists is in the fact that he combines this sympathetic insight with high artistic qualities, both of modelling and colour. A bright and charming cottage scene is his water-colour called "The Little Housekeeper." A little girl who has been left in charge of the household for the day is bending over the baby's cradle, while the mother,



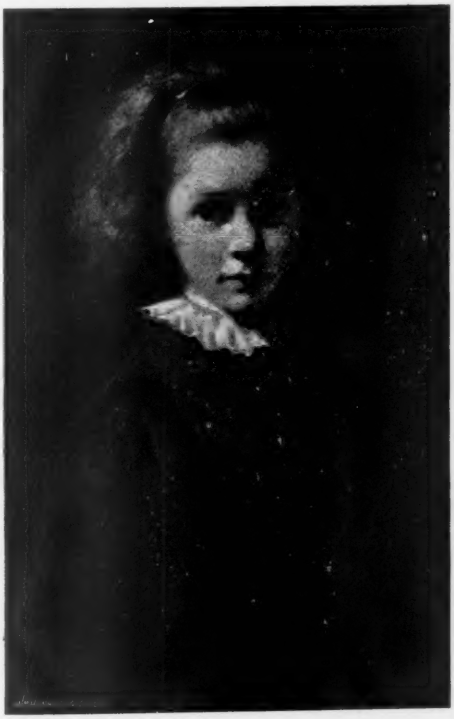
(*By Himself*)

SIR GEORGE REID, P.R.S.A.

just returning from market, peeps in through the window.

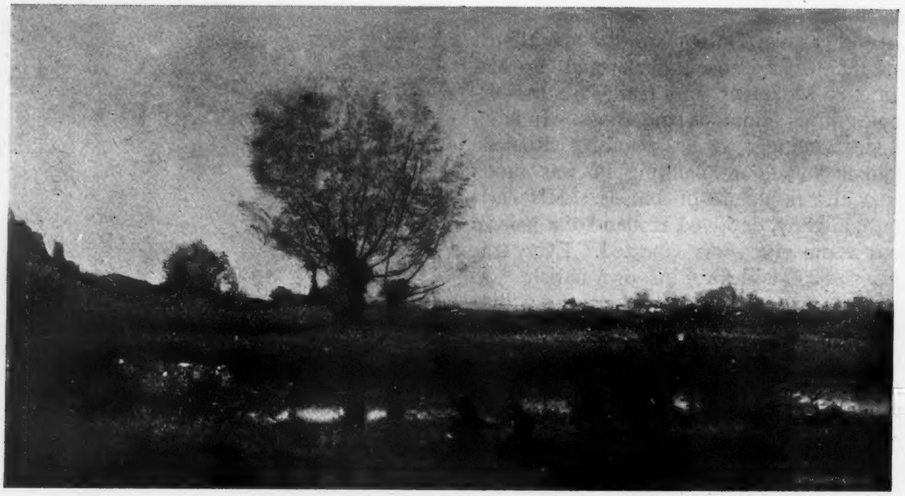
Another great Dutchman, who may almost be said to have been discovered by Mr. White, is Mollinger, and many are the examples of his luminous landscapes. In landscape, Mollinger was a pupil of Roelofs, while in his figure painting he was much under the influence of Israels. His early death, in 1867, deprived Holland of a painter from whom much was expected. Every true artist finds the ideal in his own parish. As Israels makes picture-poems out of the lives of the fisherfolk at Scheveningen, so Mollinger found a never-failing source of inspiration in the flat watery lands around his native town of Utrecht, and in the simple peasants who lived and toiled there. A large landscape from his brush, " Drenthe," is a typical Dutch scene. Across a bleak stretch of moorland a solitary woman wheels a barrow —a clump of trees relieves the low line of the horizon—the great expanse of sky is alive with rolling clouds—a flock of birds is flying homewards—the day of toil is nearly over. Another is a scene of a poor family leaving their old home. Here again the keynote is simplicity and sympathy. The few familiar household gods are piled on a cart; the husband, with bent head, leads the way; the wife and children follow sadly. Two exquisite water-colours entitled " Morning " and " Evening " remind one of some of Millet's best work. Both breathe of the perfect stillness of early dawn and late evening; the flock of sheep in the one goes out to pasture, followed by the drowsy shepherd. In the other, it is gathered safely in the pens; the skies of both are soft, liquid and silvery.

Johannes Bosboom, yet another Dutchman, is well represented. The glorious interior of the church at Maassluis is one of his most brilliant water-colours. It is a symphony in browns and golds and sunlight, with arch upon arch of the stately church



(*By George Paul Chalmers*)

MISS WHITE. ÆT. 7



(By J. B. C Corot)

LA RIVIÈRE

receding in marvellous dexterity of perspective. Groups of peasants give life to the foreground. Bold and masterly in execution, it recalls some of the drawings of interiors by Rembrandt, and, indeed, might have been signed by the great Dutchman. Nervous, fastidious, almost capricious, working only when the spirit moved him, Bosboom passed away a few years ago, leaving behind him a name honoured by artists.

How wide is his range! Here is "The Beach at Scheveningen," in the mid-day brilliance of dazzling sunshine; and here is a quiet canal at Alkmaar overhung by trees, a subject David Cox would have loved to paint. The Englishman would have given the rustle of leaves under a breeze. Bosboom prefers the calm placidity of a quiet afternoon. Here, too, are tiny sketches of landscape—flat Dutch meadows with distant red-tiled cottages near his native town. You can see that they are bits of his heart—tender and true. An Interior, in oils, of the Bakers' Church at Haarlem is already well known, having been reproduced in the illustrated catalogue of the Glasgow Exhibition in 1888. Though comparatively little known in England, Bosboom is recognised in Paris and Amsterdam as one of the greatest of the Modern Dutch School. Nowhere can he be better studied than in Mr. White's collection.

But I must not dwell only on these and other fine examples of great Dutchmen. Mr. White is nothing if not catholic in his tastes.

Here we have a perfect gem of Corot's "La Rivière." Surely with no artist more than with Corot does one feel that "his daily teachers were the fields and rills." He seems to have got into the heart of Nature, and to have learnt secrets that few have discovered. Corot is among painters what Wordsworth is among poets. Like Wordsworth, he is "a priest to us all of the wonder and bloom of the world." He loved to paint trees so that the birds could fly singing through them, he would say. This little pastoral has all his pearly greys and greens and tenderness. "Le bon papa Corot," as his friends called him, must have been more than usually peaceful and happy as he created it. Let Matthew Arnold paint it for us in words:

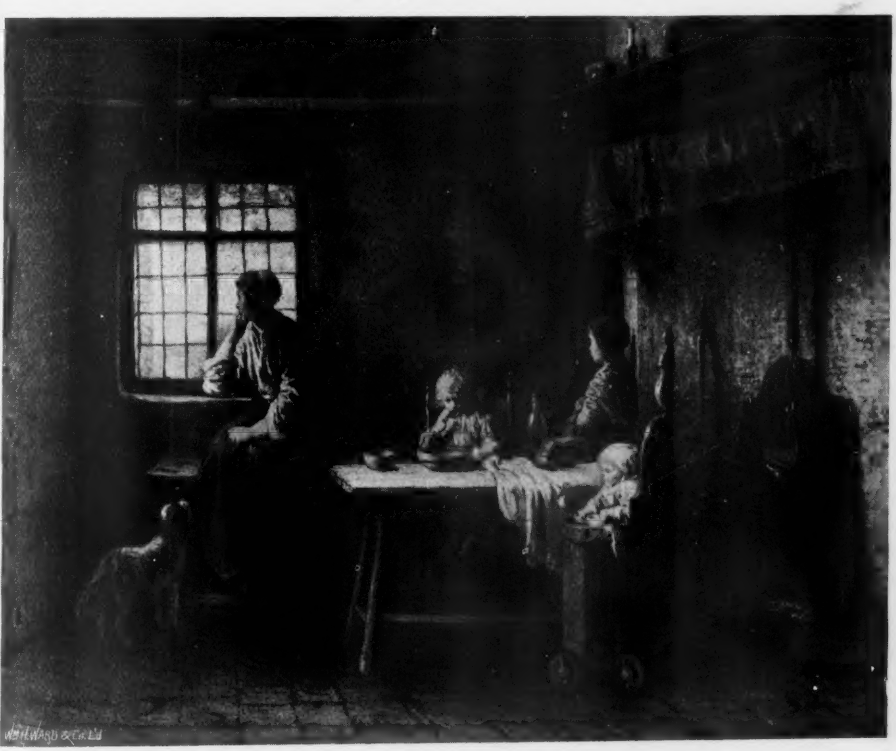
"The grass had still the green of May,
And still the unblacken'd elms were gay.
The kine were resting in the shade;
The flies a summer murmur made—
Bright was the morn, and south the air.
The soft-couched cattle were as fair
As those which pastured by the sea,
That old world morn in Sicily."

There is but one Corot. He left no successors, though there is a school, or rather a manufactory of copyists. His gifts were unique—classical yet modern—of the old world yet of the new. He held close to Nature, but he put on her his own impress.

Above the Corot hangs a masterpiece by a very different genius, Turner. It is a glowing water-colour of Knaresborough in Yorkshire, as it was years ago, or as it was seen by Turner's magic eyes, for they had indeed the power of translating prose into poetry. It is a typical example of the great master's work, full of mystery, yet intelligible to all. The town and its old castle rise in the background, bathed in the glory of a setting sun; the deep ravine below is heavy with a hazy mist, while down the grassy slopes the cattle are driven homewards by rustic girls. "Knaresborough" was painted in 1825 at the finest time of Turner's middle period, and was engraved in the "England and Wales" by Jeavons.

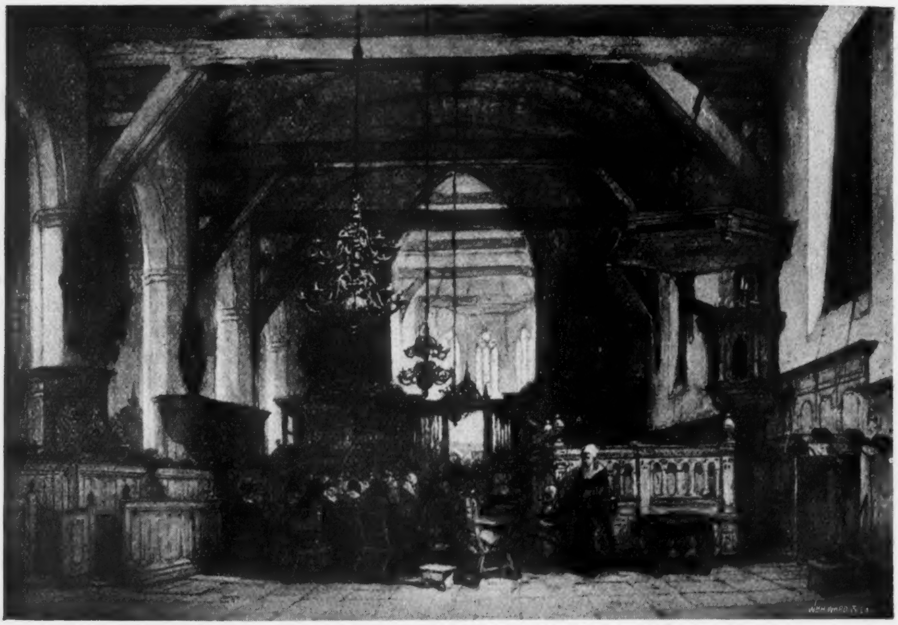
A brilliant and uncommon bit of work is Miss Clara Montalba's Interior of St. Mark's in Venice, depicting the ceremony of the Installation of the Patriarch. Mr. White was in the church at the time with Miss Montalba, and begged her to make a sketch of the scene for him. The picture is small, glowing with colour, instinct with throbbing life. In the foreground is the crowded church, while in a golden glow of sun and candle-light the delicate architectural forms—lost but yet felt in the mysterious gloom and the palpable clouds of incense—rise behind the white figure of the enthroned Patriarch.

Uncommon too is a sea and sky piece by Henry Moore. It is a study in grey and green, and has almost more charm than the strong blue of his later work. His brother Albert is represented by a decorative



(*By Josef Israels*)

THE ANXIOUS FAMILY



(*By Johannes Bosboom*)

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH AT MAASSLUIS

panel of a Greek girl in flowing robes. These brothers, so different in the expression of their ideal, but united by the bond of the highest art, are two of the Victorian painters who will live in the future.

That Mr. White was a good patron of Scotch art is well seen from the many vigorous canvases from our countrymen's brush that adorn his walls.

Sir George Reid can be studied from his first careful work as a young lad, to the mature and broad treatment of later years. His early landscape of "Stirling Castle and the Links of Forth" is very silvery and tender, while "The Roses" and several capital portraits show his present mastery. "The Roses" is an example of magnificent flower-painting, vigorous and fresh as the roses themselves, and done at a white-heat while the flowers were in their freshness. They lie in careless abandon on a marble slab on which they have been thrown, and almost suggest the fragrance of their originals. A picture of a lady is treated with all the grace and gentle dignity of a portrait by Gainsborough. The flesh tints, like those of the great master, are exquisitely delicate—the soft white muslin dress is diaphanous and suggestive, the touch tender and sympathetic. He is especially successful in a portrait of himself, given to Mr. White as a souvenir of early friendship. It conveys all the grave thoughtfulness of the painter—a fine combination of strength and tenderness. Some of the walls are covered with the exquisite Indian ink works of Sir George, illustrating "Thomas Edwards' Life" and Mrs. Oliphant's "Royal Edinburgh." They are marvellous in their delicacy and minute execution of detail.

The pictures by George Paul Chalmers—that brilliant artist, whose life and works were so sympathetically treated in a joint work by Mr. White himself and the late Mr. Alexander Gibson—are a striking feature of the collection. Here we find the celebrated "Staircase." Its glow of colour reminds me of Chalmers' enthusiastic cry to all young art students and brother artists, "Oh man, keep your colour pure." Chalmers indeed practised what he preached, and nowhere more clearly than in this great work. It is one of the last canvases that came from this ill-fated artist's hands. Why did he die so early? Because morning cannot last till noon, nor spring through summer. Early too as it was, he had carried his art to a high perfection. His portrait of a little girl—one of Mr. White's daughters—has all the intensity of feeling and subtle mystery of a head by Rembrandt.

Few have been able to paint children as Chalmers has done. Even Sir Joshua has given us rather charming abstract representatives of the "Age of Innocence" than characteristic studies of individual children. To Chalmers it was given to read the "long, long thoughts" of youth. "The wise man lacketh in wisdom who knoweth not what the children know," but Chalmers knew it all, and he could paint them as they really are. He was a child himself—impetuous and impulsive—at one moment bright as sunshine, in another clouded with gloom. I remember his genial comradeship with children: the games he invented, the stories he told. In his letters, "Love to the bairns" was never omitted. A beautiful small landscape is his "Morning in the Highlands." Sheep are being driven along a drovers' road in an early spring morning. We can trace in it the feeling at work in Chalmers' mind as he looked at his subject and painted it. It is well known that Chalmers had an overwhelming admiration for Corot. His last speech was an eloquent burst of praise of the great "Souvenir d' Italie," and in this little silvery landscape, we see his sympathy with Corot's aim. Interesting too is his study of Mr. White's head, done by gaslight.

Hugh Cameron is represented by some charming heads of children, and by one of his homely idylls of cottage life. How lovingly he works on such bits! He used to tell an amusing story of his once meeting two delightfully dirty curly-headed children, and asking them to come and stand for him. In a short time the pair appeared; but to Mr. Cameron's disgust a too officious mother had scrubbed the faces, flattened out the curly pows, and exchanged the picturesque rags for the appalling glory of a Sabbatical outfit! They were clean, but unpaintable.

But to return. Archibald Reid's sea piece, "Boys Wading," has all the charm of an Israels, while his Spanish water-colours, "The Gate of the Alhambra," and a "Road in Spain" have caught the spirit and feeling of that sunny land. Very breezy and bright is a water-colour of "The Beach at St. Andrews," by Thomas Millie Dow.

I have reserved for a last word a striking picture, and one which tends to show more than anything else the personal relations existing between Mr. White and the artists of all schools. It is a portrait of Josef Israels, worked upon by that master himself, Sir George Reid, George Paul Chalmers, and Hugh Cameron, and presented, so says the inscription, "*A notre ami*, John Forbes White."

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

By PROFESSOR STORY, D.D.

"THE time draws nigh the birth of Christ." In a week or two we shall all be wishing each other a Happy Christmas and a good New Year. Again "that tender anthem of good times to be" makes itself heard above "the loud stunning tide of human care and crime." Peace and goodwill. We feel that there is a glamour, a spell, about the Christmastide that no other season shares. It is a time of mirth and gladness, but "a hallowed and a gracious time," as Shakespeare, who is always right, puts it. There is ever in its gaiety and glee that gentle undercurrent of sacred remembrance, of grateful reverence, which runs through the refrain of the old English carol:

> "God rest you merry gentlemen,
> Let nothing you dismay,
> For Jesus Christ our Saviour
> Was born on Christmas Day."

This festival is not as others are: its festivity has a flavour of its own.

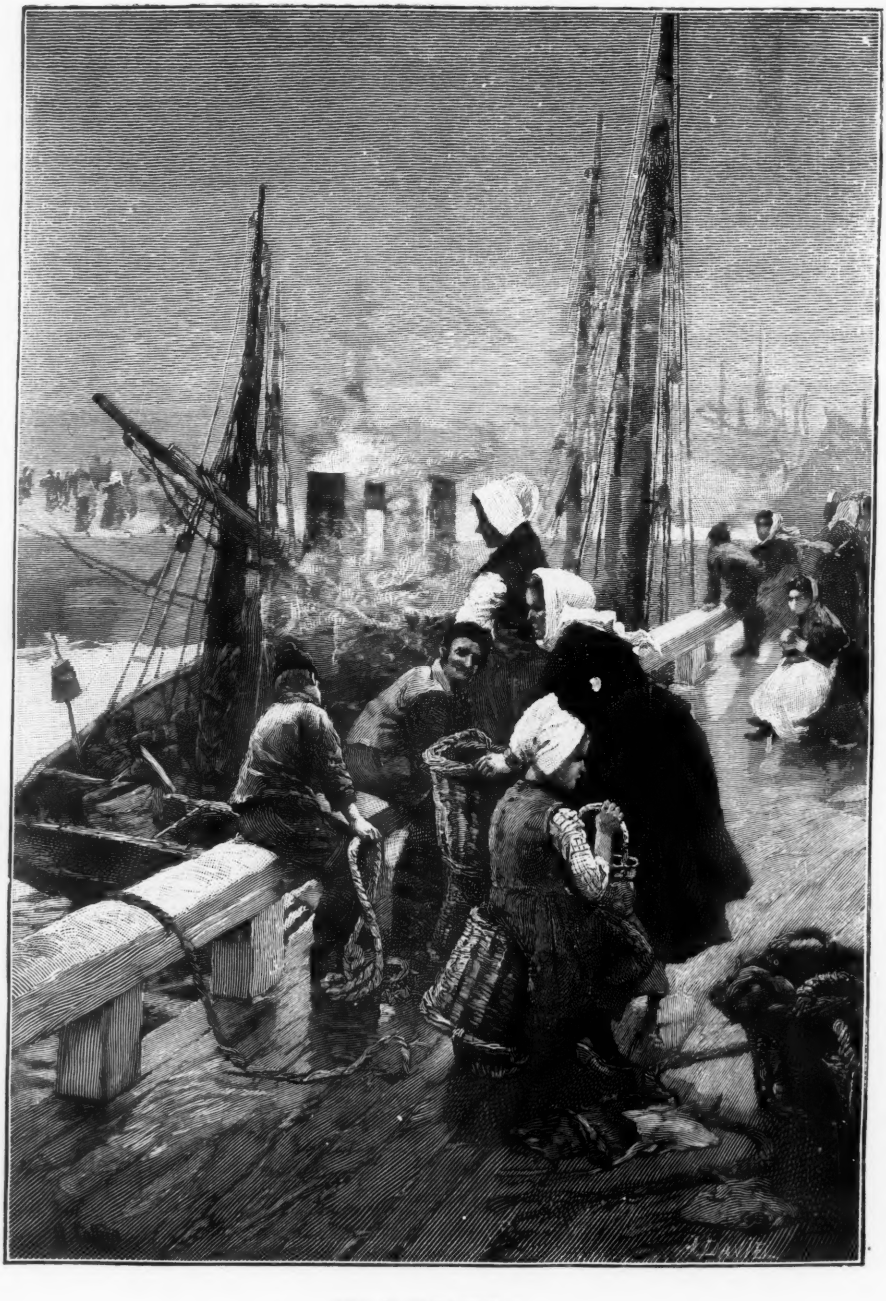
The season of Yule was one of rejoicing long before it was associated in men's minds with the cradle at Bethlehem and the star-guided journey of the kings of the East. People thought of it as the turning-point in the year, at which the flaming chariot of the sun, having passed the lowest stage in his annual circuit, wheeled to the northward again, and began to climb toward the summer solstice. The descent into cold and darkness was arrested; the days began to lengthen, and the lord of light and fruitfulness to shine with renewed lustre. And so this glad change in the course of the rolling year was celebrated, particularly in the cold and stormy north, with special joy. When Christianity began to set up the landmarks of the Christian year, it appropriated this season of general cheerfulness and hopefulness, and invested it with a more sacred meaning than our pagan ancestors had thought of. As our Lord took the worship of the Jewish synagogue, and made it the basis of that of the Christian Church; as He took the bread and wine of the ancient Passover, and consecrated them to be the elements of that Sacrament which was to be His memorial to all generations, so, after His own method, His Church took the old observance of the Yule-tide festival, and used it, cleansed from its former superstitions and thoughtless jollities, for the high purpose of commemorating the birth of the Saviour of the world.

No one can tell whether it was on this very day that Mary brought forth her son, and laid Him in the manger because there was no room for her and her baby in the inn; but we know that for more than 1500 years the holy Church throughout all the world has dedicated this day to the commemoration of the Nativity. It is this sacred association that tempers with graver thought the social gladness of the anniversary, and infuses in its joyousness that element of sober thankfulness, of tender fellow-feeling, of humble adoration, which is inseparable from true Christmas cheer. For when we travel in thought to the manger at Bethlehem, do we not stand in the presence of the greatest mystery of all time—"The Word made Flesh"? Do we not feel that there we are face to face with that which no philosophy or science can explain to our finite reason, but which is the stronghold of our instinctive faith, the divine united to, and revealed in, the human—the incomprehensible Deity manifested to human affection and understanding? Do we not realise that in this Child of the Virgin we behold that link which unites us to the unseen and infinite God on the one hand, and to all our brethren of mankind on the other—that strange and prevailing influence which sanctifies all our earthly relationships, and opens all our hearts for the entrance of peace and love and purity? "The Word made Flesh."

The "Word" is that which utters what else would remain unutterable; which interprets that which, till interpreted, we cannot understand. The babe at Bethlehem was the interpreter of God, born into the family of man. As we think of it, we cannot but say with St. Paul, "Great is this mystery of godliness," not professing to compass the mystery, but bowing before it in humility and gratitude, and blessing God that it has pleased Him not to abide behind the awful veil which hides the infinite and eternal from human sight and knowledge, but that He has revealed Himself to us in One who could say "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father;" and who "was made flesh and dwelt among us, that we might behold His glory—the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

This is the ever abiding lesson of Christmas Day—that God has been manifested in the flesh, the divine in the human. This is the great truth of Christianity—the doctrine of the Incarnation—marking it as the supreme religion of all mankind, because revealing God not to us only, but in us, since through our union with His Son we are made "partakers of the divine nature," the divine having stooped to the human, that the human might be raised to the high fellowship of the divine. This is the secret of the feeling, that gladness becomes the Christmas season. That feeling is the unconscious expression of man's relief from the darkness and dreadfulness of having an "unknown God," of profound thankfulness to Him who made the eternal known as His Father and ours.

If we could put ourselves in the place of those who, in the old time before us, had no idea of God except as an awful power, an inscrutable fate, or a stern law-giver and



SEA HARVESTERS

From the Picture by CAFFIERI

(*Published by permission of the Artist*) judge, and picture to ourselves the gloomy distrust, the sense of spiritual friendlessness in which they must have dwelt—how hard to them the stroke of trouble, how dense the cloud of sorrow unrelieved by any knowledge of an unseen aid and sympathy, how black to them the night awaiting all, with not one star of hope to illumine its blackness—we should feel more quickly why the thought of gladness and thanksgiving, and the interchange of social kindness, and every form of goodwill to men, should associate themselves with the time when He came into the dark and dolorous world; who, because He showed men the truth of God, was the Light to lighten their darkness and to cause their hearts to sing aloud for joy. We should understand, with swift instinctive sympathy, why it was that the angel who called the shepherds to go to Bethlehem to see the infant Christ, told them, "Be not afraid: for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." The true source and fount of human gladness is the Incarnation of the Son of God.

"A happy Christmas," we say, and "a good New Year." The day of the birth of Christ, and the day of the birth of the New Year, lie close together, just a week between. One week, and then "the aged earth dates with a new number." Does it not happen, sometimes, that the Christmas gladness scarce outlasts the week? If it be true that

> "The clouds that gather round the setting sun
> Do take a sober colouring from an eye
> That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality,"

it is no less true that in the same eye the tear is apt to gather as it watches the shadows that fall around the closing year.

> "Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
> And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
> Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
> And tread softly, and speak low,
> For the Old Year lies a-dying."

There is always something sad and solemn about the last—the last words, the last look, the last grasp of the hand we shall never touch again, the last opportunity of doing the work we can never do again, the last days of the year that has witnessed our bright hours and our sombre ones, our gains and losses, our joys and griefs, all the varied scenes and experiences of our life. And, as the traveller when he has reached the hill-top, and knows that as soon as he begins to descend on the other side, he will lose sight of all that lies behind him, is inclined to stop for a little and look back ere the scene is hidden from his eyes, so ought we to cast our eye back along this portion of the path of time, and mark what it has to show us before the sun sets on it for ever. There may be much we do not care to look on: times of indolence, of selfishness, of unworthy conduct, of ignoble thought, of neglected duty, of temptation that was not overcome. Are we to shut our eyes to these—to try to quench their memory and stifle their voice? Rather let us look at them steadily, think of them earnestly, mark heedfully what in them is most fatally accusing, and carry that to God in penitence and prayer, asking Him to help us for the future to keep a stricter guard, to set before us a higher ideal, to be more true and faithful through the strength of Christ. We may mark in our past year, still hanging above its track, the shadow of "the days of darkness," as the preacher calls them—days of malady, of family trouble, of personal sorrow or loss. Are we to turn away from these, simply wishing to forget them, and content if only we can get rid of the sting of their pain and leave behind us the thickness of their gloom? Surely not. Never at random or in vain is any trial or affliction allowed to overshadow our way of life. The grief, the disappointment, the bereavement, the trouble, whatever it may have been, has failed in the purpose for which it was sent, if it has not left with us some lesson of patience, of endurance, of unworldliness, of unselfish sympathy with others in their time of need.

But in most lives, even in those that have had many "days of darkness," the darkness is never unrelieved and utter. Do we ever think by how much, in the lives of most of us, if indeed not of all, the light exceeds the darkness? Do we not take the daily gifts of God far too much as things of course? Are we not, as a rule, ungrateful, and sometimes grateful for things that are not the best gifts—for unbroken success in worldly enterprise, for large returns in business, for the applause of men, for mere material prosperities? For these, no doubt, we owe the Giver of all good our humble thanks. But are there not better gifts, the very desire of which is ennobling, the possession of which alone truly satisfies: hours of quiet thought, luminous with new insight into the ways and the will of God; of happy work, when we knew we were doing at our very best what we had to do, and were building on the true foundation some real addition to the world's possessions; times of clear victory over temptations once too strong, of conscious attainment of higher power and purer principle, when we walked in a whiter light and breathed a diviner air? Have we desired these gifts and gained them; or, having neither desired nor gained, have we been, to our shame, aware that our aims have been low and our achievements worthless? This we should ask ourselves, as we look back upon the closing year.

But, if these days that follow Christmas are inevitably somewhat saddened by the premonition of the coming change that shall fold up the record of another term in "our short allotted span," we shall have learned to little purpose the lesson of Christmas, and understood but partially its tidings of great joy, if we allow ourselves to brood moodily over a retrospect that is fading into the twilight, instead of preparing ourselves to be up and doing when the day shall break and the shadows flee away. "Not backward are our glances bent, but onward to our Father's home." We must look back that we may recall the lessons of the departing year, that we may thank God for His mercy, and humble ourselves for our shortcomings; but, most of all, that we may go on, taught by what the past has had to teach us, to a wiser and better future. The sun sets on the old year, but the next morning he will rise upon the new; and we must look toward the sunrise with good hope, for "we are saved by hope."

That is a sound motto that is carved on the old chapel wall of St. Gilgen: "Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present; it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future, without fear and with a manly heart."

It is one of the worthiest results of advancing age and growing experience that we become more and more able to "look before and after," to take a wider view of our life and all that belongs to it, to live less under the dominion of the present, like the child to whom the passing hour is all. We should feel doubtful of ourselves, unless we feel that, as year after year passes from us, leaving us less and ever less of our journey to travel and of our time to spend, we are coming to number our days more thoughtfully so as to apply our hearts to a riper wisdom, and to live more habitually by the powers, not of the world which is lapsing from us day by day, but by those of the world to come; not as creatures of time, but as children of eternity; not as mere wayfarers and toilers here, but as members of the family in which Jesus Christ is the first-born, and citizens of the divine kingdom which cannot be moved. If the old year closes upon us and the new opens, as we hold before us the idea of this higher life, and become conscious of a fuller capacity of realising it, then ours will be truly a happy Christmas and a good New Year.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

By GRACE GILCHRIST

MY first recollection of Christina Rossetti hovers in the sunny dreamland of earliest childhood, and in this, it may be, the ethereal grace of her rare poet's nature finds its most appropriate setting. For then it is that I have a vivid impression of playing a game of ball with her one summer afternoon upon a sloping lawn, under the branches of an old apple tree in the garden of a tiny hamlet among the Surrey hills. It was in the June of 1863 that Miss Christina Rossetti came upon her first memorable visit to my home there; she was then a dark-eyed, slender lady, in the plenitude of her poetic powers, having already written some of her most perfect poems—"The Goblin Market," and "Dream Land."

To my child's eyes she appeared like some fairy princess who had come from the sunny south to play with me. In appearance she was Italian, with olive complexion and deep hazel eyes. She possessed, too, the beautiful Italian voice all the Rossettis were gifted with—a voice made up of strange, sweet inflections, which rippled into silvery modulations in sustained conversation, making ordinary English words and phrases fall upon the ear with a soft, foreign, musical intonation, though she pronounced the words themselves with the purest of English accents. Most of all I used to wonder at and admire the way in which she would take up, and hold in the hollow of her hand, cold little frogs and clammy toads, or furry many-legged caterpillars, with a fearless love that we country children could never emulate. Even to the individual whisk of one squirrel's tail from another's, or the furtive scuttle of a rabbit across a field or common, nothing escaped her nature-loving ken; yet her excursions into the country were as angels' visits, "few and far between;" but when there, how much she noted of flower and tree, beast and bird! At the period of Miss Rossetti's life of which I write, she was not the recluse she afterwards became—many of her letters are full of the enjoyment of travel. For in 1863 she visited Normandy and Paris, and 1865 saw her first and only tour to Italy, and later in 1867 and 1868 she speaks of a visit to Penkill Castle in Ayrshire, in company with Mr. and Mrs. William Bell Scott; especially upon her memorable visit to Italy does she dwell with so much pleasure that I transcribe her account of it from an already published letter, which appeared in the "Memoirs of Anne Gilchrist," edited by her son, Herbert Gilchrist.

> ". . . . Our small Continental tour proved enjoyable beyond words; a pleasure in one's life never to be forgotten. My mother throve abroad, and not one drawback worth dwelling upon occurred to mar our contentment. Such unimaginable beauties and grandeur of Nature as we beheld no pen could put on paper; so I obviously need not exert myself to tell you what Lucerne was like, or what the lovely majesty of Mount St. Gothard, or what the Lake of Como, with nightingale accompaniment, or what as much of Italy as we saw to our half-Italian hearts.
>
> "Its people is a noble people, and its very cattle are of high-born aspect. I am glad of my Italian blood. I don't say a word about art treasures; the truth being that I far prefer Nature's treasures, but we saw glorious specimens of both classes. Our longest stay was at Milan, where we witnessed rather an interesting ceremony—the unveiling by Prince Umberto of a statue of Cavour. At Milan, too, we went over a most interesting institution, the Ospedale Maggiore; the children's ward was quite a sight with its population of poor little patients."

Personally, Miss Rossetti was sensitively shy and retiring, especially with strangers; shrinking from first meetings and introductions, even to a meeting with Tennyson, which, dreading as an ordeal, she was glad that a prior engagement rendered impossible. As a quaint instance of a shyness which was wholly charming, I can recall one little incident of her first visit to my mother.

Upon her arrival, she was shown to her room, to prepare for the simple meal of the household. She arrived by an afternoon train, and it must have been a late tea-supper. My mother, finding after the lapse of some time that she did not appear in the drawing-room circle, went upstairs in search of her, and tapping at her door, found Miss Rossetti ready, but waiting, in some trepidation, too shy to venture down alone, or to be formally announced by the servant, into the expectant group in the drawing-room.

Trivial as this anecdote must appear to many, yet how significant it is of the sweet, modest nature, from which all her growing fame could not detract an iota of that shy girlish humility which clung to her through life. The great charm of her personality was an unaffected simplicity which, wedded to her rare gifts, was irresistibly winning. This sweet simplicity of nature lent its charm to her treatment of children, for she read the heart of a child unerringly, manifest in those delightful rhymes for children called, "Sing Song," published in 1872, with their pretty dedication, "Without permission to the Baby who suggested them," and further enriched by graceful designs by Mr. Arthur Hughes.

Before me lies a little note, written after Miss Rossetti's return home from a country visit, undated, but written in 1866.

> "My dear Mrs. Gilchrist,
>
> "I found all well at home, and your beautiful flowers gave pleasure and received admiration. After the encouragement you gave me, I venture to enclose a version of my phiz; also (by book post) to send for your perusal 'My Beautiful Lady,'* to be kept as long as ever

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* Poem by Woolner, the sculptor.

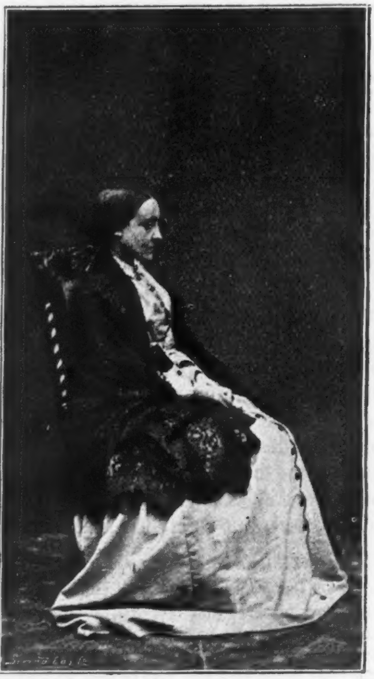
you like; I am told of an actual Beautiful Lady having come to pass for the author. I must write to Gabriel to announce your choice gift of the hour-glass, and then I will ask about Isaac Taylor's* ownership. William does not know. Please remember me to that amiable Miss Newton who took such kind care of me, and to your children.

"Always truly yours,
"CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI."

Another letter dwells upon a contemplated repetition of her first visit:

"I have indeed often thought of my prospective visit to Brookbank! Thank you so very much for remembering me and preparing for me the pleasure. If the time suits your convenience as well as it promises to suit mine, I will look forward to joining your party on Monday, 30th; and then if you will harbour me so long, I shall indulge myself by staying with you and your amiable friend and nice children till the following Saturday. I suppose Italian would at present be premature, otherwise I might instil its elements into my young friends; how delighted they would be!

"My dear mother has relieved our minds by getting better. I have not been particularly well lately, but hope I shall not be quite unable to enjoy those charming walks in three counties which Brookbank commands.



CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI, 1866

"Hoping so soon to see you, I will add no more except that I remain,

"Always truly yours,
"CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

"45 Albany Street, London.
"Saturday, 21st."

Miss Christina Rossetti's love of children was very great; her letters contain constant messages and reminiscences of the children whose acquaintance she made in a few brief visits, but whom her tenderly constant heart never forgot.

"166 Albany Street,
"London, N.W.
"Saturday Afternoon.

"MY DEAR MRS. GILCHRIST,

"Thanks for such remembrances of us all. I hope by this time your anxiety on Grace's account is quite over, and that you and she are able to emerge into such Spring sunshine as is allotted us, along with lambs, birds, and other gracious things. Please give my love to the poor little woman, as well as to her sister and brother. And my love too, please, to Miss Emily Newton, whom I genuinely like.

"We, for our part, have got nicely through the winter, and my leaving London has not even been suggested doctorially. Now I am looking forward before very long to a possible trip with kind friends into Ayrshire; not the less pleasant because I have never yet crossed the border, though the Scottish hill-line has actually been pointed out to me."

This last letter must have been written in the spring of 1867, and the letter which follows, in the autumn of the same year; but all Miss Rossetti's letters to my mother were undated.

"My date shows that I must, but cannot, tell how truly I regret having to decline your kind and attractive invitation. For here I am promised to my uncle and cousin till the end of this month; even then I am not sure whether I return straight to London or diverge to Coventry. Please don't let me lapse 'out of sight, out of mind,' but reserve a corner in your friendly memory as I will keep one for you. My old friends, the young ones, enjoying themselves would be anything but a drawback, if I could come to you. Please give my love to them, if distance of time and space has not made me too shadowy for realisation. My dear mother was very unwell in the winter, but she is now, I am thankful to say, much recovered. My sister is at home with her now, and both my aunts, which I am glad of during my absence, as I well know she is kind enough to miss me. William is gone to Scotland for a visit; next he projects Paris and the Exposition.

"Always, dear Mrs. Gilchrist,
"Most friendlily yours,
"CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

"3 Oxford Street, Gloucester.
"Friday morning."

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* "The Home Education," by Isaac Taylor.

A later letter, written in the autumn of 1870, was addressed to her friend on her partial recovery from a sereve illness.

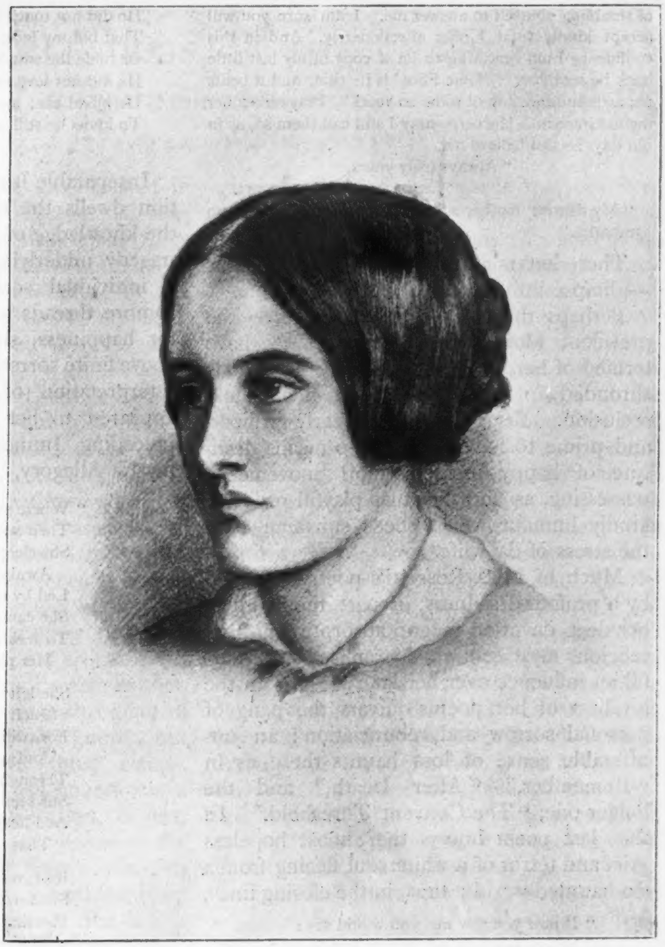
"56 Euston Square,
London, N.W.
"Thursday.

"Please accept my little note of sympathy in your suffering state. . . . .

"I hope that you are already better, that the worst is over at last, and that you are tasting the sweets of returning health and strength, or if not, I hope at least that such a favourable turn is, as it were, in sight to cheer you. I will not ask a single question, for this is honestly a note not wanting an answer. I will merely express my hope that all your nearest and dearest are prospering as you wish in health and studies, and the pleasant opening of life. Pray give my love to Beatrice and Grace; Beatrice the Fair, and Grace the Magnificent. Maria, to my regret, has not been quite strong lately, but I hope she is in the way to get better; and I too have not been very strong, in spite of a good deal of change of air this summer. Fortunately neither health nor strength is essential to remaining as I do,

"Very sincerely yours,

"CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI."



(*Copied by permission from the Drawing in the possession of Sydney Morse, Esq.*)

MISS ROSSETTI

And then there is a brief note, written many years later; written when the Brookbank household had long since removed to London, written in the days when Miss Rossetti had become the voluntary recluse her devoted care of her mother and aunts necessitated. Writing now in the June of 1884 she says:

"Thank you for remembering me who have dropped out of the circle. Indeed, I like to be remembered. Yet I must not dream of accepting an afternoon at Hampstead, least of all just now, when my mother and I are alone together, my aunts having gone to Brighton. My dear mother *absorbs* me; you may easily believe it, at her advanced age.

"None the less I should like you and your daughter to retain me in friendly memory,

"While I remain,
"Truly yours,
"CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI."

In the November of 1885 came, only a few days before her friend's death, one last brief kind note from Miss Rossetti, with the gift of her last book.

"30 Torrington Square, W.C.
"Monday.

"MY DEAR MRS. GILCHRIST,

"I hear from my brother that you are suffering from illness, and I cannot hear it without offering a friend's sympathy and earnest best wishes. Do not think of troubling yourself to answer me. I am sure you will accept kindly what I offer affectionately. And in this confidence I am venturing to let a copy of my last little book be sent you. 'Time Flies' is its title, and it befits our acquaintanceship of some 20 years! Pray remember me to Grace and Herbert—may I still call them so, as in old days?—and believe me,

"Always truly yours,
"CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

"My dearest mother adds her message of real warm sympathy."

These letters afford a slight—only a slight—glimpse into Miss Rossetti's earlier life.

Perhaps they may tend to disperse the prevalent idea so many seemed to have formed of her, as of one whose whole life was shrouded in a profound and melancholy seclusion. Yet I imagine her early girlhood and prime to have been by no means destitute of happy incidents and movement; possessing, as she did, that playful order of kindly humour which sheds sunshine over the stress of daily life.

Much of Miss Rossetti's poetry is tinged by a profound sadness, in part the result of her deep devotion to, and absorption in, that religious mysticism which exercised so powerful an influence over her later years. In the loveliest of her poems quivers the pang of personal sorrow and renunciation; an unutterable sense of loss haunts these, as in "Remember," "After Death," and the longer one, "The Convent Threshold." In this last poem hovers the almost hopeless grief and terror of a white soul fleeing from a sin-haunted world; thus, in the closing lines,

"If now you saw me, you would say:
Where is the face I used to love?
And I would answer: Gone before;
It tarries veiled in Paradise.
When once the morning star shall rise,
When earth with shadow flees away,
And we stand safe within the door,
Then you shall lift the veil thereof.
Look up, rise up; for far above
Our palms are grown, our place is set;
There we shall meet as once we met,
And love with old familiar love."

And there is a sweet, tender renunciation in the sonnet:

AFTER DEATH.

"The curtains were half drawn, the floor was swept
And strewn with rushes, rosemary and may
Lay thick upon the bed on which I lay,
Where through the lattice ivy-shadows crept.
He leaned above me, thinking that I slept
And could not hear him; but I heard him say:
'Poor child, poor child'! and as he turned away
Came a deep silence, and I knew he wept.
He did not touch the shroud or raise the fold
That hid my face, or take my hands in his,
Or ruffle the smooth pillows for my head:
He did not love me living; but once dead
He pitied me; and very sweet it is
To know he still is warm though I am cold."

* * * *

Inseparable from the highest poetic creation dwells the *impersonal* sadness born of the knowledge of the unconscious, inevitable tragedy underlying the general human lot; if individual sorrow and loss wove their sombre threads too thickly into her destiny for happiness, she rose the more serenely above finite sorrows into a perfect and radiant interpretation of Death's coming; which appeared to her but as a visionary trance preceding Immortality; symbolised in the mystic Allegory, "Dream Land":

"Where sunless rivers weep
Their waves into the deep,
She sleeps a charmèd sleep;
Awake her not.
Led by a single star,
She came from very far
To seek where shadows are,
Her pleasant lot.

She left the rosy morn,
She left the fields of corn
For twilight cold and lorn
And water springs.
Through sleep, as through a veil,
She sees the sky look pale,
And hears the nightingale
That sadly sings.

Rest, rest, a perfect rest
Shed over brow and breast;
Her face is towards the west,
The purple land.
She cannot see the grain
Ripening on hill and plain;
She cannot feel the rain
Upon her hand.

Rest, rest, for evermore
Upon a mossy shore;
Rest, rest at the heart's core
Till time shall cease:
Sleep that no pain shall wake;
Night that no morn shall break,
Till joy shall overtake
Her perfect peace."

The enduring charm of Miss Rossetti's poetry will rest in its entire spontaneity; for surely no poet since William Blake has sung with less premeditated art than Christina Rossetti. And her pure, fragrant life fulfilled her poems; for its serene and tender humanity fitly enfolded the immortal heart of purest song.

NOTABLE DOGS OF THE CHASE

II.—THE IRISH WOLFHOUND

ILLUSTRATED BY R. H. MOORE

ONCE upon a time there existed in Ireland a dog of exceptional size, but what kind of dog it was there is now unfortunately nothing to assure us, except that it was used for the destruction of wolves. So, too, "once upon a time," in Scotland, a great dog was used for hunting wolves.

In Scotland, when wolves became extinct, the same dog, having deer to hunt, was called the deerhound, and continued to be bred with great care. But in Ireland, wolves were common long after they were got rid of in Scotland, so the "wolfhound" as such continued to exist there to a later date than in the Highlands. But the difference after that was this, that when the wolves were extirpated in Ireland, there was nothing left for the great Irish hound to hunt, and so the breed was neglected and ultimately became extinct.

What manner of beast, then, this giant of his race really was no one knows, but opinions are divided into three camps. One holds that the Irish wolfhound was a shaggy-coated dog, a larger edition, in fact, of the modern Scotch deerhound; the second maintains that it was a smooth-coated animal, and rather resembled what we call the Great Dane, except that it was longer in the muzzle and lighter in build; while the third asserts that there never was any such dog at all. Each of the first two sets of disputants has so convincingly demolished the other that it seems quite certain that neither can be right, while the third is most assuredly wrong.

As for the first, it is sufficient to ask how could the Irish dog have been the same as the Scotch, when we find Irishmen bringing their dogs over to Scotland as "presents for the king"? Or why should James I. have let his favourite Buckingham send to Ireland for two of these dogs, when he had only to send to Scotland to get as many as he wanted? As for the second theory, how could it have been a Great Dane, when Buffon compares it as to size with the Dane; when Ray (1679) says, from personal knowledge of the Irish greyhound, "It is, as regards shape of body and general character, similar in all respects to the common greyhound;" when it has been for centuries called by writers, a "greyhound" except when it is called a "wolf-dog"?

As for the third, it is hardly worth contesting. For there evidently *was* an Irish dog which was highly valued both at the English and the Scotch courts. But what was it? I shall not attempt to answer the question, as the controversy on the subject is as voluminous as it is futile. But one or two of the points raised are of more than controversial interest, and deserve a word.

For instance, great store is set by the expression used by Taylor, the Water Poet, (1616) of the "strong *Irish* greyhounds," two hundred of which the Earl of Mar used at a great deer-hunt. Now, why should a Scotch nobleman hunt his deer with Irish hounds? And if his king had to send to Ireland for a couple, how came it that an earl could muster a couple of hundred? An explanation of the seeming anomaly is that in Taylor's day "*Irish*" meant *Highland Scotch.* Both Holinshed and Pitscottie, for instance, say that the Highlanders spoke "Irish." So the Earl of Mar's "strong Irish greyhounds" were simply Highland ones.

Again, it is worth noting that the famous picture of a wolfhound by Reinagle, A.R.A.—in which it is represented as rough-haired and very much like a deerhound, and on which so much stress is laid by one of the factions—was drawn from fancy, and oddly enough accompanies text (in the "Sportsman's Cabinet") which does not support the illustration, and moreover assumes that the breed was then extinct. So that Reinagle evolved the dog from his inner consciousness and in complete disregard of the earlier pictures of Ridinger and Schreber, who lived when some big Irish breed was really in existence, and who, both of them, depict it as smooth-coated, and not the least like a deerhound, nor, indeed, any other sort of dog.

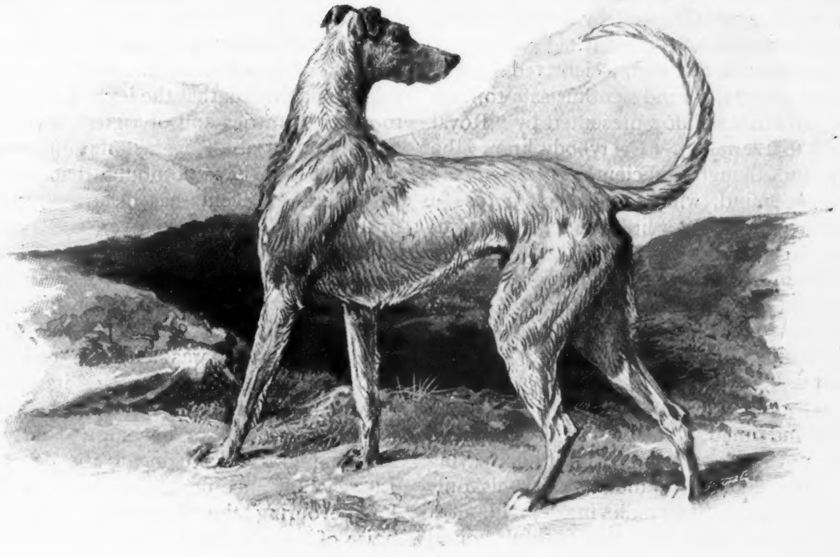
Again, Heraldry is appealed to and Ulster-King-at-arms states it as his conviction that "the Irish wolfdog was a gigantic greyhound, not smooth-skinned but rough and curly-haired." And yet in the only coat-of-arms I know of that has an Irish wolfdog for supporter—Lord Dartrey's—the animal is most positively not a greyhound of any sort at all, but simply a wolf, as will be seen by comparing it with Lord Lucan's wolves. There is really no difference, not even heraldic difference, between the two beasts.

It is curious, when one comes to study the subject, how very seldom historians refer to the Irish as being fond of the chase, especially when we remember that English, Welsh, and Scottish chronicles are so full of hunting, and still more odd that there is no mention made of the gigantic hound that is alleged to have chased, overtaken and killed wolves. Indeed one might almost, if not actually, say that the discovery of the great beast was not really made until it had become extinct! It is true that Holinshed (1560) (or was it Campion?) says "The Irish are not without wolves and greyhounds to hunt them, bigger of bone and limb than a colt." But this magnificent indifference to details of measurement hardly commends the evidence to belief, and it is obvious that the writer never saw with his own eyes any of the greyhounds which he endows with stature beyond the dreams of even Molossian ambition.

It is an established fact in Ireland, that Scotland was colonised from that country; and equally undisputed, in Scotland, that the original Irish were emigrants from Caledonia; and neither nation doubts that each of the colonising parties took their own dogs with them across the sea; and thus it follows that the Highland deerhound and the Irish wolfhound were each of them the progenitor of the other. This being so, it would scarcely be consistent if Fingal had not had more than one "native" country, and, like a certain distinguished statesman, a choice of birthplaces; and Fingal's dogs, sharing their master's fortunes with proverbial canine fidelity, submitted to hunt and die in two places at once. So it comes about that the immortal Bran chased wolves in County Tyrone (as is proved by his footmarks on a mountain near New Town Stuart, and called "The Track of the Foot of Bran, the Hound of Fingal"), and died after a stag-hunt in the Highlands of Scotland, as the cairn erected between Clyne and Kildonan, and called "Cairn Bran," testifies to this day.

Nor have we any assistance from the "ancients," for though dogs from various parts of Britain are mentioned as being imported into Rome, they were all of the mastiff kind. However, whether it was the original "wolfhound" or not, there was abundant testimony to the existence of a large "greyhound." Many documents are in existence that prove the high repute in which the Irish greyhound was held, and, curiously enough, in one of them, a letter from Lord Falkland to the Earl of Cork, the writer, after asking for some greyhounds for the Duke of Buckingham "and others of my noble friends," says "if you can possibly, *let them be white*, which is the colour most in request here." But whatever their colour may have been, the old Irish greyhound as certainly existed as the old Irish elk, for did not Cromwell, in 1652, forbid the export from Ireland of "such great dogges as are commonly called Wolfdogges"? But whether these were the "wolfhounds" of to-day it is now impossible to say. It is, however, on greyhound lines that the modern Irish Wolfhound Club are working to reconstruct the famous dog; and taking the Scotch deerhound as their model, they are striving to produce an animal that shall excel it in length and stature. As deerhounds measuring thirty-three inches at the shoulder are on record the future wolfhound will have to be a veritable monster, if the average height is to exceed that, and of a perfectly amazing speed, courage and power, if it is to represent an animal that can catch and slay a wolf.

Every writer on the wolfhound takes it for granted that it must have been able to overtake the wolf. But is it certain that wolves were *coursed?* Wales is a notable instance of the rapid extermination of the wolf. How was it done? Certainly not by chasing wolves with dogs. If the Welshmen had tried such a preposterous device, they would still be chasing them. Why, then, should it be confidently assumed that the Irish got rid of their wolves by chasing them? Are there any records of such hunts? Here we give the narrative (very much abridged), taken from a work published in Ireland in 1829, which purports to describe the destruction



IRISH WOLFHOUND. AFTER REINAGLE

of the last of the wolves, and it will be seen that there is no "hunting" about it, and that in fact the "wolfdogs" mentioned in it might have been pugs, so far as any speed was required.

In a certain part of the county Tyrone the people suffered greatly from wolves, and sent for one Rory Carragh, a noted wolf-killer, to assist them. Now, in the place was a large walled-in space, with an opening at either end, in which the people of the country round used to fold their sheep at night. But in spite of all precautions the wolves used to get in at night, and commit great havoc. Carragh arrived, and taking with him two wolfdogs—"there was a species of dog for the purpose of hunting wolves, resembling a rough, stout, half-bred greyhound, but much stronger"—and a little boy, the only person he could prevail on to accompany him (!) went about midnight to the fold.

"Now," said Carragh to the boy, "as the wolves usually attack the opposite extremities of the sheepfold at the same time, I must leave you and one of the dogs to guard this one, while I go to the other. He steals with all the caution of a cat; nor will *you* hear him, but the *dog* will, and will positively give him the first fall. If you are not active, when he is down, to rivet his neck to the ground with this spear, he will rise up and kill both you and the dog."

"I'll do what I can," said the boy, and he took the spear from the wolf-hunter's hand.

The boy immediately threw open the gate of the fold, and took his seat in the inner part, close to the entrance, his faithful companion crouching at his side, and seeming perfectly aware of the dangerous business he was engaged in. The night was very dark and cold, and the poor little boy, being benumbed with the chilly air, was beginning to fall into a kind of sleep, when at that instant the dog, with a roar, leaped across him, and laid his mortal enemy upon the earth. The boy was aroused into double activity by the voice of his companion, and drove the spear through the wolf's neck, as he had been directed; at which time Carragh made his appearance with the head of the other."

Only two individual "wolfdogs" are known to fame, the one being Bran, which Oliver Goldsmith tells us saved his mother's life when she was a girl. She had taken a walk one winter's day to visit a relative, and fortunately Bran went with her, for on her way back she found herself at a very lonely spot suddenly confronted by a wolf. Bran at once attacked and killed it.

The other is the more celebrated Gelert, claimed by "wolfhound" enthusiasts to have been an Irish wolfdog presented by "Royal John" to Llewellyn. Everybody knows the story, and though sufficiently absurd to the grown-up mind, which of us has not as a child loved all dogs a little better because of brave Gelert's sad end? We are now told that Baring Gould, with other strong men to help him, has demolished the legend. This may be. As a story it did not take more demolishing than the little piggy's house which was built of grass, and at which the wicked old wolf luffed and puffed, and puffed and luffed, till he blew it in. Llewellyn goes out one morning a-hunting, leaving his castle door open, and a baby—his only son—asleep in its cradle inside, without a soul to look after it. His faithful hound refuses to go hunting with him, and by-and-by, when the coast is clear, the wicked wolf comes to eat the baby, and there is a tremendous fight. For when the Welsh prince comes home in the evening, he finds blood everywhere; blood, blood, blood, from the front door to the bedroom. Then he sees the cradle is empty; searches for the child, but in vain; calls to it, but without response. So he jumps to the conclusion that the blood-dripping hound has devoured the child, and straightway stabs it. Gelert's dying yell wakes up the baby, and then Llewellyn finds the dead wolf, and the truth all comes out and they give Gelert a grand funeral.

Nor, historically, is it difficult to demolish a story of anachronisms. But I scarcely think that the fact that the legend is common to many countries and of a great antiquity is any argument at all against its authenticity, and indeed I have no doubt that the very same series of events has occurred over and over again all the world over, and prefer to maintain that the existence of Sanskrit, Chinese and Arabic variants of Beth Gelert do not militate against Mr. Spencer's poem.

It was only a few weeks ago that I read of a terrier which was left in a room with some ducklings, and when its master returned, the ducklings' basket inside the fender was found to be empty, and yellow duckling-fluff was sticking to the dog's lips. Llewellyn at once proceeded to whip Gelert for devouring the ducklings; but at the noise of the whipping

> "Some slumberers wakened nigh;
> What words the owner's joy can tell
> To hear his ducklings' cry!"

Then it was discovered that, the fire having gone out, the faithful little terrier had carried the ducklings into the corner next the oven for warmth. And instead of a grand funeral Gelert had a grand banquet of bones.

But the story is just the same and will go on happening over and over again to the end of time.

St. Bernard.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE CANARY ISLES

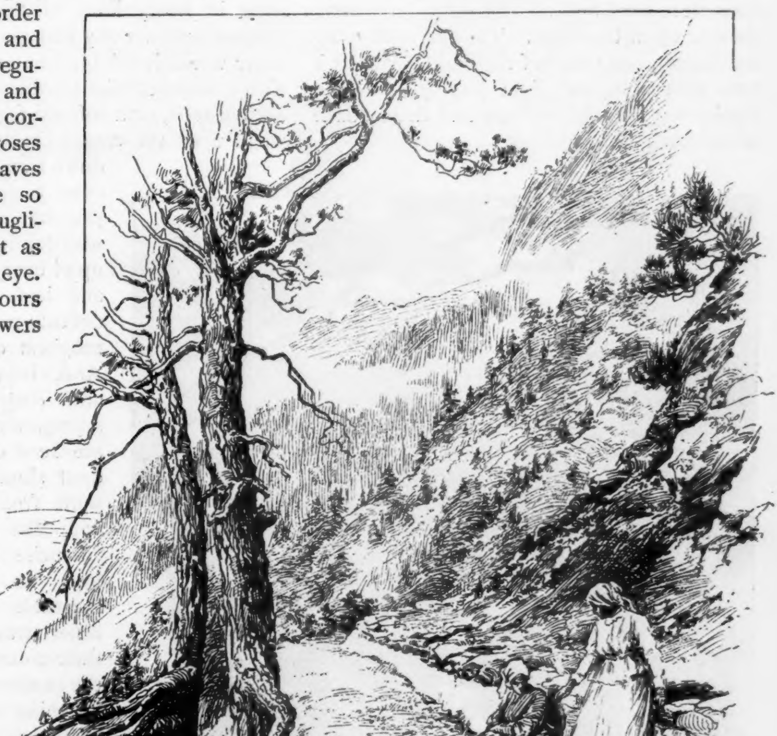
By HANNAH LYNCH

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR TWIDLE

CONCLUDING PAPER

If you would see Orotava in its gayest and most distinctive mood, you should manage to be there for the feast of Corpus Christi. The hotels and every possible lodging in the Port and the Villa are crowded with the happiest-looking sightseers come to see the famous carpet of flowers. I had been told that all the little streets, balanced between blue of sky and blue of sea, like Margery Daw's see-saw, in a perfect slant, would be covered with flowers. I could imagine the effect charming, but hardly an affair to bring people in boats across from the different isles, and send them up from Santa Cruz to Laguna in excited cavalcades. That was my error. It was quite a strange and surprising sight.

Picture these engaging little streets showing the loveliest fancies in flower-leaves along their slopes, not loosely spread flowers, as I had expected to see, but the leaves of millions upon millions of flowers of every gradation of hue, sorted and fitted closely in wooden compartments, and quaint devices and fancies built upon proximity with a painter's or a weaver's art. One street had what looked like a real Oriental carpet, with a Greek border in deep red and orange. The regularity of tracing and design was so correct, and the roses and buds, the leaves and stems were so perfectly the stiff ugliness of a carpet as to deceive the eye. When such colours unfamiliar in flowers as black, royal blue, or green were needed, the leaves were dyed. A charming effect was produced by a double row of flags of all nations intertwined with the colours of Spain along an entire street. The Union Jack, faithfully reproduced in all its brilliance, gave the spectator over-seas a homesick pang. There were many flags new to me, and these, I was told, belonged to the South American Republics and a variety of remote islands. The sombre Austrian flag in that flaunting mass of perfumed colour had a peculiar air of majesty and isolation, but the Tricolour and the British flags harmonised quite jauntily with the red and yellow of Spain. Opposite the courtyard of a local aristocratic palace there was a picture that won all enthusiastic praises. You never passed it as long as the leaves retained their fictitious glory without its circle of gazing admirers. It was a life-

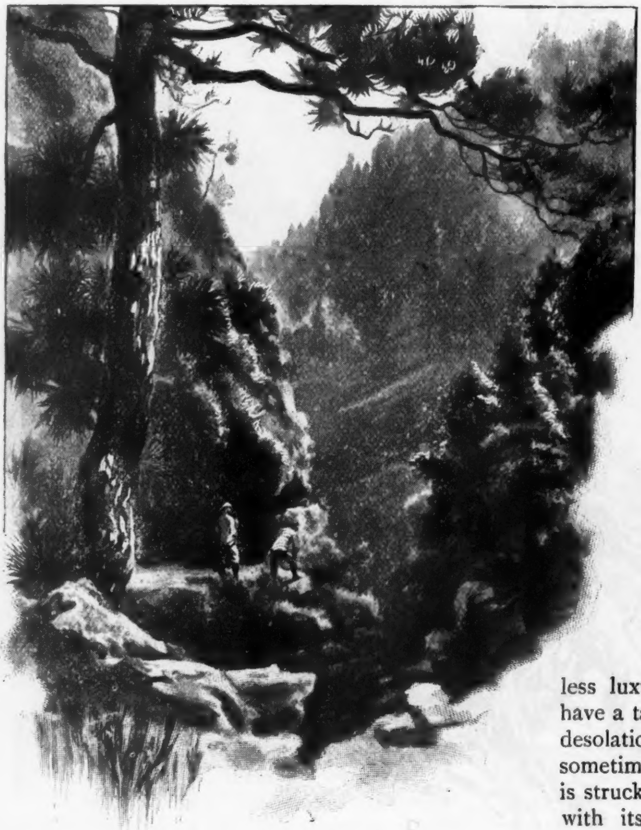


LEVADA, LA PALMA

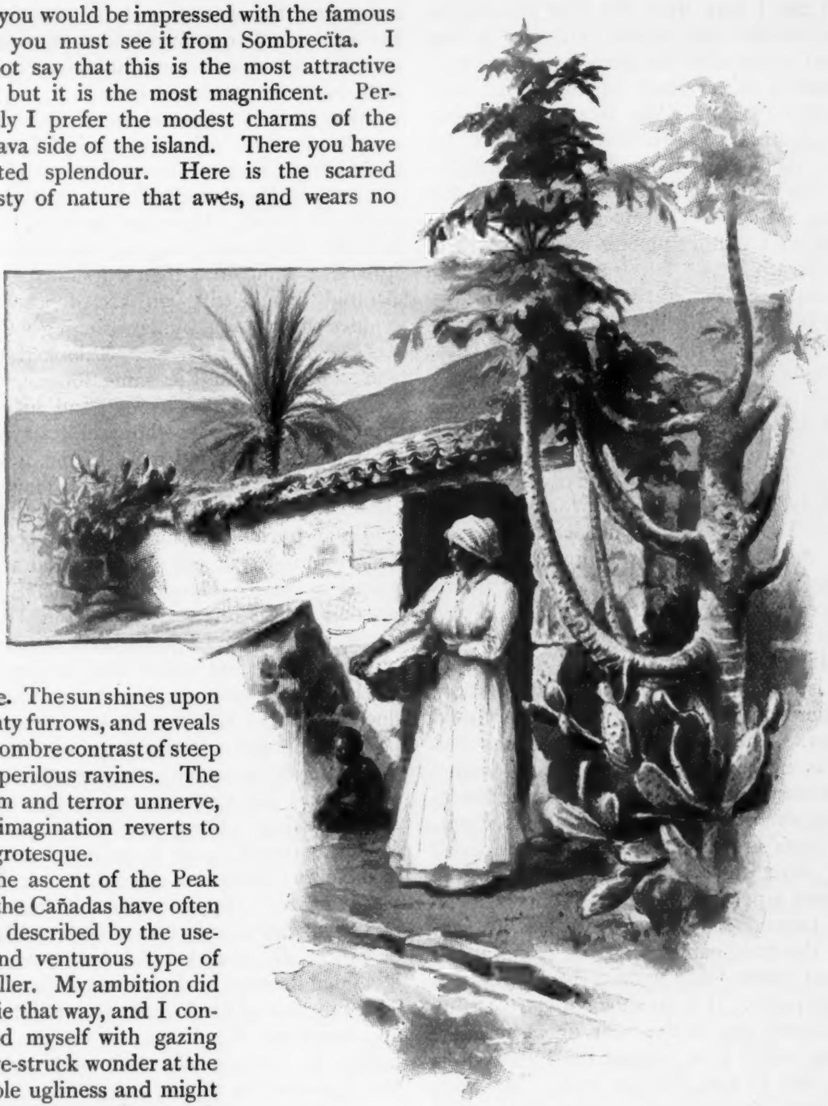
size angel, most skilfully drawn and coloured upon a background of blue and golden sky, flying over a sunny landscape against a wider rim of purple sea. The angel had a mass of brilliant, reddish-golden hair, made out of nasturtium petals, I think; flesh-tinted rose-leaves gave a perfect suggestion of creamy cheeks; the leaves and lips were made of rose and violet eyes, and it is incredible with what skill the lashes and eyebrows were suggested with brown thorns. She wore floating garments of deep and bright red, and the lines of shadow were made of those blood-dark roses that look like plush. Her arms were bare, and she was dropping yellow sheaves upon the earth. The sea, as deep as the Ægean, was made of the darkest violets I have ever seen, and light playing upon the ripples was the effect of here and there a dash of the paler Parma violet.

When I had bestowed praise as lavish upon this work of art as even to satisfy the pride of the innocent townsfolk, they assured me that, beautiful as it was, it was still not so beautiful as the *alfombra* they made for the Infanta Eulalie to walk upon when she visited Orotava on her way to Chicago. "That was so beautiful," they said in ecstatic remembrance, "that she declined to tread upon it, saying that it would be a sin."

As you round the Port, and take the opposite road away from Orotava, the eye embraces a magnificent panorama of mountain range, now forked under the peak, now lying in heavy lines of upper and under shadow between sky and sunlit plain. The outer world is all blue water and white sail, with a summer mist blending the line of sea and heaven, or a soft sea-fog lying in damp wisps upon the craggy precipices that shoot down from the shore. You coast a pebbled beach, or you are carried down the wild depths of a ravine made up of every variety of green and leaf, from the most delicate maidenhair to the roughest of tropic shrubs. And, beyond the palms and dragon-trees, more strange than beautiful, you see Icod on its sleepy verdant slope dropping seaward from its plaza. If you like to look at a Guanche cave, you may pass an hour in such agreeable inspection; but lazier travellers will find their entertainment among the gardens and the palms, watching the lizards, and preparing by rest to skirt the formidable spur of sierra that takes you across to Santiago. The earth about you is here more savage, less luxuriant and southern. You have a taste of Africa in the dusky desolation of the landscape, and sometimes a note of the Peninsula is struck by a little vivid underhill, with its blood-red stain upon the bare dark flank of the inner mountain.


BARRANCO DEL RIO, LA PALMA

If you would be impressed with the famous Peak you must see it from Sombrecïta. I do not say that this is the most attractive view, but it is the most magnificent. Personally I prefer the modest charms of the Orotava side of the island. There you have forested splendour. Here is the scarred majesty of nature that awes, and wears no smile. The sun shines upon mighty furrows, and reveals the sombre contrast of steep and perilous ravines. The gloom and terror unnerve, and imagination reverts to the grotesque.


AT GRAND CANARY

The ascent of the Peak and the Cañadas have often been described by the useful and venturous type of traveller. My ambition did not lie that way, and I contented myself with gazing in awe-struck wonder at the terrible ugliness and might of savage grandeur. A world of blackened stone, bounded by a crater wall, did not tempt me to face the discomforts of mounting into a rarefied atmosphere, with every possible form of suffering, and nothing to compensate me at the end but gratified curiosity and an inadequacy of adjective. If I could have been sure that at the top I should find an Alpine heaven of snow and a flush of crystal hues against an inextricable rampart of cloud and peak, such as tempts us up the Rigi and then sends us into a transport of delight, the pangs of ascent I knew would only prove an added zest to the reward of paradise.

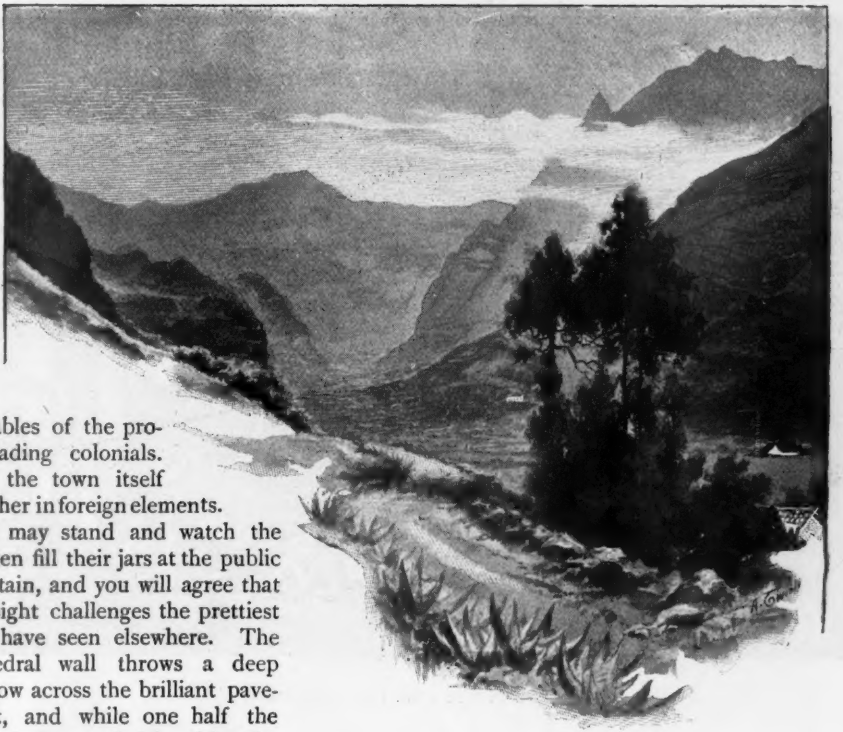
But just a solid moor of snow, and, above a white cone, Teide's hooded head, and the interminable scars of the crater! To have seen it once, I know, is to have looked upon one of the world's wonders; and I marvel here at my own courage to write in cold blood that I have lived the four seasons on these islands and turned without having desired to see what has attracted so many.

What is better than looking terror and majesty so close in the face, and learning the insignificance of the dear habitable spots of the earth, is to remember a divine night-ride along one of the unique roads of the Canary Islands. The air is never so soft, except in the full summer months, that a keen breath is not felt from the encircling hills, and even should there be no moon, the large, full stars are like guiding lamps, and cast a mild wavering light along your path. The hills are more beautitul in their heavy night shadow, and you see their tops shaped upon the dimmer heaven. Turn your face toward one of the bright little harbours, where the lights twinkle merrily out of the darkness, and the lamps of a ship standing far out upon the waters make a belt of rays upon the wavy blackness. From either side of the road the silent woods and gardens waft you their sweet odours, and the island seems to sleep in the lap of the pulsating sea, breathing perfumed sighs.

It is, of course, the great crucial question, whether you prefer Teneriffe or the Grand Canary. The capital of the latter, Las Palmas, is not only a finer but a more distinctive town than Santa Cruz. It is quite Oriental—is almost as effectively white as Cadiz. The roofs are flat, and there is a Moorish look about the cathedral to complete the Moorish aspect of the town. But Las Palmas, beyond its lovely name, has little to offer the imagination after the splendid setting of Santa Cruz upon a background of purple peaks. It is no shock of stern beauty that greets you as the boat draws near the strange sandy land beyond the Puerto de la Luz, with its arid, African look. But when you cross the miniature desert of the strip of sandy Isleta, and enter the pretty little town, you have something more novel and pleasing to survey than the squalid ugliness of Santa Cruz. The women complete the foreign effect with their straight white head-gear, which is partly veil and partly cloak, reaching below the shoulders. Little brown, naked children play and quarrel upon the sand, and the inhabitants have an air of dignity and local distinction which they lack across the water. You must not say this at Santa Cruz, if you would be popular there, any more than you may draw attention to the fact that Pérez Galdós was born at Las Palmas, instead of having, like Homer, been born in several places at once.

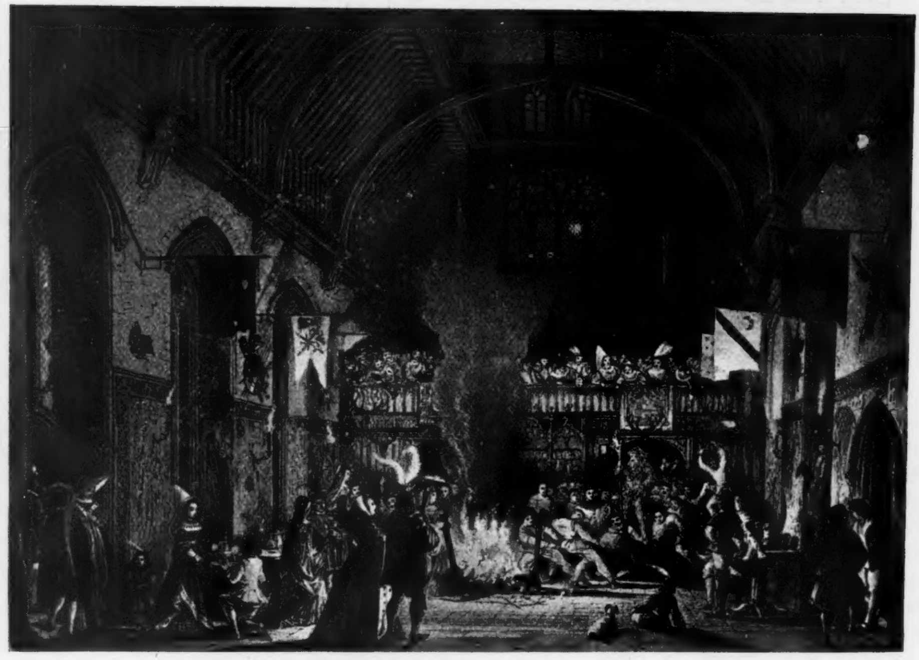
Away from the pretensions of small tradespeople who form the aristocracy of Teneriffe and Grand Canaries, the peasants and artisans will be found a class of better breeding and finer feeling. These are cheerful, honest folk who live upon gofio, and throw cordiality and a smile into their wayside greeting. An old man, sitting on his orchard wall, nodded to me, and flung a ringing "Good-day," in English, after me. I looked back, and responded in the same tongue, upon which he called to me to wait, and in a few minutes he was over the wall, carrying a stack of white and red roses to me. "You took my joke, and so I hope I may offer these in return for your good-nature," he said; and made me an elaborate bow. I am still minded of the excellent manners of a queer old bookbinder, who lived in a wooden house on a slope of the Hill of Dates. Whenever I open a book of his rude binding, he stands before me, bowing profusely, and apologising for delay, with his fine social air. Not less Peninsular was the polish of his wife and daughter, who marked their interest in me with smiling affability of glance and the Canary exaggeration of the mainland lisp. The grocer of the village of Matanza, too, is quite a figure of romance in memory: almost as splendid as an Andalusian *torero*. He sat with me in the coupé of the diligence, and I marvelled at his appearance. He wore long leather boots, spotless linen drawers, tucked into the boot-tops, wide breeches of black cloth, slit at each side, and reaching the knees; a brown velvet jacket, a crimson silk sash and scarf to match round his throat, and a brown sombrero. His person was as picturesque as his attire, and his manners worthy of both. He was young and dark and grave, with the moustache of a brigand.

At Las Palmas social pretensions necessarily strike a lower tone. There it is commerce and not the military that guides the dance. English rule is even more supreme here, and more fatal. You walk about the moonlit plaza, or along the strip of enfoliaged pavement that fronts the cathedral, and the speech of the British clerks of the shipping offices greets your ear above the lisped vocables of the promenading colonials. But the town itself is richer in foreign elements. You may stand and watch the women fill their jars at the public fountain, and you will agree that the sight challenges the prettiest you have seen elsewhere. The cathedral wall throws a deep shadow across the brilliant pavement, and while one half the fountain is revealed in white, the other is in black shadow. The water falls into the mouth of each jar like a thin rod of silver, and the chattering women sit or stand about in attitudes of varying grace.


VALLEY OF AGAELE, GRAND CANARY

By day you have less to do than at Santa Cruz, for the port is not convenient for idling. You have to take a steam tram and cover the long sandy track of Isleta to reach the melodiously named Puerto de la Luz, and when you get there you will find the boats far out, and no communicative sailors loafing about to instruct and entertain you. True, you have a museum to visit if you are fond of looking at the skeletons of extinct races and the utensils of cave-dwellers. You have the poetry of Carrasco, the local celebrity of departed centuries, whose bust may be seen upon his own square, and whose name nobody but the Canariotes remembers, though Cervantes, I believe, mentions him; and if neither somebody's history of the islands in ten volumes, nor the several books on them by English tourists will supply you with adequate intellectual employment, you have but to study Spanish, and some proud native will surely offer to lend you one of the novels of Pérez Galdós, the man they call divine there, because, I suppose, he was born at Las Palmas—*muy frio, muy inglés*, somebody once described him, as if English coldness were a virtue.

Better still, betake yourself to the hills, and study the effects of sunrise and sunset at San Mateo or Santa Brigida in their flowery nests. Halfway, as you halt for food and rest, you will find an excellent fat innkeeper, who will refresh you with smoked ham and bottled ale, and talk of Elizabeth's murder of the sainted and beautiful Marie Stuart with the emotions that event may be supposed to have excited several centuries ago. And you, if you are perfidious and polite—the obvious duty of every traveller—will agree between draughts of palley-alley, that it was a bad day for England when the faithless Tudor introduced Protestantism. *Esta pobrecita, esta reina infortuna*, you will still hear him cry with chivalrous, upturned glance, seeing beheaded Marie in his mind's eye, as you drive away.



BRINGING IN THE YULE LOG (PENSHURST)

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME

BY A. W. JARVIS

IT is well known that many of the customs associated with Christmas may undoubtedly be traced to heathen origin, being retained in Britain after its conversion to Christianity. Nor is it difficult to find a reason. The teachers of Christianity found it impossible to wean their converts from their long-cherished superstitions and observances; and, as a matter of expediency, engrafted the rites of the Christian religion on the old pagan ceremonies. There can be no question that the popular festivities are the remains of the Roman *Saturnalia* which, in later times, became intermingled with ceremonies of the Druids, and afterwards with the observances of the ancient Saxons.

The mistletoe was regarded with the utmost veneration by the Britons, though it seems that this reverence was reserved for the plant found growing on the oak. At the period of the winter-solstice a great festival was given in honour of the divinity *Tutanes*, at which the mistletoe was gathered with much ceremony. When the sacred day arrived, the Britons sallied forth into the woods and groves headed by the Druids When an oak was found bearing the mystic parasite, a grass altar was raised and two white bulls bound to the tree. The chief Druid, clothed in white, ascended the tree, and, with a golden sickle, cut the sacred branch which was carefully caught by another priest in his out-held robes, for if it fell to the ground it was regarded as an evil omen portending some dire misfortune. The bulls, and sometimes human beings, were then sacrificed, and various festivities followed. The mistletoe was divided into small portions and distributed among the people, by whom it was often worn as an amulet, and magical potions were prepared from it.

Even to the present day superstition clings to the white-berried plant, for it is said that any maid who is not kissed under it at Christmas will not be married during the year. Halliwell mentions another love-superstition which used to be practised by girls at this season of the year for the purpose of ascertaining their future partners. They peeled a "St. Thomas's onion," wrapped it up in a clean handkerchief, and then, placing it under their pillows at night, said the following lines:

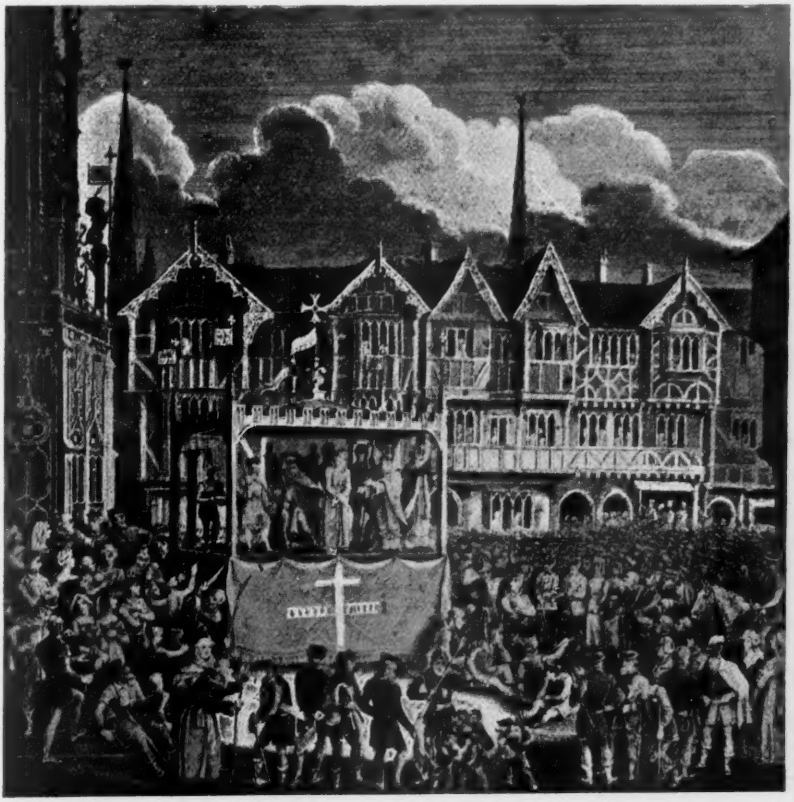
"Good St. Thomas, do me right,
And see my true love come to-night,
That I may see him in the face,
And him in my kind arms embrace."

In the burning of the Yule log it is supposed we have a remnant of the feast of *Juul*, when our Scandinavian ancestors used to kindle huge fires in honour of their god *Thor*. Many other ingenious explanations have been offered, however, as to the origin of this most joyous adjunct to the welcoming of Christmas, which Herrick so picturesquely describes:

"Come bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing.
While my good dame she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.

"With the last year's brand,
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending.
On your psalteries play,
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is tending."

In ancient times, the bringing in and placing of the Yule log on the hearth in the baronial hall was the great event of Christmas Eve. According to custom, the tree would be selected on the preceding Candlemas Day. After being cut down, and the



A MIRACLE PLAY AT COVENTRY

branches trimmed off, it was customary to fire it:

"Kindle the Christmas brand, and then
Till sunset let it burn;
When quenched, then lay it by again
Till Christmas next return."

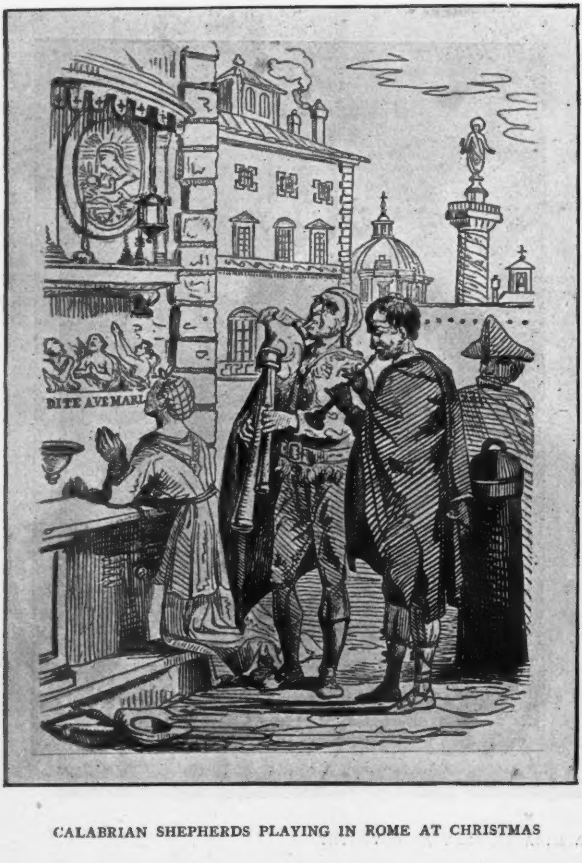
Then, amid great shouting, noise and dancing, the ponderous log was drawn up to the hall, all anxious to take part in tugging at the ropes by which it was drawn along, for, according to a superstition, all who helped were preserved from the spells of wizards. Frequently it was decorated with garlands and ribbons; and a hearty reception awaited the merry-hearted procession. Custom ordained that of each Yule log,

"Part must be kept wherewith to teend (light)
The Christmas log next year;
And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend
Can do no mischief there."

This fragment was always jealously guarded, as it was believed to have the charm to secure the house from fire, while a small piece thrown into the fire was said to quell the raging storm.

As soon as the log was placed and had caught the flame, and the great Yule candles were lighted, the cup went merrily round, and song and toast, tale and dance, made up a joyous evening. On these occasions the entrance of a squinting person, or worse still of a flat-footed woman, into the hall, was viewed with positive horror by our superstitious ancestors as a bad omen.

In Devonshire the Yule log is represented by the "Ashton faggot," which was brought in and burnt with great glee. The faggot was composed entirely of ash timber, hooped round with nine bands, and while it burnt merrily on the spacious hearth, sports and fun were the order of the night. For every crack, which the bursting of the hoops made, the master of the house was expected to furnish a fresh bowl of liquor.



CALABRIAN SHEPHERDS PLAYING IN ROME AT CHRISTMAS

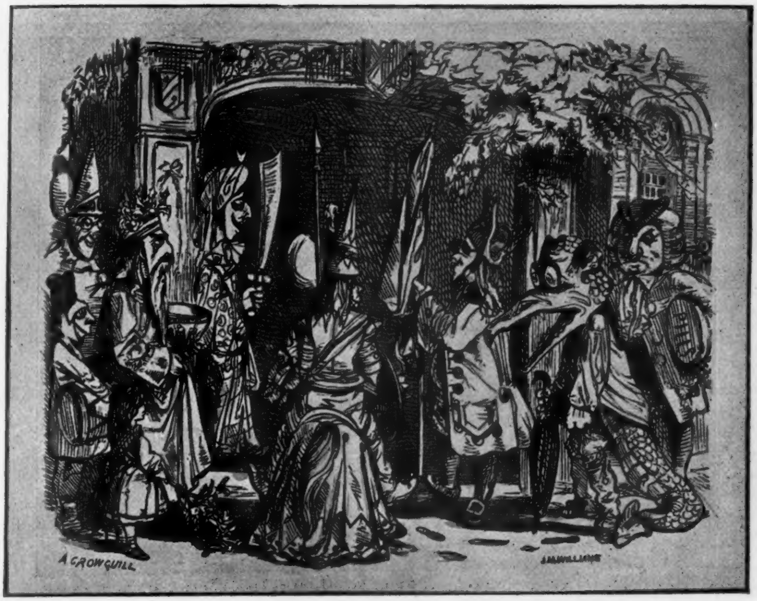
Another quaint custom, which long lingered in the villages of Devonshire, was for the farmer, after partaking of hot cakes and cider with his family and friends, to proceed to the orchard, one of the party bearing a supply as an offering to the principal apple-tree. The cake was deposited on a fork of the tree, over which the cider was thrown, the men firing off guns and pistols, and the women and girls shouting:

"Bear blue, apples and pears enow,
Barnfuls, bagfuls, sackfuls,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

A similar custom prevailed in various other counties; and at Chailey in Sussex the chorus sung at this "wassailing of the apple-trees" was:

"Stand fast root, bear well top,
Pray the God send us a good howling crop.
Every twig, apples big;
Every bough, apples enow.
Hats full, caps full;
Full quarters, sacks full."

In the western counties a



A PARTY OF MUMMERS

belief long prevailed that at midnight, on Christmas Eve, the oxen in their stalls were always found on their knees in adoration of the infant Saviour in the same manner as they are reported to have done in the stable at Bethlehem; and that, after the alteration of the style, they continued to do this only on the eve of old Christmas Day.

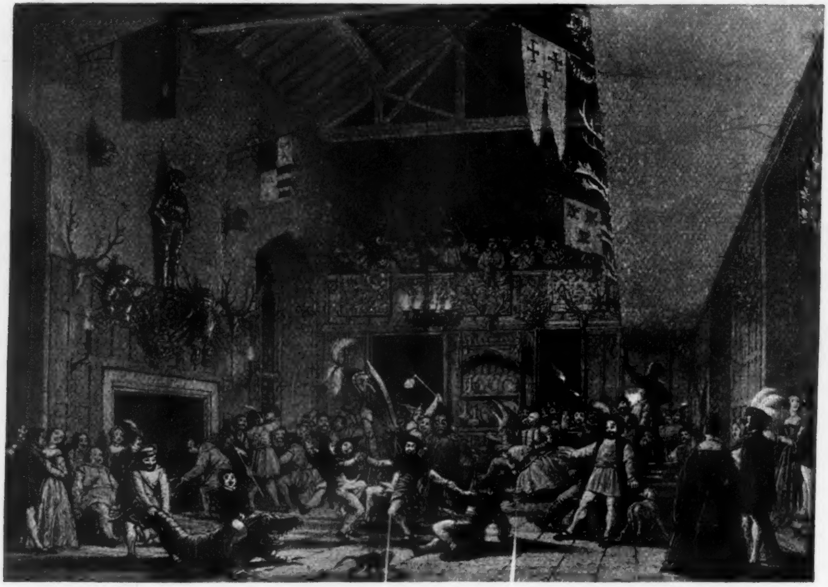
This reminds us of the famous Glastonbury Thorn. According to the old monkish legend, St. Joseph, while resting, fixed his staff in the earth, where it immediately took root, and ever after blossomed forth on Christmas Day. Curiously enough, when the change of style took place, no blossom was seen on the tree until old Christmas Day came round. The probable truth is the tree was one brought from Palestine by some of the pilgrims, there being a species of thorn, a native of that country, which blooms at Christmas.

Near Raleigh in Nottinghamshire, there is a valley said to have been caused several hundred years ago by an earthquake, which swallowed up a whole village together with its church. Here, on Christmas morn, in years gone by, the people used to assemble to listen to the bells of the buried church which it was positively asserted could be heard by placing the ear to the ground. Of course, what these simple folk really heard was the bells of a neighbouring church, the sound being conveyed by the surface of the ground.

Readers of "Hamlet" will remember Marcellus's reference to another old-time tradition in a strain of superlative beauty:

"Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit stirs abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

The "Lord of Misrule," who sometimes rejoiced in the whimsical title of the "Abbot of Unreason," was a very important functionary of the Christmas ceremonies in the olden time. His office was that of master of the revels, and in castle and hall, from Christmas Eve down to Twelfth Day, he was absolute master of all. On taking up the duties of his office he generally made some quaint speech, explaining to the company that he absolved them of all their reason, and that they were to be just wise enough



CHRISTMAS REVELS, HADDON HALL

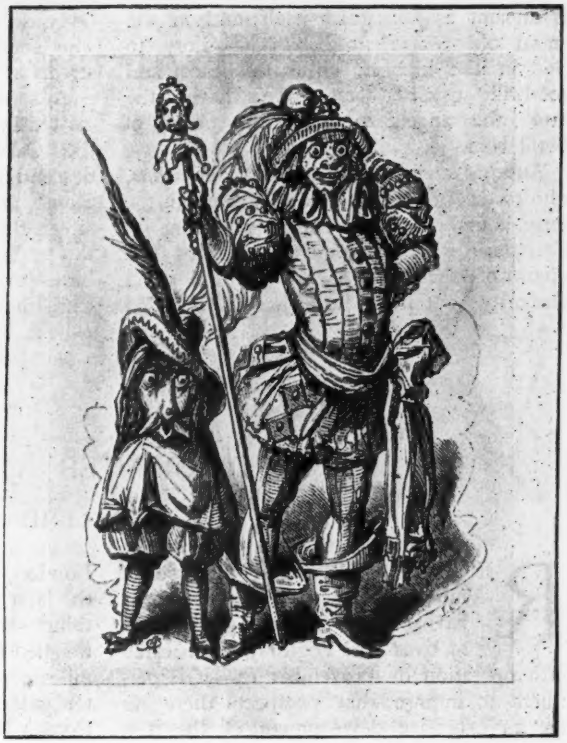
to make fools of themselves. Under his rule all were to be equal. No one was to sit apart in pride of self-sufficiency to laugh at others. Moreover, being possessed of the magic power to turn his auditory into children, it was his intention, while his sovereignty lasted, that they should conduct themselves as such. In our illustration, his lordship carries the fool's bauble as his badge of office, and has a diminutive officer in attendance.

Many of the towns and villages had their Lord of Misrule, who was elected by the common voice, and clothed at the expense of the voters. But in this case the merry monarch generally acted as a leader of the "mummers" of the season, who, in all sorts of grotesque disguises, roamed from house to house, singing and dancing; whereas in the great houses mumming formed a distinct feature of the general revels. A favourite performance of the mummers was the representation of a species of drama embodying the time-honoured legend of St. George and the Dragon, with various whimsical accessories, the entertainment invariably concluding with a delicate hint as to the main object of the visit:

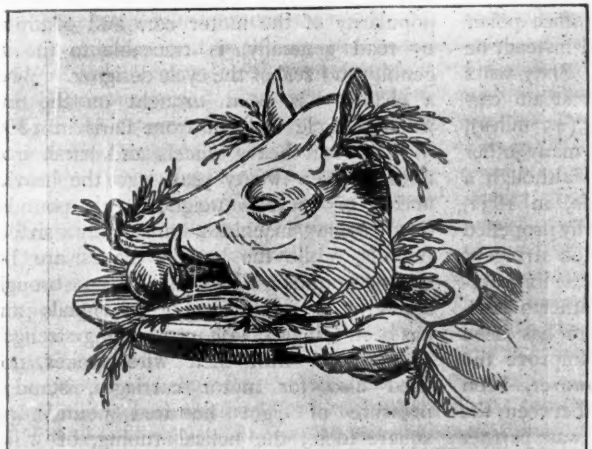
"Ladies and gentlemen,
Our story is ended,
Our money-box is recommended;
Five or six shillings will not do us harm,
Silver, or copper, or gold if you can."

This peculiar form of amusement may be traced back to the Roman *Saturnalia*, when masquerading was greatly in vogue, men and women assuming respectively the garments of the opposite sex, and masks of all kinds being worn. There can be no doubt that the early teachers of Christianity found great difficulty in weaning their converts from these pastimes; and it is by no means improbable that a desire to metamorphose these pagan observances into something of a more innocent and edifying nature, led in course of time to the mystery and miracle plays, which for many centuries formed a favourite amusement both at Christmas and other seasons of the year. These singular dramas, when first introduced, were written and performed by the monks themselves in the churches, churchyards, and market-places, on movable platforms.

In these "brave days of old" castle and hall rang with mirth and jollity for a fortnight and upwards, and open-house was kept. But the great feast given by the feudal chieftain to his friends and retainers took place on Christmas Day itself; and among the dishes served up on this occasion, the famous boar's head was first and foremost on the board. Heralded, we are told, by a jubilant flourish of trumpets, and accompanied by strains of minstrelsy, it was carried into the banqueting-hall on a dish of gold or silver, by the server; who, as he advanced at the head of a stately procession of nobles, knights, and ladies, sang one of the quaint old carols dedicated to the ceremony.


THE LORD OF MISRULE

The boar's head was a sacred dish of our Scandinavian forefathers proper to this season. In the *Eddas* we read that in the *Valhalla* (the heaven of the northern nations), the gods and heroes passed their days in fighting, and their nights in feasting. During the day they were busy cutting each other to pieces; but when the hour for their repast came, they were all made whole again, and returned to the banqueting-hall. The feast was made from the flesh of the boar, which was served up every day, and every day renewed again, so that it supplied an eternal feast; thus in the boar's head, with the lemon in its mouth, we have the Scandinavian symbol of the "all-consuming, all-feeding boar *Sæhrimnir.*"


THE BOAR'S HEAD

It has been suggested that the good old custom of carol-singing, full of so much sweet and simple poetry, was adopted from the Romans, who at this time of the year used to sing vigil hymns near the dwellings of their friends.

Be this as it may, the practice is certainly as ancient as Christmas itself; and in the grand old *Gloria in Excelsis* —Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and goodwill towards man—we have the carol the angels sang on the plains of Bethlehem.

Another ancient institution is the *waits*, who to the present day may be heard in the early hours of the morning, welcoming in Christmas with instrumental music. The origin of the term seems to be lost in obscurity; but it has been presumed that in very ancient days the name was applied to a body of minstrels attached to the Court, who sounded the watch and guarded the streets at night.

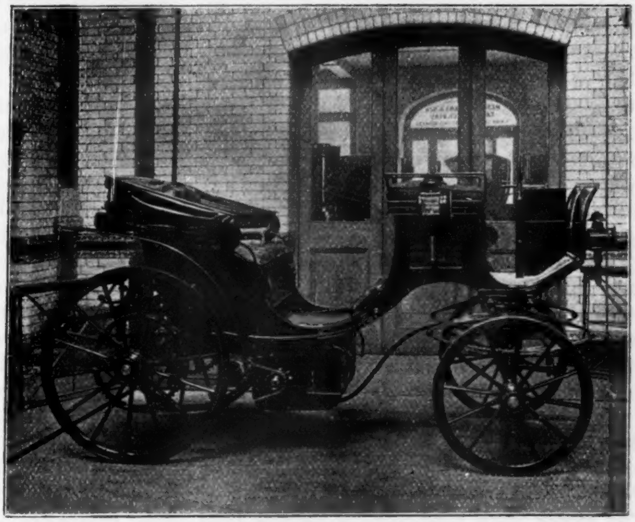
A somewhat similar and ancient custom existed in Italy, where, just before Christmas, the Calabrian minstrels—*Pifferari*—would descend from the mountains into Naples and Rome, and play their wild music before the street shrines of the Virgin Mother, under the traditional idea of soothing her until the birth-time of her infant at the approaching Christmas.

MOTOR CARRIAGES AND CYCLES

By G. R. FLEMING

RESTRICTIONS upon the use of motor carriages on common roads having been removed—the Locomotives on Highways Act came into operation on November 14—it is pertinent to inquire what prospects there are for an extensive development of the new system of travel. It may not be quite accurate to call it new, for before railway days there was an effort made to introduce road motor vehicles. Murdock, who "invented" gas lighting fully one hundred years ago, was only dissuaded by Watt from working at an engine model which carried the office poker and tongs across the room; and instead, he developed his gas-lighting plant. Sixty years ago a journey was made with a steam carriage from London to Reading (45 miles), in three and a half hours, and many other successes were attained. But, although a House of Commons Committee, in 1832, reported favourably of mechanically propelled vehicles, the law has continued too stringent for any extensive development; the improvements in railway facilities have hitherto satisfied the public, and thus there has been little incentive to engineers to improve the mechanism. There have, however, been great changes. A comparison between the coach, say, of Randolph, who was partner with John Elder in the great Fairfield Works on the Clyde, and the electric carriage made by Messrs. Thrupp and Maberly, of London, for the Queen of Spain, shows that the later machines are indeed new in everything but name. Randolph's machine weighed four and a half tons, and ran eight miles per hour, while the later machine runs ten miles an hour. The current is supplied from a battery which weighs two cwt. and stores sufficient electricity to run the machine for many hours. The lamps are also lighted by electricity.

The great reduction in weight suggested by a comparison of the two vehicles is largely due to the cycle. Indeed, the increasing popularity of the motor car, and of travel by road generally, is traceable to the ingenuity and zeal of the cycle designer. What a change has been wrought on the first wooden cycle brought from Paris in 1866, with its great heavy wheels and harsh iron tyres! Even twenty years ago the heavier makes of bicycles weighed sixty pounds; now some machines are only sixteen pounds, while the heavier makes are but thirty pounds. This has been brought about by a careful study of metals and has been achieved without reducing strength. The wheels with their wire spokes, now used also for motor carriages, stand a pressure of eight hundred pounds per square inch; the helical tubing, of which the frame is made, for motor cars as well as cycles, carries five hundred and sixty pounds without bending, and will take a load on the saddle of one ton and a half, and yet it is formed of metal not the seventeen-thousandth part of an inch thick, wound into a tube. This is nearly three times stronger than an ordinary tube of steel, because the metal is highly carbonised. Again, the handle bars, of nickel steel, require a pull of four hundred and fifty pounds to bend them, while the gearing chain is seven times stronger than it need be.



AN ELECTRIC MOTOR CARRIAGE FOR THE QUEEN OF SPAIN

The attainment of this great strength for the minimum weight is important alike in cycle and motor car. A cyclist's experience soon tells him that a saving of three or four pounds in the weight of his machine greatly influences the driving power necessary to attain a given speed. It is the same with the motor carriage—the power increases at a greater ratio than the weight, and addition to power involves more fuel and storage, meaning of itself further addition to weight and to power. It is essential from all standpoints that the motor carriage should be light, easily moved, and quickly steered. The Act, indeed, is applicable only to vehicles under three tons in weight, unladen and excluding the water, fuel, or accumulators used for propulsion. This latter exception is most important. Structurally a motor car ought to be as light as possible: weight does not necessarily increase the factor of safety; that is rather the outcome of a proper study of stresses. But a limitation in weight for storage might restrict the choice of prime motors since the merits largely turn on the weight of "supplies."

Before discussing the relative qualities of the different methods of generating the driving power, it is necessary first to consider the amount of power required for a motor carriage or bicycle. To attain twenty miles an hour, a cyclist has to exert three and a half times the energy necessary for ten miles. On a muddy road the exertion for ten miles is as great as for fifteen miles on a good road. The same law of progressive driving power applies to the motor carriage and motor cycle. Addition to weight also involves increased power. A carriage weighing half a ton with passengers, may go twelve miles an hour with a one horse-power motor; vehicles of five tons are fitted with thirty horse-power motors. On a stiff gradient, however, the rate of travel would be reduced to walking speed, and for starting, even on the level road, a considerable excess of power is desirable. A horse is capable of a great effort for a short period; this has been proved with a tramway car, which, when fully laden, may be started by two horses, but requires a motor of six horse-power. For a carriage, a victoria or brougham, made on the bicycle system, therefore, a two horse-power motor would probably be sufficient to give twelve to fourteen miles an hour on a level road, and to take the vehicle up gradients of 1 in 15 at walking pace.

The great majority of carriages now on the road here or in France, are propelled by oil motors. This type of motor involves least weight. A two horse-power motor weighing only twenty pounds has been made in the United States for a bicycle; but a more liberal allowance is desirable. For carriages 200 pounds may be ample. The storage is only for oil, which is gasified in the engine cylinder; explosion by electric spark gives the propelling power. Only one pound and a half of oil is needed per hour for an efficient motor, so that a ten hours' supply weighs little. But the oil gas is not always fully consumed, and thus an oil motor when on the road or river leaves its "trail" in an unpleasant odour. The motor does not readily start itself, it needs a push off; its speed cannot be directly varied, although gearing has been introduced to modify the inconvenience; the motor can only work forward. All these objections, however, may yet be overcome: it is the function of the engineer to surmount difficulties.

The electric motor, with its storage cell, is clean, noiseless in operation, leaves no trace behind; but it is most expensive and the weight of the batteries is a disadvantage. The motor itself need not be heavier than that driven by oil, but while twenty or twenty-five pounds of oil suffices for a day, electrical storage batteries for a two horse-power motor would involve a weight of several cwts.; that is about the most favourable assumption. Moreover, kerosene may be had in almost any village should the supply run down; it will be many years before an electric current can be turned on at every wayside inn. But even with its limitations the electrical motor has advantages in freedom of movement.

Steam is not by any means so far out of the contest as was at one time supposed. The use of coke almost overcomes the smoke nuisance, and the exhaust steam can be passed into the condensers even from the escape valves. Serpollet, a French engineer, has introduced a boiler with tubes so constructed that the spray of water entering instantly becomes steam and this spray can be shut off without any danger to the tubes. Thus when the engine is stopped the supply of steam is cut off by the stream of water to the boiler ceasing. Coke and water would require to be carried, so that with the weight of the boiler, the steam installation would not be very far behind the electric plant.

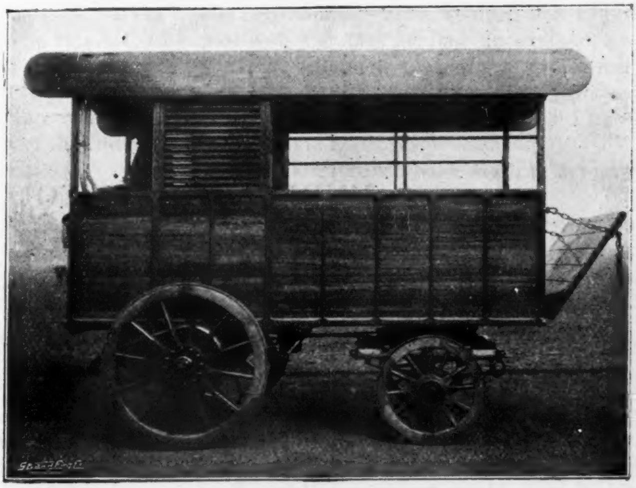
There can be no question, however, that even should oil or electricity be preferred for lighter vehicles for pleasure, steam may be used for char-à-bancs and in agricultural and luggage vans. A twenty ton steam tramway car in France carries fifty passengers at an outlay of 2½*d.* per mile for motive power; a twenty passenger omnibus, weighing six and a half tons, ran sixty-seven miles at a total working cost equal to 3½*d.* per mile, and it can readily be assumed that in country districts, where the traffic would not meet the capital expenditure on the permanent way even of a light railway, the steam passenger and luggage omnibus may afford much desired facilities for travelling and transportation. Loads could be hauled for an expenditure of from 2*d.* to 3*d.* per ton per mile, and the fact that the upkeep of the mechanical omnibus is less than that of horses would secure economy where the traffic did not demand constant use.

In the case of a luggage van, having a motor of eleven horse-power, the weight of the boiler is only 550 pounds, and of the motor 336 pounds, and it carries water and coal for a forty-five hours' journey, the maximum speed being about twenty miles an hour. Messrs Thornycroft, of Chiswick, have been running a very serviceable van, 11 feet long, weighing thirty cwt. including a water-tube boiler, compound engines with 2-inch and 4-inch cylinders, with a 13-inch stroke, air pipes on the roof, weighing two cwt., for condensing the steam, steering gear, brakes, &c., and carrying ten cwt. of load while going ten miles, mounting the while gradients of 1 in 13. It is such vehicles for agricultural and other purposes that will prove most acceptable, although it is difficult to get beyond the fact that for the greater part of the year the farmer has not sufficient work for his horses, and these can then be utilised for the traction of grain and farm produce to market, so that the advantage of mechanical traction would only be appreciated when the harvest or other busy season required the use of the horses on the farm.

As to cycles, oil and electricity are probably the only alternatives. It is said that an American make of motor with 2½-inch cylinder and 6-inch stroke was mounted on a bicycle with a reservoir having a gallon of oil and a battery to create the electric spark, and yet the weight of the machine was only fifty-eight pounds while the speed approached one mile in the minute. But the tricycle or the quadri-cycle seems more suited for mechanical propulsion. De Dion and Bouton of Paris have on the market an oil motor tricycle weighing 100 pounds, the motor of which has been run at 2500 revolutions per minute, although the usual speed is 700. Six hours' supply of gasoline—not the safest of oils—is carried. As the speed is eighteen miles an hour, this suffices for 100 miles and within that distance a convenient place will be found to replenish the reservoir. The usual pedals are fitted so as to assist the motor at starting and on hills. There are several machines of similar type by various makers, differing only in technical details which are not of great interest to the general reader. Here, however, it is difficult to refrain from some condemnation of the cunning efforts made in some cases to induce the public to subscribe capital for patents which are either without great value or invalid by reason of past practice in engineering. Almost any engineering firm can manufacture serviceable motor carriages or motor cycles without reference to new patents.

Nor will the full expectations of the company promoter and speculator be realised even should they secure the exclusive rights of manufacture. We are not all likely to take to a motor cycle or carriage, and allow the grass to grow on the railways while the locomotive is turned to the scrap heap. The chief recommendation of the cycle is the exercise it affords, while at the same time revealing the panorama of Nature. Moreover, a really good bicycle can be purchased for £15, a serviceable one for £11. If to this is added £30 or so for a motor, and a shilling or two per running day for supply, the number of possible owners will be reduced almost to a minimum. Moreover, the Act limits the speed to fourteen miles an hour, and there are comparatively few riders who cannot exceed this with the ordinary bicycle, so that the motor cycle would in this case be acceptable only to the aged or easy-going cyclist.

The motor carriage may no doubt be purchased by the wealthy. It will cost something like £200; but there is this undoubted advantage, that, whereas horses must be exercised almost daily, the owner of the motor vehicle need only go for a run when the spirit moves him or when it is most convenient. It is, however, idle to assume that any one will be able to keep the mechanism in good order and repair. From a constructive point of view, much requires to be done in connection with almost all the motor carriages now in the market, to ensure accurate steering, to reduce vibration, and to obviate breakdowns, apart altogether from the limitations already referred to. For these reasons, it is to be regretted in the interests of safety, that the Act which has just come into operation has not been more stringently drafted. The speed allowed—fourteen miles in the hour—is too high a rate in the meantime. The Local Government Board, it is true, has authority to make regulations, but these can only be on the lines suggested in the Act. They cannot limit the scope already allowed, but the bye-laws ought to include, as is the case in France, an examination of the driver or owner to ensure that he has some knowledge of the mechanism and steering, strict rules as to the emission of smoke, gases, &c, and if possible also some limitation in speed until experience is gained. If six miles is the maximum on mechanical driven tramway cars, where the rails themselves confine the area and possibilities of danger, surely fourteen miles is too great with



THORNYCROFT'S STEAM MOTOR VAN

a vehicle of one to ten tons' weight, badly steered, perhaps, by an inexperienced man.

Accidents under these circumstances must happen; and they will check the general disposition at present developing in favour of mechanically propelled vehicles. A lower speed would provide quite enough of experience, enable our engineers to solve the many little problems, while at the same time accustoming the public to a change which has unquestionably great possibilites, only now imperfectly realisable. In any case, the Act may encourage our mechanical geniuses to direct their attention to a solution of the difficulties which undoubtedly exist. France may for the moment have the advantage; but that is probably due to earlier legislative sanction rather than to greater engineering skill. Britain has always excelled in machine and motor design and construction. Given the incentive, and similar achievement in this branch of the industry may be confidently predicted.

AT THE SEA'S EDGE

The sky is filled with flying cloud,
The wave leaps silvery to the sun,
Along the hills that fringe the world
Swift thrills of glory run;
The light that kindles air and sea
Has made all Nature one.

One with the love divine which shines
Through the sun-green translucent blade,
Which trembles in the beating heart
Of pure-dreamed man and maid,
Which flashed sad glory through the dark
Gethsemanean glade.

For all the joy in light and love
That pulses through the changeful sea,
And smiles in flowers more soft than stars
On every blossoming lea,
Is kin to all that's best and true
In God and you and me.

ROBERT BAIN.

UNDER THE TRICOLOUR

By P. de NANTEUIL

ILLUSTRATED BY MYRBACH

CHAPTER XXX

DISAPPOINTMENT AND DELAY

MARTINE'S prayer was answered. In a week's time Harriet returned with a full pardon for Alexander Sergevitch Vorzof, prisoner of war on board the *Juno*. This favour was obtained through the Count de Lieven, at that time Russian Ambassador in London. M. de Lieven, a former friend of the Vorzofs, had been made acquainted with the history of the young Prince Vorzof. With the help of a common friend, and in spite of the protestations of her aunt, Harriet had obtained an audience of the ambassadress, and had engaged her warmest interest. She, in her turn, had secured her husband, who, thinking the story at least a plausible one, and that the prisoner, whether he was a Russian prince or not, deserved to be pitied, had obtained his pardon.

Having thanked the Count and Countess de Lieven, Harriet prepared immediately to return to Portsmouth. She set out on the evening of the receipt of the pardon, accompanied by her maid, and indemnified for the reproaches of her aunt by the warm admiration of her four cousins, who assured their mother that Harriet was the cleverest girl in the whole world—an assurance which Lady Mary took with very bad grace, calling her sons "a pack of fools."

Delighted with her success, and enjoying beforehand the happiness she was about to give to Martine and M. de Grainval, Harriet arrived in the best of spirits at the English Arms Hotel, Portsmouth. To her astonishment, instead of exhibiting the expected tokens of joy, Martine, after thanking her, said, "I fear that all your trouble has been useless. I am afraid the pardon will remain without effect."

"Explain yourself."

Sir James answered for Martine, "My dear child, Alexander finds it his duty to remain a prisoner; and whenever Miss Vasseur or I speak to him of hope, of liberty, he shakes his head, and replies, 'Providence has assigned me a mission which I will not abandon.'"

"What mission?"

"This heroic young man acts as a sort of buffer between his countrymen and the Captain—a wild beast who 'sees red' whenever he beholds a Frenchman. Hare is absolute master of his ship, as a result of the indifference of the maritime authorities of Portsmouth."

"How does Alexander serve as a buffer."

"Because Hare feels indebted to him for having saved the life of his only daughter, but principally because his little girl Elsie, who is in the last stage of consumption, adores her saviour, and is adored by her father. Alexander profits by these two circumstances to lighten as much as he can the dreadful misery of his companions."

"Madness—the madness of generosity! We must open Alexander's eyes. Rely on me to make him change his mind."

"Dear Miss Howell," said Martine, "I am now going to the hulks. Come with me, join your entreaties with mine, and perhaps, God helping us, we may succeed."

"Certainly, dear friend; and I feel confident of success."

"You must go by yourselves, then," said Sir James; "for I confess the sight of these wretched people makes me ill, and spoils my digestion. Here are five guineas, Harriet, for Alexander to distribute as he pleases."

"Thanks, dear uncle; and I shall add my mite."

As they drove towards the hulks, Martine said to Harriet, "Take care that nobody sees you giving the money to Alexander."

"Would it be taken from him?"

"Not openly; but the guards would tell the prisoners, and some of them would plot to rob Alexander. Misfortune, misery, hunger, have made some of them worse than galley-slaves."

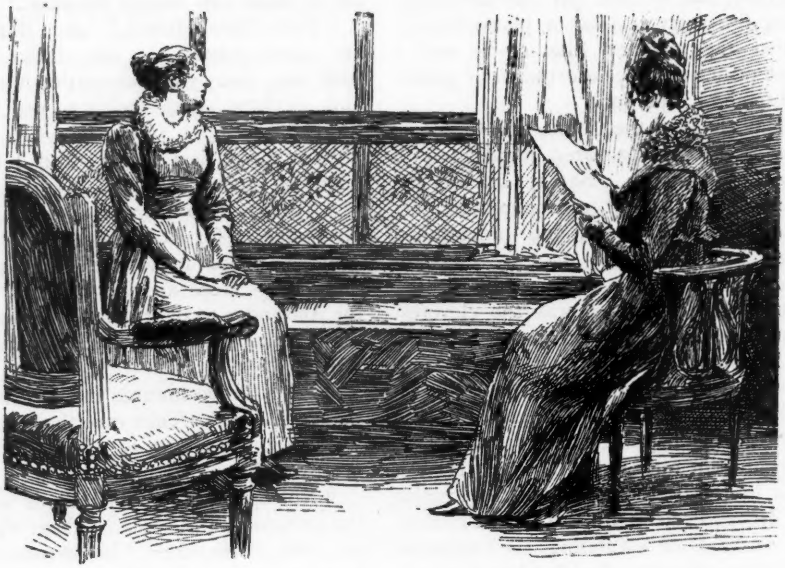
Alexander waited for them in the usual place, and Martine presented Miss Howell, whom he thanked very warmly. When they had talked for a minute or two, Harriet began to entertain a deep respect for this young man, hardly older than herself. Purified by suffering, by self-sacrifice, by prayer, and by charity, Alexander, instead of complaining, talked of himself as we speak of one whose welfare is of no moment to us. His high morality alone enabled him to proceed with the task he had undertaken, and which he intended to perform to the very end. He explained his intention with perfect simplicity to Harriet, adding: "I know that mamma approves."

"Yes, I approve," said Martine weeping, "but my heart is torn with grief."

"You weep, Martine," cried Harriet passionately, "when you ought to protest. How can you let him stay here in the midst of these ferocious creatures who repay his devotion by robbing him?"

"Not all of them, Mademoiselle," said Alexander. "Some love me as I love them; and we comfort each other, suffering together, hoping, and praying together."

After a moment's silence, Harriet asked: "Do your companions know of your voluntary sacrifice?"



"Martine was reading the latest news"

"Dear lady, must one do good only to be thanked for it? I see in mamma's eyes that she approves of me."

Harriet saw that also in Martine's expression. But she would not yet give in, and tried to reason with Alexander. When he was free he could solicit favours for others; his name and his rank would have weight in London.

"Even if the name and rank," replied Alexander, "are real—a very problematical thing—during this European war the recognition of my rights would be long delayed, and during that time, left to themselves, and to the tender mercies of those beasts who rule here with absolute sway, my seven hundred charges would suffer much more than they now do. The good would begin to doubt of Providence, and the bad would grow worse."

Harriet had nothing more to say, but gazed with admiration on the young man, whose eyes shone like stars, lit by an interior flame, that of love for his fellow-men.

As they had done for several days, the guards shortened the visit, driving Alexander brutally into the forecastle, and inviting the ladies to leave the ship at once.

Distressed at her want of success and indignant at such discourteous treatment, Harriet spoke to Captain Hare, who was pointed out to her by Martine.

"I am Miss Howell," she said; "the niece of Sir James Howell, Baronet."

"Ah!"

"I bring a full pardon for one of your prisoners, Alexander, a Russian subject."

"Ah! you should have come to me first."

"Oh, no! But as it happens, Alexander refuses to accept this favour, because, madly devoted, he wishes to share the fate of his companions."

"That's his affair. Good-day, Miss Howell, and as it is not my custom to receive belles from London, I beg you to notice that from to-day, Miss Howell, the ship will be closed to all visitors. Herby, accompany these ladies, and remember never to readmit them."

When they had left the ship, Harriet, tortured with remorse for what she had said, humbly begged Martine's pardon. Martine's own heart was in her mouth at the thought that she could no longer comfort her poor child; but she decided to remain as near him as possible, and began her arrangements at once.

She rented a small furnished lodging much less expensive than the hotel. She had, she said, enough money to live there for a year, perhaps longer: and if her money went down, she promised to borrow from Miss Howell.

Before leaving Portsmouth, Sir James made a fruitless attempt to bring Hare to his senses. He refused even to receive the butler. The Baronet then addressed the maritime authorities of the port, but he found himself brought up against a stone wall.

The captains of the hulks, he was told, had to be absolutely masters on their own decks, or else their position would be untenable and no officer would be found to undertake the work. At headquarters in London the reply was identical, with the rider that "since the prisoner had been foolish enough to refuse his pardon, he must submit to the discipline of the hulks."

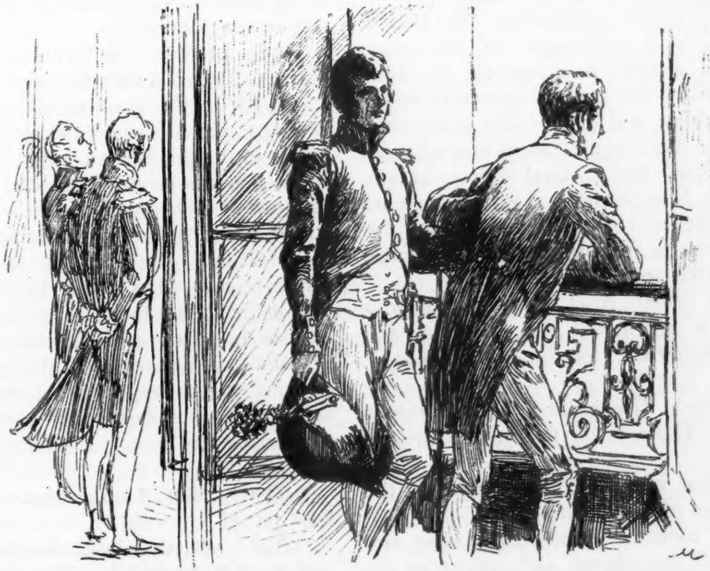
From that time, accusing herself of having caused an increase in the severity of Alexander's imprisonment while attempting to alleviate it, Harriet withdrew from all worldly amusements; and every month she went down to pass two or three days at Portsmouth, to the great exasperation of Lady Mary.

Miss Howell found Martine always very sad, but courageous and resigned, occupied in caring for the sick poor in her neighbourhood. Every day Martine looked at the *Juno* through a telescope at the time of the promenade of the prisoners, one of whom always made a signal agreed on.

It was easy to bribe the guards of the hulks to take messages from the land. By their means Martine sent her child letters, provisions, and a little money. She learnt afterwards that Alexander never got a quarter of what she sent, and that of the small portion received he gave away the largest part to his companions. Dreading discovery of their treachery, the guards refused to take any message written by the prisoner.

There was no news of Jean de Grainval, of Noel, or of General Raimbaud. The London newspapers which Harriet bought spoke of battles, and enlarged on the French reverses, but recorded only the deaths of a few celebrated nobles and generals.

Martine read of the horrors of the retreat from Russia, the passage of the Bérésina and the terrible battle of Leipsic, where, the papers said, the French armies were totally destroyed or captured. These armies, however, reappeared from their ashes; new



"Somewhat apart, two young men were talking together" recruits filled up the vacant places, and battle succeeded battle. An English newspaper thus summed up the results of the campaign of France, in which Napoleon won four battles between the 10th of February and the 14th of March, 1814, at Champaubert, at Montmirail, at Château-Thierry, and at Vauchamp: "The French are worn out, tired of battles, tired of victories. Although Napoleon has proved his strategic talent to be as great as ever, his lieutenants have been beaten everywhere when unsupported by his genius. Then there are already defections in the Imperial family. To-morrow the English will be masters of Bordeaux, and the Austrians will enter Lyons. The Empire is doomed, in a few days, perhaps a few hours, Europe will once more breathe freely after twenty years of war."

CHAPTER XXXI

1814

Seated in the little parlour of the house in which she lodged, Martine was reading the latest news, while Harriet, at the window, watched the low grey clouds chased across the sky by squalls from the north-east. Miss Howell thought of the ships which had already been struck by these squalls, and of the soldiers mowed down by storms of shot and shell. She had several relations in the English army, and a friend, a Frenchman, and a naval officer, at sea. Where was Jean de Grainval at that moment? "Ah!" she said aloud, "these wars between Christian peoples are abominations. Martine, what are you thinking of?"

"Of my cousin, Noel Vatteville. If he is alive he is fighting at this moment, and General Raimbaud too, and probably M. Jean."

"M. Jean! God grant that he at least is in safety. There is no fighting on the sea just now."

"No; but read that at the foot of the first column of the *Moniteur*."

Harriet took the French newspaper, and read: "All the officers and sailors of the divisions of the North and of the flotilla of the Scheldt have joined the army of Prince Eugene, and taken part in the campaign."

Neither of the two made any remark, but sat silently absorbed in sad thought. They were startled by a knock at the door, followed by the entrance of an English sailor, who handed a letter to Martine, saying: "From Captain Hare, of the *Juno*, for Miss Vasseur." Having delivered his message he withdrew.

As she broke the seal Martine trembled, expecting no good news from the captain of the *Juno*.

The letter contained only the following words.

"*April 4th.*

"Miss Vasseur is requested to come directly on board of the *Juno*.

"Lt. Peter Hare, R.N."

A written permit to enter and leave the ship was enclosed.

Before five minutes had passed the two friends left the house together. They were lost in conjecture, and exceedingly anxious. The day before, the guard whom Martine bribed had told her that No. 309 was remarkably well, that he was even growing stout. Perhaps the man had lied. For three days constant showers had kept the prisoners below decks, so that Martine had been unable to see Alexander.

When Martine left her near the river, Harriet climbed a little hill, and turned her telescope on the deck of the *Juno*, vainly hoping to see Alexander's white handkerchief flutter in the air, as a sign that all was well. When it began to grow dark she returned to the town. The great clock of the arsenal struck seven, then eight, and still no word of Martine. Just as she began to be seriously concerned about her friend, and had made up her mind to go in search of her, she heard steps on the staircase. Much agitated, Martine entered the parlour, and replying to the inquiry in Harriet's glance, she said, "No, it is not Alexander, changed and haggard as he is. It is Captain Hare's daughter."

"That wicked wretch, unworthy of the least pity!"

"Alas! yes, that man heavily punished and much to be pitied. Poor Elsie has just died in my arms. Her father is so overcome that you could not withhold your compassion."

"No, I will not pity him."

"Yes you will, because you are good, and would never imitate a set of wretches, who have had the cruelty to insult an unfortunate man in the hour of his trial."

"Martine, the old law says, 'An eye for an eye.'"

"And the mercy of the gospel says, 'Forgive.' Oh! if you had seen Alexander kneeling and praying with me, or endeavouring to comfort the poor child in the spasms of her agony; and then, when it was all over, had you heard him console that father who had been so cruel to the prisoners, you would repeat after me, 'Forgive and forget.'"

"But why were you sent for?"

"This morning Elsie came on board the *Juno* for breakfast. She did not seem any worse than usual, although Alexander thought her less heavy as he carried her from the deck to the poop, and from the poop to the deck. At breakfast, Elsie coughed and hæmorrhage began. The doctor, who was called, said that the child was dying. Soon, however, she rallied, and asked for Alexander and Alexander's mother. 'God is punishing me,' she said. 'I have been bad and told papa never to let that woman come again, because I was afraid that she would take her son away, far, far.' She kept repeating, 'God is punishing me; I have been bad.' I should say, Miss Harriet, that several times I placed myself in Elsie's way, and each time begged her to intercede with her father for liberty to visit my son. I call Alexander my son; I think I have a right to now."

"Yes, dearest; you have the right. Well?"

"Well, without answering me, Elsie turned away her head and passed on, while her nurse insulted me, calling me a wicked Frenchwoman. To finish this sad story, I managed to console the little sufferer by talking of our Lord Jesus Christ who loves all who repent. She died smiling. Then the father became like a madman, yelling and knocking his head against the wall. Alexander and the doctor took him away. The nurse sobbed so much that she could not perform the last duties for her little mistress, which I had to undertake. Then the body was laid in a large basket on a white flag, and the Captain and I followed it as it was carried away. Some of the prisoners cried, 'A tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye. You are punished, scoundrel.' They also abused Alexander, because he wept. The funeral is to be in the afternoon. Will you not come?"

"Yes," said Harriet. "I am very sorry for my first thoughts. Do you think Alexander will be allowed to join us?"

"I do not know. The Captain may become fiercer than ever unless his heart should be softened. Nothing is impossible to God."

No one can tell whether Captain Hare would have been better or worse as the result of his daughter's death, for an attack of apoplexy carried him off next night. The funeral was postponed for twenty-four hours, in order that father and daughter might be buried together. One or two of the Captain's colleagues and three strangers followed the coffins, the smaller of which was draped in white.

The cortége passed along unnoticed in the midst of a general excitement. Criers shouted the news of the war; bills pasted on the walls were read and discussed; their contents were looked upon as incredible. All waited anxiously for the London mail.

The lieutenant of the *Juno* had permitted Alexander to attend the funeral under the supervision of four guards.

In the cemetery crosses were placed upon the graves. "Jane Elsie Hare, 11 years old," was the simple inscription on the smaller one. The name and rank of the late Captain appeared on the other, with his age—55 years.

Alexander with bent head was still praying before the smaller cross, when the soldiers who guarded him roughly ordered him to follow them. Having embraced Martine, Alexander was led away from the graveyard. At the gate, shouts and cries were heard again, and a band of men rushed past. All were in rags, and some only half-dressed. On all sides one word was heard, "Liberty, liberty!" They embraced each other, and shook their fists at the hulks, at the soldiers, and at Alexander's guards. The latter soon slunk away, leaving Alexander to take care of himself. Not daring to believe what they heard, Martine and her companion stood still trembling. If the news should be false after all!

Suddenly recognising the face of a gentleman dressed in black who was passing at the time with his nose in the air, Harriet ran towards him, and shook hands with him.

"How do you do, Miss Howell?" said the gentleman. "I am astonished to see you in such company."

"Never mind the company. I am just returning to the town from a funeral, and I don't know the cause of this uproar. Tell me, please, Mr. Hobson."

"Do you not know, Miss Howell, that the Allies have entered Paris, that Bonaparte is a captive waiting to be hanged, and that the First Lord of the Admiralty sent down an express to Portsmouth this morning with an order to set at liberty all the prisoners of war. In this matter the British nation acts like a generous enemy, for the prisoners do not deserve such kind treatment before an advantageous treaty has been signed with the French."

"Well, Professor Hobson, I am not of your opinion. Indeed, I am sometimes ashamed to be an Englishwoman because of the unworthy treatment to which the authorities of my country have submitted these innocent prisoners of war. As to hanging Bonaparte, as you call him, the Emperor Napoleon, as I shall continue to say, may yet give you cause to tremble. Good-day, Mr. Hobson."

Harriet spoke so quickly that Professor Hobson was too late in finding his tongue and the ironic phrases with which he would have reproved Miss Howell.

The three friends soon arrived before the house of the governor, where immense bills appeared on the walls, confirming the Professor's news, minus his exaggerations.

After the battle of Charonne, and the capitulation of Marmont and Mortier, the Allies entered Paris on the 31st of May, 1814. On the 3rd of August following, the Senate declared Napoleon dethroned, the right of heredity abolished in his family, and, consequently, the army and the people of France freed from their oath of fidelity.

Another despatch from the Admiralty announced that from that day the prisoners of war in the hulks were free and could leave England.

Two days after Martine and Alexander sailed for Havre in the Southampton packet. Harriet, Sir James, and his four sons saw them off. Sir James warmly commended the passengers to the captain, and the young people showed much respect and delicate attention to the ex-prisoner. Lady Mary had remained in London, occupied in saying disagreeable things about the French generally, and about her niece in particular.

Harriet said to her friend, "I am going to work on behalf of your adopted son, now that he has a chance of recovering his rights in Russia; Count de Lieven will help us."

"Dear Harriet, how can I thank you?"

"Never thank me, unless you want to quarrel with me. But keep me informed of everything, and tell me all about your friends in France."

"Certainly. And since you think of coming soon to Paris, I shall try and join you there, and let M. Jean know. Ah! God grant that M. Jean may have come safely through all these battles!"

"Yes, God grant it!" said Miss Harriet fervently.

CHAPTER XXXII

EPILOGUE

WITH the following year came the return of the Emperor and the resumption of the war; came Waterloo, the second invasion by the Allies, and the departure of Napoleon to an English prison in mid-ocean.

This time, actually conquered and humiliated, France and true French hearts everywhere were plunged into the deepest grief.

In the beginning of the autumn of that terrible year, several persons were in attendance in a vast gallery of the Hotel de l'Infantado, where the Czar Alexander was the guest of Prince Talleyrand.

Somewhat apart, two young men were talking together leaning on the sill of an open window, and sometimes the hands of Alexander and those of Jean de Grainval were clasped in a warm pressure. After long years of separation they had happily met again. Still sad memories were awakened that day, as they spoke of friends fallen in battle, of others whose fall had been sadder than death, and of France in mourning. How bitter it was, too, when they leaned out of the window to see in the garden of the Tuileries a number of officers in foreign uniforms, while English, Prussian, and German troops rode at the gallop through the Place Louis XVI.! Jean remembered, as if it had been the day before, the aspect of this very place when he had crossed Paris after Austerlitz. On a brilliant winter morning, Prince Eugene de Beauharnais had held a grand review. The enthusiastic troops saluted the victorious flags riddled with balls, and the Parisians, drunk with pride, clapped their hands and cried, "*Vive l'Empereur! vive le prince Eugene!*"

Of the allied sovereigns, Alexander alone had stood up for France, and he alone had shown generosity at the Congress of Vienna, where all the others had demanded a slice of the disarmed country. It was only he who refrained after Waterloo from an exhibition of insolent joy. Indeed, often sad and discouraged, he looked on the future without confidence, on the present without illusion.

When they had finished speaking of recent public events, Jean de Grainval asked his friend to tell him about himself. "It is a great happiness to me," he said, "that Miss Howell should have been the indirect means of the recognition of your rights."

"I look upon Miss Howell," replied Alexander, "as a veritable sister. My dear Grainval, the Emperor Alexander wishes to receive you to-day in order to express to you his gratitude for your kindness to me in my childhood, and while I was on board the *Revenant*. But to go back to Miss Howell. I suppose you are aware of all she did with the help of Count de Lieven, and afterwards with that of Count Capo d'Istria, to whom she sent her uncle Sir James, during the Congress of Vienna. Capo d'Istria showed himself at once much interested in the romantic story, which he told word for word to his sovereign. The Emperor summoned me at once to St. Petersburg. It seems that I am very like my grandfather; and the Czar remembered having often met the old Prince Vorzof at the Court of the Great Catherine, whose intimate adviser he was. The jewel was produced; and the steward, Etienne Ivanitch, an excellent man, sent for. Thanks to Etienne, my godparents were brought upon the scene—honest French people, formerly merchants who had loved my mother much. They furnished undeniable proofs of the marriage of my parents, and of my birth and baptism. It so happened that the heritage of the Verzofs had returned to the Crown, my grandfather's only nephew having died without an heir. The recognition of my rank was delayed by the return of the Emperor, and was only definitively arranged and signed a week ago. I had to attend to the business in Russia, and came to Paris the day before yesterday. I corresponded with my dear Martine, who told me of your wounds received at Montmirail, and of your brave conduct at Quatre-Bras."

"And of my being put on half-pay?"

"What a shame, my dear Grainval!"

"I don't complain, for my fiancée rejoices at the idea of my not having to go to sea again."

"Your fiancée? Is it Miss Howell?"

"Yes, and in sharing my modest fortune, she will adopt my country. We wish to live in Brittany, where Captain Surcouf is at present looking out for a house and land for us."

"Do things go well with our old Captain?"

"Very well. He is prosperous, and his enterprise grows with his fortune. Since the invasion, however, he has been deeply depressed."

"I shall certainly go and see him in Saint Malo, before returning to Russia."

"Tell me more of Martine, whom I have not seen for a long time."

"Willingly," replied Alexander. "She has been for several months nursing Noel Vatteville, who has been on the sick list since the battle of Champaubert. A wound badly treated on the battle-field, and badly cared for afterwards, ended in the amputation of one of his arms. Noel is again quite well, but he is about to play me an unkind trick."

"What's that?"

"I had hoped to take Martine to Russia with me. Her intelligence, her sense of right, and the great kindness of her disposition would have helped me and sustained me in a work which cannot be hurried—the emancipation of my serfs."

"Ah! You are already thinking of that."

"I thought of it as soon as I found myself master of an immense fortune, and the ruler of a little nation. There is much good requiring to be done, much evil to prevent, many reforms to try."

"Alex, I admire you for not losing your head in all your greatness."

"My dear friend, I have no merit in remaining self-possessed. After five years of captivity in the hulks, he would have neither heart nor soul who should lose his head because he became suddenly a prince and rich. Well, then, this worthy Major Vatteville wants to marry his cousin, whose merit he admires; only he dared not speak of it to her because of the wounds he has received in battle and the loss of his arm. The worthy Major is a model of uprightness and modesty."

"Martine married—at her age!"

"She is not so very old."

"True. I always remember her as she was when I was a child, and that makes her seem to me an old woman now."

"She is only thirty-seven, just about the age of Major Vatteville, a brave, good and handsome Norman with a heart of gold. When he had told me his hopes I decided never to speak of my projects to Martine, who would have devoted herself to me now as in the past. She will be happier after all in a modest position with a husband and children, if God should give her any. I shall employ my influence in furthering this union. One mustn't be too much of an egoist."

"No, but you don't run any danger in that matter."

Then Jean asked if Noel and Martine had any news of a very dear friend who had not been heard of since Waterloo.

"General Raimbaud? Yes, he was found among a piled-up heap of dead, fallen in the overthrow of the Imperial Guard."

"He was an excellent and distinguished man, and had been the protector of Noel."

"Noel mourned for him. I should have been very happy to know him, for without him and his mother, Martine would never have succeeded in saving herself and me."

Just then a young page of the Emperor Alexander approached, followed by two ladies elegantly dressed, one in blue, the other in grey. When they had reached the window where Surcouf's former officers were standing, "Mamma!" exclaimed one of the young men; while the other cried, "Harriet! Is it possible?"

The page saluting, said to Alexander, "His Majesty the Czar commanded me to bring these ladies to this gallery where he will receive them, at the same time as you, gentlemen, have your audience of His Majesty. Ah! here is the Emperor."

Both sides of the door at the end of the gallery were thrown open, and a chamberlain announced, "The Emperor."

Behind the chamberlain came the Czar Alexander I. Slowly he passed down the whole length of the gallery, smiling or giving his hand to kiss to various favoured ones, while all bowed profoundly before him.

At that time thirty-eight years of age, Alexander was very tall, splendidly built, and very good-looking, with the beauty of the men of the north, blonde hair, and blue eyes, soft and expressive. He was dressed in the full uniform of a Russian General Officer, and on his breast he wore the Order of the Legion of Honour, a choice which appeared to all present a delicate attention to those whom he was about to receive.

The Czar seated himself in a large circular divan, while the chamberlain approached the group in the window and said in very excellent French, "Ladies, Prince Alexander Sergevitch, Monsieur the Baron de Grainval, His Majesty the Emperor commands you to approach."

When they had obeyed, the Emperor rose, saluted the ladies and gave his hand to Alexander to kiss. Then having resumed his seat he said in French, with a slight Russian accent, addressing himself first to Alexander, "My son, Alexander Sergevitch, I wish to give you the pleasure of seeing reunited in the presence of your Sovereign those persons to whom you owe so much. Monsieur the Baron de Grainval, I understand too well how true French hearts suffer in these days of mourning to offer you the reward of a title. God knows, I would have given much to spare your country whose people I love. Let me assure you, however, of the profound esteem with which your character inspires me. On sea and on land I know you have done your duty nobly, as a sailor, as a gentleman, and as a soldier.

"Miss Howell, believe me, I am most happy to make your acquaintance. Your devotion and your intelligence have been equally remarkable. I can never forget what you have done, Miss Howell. In memory of this visit, pray accept this locket. Peter Nareskine, hand Miss Howell the jewel-case."

The chamberlain then put into Harriet's

hands an open case containing a medallion of the Emperor set in magnificent diamonds.

As Harriet was endeavouring to stammer her thanks, the Emperor interrupted her smilingly. "No," he said, "no; it is I who am indebted, and have no claim to be thanked by such a lovely mouth. Now, I have something to say to one who is devotion itself. Martine Vasseur, the Czarina and myself shed tears more than once while Alexander Sergevitch, at our request, told us the story of his life in which you played the part of guardian angel. Martine Vasseur, the Czar Alexander is proud to know you, and——"

In defiance of etiquette, and ready to burst out crying, Martine interrupted the Czar. "Sire, majesty, monsieur!" she said. "Ah! I do not know how to address you, but for me, a humble peasant, to hear such things said, it is too—too——"

Smiling, the Emperor, looking on Martine's convulsed face with a most benevolent expression, said, "You were born of peasants, but you received from heaven gifts which kings might envy. May God recompense you for having spent your entire life in acts of goodness and mercy. Accept from my hand that which the most nobly born ladies alone receive in my Court. It is the Decoration of Saint Catherine with the patent granting you nobility and all its prerogatives. My son Alexander has told me that you are about to unite your destiny with that of a brave French officer. I ask both of you to count upon the friendship of the Czar Alexander Paulovitch and of the Czarina Elizabeth. Monsieur de Grainval, Miss Howell, Martine Vasseur, I salute you, and God grant that we may meet again here below. Alexander Sergevitch, you can accompany your friends."

The audience was over. Preceded by the chamberlain, the two ladies, Jean and Alexander left the apartment, having bowed profoundly to the Emperor, who smiled upon them once more.

As they left, Russian lords and chamberlains and pages bowed low to those whom the Czar of all the Russias had distinguished so exceptionally; and they pointed out to each other the new Dame of the Order of Saint Catherine, who, leaning upon the arm of her son Alexander, said to him with moist eyes, "I did not deserve this favour, but I am very happy because it comes through you. I shall pray for your Emperor."

And now our heroes have arrived in port, where we shall leave them.

Jean and Harriet were married, and lived as happily as people can in this world, in Brittany, on a charming estate where they were loved by all their neighbours, rich and poor. Although they adored Harriet, the peasants were astonished that an Englishwoman could be so pleasant and so good. They explained this phenomenon by saying to each other, "Perhaps she is not really an Englishwoman after all." For hatred of England remained for a long time strong and unreasoning on the Norman and Breton coasts.

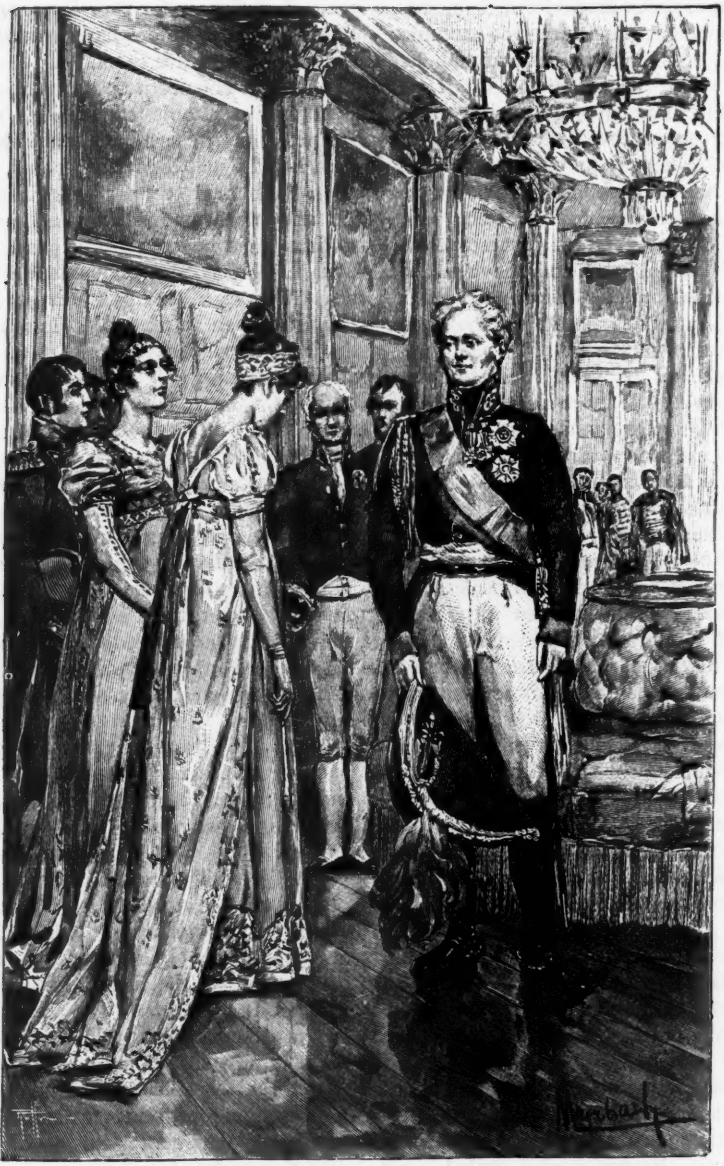
Sir James often visited his niece with one or other of his sons. But Lady Mary never pronounced the name of the "creature who had consented to marry a Frenchman."

Alexander in his work of emancipation encountered many difficulties and much ill-will. He often despaired of success, but he never gave in. After the death of the Emperor Alexander, who expired at Taganrog in the Crimea, and in obedience to the last wishes of his Sovereign, he married a young Polish lady of noble family, who, sharing the task of her husband, made it less heavy. Every year one or other spent a month in France; and the young Princess Vorzof was almost as much in love with Martine as Alexander himself.

The Vattevilles lived in a nice little property presented to them by Alex. Martine was already comparatively rich, thanks to the interest, always increasing, which Surcouf paid her upon the little legacy left her by Brochet and Zephyr. The Vattevilles were always talked of as the happiest couple in the country-side. They never were known to quarrel. Noel had lost none of his cheerfulness along with his arm, and Martine was never impatient with her servants, or with those who abused her goodness.

They had only one daughter, whose god-parents were Alexander and Harriet.

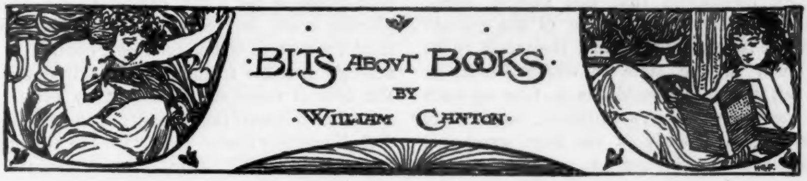
The little Alexander Henriette whom her mother called Alex, was a pretty child. Her father told her a hundred stories of the Napoleonic era, of the glories, the victories, and the virtues, of the great Emperor. In these legends, all faults were forgotten, and the defeats were always the result of treason.



"The Emperor arose and saluted the ladies"

As she heard these stories, Martine, who would never contradict her husband, fumed in secret. Her robust common sense caused her to rejoice that the only child which God had given her could not go to the wars and spend her blood for another Emperor whose insatiable ambition might set the tears of mothers flowing once more.

THE END



·BITS ABOUT BOOKS·

BY

·WILLIAM CANTON·

I FANCIED we knew our Scotland from Oban to the Bass and from Badenoch to Ballantrae; but as I linger over the pages of "The Lost Pibroch,"* I become vaguely aware that, somewhere in the misty corries and among the ruddy pinewoods of the north, there still lingers a Scotland which is unknown to the geographer or the tourist, and with which even the poets and novelists appear to have but slight acquaintance. Such a Scotland certainly existed as late as 1692, for have we not authentic word that in that year of Boyne fighting and La Hogue disaster the Rev. Mr. Kirk of Aberfoyle was spirited away by the fairies, to the sore amazement of parish and presbytery? Since that date the ancient Gaelic Scotland, elusive as the Hy Brasail or Tir-na-nogue of the west, has rarely revealed peak or shore to the literary wanderer.

"The Lost Pibroch" comes to us with all the charm of a strange people and a foreign tongue, and the fact that both people and tongue are in our midst adds a rare piquancy to the charm. One shall go far before finding a book so fresh with the dew of the morning, so flushed with the colour of heather and fir, so alive with the winds of heaven. I despair of finding words to express the delight, and the novelty of delight, with which I read it from cover to cover. Here and there I contracted a sensitive brow at what seemed some affectation of phrase, some straining at words, but on second reading it occurs to me that I had failed to perceive that these were simple and natural renderings of Gaelic speech. The keynote is struck clearly and distinctly in the opening sentences: "To the making of a piper go seven years of his own learning and seven generations before. . . . . At the end of his seven years one born to it will stand at the start of knowledge, and leaning a fond ear to the drone, he may parley with old folks of old affairs." There is magic in the pipe-music, a spell which brings back sight and hearing of the old dead tribe-fathers, plaided in skins and grunting at the oar or snoring in the caves; of the white-haired sea-rovers on the shore with a red dabble on the edge of the breaking wave; of the cairns of kings and of young feet planted in the shoe-shaped hollows of Tanist stones. And the great pipers are they—and how few they are!—who give a tune "a long thought and a bard's thought, and bring the notes from the deeps of time, and the tale from the heart of the man who made it."

Can it really be that it is to the wind—the old immemorial wind, the most ancient of the earth-voices—that we owe all these legends of magical music, the strains of Orpheus, the fatal lure of the Sirens, the fairy melodies of the haunted forest, the harping of Glasgerion, the lilt of the Pied Piper, and, as sweet and as irresistible as any, the cadences of the Lost Pibroch? It is no slight praise to say that in spite of the close relationship of the two stories one reads the tale of the mighty contest of the pipers and of its consequences almost without a thought of Browning, and at the close one feels no temptation to contrast the workmanship of the legend of Hamelin with that of the legend of "Half Town that stands in the woods." What a gracious and goodly place is that same Half Town, and how delightfully it came into existence. "Once on a time, when the woods were young and thin, there was a road through them, and the pick of children of a country-side wandered among them into this place to play at sheilings. Up grew the trees, fast and tall, and shut the little folks in so that the way out they could not get if they had the mind for it. But never an out they wished for. They grew with the firs and alders, a quiet clan in the heart of the big wood, clear of the world out-by." The music of that Lost Pibroch ruined all, for it was the tune of broken clans, which set men on the foray and made hearth-stones cold: its story was the vague dream of the heart's longing and of the curious chances of life. As men heard it they thought of the great world beyond the woods and the gold and the girls to be won by the adventurous. Even the wild creatures of fur and feather felt an urgent discontent and resolved on flight to distant hill-sides and fresh forests. The young men stole away first, and the grown men kissed the children and set out to seek them; and none returned. If ever there was poem in prose it is here—a poem that embodies all the youthful heart with its longing for adventure and romance, told in a language so racy and picturesque that one could hardly hope to find it bettered by the accomplishment of verse.

Something of the magic of this wild pibroch runs through the whole of the book. There is a touch of glamour everywhere, and it is a glamour which is unlike anything I can recollect in other writers. Interwoven with the beauty and idealism of the Celtic imagination run curious strands of a primeval roughness and savagery, which give a feeling of reality and lifelikeness that one cannot resist. For all their poetry the people of the ancient Scotland are rude and barbarous; they seem to be pretty much in the state in which Fingal or Ossian left them. I should like to take up each story in detail—"Boboon's Children," an idyll of vagabondage, a rhapsody of the born wanderer; "The Secret of the Heather-Ale," which reminds one of the superb indifference to death among the old Celts of ancient Gaul: "The File Sergeant," that strangest of love-tragedies; "Shudderman Soldier," in which the author reveals the heroic in a commonplace soul; "War," an ironic, incisive little sketch which Turganieff might have been glad to sign; "Black Murdo," with its wonderful touches of realism—but after all it is poor work trying to convey at second hand something of the rare charm of a writer of genius. Mr. Munro has a brilliant future before him; his work is "literature," and it bears the pathetic and beautiful impress which can only be given by lost music, a dying language, and a vanishing people.

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* "The Lost Pibroch, and other Sheiling Stories." By Neil Munro. William Blackwood & Sons. 6s.

One does not expect—one dare not even hope—to meet two men of genius in the same day; yet I have no hesitation in saying that the distinct seal of genius is stamped on the pages of Mr. Nevinson's new book, "In the Valley of Tophet."* The Black Country is not an attractive region, yet it is against a background of pits, forges, and smouldering "breeze-banks" that the author sets in play his strange and often poignant dramas of humanity. There is a hot tingle of living blood in each of these twelve chapters—an insight into the heart of ordinary men and women, which is one of the rare qualities in fiction, and a power and felicity of expression almost equally rare. Time alone can show whether either Mr. Nevinson or Mr. Munro will reach that inscrutable and capricious public which takes up a book in twenty thousands; but if a writer's choice must lie between the creative gift and popular recognition, he may be well content to let the latter go by him. At the same time, power is bound to tell in the long run, and of power Mr. Nevinson appears to have illimitable possibilities. What strikes me most in these stories is the keen and sympathetic spiritual insight which pierces the husk of the most unlikely natures and lays bare the beauty of self-sacrifice, of tenderness, or of love where one would least expect to find it. What could be finer in its way than the conception of the poor, ghost-ridden old woman in "The Vicarious Sacrifice," who had taken on herself the wickedness of her daughter and had made a compact with the invisible powers to suffer, body and soul, in her stead? The idea is almost too cruel, and yet doubtless that poor toiling woman, forging her weekly weight of nails and constantly seeing the pale image of her child calling to her from the glowing coals, derived an indescribable happiness from the torture of her terrible "contract." It is scarcely possible to indicate the drift and spirit of the best of these stories except by extracts, and even then one feels the necessity of the context. But I challenge any one to read "On the Road to Parnassus," "The Old Adam," "An Autumn Crocus," and the three following stories "Miss Rachel," "The Tragedy of Kinestead," and "Geordie's Marrow," which are all closely connected, without feeling that in these we have some of the essential qualities which go to make a master in the art of fiction.

I have read Miss Quiller Couch's little book "Man"* with considerable interest. The title is a trifle too vague, though on opening the volume that impression is corrected by the contents, in which one finds from such indications as "The Word of a Man," "The Courage of a Man," "The Work of a Man," and so on, that there is here no question of either Mr. Hall Caine's island or of Madame Sarah Grand's bugbear. The latter part of the book is much more attractive and readable than the former. Indeed, in the earlier chapters one feels that Miss Couch has set herself to illustrate certain abstract propositions rather than to depict a phase of masculine nature. Things in these pages do not happen; they are arranged mechanically so as to throw into relief a foregone conclusion. For example, in "The Courage of a Man" it is quite incredible that Man in the abstract, or any individual man, could, in spite of his physical cowardice, have performed the feats of heroism which this particular officer achieved by sheer force of will. Hundreds of men have "funked" at the smell of powder and the whistle of bullets, but they either broke down absolutely or the hot blood after the first spell of panic carried them gallantly into action. Similarly, in "The Work of a Man," it is impossible to believe that any woman whose love had been struck dead by treachery, would, because her lover's act had rendered her "evil and reckless," have married the man who deceived her; still less that, as man and wife, the two could have lived "in the beautiful house on the moorland," and knelt side by side in church for an unlimited period without being drawn into some sensible human relationship. In "The Thoughts of a Man," with their tragic conclusion, we have a natural and interesting sketch; "The Act of a Man" carries the reader along in warm sympathy; and, best of all, "The Method of a Man," with its play of humour, brightens a volume which would have been lifted to a higher level had humour run through the whole of it.

It would be interesting to know the chronology of the stories which make up Miss Lynch's volume,

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* "In the Valley of Tophet." By Henry W. Nevinson, author of "Neighbours of Ours." J. M. Dent & Co. 4*s*. 6*d*. net.

* "Man." By Lilian Quiller Couch. J. M. Dent & Co. 1*s*. 6*d*. net.

"Dr. Vermont's Fantasy."* It is obvious that a long interval either in time or in experience divides "A Page of Philosophy" and the rest of the book from "Brases" and the voluminous and remarkable experiment in fiction from which the collection takes its title. In an older writer one might have regarded "Dr. Vermont's Fantasy" and "Brases" as mere *tours de force*—and a sad waste of power they would have seemed; but in the actual circumstances they can only be regarded as the fervid and deliberate attempts of a singularly clever woman to annex a French colony to English literature. First and last and all the way between the two extremes, it is a question of what we should call "style," but of what might be more fitly termed "the malady of the word." Miss Lynch seems to have so saturated herself in the mood, phrasing, and method of French art that in reading one can hardly be certain whether the English eyes are the fools of the French senses or else worth all the rest. The airy buoyancy, the invincible cleverness notwithstanding, one frets and fumes from page to page, imprecating all the plagues of Algol on "style" and its votaries, and wondering what could have possessed so able a writer to misunderstand so strangely the direction of her strength. Strikingly enough, in the next story, "A Page of Philosophy," Miss Lynch appears to have leaped into maturity and to have "found herself." Here, and through the whole of the latter part of the book, we have the clear, firm, simple yet suggestive diction of "a talent formed," an acquaintance with the bitter springs of human experience, a tenderness and a sympathy with sorrow, a love of childhood, a brightness and gaiety which are rare in combination, and which lead me to expect something of exceptional value in Miss Lynch's next venture. "The Little Marquis," "A Page of Philosophy," and, on a lower plane, "Mr. Malcolm Fitzroy" are fine pieces of work; I can only regret that one of the author's *Speaker* stories, in which the reader obtained through the vague wanderings of a tramp a vivid yet indescribable dreamy notion of the siege of Paris, was not included.

But for the rattling and really effective closing scenes, one might almost imagine "In the Wake of King James"† to be a reprint of one of the great books of adventure, brigandism, rescued beauty, lost treasure, and summary vengeance, which delighted us in those glorious days when we revelled in "Rookwood," "St. Clair of the Isles," "The Children of the New Forest." It is old style with modern touches, but it is no whit the less enjoyable on that account. I acknowledge with a modest self-satisfaction that I read it through at a sitting, and that when the clock struck one, I glanced at the number of pages between the escape of Sheela and her lover into her romantic sea-cave and the explosion which sent the tower of Dun-Randal high into the moonlight, and determined to make a night of it.

And here let me welcome a book genuinely of the old school—"The King's Own"* which, though it is by no means a typical Marryat novel, makes, with its admirable illustrations and its characteristic pictures of sea-life, a welcome addition to Messrs. Macmillan's attractive series of Illustrated Standard Novels.

It is but rarely that an author is able in an historical novel to tell his story from the point of view of the common people. In "The Reds of the Midi"† it is one of the charms of the book that we see the march of the Marseilles battalion to Paris—one of the blood-stirring episodes of the Revolution—through the eyes of a Provençal peasant. The setting of the narrative possesses a naïve quaintness and verisimilitude of its own; and these lose none of their grace and kindliness when we learn that it is a transcript from the author's boyhood, that he is writing of his own people and his own early home, that the story-teller and listeners in the shoemaker's little dimly-lighted shop are all pleasant old-world portraits. Every one is familiar with that picturesque Carlylese glimpse of the Marseilles march on the capital to besiege King Capet in his castle—"a black-browed mass full of grim fire, who went there in the hot sultry weather: very singular to contemplate." Overlooking the small personal drama—savage and terrible enough in its way—which makes a mere lad the eye-witness and recorder of all that happens, the tramp through France is one of the most imposing and epical achievements in modern fiction. One thinks of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand, of the Revolt of the Tartars, and feels disposed to bracket M. Gras as a good third with Xenophon and De Quincey. It is a superb and memorable sight, this progress of the Five Hundred with their great cannon, their forge fixed on a heavy truck and their big banner of the Rights of Man, through Avignon rescued from Papalism and through the towns and hamlets ever further and further north. At first the *cigales* perch on their bayonets and gun-barrels, shrilling out their music in the fierce sun in accompaniment to the new-born "Marseillaise" and the steady rattle of drums. Then as they proceed they find the corn still in the sheaves; still further north the reapers are at work; further north yet, the crops are hardly yellowing. The olive-trees give place to cherry-trees in blossom; the *cigales* are heard no more; they begin to feel how far they are from home; and the new northern world, the strange distrustful faces, the niggardly hearts chill their hopes, and the long march becomes a burthen. France, and Paris at the end, pass before one's eyes in a sort of panorama; and when the capital is reached we are plunged into the storm of the Revolution. The drama which is woven into and around this heroic episode is one of intense interest, and the reader who wants a fresh, stirring, and rememberable book will not regret it if he takes up "The Reds of the Midi."

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* "Dr. Vermont's Fantasy." By Hannah Lynch. J. M. Dent & Co. 3*s*. 6*d*. net.

† "In the Wake of King James; or, Dun-Randal on the Sea." By Standish O'Grady, author of "Finn and his Companions," &c. J. M. Dent & Co. 4*s*. 6*d*. net.

* "The King's Own." By Captain Marryat. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. With an introduction by David Hannay. Macmillan & Co., Limited. 3*s*. 6*d*.

† "The Reds of the Midi; an Episode of the French Revolution." Translated from the Provençal of Félix Gras by Catherine A. Janvier. Second edition. William Heinemann. 3*s*. 6*d*.

Few will read the masterly sketch, biographical and critical, with which Mr. Saintsbury has prefaced the new English version of Balzac's works * without being confronted by the old and constantly recurring question, What is genius? Here was a man who spent something like ten years in fierce and unremitting mental toil, and produced a series of works which his critic describes as "curiously interestingly, almost enthralling bad;" then at last, in the tenth year, scored his first success, and in the three years that followed produced "the charming story of 'La Maison du Chat qui Pelote,' the 'Peau de Chagrin,' the most original and splendid, if not the most finished and refined of all his books, most of the short 'Contes Philosophiques,' of which some are among their author's greatest triumphs, many other stories (chiefly included in the 'Scènes de la Vie Privée') and the beginning of the 'Contes Drolatiques.'" Are we to refer this marvellously sudden change to the "infinite capacity of taking pains"? Hardly: for, as Mr. Saintsbury well observes, that capacity Balzac had shown "for nearly ten years before the genius came, and though, no doubt, it helped him when genius had come, the two things are in his case, as in most, pretty sufficiently distinct." Balzac does not stand alone in this respect. "It is one of the literary puzzles of the world," Mr. Stopford Brooke observes, "that certain great poets—for example, Shelley and Tennyson—wrote trash in their boyhood; and within a year or two step on to a level of original power. What happens in the meantime to make the change?" What but the coming of genius, to adopt Mr. Saintsbury's phrase; by which for my own part I understand not a sudden visitation, nor the imparting of a new gift, but the perfecting of what, for the sake of convenience, I may term a condition of mediumistic activity. What we know as genius is not a definite quality or faculty: it does not, I think, belong to, it is not inherent in, any man. I find everywhere the confessions of the men of genius that they do not understand how they came to think, or to write, or to discover the things on account of which we give them the name of geniuses. They look back with surprise on their moments of inspiration. Their best things are not really theirs, but were given to them. Often they cost no pain or trouble whatever. They came of first intent. They cannot count on a return of the fluctuating, capricious, spontaneous effluence. Does it seem extravagant to believe that in these instances some unseen power, working throughout creation, manifests its presence; breathes for human souls strange and beautiful melodies through these instruments of clay, transmits from the region of the infinite some intelligence of the mystery of things for the happiness of mankind? It was surely the consciousness of this divine or cosmic spirit which prompted the familiar but imperishably beautiful passage in Wordsworth:

> "And I have felt
> A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky, *and in the mind of man;*
> A motion and a spirit, that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things."

That men have abused their genius is no more an argument against this conception of an invisible creative spirit than that men have abused their religion. Nor, if we concede that there is a divinity which

> "Glows in the stars and blossoms in the trees,"

is it strained or far-fetched to attribute to the same inscrutable agency those inspirations for which the inspired cannot themselves account. I am glad to notice that some of our foremost men of genius seem to countenance this view. Have you not noticed the prayer which concludes "Life's Handicap," and which is one of the noblest of Mr. Kipling's poems?

> "If there be good in what I wrought,
> Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine;
> Where I have failed to meet Thy thought
> I know, through Thee, the blame is mine."

Balzac's novitiate has led me far afield. To return to the book itself, what a moral it contains in that piece of shagreen, about the size of a fox's skin, which conferred on its owner the power of gratifying every desire, but which shrank with each expansion of the heart and each gratification of the will, and indicated as it shrank the dwindling of faculty and of life. The translation, so far as I have compared it with the original, is admirable—and Balzac is not easy to translate adequately; and the portrait and etchings add materially to the attractiveness of a volume of which Mr. Dent may be especially proud.

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* "The Wild Ass's Skin" (La Peau de Chagrin). Translated by Ellen Marriage. With an introduction by George Saintsbury, an etched portrait by H. Crickmore, and two full-page etchings by W. Boucher. J. M. Dent & Co. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

2858